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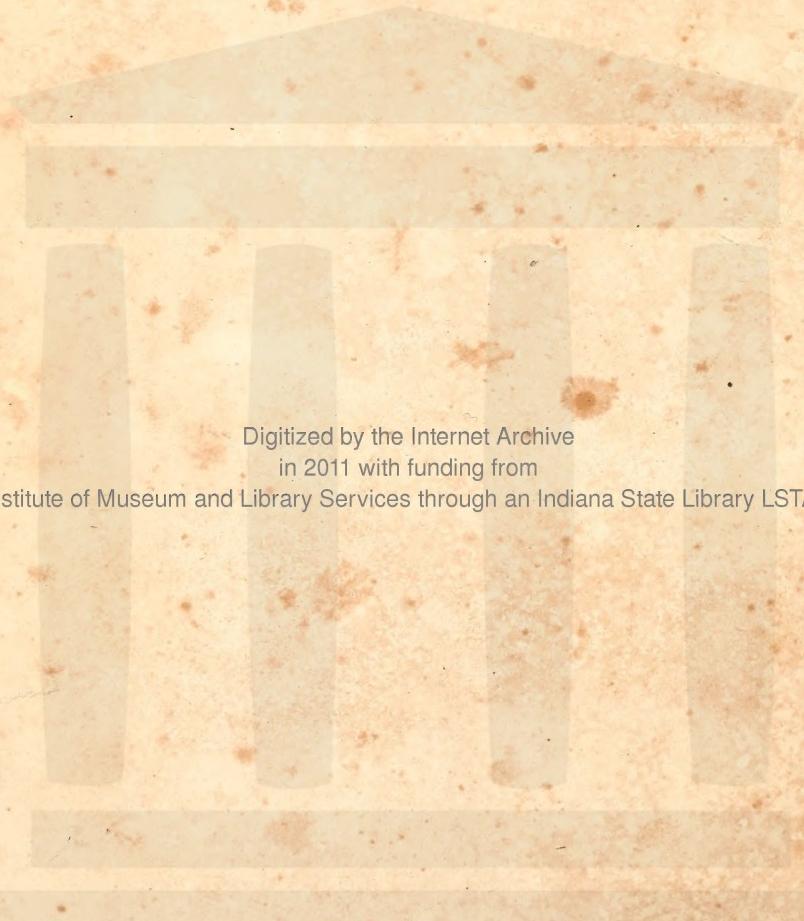
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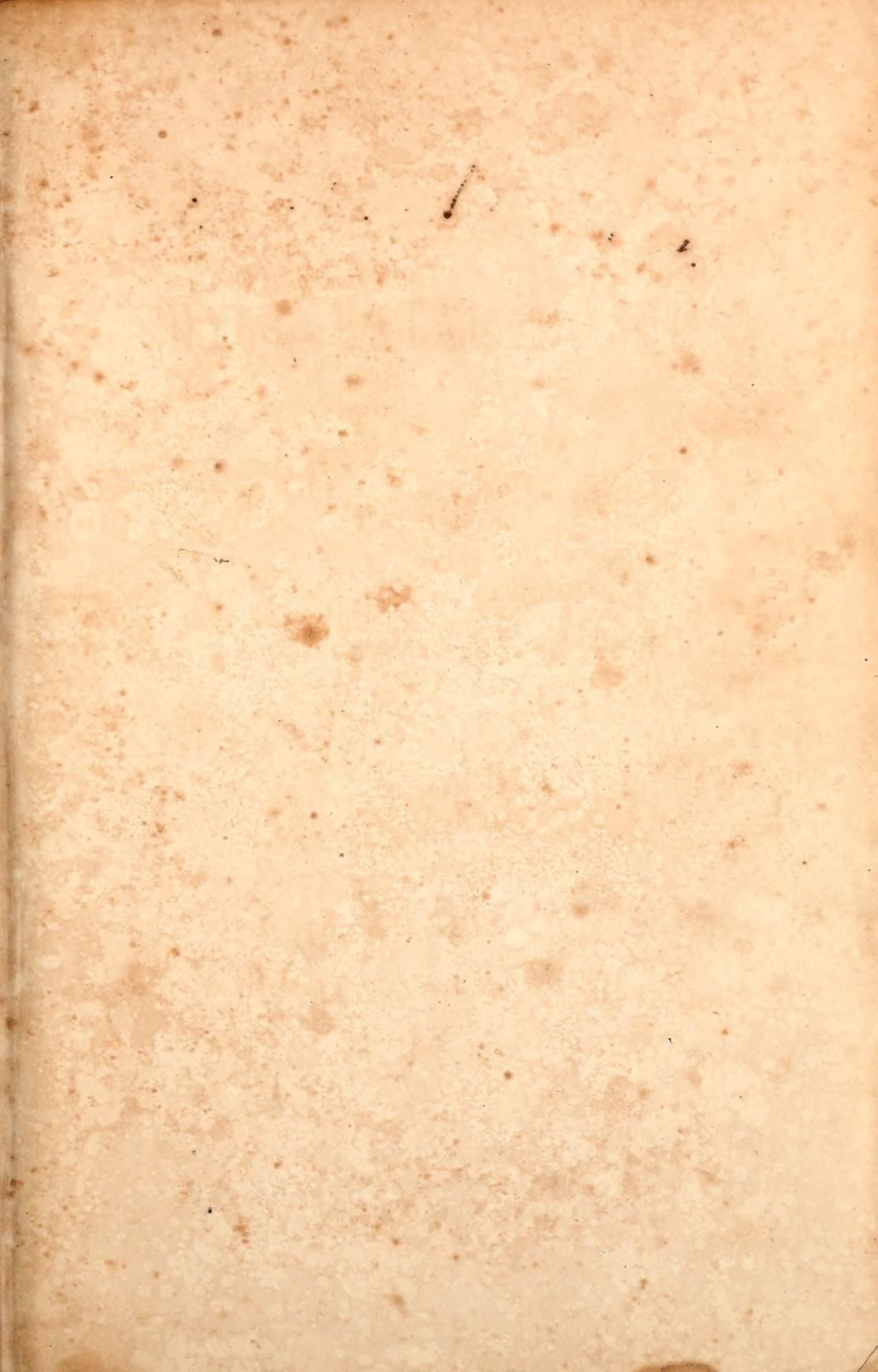
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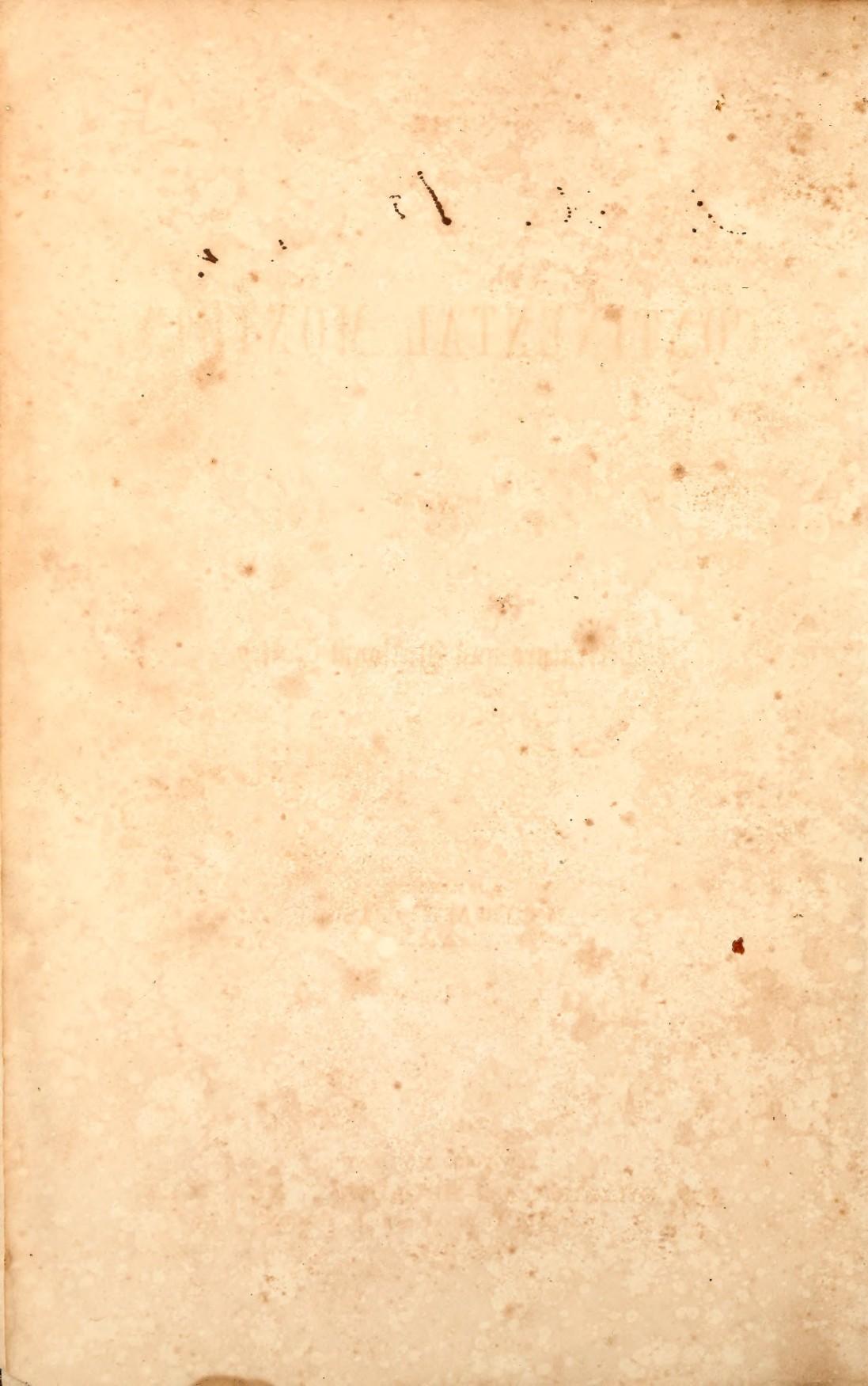




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THE
I. A. Perkins
1862.
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.

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THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1862.—NO. I.

THE SITUATION.

In the month of November, 1860, culminated the plot against our National existence. The conspiracy originated in South Carolina, and had a growth, more or less checked by circumstances, of over thirty years.

For John C. Calhoun had conceived the idea of an independent position for that State some time previous to the passage of the ‘nullification ordinance’ in November, 1832. This man, although he bore no resemblance in personal qualities to the Roman conspirator, is chargeable with the same crime which Cicero urged against Cataline—that of ‘corrupting the youth.’ His mind was too logical to adopt the ordinary propositions about slavery, such as, ‘a great but necessary evil,’ ‘we did not plant it, and now we have it, we can’t get rid of it,’ and the like; but, placing his back to the wall where it was impossible to outflank him, he defended it, by all the force of his subtle intellect, as a permanent institution. His followers refined on their master’s lessons, and asserted that it was one of the pillars on which a republic must rest! Here was the origin of the most wicked and most audacious plot ever attempted against any government. This plot did not involve any contest for political power in the administration of

public affairs. That, the Southern leaders already possessed, but with that they were not content. They were determined to destroy the Republic itself,—to literally blot it out of existence. And why? What could betray intelligent and educated men, persons esteemed wise in their generation, into an attempt which amazes the civilized world, and at which posterity will be appalled? We answer, it was the old leaven which has worked always industriously in the breast of man since the creation—AMBITION. Corrupted by the idea that a model republic must have slavery for its basis, knowing that the free States could not much longer tolerate the theory, certain leading individuals decided to dismember the country. They cast their eyes across Texas to the fertile plains of Mexico, and so southward. They indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest and of empire. The whole southern continent would in time be occupied and under their control. An aristocracy was to be built up, on which possibly a monarchy would be engrafted. In this way a new feudal system was to be developed, negro for serf, and a race of noble creatures spring forth, the admirable of the earth, whose men should be famed as the world’s chivalry, and whose women should be ‘the most

beautiful and most accomplished of all the daughters of Eve. The peaceful drudge and artisan of the North, ox-like in their character, should serve them as they might require, and the craven man of commerce should buy and sell for their accommodation. For the rest, the negro would suffice. This was the extraordinary scheme of the South Carolina 'aristocrat,' and with which he undertook to infect certain unscrupulous leaders throughout the cotton and sugar States. It was no part of the plan of the conspirators to precipitate the border States into rebellion. O no! On the contrary, it was specially set forth in the programme entrusted to the exclusive few, that those States were to remain in the 'Old Union' as a fender between the 'South' and the free States; always ready in Congress to stand up for a good fugitive slave law, and various other little privileges, and prepared to threaten secession if Congress did not yield just what was demanded. In this way the free States would be perpetually entangled by embarrassing questions, and the new empire left to pursue unrestricted its dazzling plans of conquest and occupation.

A comfortable arrangement truly, and one very easy of accomplishment,—provided the free States would consent.

'Certainly they will consent. Trade, commerce, manufactures and mechanical pursuits, occupy them exclusively, and these promise better results under the new order of things than under the old. As to patriotism or public spirit, the North have neither. The people do not even resent a personal affront, much less will they go to war for an idea.'

So reasoned the South.

'It is not possible those fellows down yonder can be in earnest. They are only playing the game of "brag." In their hearts they are really devoted to the Union. They have not the least idea of separating from us.'

So reasoned the North.

Neither side thought the other in earnest. Both were mistaken.

Negro slaves were introduced into Virginia as early as 1620. In the year 1786

England employed in the slave-trade 130 ships, and that year alone seized and carried from their homes into slavery 42,000 blacks. Wilberforce experienced many defeats through the influence of the slave-trade interest, but at length carried his point, and the trade was finally abolished in England in 1807,—not a very remote period certainly. The same year witnessed the suppression of the slave-trade in our own country; but, unfortunately, not the abolition of slaveholding. All our readers understand how, when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, slavery was regarded entirely as a domestic matter, left to each of the States to manage and dispose of as each saw fit. But at that period there was no dissenting voice to the proposition, that, abstractly considered, slaveholding was wrong; yet the owner of a large number of negroes could honestly declare he was himself innocent of the first transgression, and ignorant of any practicable way to get rid of the evil,—for it was counted an evil. When the rice, cotton and sugar fields demanded larger developments, it was counted a *necessary* evil. Congress was called on for more guards and pledges, and gave them freely. It disclaimed any power to interfere with what had now become an institution; it had no power to do so. It went further, and by legislation sought fully to protect the slaveholding States in the perfect enjoyment of their rights under the Constitution.

Meanwhile many wise and good men, North and South, who regarded slavery as a blight and a curse upon the States where it existed, endeavored by all the means in their power to prepare the way for gradual emancipation. It seemed at one time that they would succeed in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. In Virginia, an emancipation act failed of passing by a single vote.

About the time that Calhoun was spreading the heresy of his state-rights doctrine in South Carolina and taking his 'logical ground' on the slavery question, a class, then almost universally branded as fanatics, but whose propor-

tions have since very largely swelled, arose at the North, which were a match for the South Carolina senator with his own weapons. Each laid hold of an extreme point and maintained it. We refer to the Abolitionists of thirty years ago, under Garrison, Tappan & Co. These people seized on a single idea, exclusive of any other, and went nearly mad over it. Apparently blind to the evils around them, which were close at hand, within their own doors, swelling perhaps in their own hearts, they were suddenly 'brought to see' the 'vile enormity' of slave-holding. Their argument was very simple. 'Slavery is an awful sin in the sight of God. Slave-holders are awful sinners. We of the North, having made a covenant with such sinners, are equally guilty of the sin of slavery with them. Slavery must be immediately abolished. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Better that the Republic fall than continue in the unholy league one day.' These men were ready to 'dissolve the Union,' to disintegrate the nation, to blast the hopes of perhaps millions of persons over the world, who were watching with anxious hearts the experiment of our government, trembling lest it should fail.

In South Carolina John C. Calhoun was ready to do the same. And thus extremes met.

Meanwhile the Southern conspirators pursued their labors. Gathering up the reports of the meetings of the Abolition Societies, and selecting the most inflammable extracts from the speeches of the most violent, they circulated them far and wide, as indications of the hostile spirit of the North, and as proofs of the impossibility of living under the same government with people who were determined to destroy their domestic institutions and stir up servile insurrections. The Abolitionists saw the alarm of the South, and pressed their advantage. Thus year after year passed, till the memorable November elections of 1860. The conspirators received the intelligence of the election of Lincoln with grim satisfaction. The Abolitionists witnessed the progress of

secession in the various States with a joy they did not attempt to conceal. 'Now we can pursue our grand scheme of empire,' exclaimed the Southern traitors. 'Now shall we see the end of slavery,' cried the Abolitionists. Strange that neither gave a thought about the destruction of the glorious fabric which the wisest and best men, North and South, their own fathers, had erected. Strange, not one sigh was breathed in prospect of the death of a nation. Incredible that no misgiving checked the exultation of either party, lest, in destroying the temple of Liberty and scattering its fragments, it might never again be reconstructed. The conspirator, South, saw only the consummation of his mad projects of ambition. The Abolitionist, North, regarded only the *immediate* emancipation of a large number of slaves, most of whom, incapable, through long servitude, of self-control, would be thrown miserably on the world. Neither party thought or cared a jot about their common country. Neither regarded the stars and stripes with the least emotion. To one, it was secondary to the emblem of a sovereign State. To the other, there was no beauty in its folds, because it waved over a race in bondage.

The day after the battle of Bull Run found these two extremes still in sympathy. Both were still rejoicing. The rebel recognized the hand of Providence in the victory, so did the Abolitionist: one, because it would secure to the South its claims; the other, because it would rouse the North to a fiercer prosecution of the war, which had hitherto been waged with 'brotherly reluctance.' Here we leave these sympathizing extremes, and proceed to survey the situation.

The first point we note is, that in the South the war did not originate with the people, but with certain conspirators. In the North, the mighty armament to conquer rebellion is the work of the people alone, not of a cabinet. In the South, it was with difficulty the inhabitants were precipitated into 'secession.' Indeed, in certain States the leaders dared

not risk a popular vote. In the North, the rulers, appalled by the extraordinary magnitude of the crisis, were timid and hesitating, until the inhabitants rose in a body to save their national existence.

It is no answer to this assertion that large armies are arrayed against us, which engage with animosity in the war. The die cast, the several States committed to the side of treason, there was no alternative: fight they must. As the devil is said to betray his victims into situations where they are compelled to advance from bad to worse, so the conspirators adroitly hastened the people into overt acts from which they were told there was no retreat. We believe these facts to have had great influence with our Government; and in this way we can understand the generous but mistaken forbearance of the administration in the earlier stages of the contest,—we say mistaken, because it was entirely misunderstood by the other side, and placed to the account of cowardice, imbecility or weakness; and because there can be no middle course in carrying on a war. We have suffered enough by it already in money and men; we must suffer no more. Besides, we lose self-respect, and gain only the contempt of the enemy. When the bearer of General Sherman's polite proclamation, addressed 'to the *loyal* citizens of South Carolina,' communicated it to the two officers near Beaufort, they replied, with courteous *nonchalance*, 'Your mission is fruitless; there are no loyal citizens in the State.' The general's action in the premises reminds us of that of a worthy clergyman who gave notice that in the morning of the following Sunday he would preach to the young, in the afternoon to the old, in the evening to sinners. The two first services were respectably attended; to the last, not a soul came.

There are no 'sinners' in South Carolina, and General Sherman had better try his hand at something else besides paper persuasions. At all events, we suggest that future proclamations be addressed to those for whom such documents

are usually framed, to wit, rebels in arms against constituted authority.*

But to our case. We have a rebellion to crush,—a rebellion large in its proportions, threatening in its aspect, but lacking in elements of real strength, and liable to collapse at any moment. To put down this rebellion is the sole object and purpose of the war. We are not fighting to enrich a certain number of army contractors, nor to give employment to half a million of soldiers, or promotion to the officers who command them. Neither are we fighting to emancipate the slaves. It is true the army contractors do get rich, the half million of soldiers are employed, the officers who command them receive advancement, and the slaves *may* be liberated. But this is not what we fight *for*. On this head the people have made no mistake. In the outset they proclaimed that this war was to decide the question of government or no government, country or no country, national existence or no national existence. And we must go straight to this mark. We have nothing to do with any issue except how to save the nation. If this shall require the emancipation of every negro in the Southern States, then every negro must be emancipated. And this brings us to another proposition, to wit, that the day is past for discussing this slave question in a corner. This bugbear of politicians, this ancient annoyance to the Northern Democrat and the Southern old-line Whig, this colored Banquo, will no longer 'down.' We can no longer affect ignorance of the spectre's presence. It is forced on us in the house and by the way. It follows the march of our armies. It is present at the occupation of our Southern ports and towns

* We honestly believe the true course to pursue with South Carolina is to colonize her under the protection of our troops. Let us start with a settlement of Yankees at Beaufort, who shall addict themselves to the raising of cotton and other southern products. Let them employ the negroes whose masters have run away, and who are *ipso facto* free. As our army gradually extends its lines, let the northern pioneer proceed to occupy and cultivate the soil. This will bring about a practical solution of some vexed questions.

and villages. Martial law is impotent to deal with it. It frightens by its ugly shadow our Secretary of War; in vain our good President tries to avoid it; in vain we adopt new terms, talk about contrabands, and the like; the inevitable African will present himself, and we are compelled to recognize him.

Notwithstanding we fight for no other end than to save the Republic, we are absolutely driven into the consideration of the slave question, because it involves the very existence of any republic. This question is not whether bondage is to cease throughout the world; but whether it is compatible with a free government, such as we claim our own to be. In other words, is Slavery in the United States today on trial? We must *all* abandon our morbid sensitiveness and come squarely to the consideration of the vital point, to wit, can this great Republic be held together while the 'peculiar system' exists in a part of it? No matter who first posed this ugly query,—Calhoun or Garrison. We have now to answer it. We dare not, we can not, we will not give up our country to disunion and severance. To save it has already cost us an eye and a hand, and now this unhappy subject must be disposed of, disposed of honestly, conscientiously, with the temper of men who feel that the principle of our government is soon to fail or triumph. If to fail, the cause would seem to be lost forever. What then? Why only a monarchy on our Southern border, insolent provinces on our Northern; Spain strengthened in her position, and recovering her lost ground; Mexico an empire; England audacious and overbearing as of yore, and France joining to fill our waters with mighty naval armaments. We, having witnessed the dismemberment of our country, and possessing no longer a nationality, but broken into fragments, to become the jest and laughing-stock of the world, which would point to us and say, 'These people began to build, and were not able to finish!'

How do you fancy the picture? Do you think any morbid delicacy, any fear of giving offense to our 'loyal Southern

brethren,' should prevent our examining this slave question? We raise, be it understood, no foregone conclusion, we do not even pronounce on the result of the examination; but examine it we must. Not the President, with his honest desire to preserve every guaranteed right to the South; not the Secretary of State, who unites the qualities of a timid man with those of a radical, and who is therefore by instinct temporizing and 'diplomatic,' not any other member of the cabinet, dare longer attempt to slide over or around it. We observe, we venture on no conclusion in advance. We are not prepared to say, if the South in a body should seek now to return to their allegiance, that they could not hedge in and save their 'institution.' But we should still desire to discuss the subject carefully.

So long as slavery was tolerated as a domestic custom long established and difficult to deal with, it stood in the list of permitted evils which all condemn, yet which it seems impossible to get rid of. But it is one thing to tolerate an evil, quite another to adopt it as a good. And we declare that never in the world's history was there an attempt so shameless and audacious as that to found a government on slavery as a cornerstone! Is it possible to conceive of more ungoverned depravity or a madness more complete?*

There have been contests innumerable on the earth. We read of wars for conquest, to avenge national insults, about disputed territory, against revolted provinces, and between dynasties; civil wars, religious wars, wars for the succession, to preserve the balance of power, and so forth. But never before was a war inaugurated to establish slavery as a principle of the government. We can predict no other fate for the leaders in this diabolical plot than discomfiture and

* The reader is earnestly requested to peruse the sermons of the Southern clergy, collected in an *extra* of Putnam's *Rebellion Record*, and especially a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, in which the man of God asserts that slavery is a 'divine trust, to be perpetuated and continued.'

defeat. We have an unwavering faith that the Republic will come out of this contest stronger than ever before; that it will become a light to lighten the nations, the hope of the lovers of liberty everywhere. But we will not anticipate.

In periods like the present, circumstances appear to be charged with vital and intelligent properties, working out and solving problems which have disturbed and puzzled the wisest and most astute. At such times impertinent intermeddlers abound, who claim to interpret the oracles, and who would hasten the birth of events by acting as midwife. It is impossible to dispose of or silence such people. We should be careful that we are not misled by their egregious pretensions. The fact is, the whole history of our race should teach us a lesson of profound humility. We do not accomplish half so much for ourselves as is accomplished for us. True, we have something to do. The seed will not grow if it be not planted; but all our skill and cunning can not make it spring up and blossom, and bear fruit in perfection. Nei-

ther can man work out events after a plan of his own. He is made, in the grand drama of this world, to work out the designs of the Almighty. We must accept this or accept nothing. In this light how futile are the intemperate ravings of one class, the unreasonable complaints of another, the cunning plots of a third. We see no escape from a threatening danger, we perceive no path out of a labyrinthine maze of evil; when, lo! through some apparently trifling incident, by some slight and insignificant occurrence, the whole order of things is changed, the impending danger vanishes, and we thread the labyrinth with ease.

We believe God will provide us a way out of our present troubles. Only we must do our duty, which is to maintain our common country, our flag, the Republic ENTIRE.

Thus much at present. Where this war is to carry us, what shall be its effect on us as a people, what great changes are in progress, and what may result from them, we will discuss at the proper time, in a future number.

IS PROGRESS A TRUTH?

'Human nature has been the same in all ages.'
'Men are pretty much the same wherever you find them.'

If there be anything in this world from which it would be desirable to see men delivered, it is from a certain small, cheap wisdom which expresses itself in general verdicts on all humanity, and enables the fribbler or dolt who can not see beyond his nose to give an offhand summary of the infinite. There is 'an aping of the devil' in this flippant assumption of our immutability, which strangely combines the pitiful and painful. Oh! if the *ne plus ultra* which antique Ignorance complacently describes on the gates of its world should ever be worn away, let it be replaced by this

owlish *credo* in the unchangeableness of man.

The refutation of these sayings has been the history of humanity, and yet no argument on political or social topics fails to contain them in one form or another. Even now, in the tremendous debate maintained by common logic and 'fist law' between our North and South, we find them enunciated with a clearness and precision unequaled in any state paper, unless we except that in which William the Conqueror coolly styled himself king 'by the right of the sword.' Science, which modestly announces itself as incomplete the nearer it approaches completion, has been assumed to be perfect by those most ignorant of it, in order that its mere

observations as to climate and races may be found to prove that as man is, so he was in all ages, and so must be, 'forever and forever as we rove.' Races now vanished in the twilight of time have been boldly declared to be the prototypes of others, now themselves changing into new forms, and we, unconsciously, like the old Hebrew in Heine's Italy, repeat curses over the ancient graves of long-departed foes—ignorant that those curses were long since fulfilled by the unconquerable and terrible laws which ever hurry us onward and upward, from everlasting to everlasting, from the first Darkness to the infinite word of Light.

The assumption that mankind always has been and will be the same, involves the conclusion that the elements of slavery and scoundrelism, of suffering and of disorder, are immutable in essence and in proportion, and that human exertion wastes itself in vain when it aspires to anything save a rank in the upper ten millions. As for the mass,—'tis a great pity,—*mais, que voulez vous?* It is the fortune of life's war; and then who knows? Perhaps they are as happy in their sphere as anybody. Only see how they dance! And then they drink—gracious goodness, how they swig it off! the gay creatures! Oh, 'tis a very fine world, gentlemen, especially if you whitewash it well, and keep up a plenty of Potemkin card cottages along the road which winds through the wilderness. But above all—never forget that they—drink.

It was well enough for a stormy past, but it may not be so well for the future, that man is prone to hero-worship. Under circumstances, varying, however, immensely, be it observed, humanity has produced Menus, Confucius, Platos, Ciceros, Sidneys, Spinozas, scholars and gentlemen, and the ordinary student, seeing them all through a Claude Lorraine glass of modern tinting, thinks them on the whole wonderfully like himself. Horace chaffs with Cæsar and Mæcenas, Martial quizzes the world and the reader very much as modern club-men and poets would do. It is very convenient to forget how much they have been imitated;

still more so to ignore that in both are stores of recondite mode and feeling as yet unpenetrated by any scholar of these days. You think, my brave *Artium Baccalaureus*, that you feel all that Hafiz felt,—surely he toped and bussed like a good fellow of all times,—and yet for seven centuries the most embracing of scholars have folioed and disputed over the real meaning of that Song of Solomon which is now first beginning to be understood from Hafiz. Man, I tell you that in the old morning of history there were races whose life-blood glowed hotter than ever yours did, with a burning faith, such as you never felt, that all which you now believe to be most execrably infamous was intensely holy. Your wisest scholars lose themselves in trying to unthread the mazes and mysteries of those incomprehensible depths of diabolical worship and intertwined beauty and honor, now known only from trebly diminished mythologic reflection. Perhaps some of those undecipherable hieroglyphs of the East are not so unintelligible to you now as they would be if translated. Do you, for that matter, fully understand why a Hindu yoghi torments himself for thirty years? I observe that the great majority of our good, kind missionaries have no glimmering of an idea why it is done. Brother Zeal, of the first part, says it is superstition. Father Squeal, of the second part, says it is the devil. Very good indeed—so far as it goes.

But look to later ages, and see whether man has been so strikingly similar to us of the present day. There are manias and mysteries of the Middle Ages whose history is smothered in darkness; lost to us out of sheer incapacity to be understood from any modern standpoint of sense or feeling whatever. What do you make out of that crusade of scores of thousands of unarmed, delirious Christians, who started eastward to redeem the holy sepulchre; all their faith and hope of safety being in a goose and a pig which they bore with them? And they all died, those earnest Goose-and-Pig-ites; died in untold misery and murder—unhappy 'superstition again.'

That bolt is soon shot; but I have my misgivings whether it reaches the mark.

Or what do you make of untold and unutterable horrors, or crimes, as they were deemed, which to us seem bewildering nonsense? What of were-wolf manias, of districts made horrible by nightmare and vampyreism, urged to literal and incredible reality; of abominations which no modern wickedness dare hint at, but which raged like epidemics? Or what of the Sieur de Gilles, with his thousand or two of girl children elaborately tortured to death—and he a type and not a sporad?

‘But,’ we are told, ‘men would do all this over again, if they dared. The vice is all here, safely housed away snug as ever, only waiting its time.’ I grant it—just as I grant that the same atoms and elements which once formed mastodons and trilobites are here—and with about as much chance of reappearing as mastodons as humanity has of reproducing those antique horrors. The fragments of witch-madness and star-faith may be still raked in tolerably perfect lumps out of the mire or chaff of mankind; but I do not think, young lady, that you will ever be accused of riding on a broom, though you unquestionably had an ancestress, somewhere before or after Hengist, who enjoyed the reputation of understanding that unpopular mode of volatility. *Pommade Dupuytren* and *Eau de toilette* have taken the place of the witch-ointments; and if the spice-powder of the old alchemist Mutio di Frangipani has risen from the recipes of the Middle Ages into modern fashion, rest assured that it will never work wonder more, save in connection with bright eyes, rustling fans, and Valenciennes-edged pocket-handkerchiefs.

To the student to whom all battles of the past are not like the dishes of certain Southern hotels,—all served in the same gravy, possessing the same agrarian, mutiny flavor,—and to whom Zoroaster and Spurgeon are not merely clergymen, differing only in dress and language, it must appear plain enough that as there are now on earth races physically differing from

one another almost as much as from other mammalia, just so in the course of ages have been developed in the same single descent even greater mental and moral differences. In fact, when we remember that the same lust, avarice, ambition and warfare have mingled with our blood at all times, it becomes wonderful when we reflect how marvelously the mind has been molded to such myriad varieties. It has in full consciousness of its power sacrificed all earthly happiness, toiled and died for rulers, for ideas of which it had no idea, for vague war-cries—it has existed only for sensuality, or beauty, or food—for religion or for ostentation, according to different climate or age or soil—it has groveled for ages in misery or roamed free and proud—and between the degraded slave and the proud free-man there is, as I think, a very terrible difference indeed. But, quitting the vast variety of mental developments, faiths, and *feelings*, let us cast a glance on the general change which history has witnessed in man’s physical condition.

First let us premise with certain general laws, that intelligence, physical well-being and freedom have a decided affinity, and are most copiously unfolded in manufacturing countries. That as labor is developed and elaborated, it becomes allied to science and art, and, in a word, ‘respectable.’ That as these advance it becomes constantly more evident that he who strives to accomplish his labor in the most perfect manner is continually becoming a man of science and an artist, and rising to a well deserved intellectual equality with the ‘higher classes.’ That, in fine, the tendency of industry—which in this age is only a synonym for the action of capital—is towards Republicanism.

I have already remarked to the effect that so far as the welfare of man in the future is concerned, it is to be regretted that hero-worship should still influence men so largely. When Mr. Smith runs over his scanty historical knowledge, things do not seem so bad on the whole with anybody. Mark Antony and Coriolanus and Francis the First, the plumed

barons of the feudal days, and their embroidered and belaced ladies, with the whole merrie companie of pages, fools, troubadours and heralds, seem on the whole to have had fine times of it. ‘Bloweth seed and growtheth mead’—assuredly the sun shone then as now, people wassailed or wailed—oh, ‘twas pretty much the same in all ages. But when we come to the most unmistakable *facts*, all this sheen of gilded armor and egret-plumes, of gemmed goblet and altar-lace, lute, mandolin, and lay, is cloth of gold over the ghastly, shrunken limbs of a leper. Pass over the glory of knight and dame and see how it was then with the multitude—with the millions. Almost at the first glance, in fact, your knight and dame turn out unwashed, scantily lined, living amid scents and sounds which no modern private soldier would endure. The venison pasty of high festival becomes the daily pork and mustard of home life, with such an array of scrofula and cutaneous disorders as are horrible to think on. The household books of expenditure of the noblest families in England in the fourteenth century scarcely show as much linen used annually among a hundred people as would serve now for one mechanic. People of the highest rank slept naked to save night-clothes. If in Flanders or in Italy we find during their high prosperity some exceptions to this knightly and chivalric piggishness and penury, it is none the less true that they outbalanced it by sundry and peculiar vices. And yet, bad as life then was, it is impossible for us to guess at, or realize, all its foulness. We know it mostly from poets, and the poet and historian, like the artist, have in every age lived quite out of the actual, and with all the tact of repulsion avoided common facts.

But it is with the multitude that truth and common sense and humanity have to deal. And here, whether in Greece or in England, in Italy or in France, lies in the past an abyss of horror whose greatest wonder is, that we, who are only some three centuries distant, know so little of it. There is a favorite compensative

theory that man is miraculously self-adaptive to all circumstances, and that deprived of modern comforts and luxuries he would only become more vigorous and independent—that in fact he was on the whole considerably happier under a feudal baron than he has been since. I will believe in this when I find that a man who has exchanged a stinging gout for a mere rheumatism finds himself entirely free from pain. No, the serfs of the Middle Ages were in no sense happy. Stifled moans of misery, a sense of their unutterable agonies, steal up from proverb and by-corners of history—we feel that they were more miserable than jail prisoners at the present day—for then, as now, man groaned at being an inferior, and he had much more than that to groan over in those days of strifes and dirt. And yet every one of those serfs was God’s child, as well as the baron who enslaved him. To himself he was a world with an eternity, and of as much importance as all other men. Through what strange heresies and insurrections, based either on innate passion or religious conviction, do we not find Republicanism bursting out in every age, from remote Etruscan rebellions down to Peasants’ wars, Anabaptist uprisings, and Jack Cade out-flamings. It was always there, that sense of political equality and right—it always goaded and tormented man, in the silent darkness of ignorance as in the broad light of learning.

So long as European society consisted in a great measure of war tempered by agriculture, there could be but little progress towards a better state of things. But the germ of industry sprouted and grew, though slowly. Merchants bought social privileges for money; even law was grudgingly sold them, and they continued to buy. Against the old idealism, against bugbears and mythology, fairy tales and astrology, dreams, spells, charms, muttered exorcisms, commandments to obey master, ship and serfdom, *de jure divino*, clouds, mists, and lies infinite; slowly rose that stupendous power of truth and of Nature which had hitherto in humanity only visited the world in

broken gleams. We may assume different eras for this dividing point between immutability and progress, between slavery and freedom. In religion, Christianity appears as first offering future happiness for the people and for all. The revival of letters and the Reformation were glorious storms, battering down thousands of old barriers. But in a temporal and worldly point of view the name of Bacon, perhaps, since a name is still necessary, best distinguishes between the old and the new. From him—or his age—dates that grappling with facts, that classifying of all knowledge so soon as obtained, that *Wissenschaft* or *Science* which never goes backward; in fine, that information which by its dissemination continually equalizes men and renders rank futile. With science, labor and the laboring man began at once to rise. Comfort and cleanliness and health for the many took the place of ancient deprivation and dirt—whether of body or of soul. Humanity began to improve—for, with all the legends of the bravery of the Middle Ages, it is apparent enough that their heroes or soldiers were not so strong or large as the men of the present day. And through all, amid struggles and strivings and subtle drawbacks and deceptions, worked and won its way the great power of Republicanism or of Progress, destroying, one by one, illusions, and building up in their stead fair and enduring realities.

It is but a few decades since the greater portion of all intellectual or inventive effort was devoted to setting off rank, to exalting the exalted, and, by contrast, still further degrading the lowly. What were the glorious works of those mediæval artists in stone and canvas, in orfevry and silver, in marble and bronze, nielloed salvers, golden chasing, laces as from fairy-land, canopies, garments and gems? All beautiful patents of rank, marks to honor wealthy rank—nothing more, save that and the imperishable proof of genius, which is ever lovely, as a slave or free. But where goes the inventive talent now? Beaumarchais worked for a year to make a watch which only ‘the

king’ could buy. Had he lived to-day he would have striven to invent some improvement which should be found in every man’s watch. It ‘pays better,’ in a word, to invent for the poor many than for the rich few—and invention has found this out. Something which must be had in every cottage,—soap for the million, medicine for the masses, cheap churning, cheap clocks, always something of which one can sell many and much,—such are the objects which claim the labor of genius now. Fools grieve that Art is dead; ‘lives at best only in imitation;’ and that we have chanced on a godless, humdrum, steam and leather age—one of prose and dust, facts and factories. Sometimes come gasping efforts—sickly self-persuasions that all is not so bad as it seems. Mr. Slasher of the Sunday paper is quite certain that the Creek Indian Girl statue is far superior to anything antique, while Crasher, just back from Europe, shakes his head, and assures the younger hadjis-expectant that the old masters are old humbugs, and that it is generally understood to be so now in France—you can get better pictures at half price any day in the shops. It will not do. The art of small details, the art of pieces and bits, went out with the last architecture. It went over to the people, and from them a higher Art will yet bloom again in a beauty, a freshness, and grandeur never before dreamed of. It will live again in Nature. For it is towards Nature that progress tends—towards real beauty, and not towards the false ‘ideal.’

Yet so clearly and beautifully as social progress is defined for us in history—so indisputably distinct as are the outlines in which it rises before us, there are no lack of men to believe that humanity was never so agonized as at present, never so wicked. ‘Our cities are more badly governed than were ever cities before,’—‘look at the Lobby’—everything is bad. Ah, it moves slowly, no doubt, this progress—and yet it does move. Across rumors and lies and discouraging truths it ever moves,—moves with the worlds through seas of light, but, unlike the

worlds, goes not back again to the point of starting. And why should it not be slow, this progress, when an Egypt could lie four thousand years in one type of civilization, when an India could believe itself millions of ages old? Slowly the locomotive gets under way. Long are the first intervals of its piston, long the wheezing sounds of its first breaths. But puff, puff, they come, and ever a little faster. Do we not 'make history rapidly in these days,' since England and France have entered on their modern career? What place has the nineteenth century in the long list of ages?

Everywhere the action of capital, the ringing of the plane, now and then, as in those times, the sound of arms, but all tending to far other ends than the welfare of a reigning family, or to satisfy the revengeful whim of a royal mistress, or the bigotry of a monarch. Public opinion has its say now in all things. Even the rascality of which the conservative complains is individual rascality for private aims, tempered by public opinion, and no longer the sublimely organized rascality of all power and government. Do these things prove nothing? Do they not show that WORK—good, hard, steady, unflinching work—is enlarging man's destiny, and freeing himself step by step from the primeval curse?

It is only during the present century and within the memory of man that in France and Russia the welfare of the people has become the steady object of diplomacy, and this because any other object would now be ruinous. But it is chiefly in America that the most wonderful advance has been made, and it is here, and at the present moment, that the most tremendous struggle has arisen between the adherents of the old faith and the new. In the South, the old feudal baron under a new name, in the North the man of labor and of science, fight against the battle of might and right—the one strong in ignorance, the other stronger in knowledge. Who can doubt what the end thereof shall be? Amid storms and darkness, through death and hell-carnivals, the great truth has ever held its way onwards, slowly, for its heritage is eternal Time, but oh! how surely. And yet there be those who doubt the end and the issue! Doubt—oh, never doubt! For this faith all martyrs have died, in this battle all men have, knowingly or unknowingly, lived—they who fought against it fought for it—for of a verity there was never yet on earth one active deed done which tended not towards the great advance, and to bring on the great jubilee of Freedom.

THE EDWARDS FAMILY.

AMONG the surviving octogenarians of New York and its vicinity, there are few of such interesting reminiscence as one who is passing an honored old age at his residence on Staten Island. Those who live in Port Richmond will have anticipated his name, and will perceive at once that we refer to the Hon. Ogden Edwards. Judge Edwards is of an ancient and noble stock, being grandson of the author of the treatise on the *Freedom of the Will*. The family emigrated from England with the first colony

of the Puritans, having previously to this suffered persecution in one of its members. This man—a minister—had an only son, who became the founder of a line illustrious for genius and piety. The latter of these traits was illustrated in the lives of both Daniel Edwards, of Hartford, and his son Timothy, who was for sixty years pastor of the church at Windsor, but in the person of Jonathan Edwards we see the outcropping of genius. He was the son of Timothy, and followed his father's profession in an ob-

sure New England village, whose meadows were washed by the waters of the Connecticut.

Jonathan Edwards, during a life of close study, developed one of the clearest and most powerful intellects which was ever united to so rare a degree of patience and humility. In that day of small things it could hardly have been dreamed that the Puritan preacher, who for a quarter of a century filled the Northampton pulpit, would ever rank among the giants of intellect. At the distance of one hundred years no name is more powerfully felt in the theology of America than his, while in metaphysics, and in the sphere of pure thought, his position, like that of Shakspeare in literature, is one of enviable greatness. This man is not to be confounded with his son of the same name, who, though of distinguished ability, was far from equaling his father; both, however, were academic presidents, the one of Nassau Hall, at Princeton, the other of Union College; to which it may be added that Dwight, grandson of the first, was for many years the honored president of Yale. Judge Edwards is the son of Pierrepont Edwards, who was bred at Stockbridge, among the Indians. Here his father labored as missionary, having been driven from his parish by an ill-disposed people, many of whom were, it may be, like the Athenian of old, who was tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just.'

While laboring at Stockbridge, in the midst of poverty and privation, Jonathan Edwards wrote the treatise on the Freedom of the Will, the greatest of all existing polemics. A portion of the old parsonage remains in the village, and there are still shown marks and scratches on the wall, made by him, as it is said, in the night, to recall by daylight the abstruse meditations of his wakeful hours.

The children learned the Indian tongue, and when Pierrepont Edwards was established at New Haven, the old sachems used to visit the boy-companion of their early days, when the pipe of peace was smoked in his kitchen in ancient form.

Having studied law with Judge Reeve of Litchfield, who married Edwards's niece, the only sister of Aaron Burr, he became highly distinguished in his profession. It is said, indeed, that Alexander Hamilton pronounced him the most eloquent man to whom he had ever listened. Pierrepont Edwards bore the name of his mother's family, an old English stock, which reckons its descent from the days of the Conqueror. The Pierreponts dwelt near Newstead Abbey, the seat of Byron, and not far from Sherwood Forest, the home of Robin Hood and his merry men of old. The name of Sarah Pierrepont, wife of Jonathan Edwards, is still fresh in honored memory for wisdom and piety. She rests by her husband's side, among the tombs of the presidents of Nassau Hall, in Princeton cemetery, and is the only female name in that array of the mighty dead. It was once suggested that these remains should be conveyed to Northampton, but this was refused. Having banished this pair after the service of a quarter of a century, it was not meet to grant to that place the honor of their graves, and hence of the whole family but one rests at Northampton. This is Jerusha, a lovely girl of seventeen, of whom it is recorded by her father, in the simple terms of primitive piety, that she said on her death-bed that 'she had not seen one minute for several years wherein she desired to live one minute longer for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good and living to the glory of God.' A cenotaph has been placed by her grave to the memory of her father, but it can not wipe away the error of the past, and this expression of regret only recalls a biting line from Childe Harold:

'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.'

Pierrepont Edwards was the government attorney during the Revolution, and prosecuted the confiscation of tory estates. When Benedict Arnold became a traitor his property was at once seized, and his homestead at Norwich, and all its contents, were confiscated. The pecuniary value of this seizure was small, since Arnold's wasteful habits forbade any in-

crease of wealth, but there was his dwelling, and the little store, with its uncouth sign, ‘B. Arnold,’ in which in his early day he had carried on a petty trade. In Arnold’s house were found large quantities of papers, both of a private and public character. Among the former were certain letters to his first wife, which we have read, and from which we learned that her life was embittered by his habits of neglect and dissipation. In one of these he alludes to a winter trip to Canada, with a sleigh-load of whisky, on speculation. It is possible that this journey prompted that grand expedition in which the whisky merchant figured as a military leader. How strange the contrast between the lonely pedlar, dealing out strong drink in the streets of Quebec, and the victorious chieftain who, in company with Montgomery, attacked its citadel! Some of these domestic letters contain confessions made to an outraged wife, of a character too disgusting for recital. They show a reach of depravity, which, considering those primitive times, in the land of steady habits, was indeed strange. They prove that for years Arnold had been rotten at heart, and that his treason, like that of Floyd, arose from no sudden temptation, but was the end toward which his whole life had been tending. It seemed impossible that such a man could die without achieving infamy in some new and wondrous way. After reading these revelations of domestic treachery, we need not be surprised at the cool perfidy exhibited at West Point. Who but a monster of treason could have penned the papers found in André’s boot? Thus, ‘No. 3, a slight wood work — *very dry* — no bomb proof — a single abattis — no canon — *the work easily set on fire.*’ ‘No. 4, a wooden work about 10 feet high — no bomb proof — 2 six-pounders — a slight abattis.’ ‘North redoubt — stone work 4 feet high — above the stone, wood filled in with earth — *very dry* — bomb proof — no ditch — 3 batteries within the fort — a poor abattis — *the work easily fired with faggots dipped in pitch.*’ We quote the above, from the

André papers in the State Library, to show the culmination of a life morally base, and whose only redeeming feature, *courage*, was rather the nerve of a desperado.

The Arnold papers were for years in Judge Edwards’s possession, and the more valuable of them have been presented by him to the New York Historical Society. As Arnold was fully aware of the character of his papers, it is possible that, connected with his bloody foray upon the shores of Connecticut, there was a desire to repossess such adverse testimony.

Pierrepont Edwards died in 1825, having lived to see his son filling the station of Circuit Judge upon the New York bench, where he remained until his sixtieth year.

Those who have ever visited Judge Edwards at his seat at Port Richmond, will not soon forget the pleasant flow of conversation which brings out the incidents of the past. Such a man’s life is a series of valuable reminiscences, weaving together the men and manners of generations both past and present. Judge Edwards commenced the practice of the law in New York in 1800, at the early age of nineteen. His progress was marked by rapid promotion, and he was at once accorded a high rank in that galaxy which clustered around the bar. At that time Hamilton was in the fullness of his glory, and his opulent style was set off by the concise and pungent oratory of Burr, who was likewise in his prime. De Witt Clinton was developing that breadth of intellect which afterward made him the pride of New York, and was about to take his seat in the State Senate. It was an era remarkable for brilliance of wit and eloquence, as well as for fierce political strife. The duel was a common method of settling disputes among lawyers and politicians, and few men then entered the political arena who were not good shots. Looking back to this distant point, one is astonished at the simplicity of those beginnings which have ended in colossal greatness. The vast landed estates which now acknowledge lordly owners were

then only in inception. The Lenox estate was a range of wild land, far away even from the suburbs of the city, and owned by a plain, plodding merchant, whose son is the munificent and benevolent James Lenox, of whom New York may be justly proud. A strong-minded German of unpolished aspect, and with something of a foreign accent, kept a fur store at the corner of Pearl and Pine Streets, and displayed upon his sign the name of John Jacob Astor. He was then buying up from time to time pieces of land in the vicinity of the city, and the advance of price has at length rendered his estate the most valuable in America.

Turning to literary matters, one might have found Washington Irving reading law in Wall Street, and little dreaming of the fame which awaited his advancing years. Such are among the changes which the retrospect of a long life affords. Among the events which marked Judge Edwards's advent to New York was the fearful duel between Burr and Hamilton. Burr and Edwards were cousins, but the former was more than twenty years the senior, and the blow which he received could not but be felt by the young attorney. However, their friendship remained unbroken through life, and Edwards watched over the unfortunate old man during his declining years. Burr in his better days owned an estate nearly equal to those just referred to, and one which, had he retained it, would have rendered him immensely rich; but, although not a wasteful man, yet his schemes were of a ruinous character, and his property in due time fell into the hands of Astor. In fact, no one could be on friendly terms with Burr without suffering pecuniarily, since his powers of persuasion were beyond refusal. No man had ever been known in America with such fascinating address, and such plausible schemes for carrying out some great enterprise, which, however great, must perish for the lack of endorsing a note, whose payment, of course, one would not expect him to trouble himself with. In his latter days, when all his schemes had exploded, and when his moral character was ruined, and men

shunned him as though he were an object of dread, Burr found a friend in his cousin, Ogden Edwards. The one had ascended in popular favor as the other had sunk, and now sat as Circuit Judge of New York. Burr was shattered by paralysis, and being nearly helpless, was removed to a house at Port Richmond, where he received every attention. His pension as colonel in the Continental army gave him a limited support, and his friends clung to him to the last. Much interest was felt to ascertain his views in respect to religion, or at least as to whether any change had taken place since the approach of age. On this point, however, he would not converse, and it is supposed that the infidelity of his early years remained unchanged. He died perfectly conscious, and appeared desirous of communicating something to a son of Judge Edwards, who attended him, but was unable to speak.

Burr was buried at Princeton with military honors. His father and grandfather lie in the row of college presidents, and his grave was made just opposite theirs, leaving only room for a path between. That spot contained the remains of his parents and grandparents, who died in his childhood. Seventy-eight years had passed away since they had fallen asleep, and during that interval not a member of the family had been buried there. For some years Burr's grave was without a stone. At last, a plain but elegant slab of Italian marble was placed at its head. The inscription is simple, yet one can not but start when for the first time he reads that name of thrilling memories. It has been said that the monument was placed there by some mysterious lady, and this romantic statement has gone the rounds of the press. This, however, is incorrect; it was the work of the Edwardses, a family which not only watched over the last years of the unfortunate man, but thus honored his grave.*

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The reader will find further reference to the grave of AARON BURR in an article, in the present number of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, entitled ‘The Graveyard at Princeton.’

Among the interesting trials which have occurred under Judge Edwards's jurisdiction, we may mention the famous conspiracy case, in which Jacob Barker, Mathew L. Davis and Henry Eckford were jointly indicted for conspiracy. The object of this conspiracy was to break several of the city banks, and the trial excited intense interest throughout the Union.

The parties were convicted, but carried the case up to the Court of Error, and at last escaped. Hugh Maxwell, who was prosecuting attorney at the time, received a service of plate from the merchants of New York as an acknowledgment of his faithfulness in so important a cause. Another case, which is still remembered for its dramatic interest and for its thrilling details, was that of the notorious Richard P. Robinson. We doubt if any murder case has ever occurred in our country which brought up so many new points to embarrass the bench, or in which that bench bore a higher responsibility.

Robinson was a youth of nineteen, but recently from Connecticut, and was a clerk in the reputable jobbing house of Joseph Hoxie. He was arrested early in the morning at his boarding house in Dey Street, and aroused from a sound sleep, under a charge of murder. The victim was an unfortunate woman, who was found slain in her bed, in a disreputable house in Thomas Street, and who had obtained an escape from youthful misery by the hand of an unknown assassin. But under what name should that assassin be found? It was undeniable that the prisoner had been one of her intimates, but was the crime limited to himself alone? Had he partners in the deed? Was he implicated at all? Was not he wholly innocent of the murder, and only guilty of an unfortunate acquaintance? These were the questions which surrounded the case. It is twenty-four years since the trial absorbed and excited the American public, and at this distance we can not but review the matter as one of singular interest, while the question of guilt is not yet wholly

solved. In this point it resembles the affair known as the Mary Rogers mystery, which four years afterward thrilled New York with fresh horror.

This case attracted the genius of Edgar A. Poe, who was then elaborating those complex tales into whose labyrinths he leads the trembling reader, until, when he almost feels himself lost, the clue suddenly brings him to day-light and to upper air. Poe founded upon this terrible tragedy the tale of Marié Roget, in which he effects a plausible solution of the question of guilt. Why did he not also solve that question, equally perplexing, as to who murdered Ellen Jewett? The deed was committed with a hatchet, and as this was proved to have belonged to Hoxie's store, it was a strong proof of Robinson's guilt; but this was rebutted by the assertion that it had been used only to open a trunk, for the purpose of recovering a portrait and sundry gifts,—an act which by no means involved the further crime of murder. Whoever had committed the deed had attempted to hide it by arson, and had fired the bedding by a lighted candle, but a timely discovery had avoided this danger.

Robinson's defence was conducted by Ogden Hoffman, whose acknowledged eloquence rendered him the most desirable of advocates, and he proved himself worthy of the expectation reposed in him. Who that heard can forget his appeals in behalf of *the poor boy*, which moved the audience to tears, and shook even the equanimity of the jury? The main strength of the defence lay in charging the deed upon the keeper of the house, Rosina Townsend, who was in debt to the murdered girl for such a sum as would make her death desirable. The trial continued two weeks; the interest increased in intensity, and the public were canvassing testimony as fast as it was published, as though life and death to thousands hinged upon the verdict. At last, as a conclusion to all other testimony, Hoffman produced a witness who established an alibi. At twelve o'clock at night word was given that the jury had agreed. The court was opened at

that late hour, the prisoner confronted with the jury, and an acquittal pronounced. The prisoner flushed, turned pale, and then sunk to his seat, while Hoffman caught him to his arms, and the aged father became convulsed with sobbing emotion.

Whatever may have been the mystery enshrouding this tragedy, we have long been satisfied as to Robinson's guilt, and we believe that it is now admitted that the alibi was but a bold stroke of well-paid perjury.

Robinson became a wanderer and died in Texas, and Rosina Townsend, having abandoned her infamous career, led a reformed life for some years, and died recently, at Catskill, in the communion of the church. Hoffman, too, is no more; and, as the old courthouse and Bridewell, which stood in the Park, have been torn down, naught remains to recall the tragedy but the house where it occurred. Even this exhibits proof of the changes of time, and now, expurgated of its early shame, one may find 41 Thomas Street serving the honest purpose of a carpenter's shop.

Among the chief objects of curious interest which adorn Judge Edwards's residence, are the family portraits. Here we may look upon the lineaments of the great

metaphysician, exhibiting the calm simplicity of greatness. A fitting companion to this is found in Sarah, his wife. As one gazes upon it he can not help admiring the serene beauty of her who softened the stern Puritanism of her age by all the graces of life, and whose beauty of person was set off by a still higher beauty of character. In contrast with these is the fine portrait of their unfortunate grandson, and his daughter, almost as unfortunate, from the pencil of Vanderlyn. The countenance of the first of these is full of life,—the brilliant eye eloquent with power, and the whole features instinct with that strange and fascinating beauty for which Burr was famed. That of Theodosia has a noble bust draped after the antique, and the superb hauuteur which pervades her features would have made Cleopatra proud. Yet, under all this there is an expression of girlish loveliness and tender affection, which proved a true heart. No wonder that both Burr and Allston worshiped at the shrine of parental and conjugal love, united as they were in such a one, or that, when she was lost at sea, the one felt the curse scathing him with hopeless desolation, while the other went heart-broken to an early grave.

SONNET.

THIS age may not behold it; we may lie
Sepultured and forgotten, and the mold
Of e'er-renewing earth may first enfold
New matter to its bosom, and the sky
New nations arch beneath its canopy,
Ere this misshapen thing, the world, be rolled
And sphered to perfect freedom, ere the old
Incrusted statutes that our God defy
Be crushed in its rotation, and those die
That lived defiance through them. Then man's gold
No more shall manhood buy, or men be sold
For pottage messes. We may not be nigh
To see the glory, but if true and bold
Our hands may haste what others shall behold.

THE GREEN-CORN DANCE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

[The following letter was written by the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE to a relative in New York, in 1835. The Green-Corn Dance which it describes was, it is believed, the last ever celebrated by the Creeks east of the Arkansas. Soon after, they were removed to the West, where they now are.]

MACON, GEORGIA, —, 1835.

MY DEAR —.

. I have been among the Indians for a few days lately. Shall I tell you about them? You make no answer, and silence gives consent; — so I will tell you about the Indians.

The State of Alabama, you may remember, has been famous as the abode of the Creek Indians, always regarded as the most warlike of the southern tribes. If you will look over the map of Alabama, you will find, on the west side of it, nearly parallel with the State of Mississippi, two rivers, — one the Coosa and the other the Talapoosa, — which, descending, unite in the Alabama. Nearly opposite to these, about one hundred miles across, you will find another river, — the Chattahoochie, which also descends to form, with certain tributaries, the Apalachicola. It is within the space bounded by these rivers, and especially at the upper part of it, that the Creeks now retain a sort of sovereignty. The United States have in vain attempted to force the Creeks to volunteer a surrender of their soil for compensation. A famous chief among them made a treaty a few years ago to that effect; but the nation arose against him, surrounded his house, ordered his family out, and bade him appear at the door after all but he had departed. He did so. He was shot dead, and the house burned. The treaty only took effect in part, if at all. Perpetual discontents have ensued. The United States have assumed a sort of jurisdiction

over the territory, leaving the Creeks unmolested in their national habits and their property, with this exception in their favor, beyond all other tribes but the Cherokees, — they have the right, if they wish to sell, to sell to individuals, at their own prices, but are not bound to treat with the republic at a settled rate, — which last mode of doing business they rather properly looked upon as giving them the appearance of a vanquished race, and subject to the dictation of conquerors. So, what the diplomatists could not achieve was forthwith attempted by speculators; — and among those the everlasting Yankee began to appear, and the Indian independence straightway began to disappear. Certain forms were required by government to give Americans a claim to these Creek lands. The purchaser was to bring the Indian before a government agent; — in the agent's presence, the Indian was to declare what his possessions were, and for how much he would sell them; — the money was paid in presence of the agent, who gave a certificate, which, when countersigned by the President, authorized the purchaser to demand protection from the national arms, if molested. All this was well enough; but it was soon discovered that the speculators would hire miscreants and drunken Indians to personate the real possessors of lands, and, having paid them the money, would take it back as soon as the purchase was completed, give the Indian a jug of whiskey, or a small bag of silver, for the fraud, and so become lords of the soil. Great dissatisfaction arose, and lives were lost. An anonymous letter opened the eyes of government. The white speculators were so desperate and dangerous that any other mode of information was unsafe. Investigators were appointed to examine into the validity of Creek sales, and the examiners met at the time I went to wit-

ness a great Indian religious festival, concerning which I will inform you presently; for it was by my curiosity to view this relic of their remotest times that the visit among the Indians, alluded to in the beginning of my letter, was prompted. It has been necessary for me to be thus prolix, to make you understand the nature of the society—and a sort of danger too—by which we were surrounded. On one side, white rogues—border cut-throats—contending, through corrupted red men, for the possessions of those among them, who, though honest, are unwary. On another side, the cheated Indian-robbler of his brethren, wheedled by some fresh white cheat into a promise to sell (payable in over-charged goods) at a higher price to the last comer, on condition of the latter individual getting the earlier inadequate sale set aside by the agent of the United States, through evidence from its pretended victim that the payment for it had only been nominal, and was forthwith fraudulently withdrawn. Even the judges are accused of being, covertly, sometimes as bad as any of the rest, and it is said that instances are not unknown wherein some of them have, not long after withdrawing from the seat of justice, proved to be full of wealth in lands, which could only be accounted for by a supposed collusion with accusers who have supplied them with pretexts for cancelling prior sales by Indians in favor of better offers, when contrasted with the preceding ones, though offers really amounting to nothing at all in comparison with the true worth of the purchase. Amid these scenes of complicated villany, it is not unusual, after the session of a commission representing the United States for trying the validity of titles, to see a foiled thief rush at the successful overreaching one, with fist and bowie-knife; and it is then accounted a case of uncommon good luck if either live to look upon what both have stolen from the red-man, and one not only from the red-man, but the white.

I beheld a fine, gentle, innocent-looking girl,—a widow, I believe,—come up to the investigator to assert that she

had never sold her land. She had been counterfeited by some knave. The Investigator's court was a low bar-room. He saw me eyeing him, and some one told him I was travelling to take notes. He did not know but government had employed me as a secret supervisor. He seemed to shrink, and postponed a decision. I have since heard that he is a rascal of the sort at which I have just hinted.

The ill-starred red people here are entirely at the mercy of interpreters, who, if not negro-slaves of their own, are half-breeds,—a worse set, generally, than the worst of either slaves or knaves. In the jargon of the border, they are called *linkisters*,—some say because they form, by interpreting, a *link* between the Indian nations and ours; but I should rather regard the word as a mere corruption of *linguist*.

The Indians become more easily deluded by the borderers than by others, because the borderers know that they never esteem any one to be substantial who does not keep a shop. So your rascal of the frontier sets up a shop, and is pronounced a *sneezer*. If his shop be large, he is a *sneezer-chubco*; if larger than any other, he is a *sneezer-chubco-mico*. But, in any of his grades, a *sneezer* is always considered as a personage by no means to be sneezed at. The *sneezer* will pay for land in goods, and thinks himself very honest if he charges his goods at five hundred times their worth, and can make it appear by his account against the Indian's claim that he has paid him thousands of dollars, when in fact he may scarcely have paid him hundreds of cents.

Well! So much for the beautiful state of our national legislation and morals, as civilizers and protectors of the red-men. It is time for me to relieve you from these details, so uncomplimentary to us of the superior order, and to tell you something about the famous religious festival which took me amongst the Indians, and thereby caused the foregoing first preamble,—the ennui produced by which I proceed to cure, like a quack doctor, by

doubling the dose. Accordingly, here comes a second preamble, by way of introductory explanation of what is to come at last.

The festival in question is called the Green-Corn Festival. All the nation assemble for its celebration at a place set apart for the purpose, as the Temple at Jerusalem was for the religious assemblies of all the Jewish tribes. It has been kept by the Greeks, and many other Indian nations,—indeed, perhaps, by the entire race,—from time immemorial. It is prepared for, as well as fulfilled with, great form and solemnity.

When the green corn is ripe, the Greeks seem to begin their year. Until after the religious rites of the festival with which their New Year is ushered in, it is considered as an infamy to taste the corn. On the approach of the season, there is a meeting of the chiefs of all the towns forming any particular clan. First, an order is given out for the manufacture of certain articles of pottery to be employed in the ceremonies. A second meeting gives out a second order. New matting is to be prepared for the seats of the assembly. There is a third meeting. A vast number of sticks are broken into parts, and then put up in packages, each containing as many sticks as there are days intervening previous to the one appointed for the gathering of the clans. Runners are sent with these. One is flung aside every day by each receiver. Punctually, on the last day, all, with their respective families, are at the well-known rendezvous.

That you may the more clearly understand the whole matter, I will so anticipate my story as to put you in possession of many essential particulars concerning the place set apart by the Greeks for gathering their people to the festival in question. This will provide you with the unexpected gratification of even a third preamble, as an explanatory avenue extra to the main subject.

The chosen spot is remote from any habitations, and consists of an ample square, with four large log houses, each one forming a side of the square, at every

angle of which there is a broad opening into the area. The houses are of logs and clay, and a sort of wicker-work, with sharp-topped, sloping roofs, like those of our log houses, but more thoroughly finished. The part of the houses fronting the square is entirely open. Their interior consists of a broad platform from end to end, raised a little more than knee-high, and so curved and inclined as to form a most comfortable place for either sitting or lying. It is covered with the specially-prepared cane matting, which descends in front of it to the ground. A space is left open along the entire back of each house, to afford a free circulation of air. It starts from about the height of my chin, so that I could peep in from the outside through the whole of each structure, and obtain a clear view of all that was going on. Attached to every house towers a thick, notched mast. Behind the angle of one of the four broad entrances to the square, rises a high, cone-roofed building, circular and dark, with an entrance down an inclined plane, through a low door. Its interior was so obscured that I could not make out what it contained; but some one said it was a council-house. I occupied one corner of an outer square, next to the one I have already described, two sides of which outer square were formed by thick corn-fields, a third by a raised embankment apparently for spectators, and a fourth by the back of one of the buildings before mentioned. In the center of this outer square was a very high circular mound. This, it seems, was formed from the earth accumulated yearly by removing the surface of the sacred square thither. At every Green-Corn Festival, the sacred square is strewn with soil yet untrodden; the soil of the year preceding being taken away, but preserved as above explained. No stranger's foot is allowed to press the new earth of the sacred square until its consecration is complete. A gentleman told me that he and a friend chanced once to stroll along through the edge, just after the new soil had been laid. A friendly chief saw him and remonstrat-

ed, and seemed greatly incensed. He explained that it was done in ignorance. The chief was pacified, but nevertheless caused every spot which had been polluted by their unhallowed steps to be upturn, and a fresh covering substituted.

The sacred square being ready, every fire in the towns under the jurisdiction of the head chief is, at the same moment, extinguished. Every house must also at that moment have been newly swept and washed. Enmities are forgotten. If a person under sentence for a crime can steal in unobserved and appear among the worshippers when their exercises begin, his crime is no more remembered. The first ceremonial is to light the new fire of the year. A square board is brought, with a small circular hollow in the center. It receives the dust of a forest tree, or of dry leaves. Five chiefs take turns to whirl the stick, until the friction produces a flame. From this sticks are lighted and conveyed to every house throughout the tribe. The original flame is taken to the center of the sacred square. Wood is heaped there, and a strong fire lighted. Over this fire the holy vessels of new-made pottery are placed. Drinking-gourds, with long handles, are set around on a bench. Appointed officers keep up an untiring surveillance over the whole, never moving from the spot; and here what they call the black drink is brewed, with many forms and with intense solemnity.

Now, then, having rendered you, by these numerous prefaces, much better informed about the Creek Jerusalem and its paraphernalia than I was when I got there, I will proceed with my travel story, just as if I had not enabled you to ponder all that I saw so much more understandingly than I myself did.

I cannot describe to you my feelings when I first found myself in the Indian country. We rode miles after miles in the native forest, seeing neither habitation nor an inhabitant to disturb the solitude and majesty of the wilderness. At length we met a native in his native land. He

was galloping on horseback. His air was oriental;—he had a turban, a robe of fringed and gaudily-figured calico, scarlet leggings, and beaded belts and garters and pouch. We asked how far it was to the Square. He held up a finger, and we understood him to mean one mile. Next we met two Indian women on horseback, laden with water-melons. In answer to our question of the road, they half covered a finger, to express that it was half a mile further, and, smiling, added, ‘sneezers—much,’ meaning that we should find lots of our brethren, the sneezers, there, to keep us company. We passed groups of Indian horses tied in the shade, with cords long enough to let them graze freely. We then saw the American flag—a gift from the government—floating over one of the hut-tops in the square. We next passed numbers of visitors’ horses and carriages, and servants, and under the heels of one horse a drunken vagabond Indian, or half-Indian, asleep. And, finally, we found ourselves at the corner of the sacred square, where the aborigines were in the midst of their devotions.

As soon as I left the carriage, seeing an elevation just outside of one of the open corners of the sacred square, whence a clear view could be obtained of what was going on within, I took my station there. I was afterwards told that this mound was composed of ashes which had been produced during many preceding years by such fires as were now blazing in the center; and that ashes of the sort are never permitted to be scattered, but must thus be gathered up, and carefully and religiously preserved.

Before the solemnities begin,—and, some one said, though I am not sure it was on good authority, ere new earth is placed,—the women dance in the sacred square, and entirely by themselves. I missed seeing this. They then separate from the men, and remain apart from them until after the fasting and other religious forms are gone through, when they have ceremonies of their own, of which I shall speak in due course.

As I gazed from my stand upon the

corner mound, the sacred square presented a most striking scene. Upon each of the notched masts, of which I have already spoken as attached to each of the structures within, was a stack of tall canes, hung all over with feathers, black and white. There were rude paint-daubes about the posts and roof-beams of the open house-fronts, and here and there they were festooned with gourd vines. Chiefs were standing around the sides and corners, alone, and opposite to each other, their eyes riveted on the earth, and motionless as statues. Every building was filled with crowds of silent Indians,—those on the back rows seated in the Turkish fashion, but those in front with their feet to the ground. All were turbanned, all fantastically painted, all in dresses varying in ornament but alike in wildness. One chief wore a tall black hat, with a broad, massive silver band around it, and a peacock's feather; another had a silver scull-cap, with a deep silver bullion fringe down to his eyebrows, and plates of silver from his breast to his knee, descending his tunic. Most of them had the eagle plume, which only those may wear who have slain a foe; numbers sported military plumes in various positions about their turbans; and one had a tremendous tuft of black feathers declining from the back of his head over his back; while another's head was all shaven smooth, excepting a tuft across the center from the back to the front, like the crest of a helmet.

I never saw an assembly more absorbed with what they regarded as the solemnities of the occasion.

The first sounds I heard were a strange low, deep wail,—a sound of many voices drawn out in perfect unison, and only dying away with the breath itself, which indeed was longer sustained than could be done by any singer I ever yet heard. This was followed by a second wail, in the same style, but shrill, like the sound of musical glasses, and giving a similar shiver to the nerves. And after a third wail in another key, the statue-like figures moved and formed two diagonal lines opposite to each other, their backs

to opposite angles of the square. One by one, they then approached the huge bowls in which the black drink was boiling, and, in rotation, dipped a gourd, and took, with a most reverential expression, a long, deep draught each. The next part of the ceremony with them was somewhat curious; but the rapt expression of the worshippers took away the effect which such an evolution would be apt to produce on a fastidious stomach if connected with an uninterested head. In short, these dignitaries, without moving a muscle of the face, or a joint of the body, after a few seconds, and with great solemnity, ejected what had been swallowed upon the ground. It seemed as if given forth in the spirit of a libation among the ancients. The chiefs having afterwards tasted, each replacing the gourd, and returning to his stand before the next came forward, they all went to their seats, and two old men approached and handed round gourds full to the other parties present who had remained stationary. The looks on each side were as full of solemn awe as I have ever seen at any Christian ceremony; and certainly the awe was more universal than usually pervades our churches.

This done, a chief made a speech, but without rising. It was listened to with profound attention, and in one place, at a pause, called forth a very unanimous and emphatic shout of approbation,—a long sound, seemingly of two syllables, but uttered by all in the same breath. I asked a professed *linkister* what the speech was about; but he was either indifferent or ignorant, for he only replied that it was an appeal to them not to forsake their ancient ceremonies, but to remain faithful in their fulfilment to the last, and that it wound up with a sort of explanatory dissertation upon the forms which were to follow.

One chief then walked round, and, in short, abrupt sentences, seemed to give directions; whereupon some whitened, entire gourds, with long handles, and apparently filled with pebbles, were produced; and men took their stations with them on mats, while those who had been

seated all arose, and formed in circles around the fire, led by a chief, and always beginning their movement towards the left. The gourds were shaken;—there arose a sort of low sustained chant as the procession went on; and it was musical enough, but every few seconds, at regular intervals, a sound was thrown in by all the dancers, in chorus, like the sharp, quick, shrill yelp of a dog. The dance seemed to bear reference to the fires in the center. Every time they came to a particular part of the square, first the head chief turned and uplifted his hands over the flame, as if invoking a benediction, and all the people followed his example in rotation. The dance was very unlike anything I ever saw before. The dancers never crossed their feet, but first gave two taps each with the heel and toe of one foot, then of the other, making a step forward as each foot was tapped on the earth; their bodies all the while stately and erect, and each, with a feather fan,—their universal and indispensable companion,—fanning himself, and keeping time with his fan as he went on. The dance was quickened, at a signal, till it became nearly a measured run, and the cries of the dancers were varied to suit the motion, when, suddenly, all together uttered a long, shrill whoop, and stopped short, some few remaining as guards about the sacred square, but most of the throng forthwith rushing down a steep, narrow ravine, canopied with foliage, to the river, into which they plunged; and the stream was black on every side with their heads as they swam about, playing all sorts of antics; the younger ones diving to fetch up pieces of silver money which the visitors flung into the water, to put their dexterity to the test.

Returning to the sacred square, they went through other dances around the fire, varying in figure and accompaniment. All were generally led by some aged chief, who uttered a low, broken sound, to which the others responded in chorus. Sometimes the leader, as he went around, would ejaculate a feeble, tremulous exclamation, like *alleluliah*,

alleluliah, laying the stress upon the last syllable, to which all would respond in perfect accord, and with a deep, sonorous bass, ‘*alleluliah*,’ and the same alternation continued to the close, which was invariably sudden, and after a long general whoop.

Each dance seemed to have a special form and significance;—one in particular, where the dancers unstacked the tall canes with feathers suspended from them, each taking one from the mast sustaining it; and this one, I was told, meant to immortalize triumphs won at ball-plays. The feathered canes are seized as markers of points gained by the bearers in the ball-play, which is the main trial of strength and skill among rival clans of the same tribe, in friendship, and even between tribe and tribe, when in harmony. The effect of these canes and feathers, as they glanced around, with an exulting chorus, was very inspiriting, and the celebrants became almost wild with their delight as it drew near its climax, ending their closing whoop with a general laugh of triumphant recollection.

Other dances were represented as alluding to conquests over bears and panthers, and even the buffalo, which last memorial is remarkable enough, having among them survived all traces of the buffalo itself. But, excepting these vague hints, I could not find any bystander capable of giving me a further explanation of any point on which I inquired, than that it was ‘an old custom;’ or, if they wished to be more explicit, with a self-satisfied air, they would gravely remark that it was ‘the green-corn dance,’—which I knew as well as they. Could I have been instructed even in their phrases and speeches, I might have made valuable conjectures. But even their language, on these occasions, seems, by their own admission, beyond the learning of the ‘linkisters.’ It is a poetical, mystical idiom, varying essentially from that of trading and of familiar intercommunication, and utterly incomprehensible to the literal minds of mere trafficking explainers. Even were it otherwise, the persons hovering upon the frontier most

ingenuously own, when pressed for interpretations of Indian customs, that they care nothing for the Indians excepting to get their lands, and that they really consider all study concerning them as egregious folly, save only that of finding out how much cotton their grounds will yield, and in what way the greatest speculations can be accomplished with the smallest capital.

The last of the ceremonies of the day consisted of a sort of trial of fortitude upon the young.

Old chiefs were seated at the back of the council-house, and of the four houses of the square. They had sharp instruments,—sail-needles, awls, and flints. Children of from four to twelve, and youths, and young men, presented their limbs, and the instrument was plunged into the thighs and the calves of the legs, and drawn down in long, straight lines. As the blood streamed, the wounded would scoop it up with bark or sticks, and dash it against the back of the building; and all the building thus became clotted with gore. The glory of the exercise seemed to be to submit without flinching, without even consciousness. The youngest children would sometimes show the most extraordinary self-control. All offered themselves to the experiment voluntarily. If a shudder were detected, the old chiefs gashed deeper. But where they saw entire firmness, an involuntary glow of admiration would flit over their stony faces.

We now left, and went to an infant town—and a savage infant it seemed—over the river to break our fast,—an indulgence which to our Indian friends is not permitted. They may neither eat nor sleep until the ceremonies close. The town we went to is named Talassee. It has but about a dozen houses as yet, but is delightfully situated, and I should not wonder to see a large place there in another twelvemonth. It belongs to the region of a clan different from the one we left, though part of the same tribe. Here the investigating agent held his court; and the place was crowded with drunken Indians, and more uncivilized

speculators, parading about, as some had done among the spectators at the festival, with blacked eyes and lacerated faces,—the trophies of civil war for *savage* plunder. At the house where we dined, I found the landlady and her family implacable Indian haters. I was afterwards told the cause. Her husband is continually marrying Indian wives,—probably to entitle himself to their lands. He, being a *sneezier*, and keeping a tavern, is a great man among them. I saw a very comely young squaw promenading, who believed herself to be one of the *sneezier-chubco-mico's* last wives. The man's white and original wife and daughters made an excuse to walk by, to have a look at the aboriginal interloper. The latter had just received from my landlord a present of a pair of gaudy bracelets, for which he had paid eighteen dollars at another *sneezier's*,—bracelets worth about four. I was told how the man came by this red mate of his. He had taken a young chief's wife in her husband's absence. The chief, returning while my landlord was absent, got his young wife back. The landlord, on reappearing, is said to have threatened the chief with General Jackson and big guns. The chief said he was partial to his wife; but he had a sister much prettier, and, for the sake of peace, if nothing were said about the matter, Mr. Landlord should have her for a wife. The bargain was struck. The handsome little squaw I have spoken of is that same young chief's sister. This stealing of wives is beginning to excite some commotion. I heard that there had been a council of chiefs in the neighborhood of Talassee. It was a very animated one, and the wrong of wife-stealing was violently discussed. It was thought by some almost as bad as land-stealing. Others felt rather relieved by it. One of the drunken Indians whom I saw reeling and whooping about, as I stood at the door of the log hut where we dined, seemed of the latter party. I asked a *linkister* the meaning of a song the Indian was singing with such glee. The black *linkister* laughed, and was reluctant to ex-

plain; but when I pressed him, the following proved to be the meaning of the burthen:—

A man may have a wife,
And that wife an untrue one;
And yet the man won't die,
But go and get a new one.

No doubt the poor fellow had been robbed in the same way, and, between music and whiskey, was providing himself with consolation.

I was invited to 'camp out,' as they call it, near the sacred square. A Mr. Du Bois, a man with an Indian wife and family, had arrangements for the purpose in a neighboring field; so I went to the evening dance, and left my party to the enjoyment of a sheltering roof at the frontier Blue Beard's in Talassee; having made up my mind, after I had seen enough more of the Indian festival for the night, to accept the proffered 'field-bed' which was so conveniently nigh, and sleep, for the first time, in a real 'sky parlor.'

I sat to look at the evening dances till very late. The blazing fire through the darkness gave a new aspect and still more striking wildness to the fantastic scene. Some ceremonies yet unattempted seemed to be going on over the drinks in the deep cauldrons; and the figures around them, with those of the dancers, reminded me of the witch scenes in Macbeth, as conceived by Shakspeare, not by the actors of them upon the stage. Four grim figures were stirring the cauldrons incessantly, with a sort of humming incantation, the others dancing around. In one of their dances they used a sort of small kettle-drum, with a guitar-like handle to it. But after a while, the evening dances seemed to vary from the devotional to the complimentary and to the diverting; but the daylight ones were altogether devotional. Apotheola led one of the less lofty order, and he is one of the most popular and respected of their chiefs. Its music seemed to consist of an exclamation from him of Yo, ho, ho! yo, ho, ho!—to which the response appeared as if complimentary, and to contain only the animated and measured

repetition of *Apotheola!* *Apotheola!* Another dance, which excited most boisterous mirth, was led by a chief who is called by the borderers Peter the Gambler. He is a great humorist, and famous for his love of play,—famous even among the Indians, who are all gamblers. Once throwing dice with a chief, he staked himself against a negro slave, and won the negro. I never saw a party more diverted than were the lookers-on at this dance. It was all monkey capers, but all with a meaning to the Indians beyond the perception of the whites. The Indian spectators made their remarks from their couches as the solemn mockeries proceeded, and the object of the remarks seemed to be to provoke the dancers to laugh by making fun, and the object of the dancers to provoke the fun-makers to laugh by performing extravagant caricatures with imperturbable gravity.

Our semi-civilized inviter got a bench for us. Some Indians, when it was not entirely filled, tried to pull it away. Several young ones, as a fellow was trying to tug it from under us, seemed vastly amused at Du Bois for saying, 'Keep your seats! keep your seats!' and mimicked him and laughed. But we were entirely unmolested in any other way, excepting for an instant by one white rascal on the road, as I was coming, who galloped up towards me violently, in the dark, and shouted, 'Who the hell may you be, if one were to let you alone?' Just then, however, I got up to my party, and he said no more.

I have not mentioned, I believe, that no one is allowed in the sacred square who tastes food during the devotional part of the ceremonies; but to get drunk on this occasion is a specially great offence. It is also considered as a desecration for an Indian to allow himself to be touched by even the dress of a white man, until the ceremony of purification is complete. There was a finely, though slightly, built Indian,—more French than Tartar in his look and manner,—a *linkister*, too,—the whites called him Charley,—and Charley had got very drunk. He was, of course, compelled to

keep among the crowd outside. During the evening dance, a chief censured those who stayed from the ceremony, and those who dishonored it by appearing in this unworthy state. Charley was by that time very drunk indeed, but very good humored. He came nearly naked to listen. He heard the lecture; and, as he reeled around, pretending to cover his face for shame, it was amusing to see his tricks to evade tumbling against any of the bystanders, lifting his hands with an air of dandified disdain as he staggered to one side, and repeating the mock contemptuousness when rolling towards the same peril on the other. Next morning I heard numbers of the natives, sitting all along the outside of the sacred square, laughing very loud, and very good-naturedly quizzing poor Charley, who had slept off somewhat of his exhilaration, but none of his good humor. Charley laughed, too, and looked foolish, and laughed again.

So, to go back and resume my story.

We went to our 'field-bed.' It consisted of a shed of loose boards on tall stakes, and under it a raised platform of loose boards upon shorter stakes. There were several human forms already wrapped in blankets and asleep upon the platform. One of our party, attempting to get among them, was told by Milly,—Du Bois's Indian wife,—who just then awoke, 'No here,—no here! dat not de rule!' It seems this was the female side of the house. My buffalo robe was spread at the opposite end. I pulled off my boots, and set them in the grass under the bed, and slept delightfully. The only time I awoke, I saw the eyes of a towering black figure fixed upon me. The chap was seeking a spot for a snooze among us; but finding every inch of room occupied, gazed for a moment at a tree, flung down his blanket, and tumbled on the grass, the tall tree he had been eyeing, at his head, and a lesser one at his heels. The female side of my house was divided from the male side by Du Bois, who slept between the ladies and the gentlemen. Our party consisted of nine in all, Indian ladies in-

cluded. In the morning, at day-break, we were up. With a joke to Milly about 'de rule,'—which she answered with a good-humored smile, covering her face as she smiled,—we went back to the sacred square among the Indians, who had been all night awake and at their devotions.

I found them preparing for the ceremonies which close the fast. Many were standing about, and all intent on the preparations for the morning forms. They went through the taking of the black drink, repeating all they had done the day previous. But on this occasion I more particularly observed two circular plates of brass and steel, which appeared the remains of very antique shields. They were borne with great reverence by two chiefs. The natives do not pretend to explain whence they came. They keep them apart, as something sacred. They are only produced on great occasions. I was told, too, that ears of green corn were brought in at a part of the ceremony to-day, which I missed, and that they were presented to a chief. He took them, and, after an invocation that the corn might continue plentiful among them the year through, handed them back.

This seemed the termination of the peace-offerings, and the religious part of the affair was now to wind up with emblems of war. These were expressed in what they call a Gun-Dance. When the dispositions were making for it, some persons in carriages were desired by a white *linkister* to fall back and to remove their horses to a distance. Some ladies, especially, were warned. 'Keep out of their way, ma'am,' said the *linkister* to a lady, 'for when they come racing about here with their guns, they gits powerful sarcy.' I saw them dressing for the ceremony, if it may be called dressing to throw off nearly every part of a scanty covering. But the Indians are especially devoted to dress, in their way. Some of them went aside to vary their costume with nearly every dance.

Now appeared a procession of some forty or fifty women. They entered the square, and took their seats together in

one of the open houses. Two men sat in front of them, holding gourds filled with pebbles. The gourds were shaken so as to keep time, and the women began a long chant, with which, at regular intervals, was given a sharp, short whoop from male voices. The women's song was said to be intended for the wail of mothers, wives, and daughters at the departure of the warriors for the fight; the response conveyed the resolution of the warriors not to be withheld, but to fight and conquer. And now were seen two hideous-looking old warriors, with tomahawks and scalping-knives, painted most ferociously. Each went half round the circle, exchanged exclamations, kept up a sort of growl all the while, and at length stopped with a war-whoop.

At this juncture, we were told to hurry to the outer square. The females and their male leaders left their places inside, and went to the mound in the centre of the outer square. The mound became entirely covered with their forms, and the effect was very imposing. Here they resumed their chant. The spectators mounted on the embankment. I got on a pile of wood,—holy wood, I believe, and heaped there to keep up the sacred fires. There were numbers of Indian women in the crowd. Four stuffed figures were placed, one in each of the four corners of the square.

We now heard firing and whooping on all sides. At length in the high corn on one side we saw crouching savages, some with guns of every sort, some, especially the boys, with corn-stalks to represent guns. A naked chief with a long sabre, the blade painted blood color, came before them, flourishing his weapon and haranguing vehemently. In another corn-field appeared another party. The two savages already mentioned as having given the war dance in the sacred square, now hove in sight on a third side, cowering. One of them I understood was the person who had shot the chief I mentioned in the first part of this letter—the chief who made an objectionable treaty, and whose house was burned. Both these warriors crept slyly towards

the outer square. One darted upon one of the puppets, caught him from behind, and stole him off; another grasped another puppet by the waist, flung him in the air, tumbled on him as he fell, ripped him with his knife, tore off the scalp, and broke away in triumph. A third puppet was tomahawked, and a fourth shot. These were the emblems of the various forms of warfare.

After the first shot, the two parties whooped, and began to fire indiscriminately, and every shot was answered by a whoop. One shot his arrow into the square, but falling short of the enemy, he covered himself with corn and crept thither to regain the arrow, and bore it back in safety, honored with a triumphant yell as he returned. After much of this bush skirmishing, both parties burst into the square. There was unremitting firing and war-whooping, the music of chanting and of the pebbled gourd going all the while. At length the fighters joined in procession, dancing a triumphal dance around the mound, plunging thence headlong into the sacred square and all around it, and then scampering around the outside, and pouring back to the battle square; and the closing whoop being given, the entire multitude from the battle square rushed, helter-skelter, yelping, some firing as they went, and others pelting down the spectators from their high places, with the cornstalks that had served for guns, and which gave blows so powerful that those who laughed at them as weapons before, rubbed their shoulders and walked away ashamed.

We resumed our conveyances homeward, and heard the splashing and shouting, as we departed, of the warriors in the water.

Leave was now given to taste the corn, and all ate their fill, and, I suppose, did not much refrain from drinking; for I heard that every pathway and field around was in the morning strewed with sleeping Indians.

We passed the day following in visits to the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood. We saw the fine falls of the

Talapoosa, where the broken river tumbles over wild and fantastic precipices, varying from forty to eighty or a hundred feet in height; and when wandering among the slippery rocks, we passed an old Indian with his wife and child and bow and arrows. They had been shooting fishes in the stream, from a point against which the fishes were brought to them by the current. The scenery and the natives would have formed a fine picture. An artist of the neighborhood made me a present of a view of these falls, which I will show you when we meet.

The next part of the festival among the red folks—and which I did not see, being that day on my ‘tour in search of the picturesque’—consisted, I was told, in the display of wives urging out their husbands to hunt deer. When, from our travels among fine scenery, we went down to the sacred square, towards night, we met Indians with deer slung over their horses. The skin of the first that is shot is presented to a priest, who flings it back to the slayer to be retained by him as a trophy, and at the same time asks from the Great Spirit that this may prove only the harbinger of deer in abundance whenever wanted. There was some slight dancing that evening in the sacred square, but not of significance enough to make it an object with me to remain for it, and as so many were reserving themselves for the winding-up assembly of the ladies, on Sunday morning, I thought I would do the same. Some of our party stayed, however, for the night. They found a miscellaneous dance at a house in the vicinity,—negroes, borderers, and reprobate Indians, all collected in one incongruous mass. A vagabond frontier man there asked a girl to dance. She refused, and was going to dance with another. The first drew his pistol, and swore if she would not dance with him she should not dance at all. Twenty pistols were clicked in an instant; but the borderer, with a horse-laugh, asked if they thought he didn’t know there was not a soul in that section of country who dared to draw a trigger against

him? He was right, for the pistols were dropped and the room cleared on the instant; whereupon the bully borderer clapped his wings and crowed and disappeared.

The assemblage of the females I was rather solicitous to see, and so I was at my post betimes. I had long to wait. I heard the gathering cry from the men on all sides, in the corn-fields and bushes; it was like the neighing to each other of wild horses. After a while the ladies began to arrive. The spectators crowded in.

The Indian men went to their places, and among them a party to sing while the women danced, two of the men rattling the gourds. The cauldrons had disappeared from the centre of the sacred square.

And now entered a long train of females, all dressed in long gowns, like our ladies, but all with gay colors, and bright shawls of various hues, and beads innumerable upon their necks, and tortoise-shell combs in their hair, and ears bored all around the rim, from top to bottom, and from every bore a massive ear-drop, very long, and generally of silver. A selected number of the dancers wore under their robes, and girded upon their calves, large squares of thick leather, covered all over with terrapin-shells closed together and perforated and filled with pebbles, which rattled like so many sleigh-bells. These they have the knack of keeping silent until their accompaniment is required for the music of the dance. The dresses of all the women were so long as nearly to conceal the feet, but I saw that some had neither shoes nor stockings on, while others were sandalled. The shawls were principally worn like mantles. Broad ribbons, in great profusion and of every variety of hue, hung from the back of each head to the ground, and, as they moved, these, and the innumerable sparkling beads of glass and coral and gold, gave the wearers an air of graceful and gorgeous, and, at the same time, unique wildness.

The procession entered slowly, and

wound around the central fire, which still blazed gently there, although the cauldrons had been removed; and the train continued to stretch itself out, till it extended to three circles and a half. The shorter side then became stationary, and stood facing the men, who were seated in that building which contained the chanters. This last rank of dancers seemed to include the principal wearers of the terrapin leg-bands, which they continued to rattle, keeping time with the chant, without shifting their position. At each end of their line was a leader, one an old woman and the other not young, both bearing a little notched stick, with two feathers floating from it. At a particular turn of the general figure of the dance, these two broke off from their fixed rank, and made a circuit outside of all the rest, and more briskly, while the main body of the dancers, the three circles before mentioned, which had never ceased to move, still proceeded slowly round and round, only turning at a given signal to face the men, as the men had turned to face the emblem of the Deity, the central fire. Every eye among the women was planted on the ground. I never beheld such an air of universal modesty. It seemed a part of the old men's privilege to make comments aloud, in order to surprise the women into a laugh. These must often have been very droll, and always personal, I understand, and not always the most delicate. I saw a few instances among the young girls where they were obliged to smother a smile by putting up their handkerchiefs. But it was conquered on the instant. The young men said nothing; but the Indian men, whether old or young, seemed all to take as much interest in the show as we. The chief, Apotheola, had two daughters there. Both are very elegant girls, but the eldest delighted me exceedingly. She seemed about seventeen or eighteen. She is tall, a fine figure; her carriage graceful and *distingué*, and quite European. She had a white muslin gown; a black scarf, wrought all over with flowers in brilliant colors; an embroidered

white *collarette*, I believe you call it; gold chains, coral beads, gold and jewelled ear-rings,—single ones, not in the usual Indian superabundance,—her hair beautifully dressed in the Parisian style; a splendid tortoise-shell comb, gemmed; and from one large tuft of hair upon one temple to that upon the other there passed a beautiful gold ornament. Her sister's head-dress was nearly the same. The aforesaid elder Princess Apotheola, I am happy to say, looked only at me. Some one must have told her that I meant to run away with her, for I had said so before I saw her to many of her friends. There was a very frolicsome, quizzical expression in her eye; and now and then it seemed to say, ‘No doubt you think all these things wonderfully droll. It diverts me to see you so puzzled by them.’ But, excepting the look at me, which only proved her excellent taste, her eye dwelt on the ground, and nothing could have been more interestingly reserved than her whole deportment.

The dance over, all the ladies went from the square in the same order that they entered it.

In about an hour, the same dance was repeated. When it ended, signal was made for what they call The Dance of the Olden Time,—the breaking up of the ceremonial, when the men and women are again allowed to intermingle.

This was done in a quick movement around and around and around again, all the men yelping wildly and merrily, as struck their fancy, and generally in tones intended to set the women laughing, which they did, and heartily. The sounds most resembled the yelpings of delighted dogs. Finally came the concluding whoop, and all the parties separated.

Between these two last dances, I sent for a chief, and desired him to take charge of some slight gifts of tobacco and beads which I had brought for them. The chief took them. I saw the others cut the tobacco, and share it. Ere long my ambassador returned, saying, ‘The chiefs are mighty glad, and count it from

you as very great friendship.' I had been too bashful about my present, and kept it back too long, through over-shyness. If I had sent it before, I might have seen the show to more advantage. As it was, I was immediately invited to sit inside the square, and witness the last dance from one of the places of honor.

But I was now obliged to depart, and to give up all hopes of ever again seeing my beautiful Princess Apotheola. My only chance of a guide through the wilderness would have been lost had I delayed. So I reluctantly mounted my pony; and I left the Indians of Tuckabatchie and their Green-Corn Festival, and their beautiful Princess Apotheola.

It was a great gratification to me to have seen this festival; with my own eyes to have witnessed the Indians in their own nation, with my own ears to have heard them in their own language. Nor was it any diminution of the interest of the spectacle to reflect that this ceremony, so precious to them, was now

probably performing in the land of their forefathers for the last, last time. I never beheld more intense devotion; and the spirit of the forms was a right and a religious one. It was beginning the year with fasting, with humility, with purification, with prayer, with gratitude. It was burying animosities, while it was strengthening courage. It was pausing to give thanks to Heaven, before daring to partake its beneficence. It was strange to see this, too, in the midst of my own land; to travel, in the course of a regular journey in the New World, among the living evidences of one, it may be, older than what we call the Old World;—the religion, and the people, and the associations of the untraceable past, in the very heart of the most recent portion of the most recent people upon earth. And it was a melancholy reflection for ourselves, that, comparing the majority of the white and red assemblage there, the barbarian should be so infinitely the more civilized and the more interesting of the two.

ROSIN THE BOW.

A FANTASIA.

IN Paris, a famous city in France,
 That lies by the banks of the sluggish Seine,
 Where you and I may never have been,
 But which we know all about in advance;—
 A place of wild and wicked romance,
 A place where they gamble, and fiddle and dance,
 And the slowest coach has always a chance
 To get put over the road, I ween,
 Where women are naughty, and men are gay,
 And the suicides number a dozen a day,
 And one of the gallant *jeunesse dorée*
 Will spend the night at prodigious play,
 And in the morning go out and slay
 His bosom friend with a rapier keen,
 Because he loses and cannot pay,—
 Lived a nice young man named DIDIER.

This nice young man had run aground,
 As such young men are apt to do ;
 His creditors swore and his mistress frowned,
 His breeches pockets held ne'er a *sou*,
 His boots were getting out at the toes,
 His hat was seedy, and so were his clothes,
 And, as he wandered the city around,
 He could not think of a single friend
 Slow to dun and prompt to lend,
 Whose purse he thought he could venture to sound ;
 In such extremities friends are few ;
 At least I think so, friend, don't you ?

At length, on the brink of a grim despair,
 He happened to think of a quaint old fellow,
 A comical customer, rusty and slow,
 But who used to be an elegant beau,
 In dress and manner quite *comme il faut* ;
 And who, because he happened to know
 How to play on the violoncello,
 Which he'd learned for fun long time ago,
 Before his finances got so low,
 Had obtained a place in an orchestra choir,
 And played that beautiful instrument there ;
 And to him monsieur determined to go ;
 And so,
 Up to the top of a rickety stair,
 To a little attic cold and bare,
 He stumbled, and found the artist there.
 He told his tale ; how his former pride
 Was crushed and humbled into the dust ;
 He swore he had thought of suicide,
 But the charcoal venders wouldn't trust ;
 He had no profession or trade or art,
 Money or food, and perish he must ;
 And then like a blacksmith's forge he sighed,
 A sigh that touched the fiddler's heart.
 'Cheer up, *mon cher*, and never mind ;
 You're the very man I was trying to find.
 You know at the grand Theatre Français
 The leading violoncello I play,
 And my salary is two francs a day.
 There's a vacant place ; if you are inclined
 To take the same, you'll find 'twill pay.'

DIDIER looked up in a vast amaze :
 'Why, I can't do so, you very well know,
 For I never fiddled in my born days.'
 'Qu'a cela ne tienne,' his friend replied,
 'Don't be too certain,—you never have tried ;
 You ought to give your abilities scope ;

There is an anxiety most of us feel,
We may be out of time or tune,
Leave off too late, or begin too soon,
May pitch too sharp, or perhaps too flat ;
So here is a cake of excellent soap,
The old, original, pure Castile,
Just rosin your bow with that.'

He took his seat in an orchestra chair,
'Twould have made you stare
Had you been there
To see his knowing and confident air,
And to hear the considerate manager say,
'There is nobody like young *Didier* ;
So nice and exact, so quite *au fait*,
With a style so thoroughly *recherché*,
Some other concern may get him away,
So I think I shall have to double his pay !'

In clover the youth continues to graze,
And still in the orchestra he plays ;
He's the man who never was known to make
The smallest shadow of a mistake,
And there's only one drawback on his praise, —
He is too modest by fifty per cent
For such a master of the art,
For the story went he would never consent
To play a *solo* part.

There's a MORAL, my juvenile friend, in this,
And you need not stumble and grope ;
Just look for it sharp, and you can't go amiss ;
You will find, there is nothing like soap !
Don't suffer yourself to be cast down
If capricious luck should happen to frown,
Go through with the motions, and if you're acute
None will ever suspect that your fiddle is mute ;
But be sure and do as the rest of us do,
And don't flourish your stick till you get your cue.
Thus, let prosperity ebb or flow,
Still bate no jot of hope,
You may draw the longest kind of a bow
If 'tis only rosined with soap !

THE GRAVEYARD AT PRINCETON.

READER, have you ever visited the pleasant village of Princeton, New Jersey, renowned alike in the annals of the country and of the church? While traveling from New York to Philadelphia by the New Jersey Railroad, you have doubtless obtained a glimpse of it, for it is 'a city set on a hill, which can not be hid,' and from the 'station,' a mile or two distant, its spires and belfries, gleaming from amid its thick embowering trees, present an interesting and picturesque appearance.

Passing onward from the station, the first notable object that meets the eye of the traveler is the Theological Seminary, a large, plain building of stone, the head-quarters in America of that branch of the Christian Church of whose stern, unflinching orthodoxy John Knox was at once the type and exponent. Near it stands its Library, an elegant Gothic structure erected through the munificence of James Lenox, of New York, and containing many works of great value. The street on which these buildings stand is appropriately named Mercer Street, for beyond them, at a short distance, lies the battle-field of Princeton, and the spot where the gallant Hugh Mercer fell. That spot was formerly marked by a large tree, but a few years ago the hallowed landmark was cut down and removed by heartless barbarians. The house to which the wounded hero was carried, where the 'two Quaker ladies waited on him' so assiduously, still stands, and on the floor of the room in which he died are certain marks, of doubtful origin, said to be blood-stains from his death-wound. Over the now peaceful battle-field, reddened with nothing more terrible than the ruddy clover-heads, a tall flag-staff, surmounted by a gilded eagle, uprears the glorious stars and stripes, and attests the loyalty of the people of Princeton.

About midway of the long, shady street of which Princeton chiefly consists,

stands the crowning glory of the place, the venerable College of New Jersey. The college proper is a long, four-story edifice of stone, its center adorned with a tower and belfry, conspicuous from afar. At either side of it are clustered other buildings, embracing its halls, recitation rooms, and chapel.

It stands a little distance back from the street, between it and which lies the 'Campus,' a beautiful grassy slope of vivid green, surrounded with an iron fence, laid out with neat gravel walks, and shaded by noble and magnificent trees of more than a century's growth. Nothing can be more beautiful in summer time than this shady lawn. Here, at all hours of the day, students may be seen reading alone, or conversing in groups, seated on the benches placed at intervals among the trees, or stretched at full length on the fragrant grass, kicking their heels gymnastically in the air, or sauntering with arms interlocked along the gravel walks, singing, perhaps, some college song, such as

‘*Gaudemus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus,*’

or others less classical and more uproarious.

Here, too, those known to their classmates as the 'hard fellows,' are wont to prowl in the darkened hours, making night hideous with terrific voices, or stealing in darkness and silence to play some trick on the 'Profs.' or 'Tutes.'

From the gates of the Campus, every afternoon at the hour of five, or after prayers, the whole troop of students, to the number of three hundred, issue, for the purpose of taking their evening walk. Down the street they march, by twos and threes, chatting, laughing, telling college stories, or rehearsing the gossip of the day, into the extreme lower end of the long street, a locality known as Orthodox Corner, where they turn and march back in the same order. As they proceed, their ranks are gradually swelled by a

couple of hundreds of ‘Seminary’ students (distinguishable by their more mature appearance, their heavier beards, and their ‘stove-pipe hats’), and their walk enlivened by the sight of numerous ladies, who, by a remarkable coincidence, have also chosen the hour between five and six as the most fashionable for promenading, the dames of course usually going *up* the street as the students are going *down*, and *down* as the students are going *up*, in order to afford them opportunities to exercise their graces in bowing to those whom they know, and staring at those whom they do not. For one brief hour, the quiet street presents the appearance of a crowded city, the pedestrians jostling each other as they pass and repass; but soon as the hour of six arrives, all is still again, for youths and maidens are alike engaged in discussing that meal for which their long walk has served as a whet.

But it was of the dead, not the living, that I was about to speak. Nearly opposite the college Campus we find Witherspoon Street, named after that brave and good man who was president of the college in the days of the Revolution, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Following this street a short distance, we come to the city of the dead. It is situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, embracing the village of Kingston, the distant spires of Trenton, and the blue range of hills beyond which roll the dark waters of the Atlantic. In natural advantages it can not compare with some of our modern cemeteries, but the historic interest which attaches to it more than compensates for the lack of picturesque effect.

The first spot to which the visitor is directed, is the inclosure containing the graves of the presidents of Princeton College. They are all of the old-fashioned style of ‘table tombs,’ now so seldom constructed; a flat slab, stretched on four walls of solid masonry, covering the whole grave. It was on such a tombstone that, in the old Greyfriars churchyard in Edinburgh, the solemn League and

Covenant, from which resulted events so important to Scotland, was signed. No ‘storied urn or animated bust’ records the virtues of these venerable men,—not even marble in its simplest form has been used to mark their resting-place. The slabs are of coarse, grey stone, with long inscriptions in Latin occupying their entire surface. Many of them, especially that of the pious and renowned JONATHAN EDWARDS, who left his New England home only to find a grave in New Jersey, having died a month after his removal to Princeton, have been most shamefully mutilated by relic-hunters and curiosity-mongers; innumerable pieces having been chipped off the edges of the slabs, until even the inscriptions have been encroached upon. To prevent, if possible, further mutilation, the following unique and elaborate, but eloquent notice, enclosed in an iron frame, has been placed over the graves of these reverend fathers. It was written by Professor, now Dr. Giger, of the college.

Keep your sacrilegious hands off these venerable stones! Parian marble, wrought with consummate skill, could not replace them. Connected with these homely monuments are historical associations that ought not to be forgotten. The scarcity of better materials, the rudeness of monumental sculpture, the poverty of the country, the early struggles and pecuniary embarrassments of the colony, at the period when these monuments were erected, as well as the self-denial and hardships and labors of the distinguished men who gave fame and usefulness to Nassau Hall, are indicated by these rough stones. Nothing modern, nothing polished or magnificent, could suggest the early history of New Jersey. Spare what remains of these broken memorials. Thoughtless young man! why do you break and deface these old monuments? A few fragments carried in your pocket, or placed in your cabinet, will not impart to you the activity and energy of Burr, or the profound and logical intellect of Edwards, or the eloquence of Davies, or the piety and triumphant death of Finley, or the poetical wisdom, the power of governing and inspiring youth, the love of knowledge, and the stern, unflinching patriotism of Witherspoon. If you admire and reverence the character of these great and good men, read their works and imitate their example; and forbear, we be-

seech you, to add to the shameful mutilation of the frail memorials intended to protect their bones from insult.

But there is a strange and startling incongruity observable in this enclosure. At the foot of the grave where rest the remains of the venerable Aaron Burr, first president of the College of New Jersey, stands a tall white marble monument of modern form and appearance, so utterly out of keeping with the rest of the tombs, that the visitor at once turns to it, and is none the less startled to find that it marks the last resting-place of that other Aaron Burr, the traitor, the duellist, the libertine, whose remains, brought hither in the night, were surreptitiously buried at the feet of his venerated father, and this monument placed over them, years afterwards, in the same manner. And for his father's sake, there they were suffered to remain. 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,' in the midst of these old grey stones, and surrounded by the honored dead. The monument bears no record, except his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the statement that he was Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805. It is as if it said,—

'No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.'

Not a quarter of a mile from where his dust thus reposes, there sleeps, in a neglected grave in a small grove of trees behind the college, one of his hapless victims, a young lady of Philadelphia, who died, as the mouldering headstone, half sunken in the turf, informs us, 'at the early age of twenty-two.'

The next point of interest is the spot where seven or eight elegant shafts of white marble, erected by their classmates, mark the graves of students who have died during their collegiate course. They are all remarkable for the beauty and chaste simplicity of their design, and the appropriateness of their inscriptions. No historic interest attaches to them; no well-earned fame gilds them with a halo of glory; but a feeling touching and sad creeps over the heart as we read on the

tomb the name of each sleeper's distant home, and think of the poor young man dying in the midst of strangers, while doubtless

'There was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.'

Passing on, we reach the graves of the three Alexanders, father and two sons, whose writings are dear to so many Christian hearts. Side by side they repose, under three slabs of pure white marble, inscribed with appropriate epitaphs. That of the father, Archibald Alexander, for fifty years professor in the Theological Seminary, is a simple, unadorned record of his personal history; that of the younger brother, Joseph Addison, who was a man of immense learning, able to read, write, and converse in sixteen languages, tells us that 'his great talents and vast learning were entirely devoted to the exposition and elucidation of the Word of God;' but to New Yorkers that of the elder brother, Dr. James W. Alexander, is fraught with the greatest interest, from his having so lately occupied a prominent place among the first divines and scholars of our country. It runs thus:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES WADDEL ALEXANDER,

A man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works; a learned, elegant, and accomplished scholar; a faithful, affectionate, and beloved pastor; an able, eloquent, and successful preacher; professor of mathematics in the College of New Jersey; professor of ecclesiastical history in Princeton Theological Seminary; pastor of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York.

Throughout his life and labors, he illustrated those gifts and graces that exalt humanity and adorn the church of God.

Scattered about the graveyard are many monuments, attractive and interesting from their artistic beauty alone. One of the most chaste and elegant designs I have ever seen is the tomb erected by a gentleman of Philadelphia, to the memory of his wife, son, and daughter, who perished in the burning of the

'Henry Clay' on the Hudson River. It is in the form of a casket, of white marble, beautifully carved and of graceful form, elevated on a pedestal of polished stone, of a blueish tint. On one end of the casket are inscribed the words

WIFE
DAUGHTER
SON

on the other end,

MOTHER
SISTER
BROTHER

while one side bears the appropriate text of Scripture :—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;

and the other the comforting words :—

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Under a drooping cypress tree, half hidden amid its dark green foliage, is a monument of white marble, in the form of a Greek cross, low but massive, on which there is no epitaph or inscription whatever; but on the little foot-stone beyond it are the simple words :—

GENEVIEVE.
Died 1851,
Aged 18.

Numerous 'broken rosebuds' mark the graves of children, and the device is so often repeated as to become tire-

some; but on one handsome monument is carved a wreath of flowers, from which a rose has apparently dropped, and fallen on the pedestal,—a beautiful illustration of the loss the family circle had sustained in the death of her who rests below. Another child-grave, the tombstone a small upright slab surmounted by a wreath of flowers, bears the touching inscription :—

Our only Son,
JOHN AGURE.—
Aged 2 years.

Many graves here, as elsewhere, are adorned with examples of 'graveyard poetry'; but most of it is of that humble character which is illustrated by the following :—

'Farewell, beloved wife: I must go
And leave you in this world of woe.
A few short years, then we shall meet
Together at our Saviour's feet.'

One more epitaph, before we leave this interesting and time-honored place of graves. It is from a plain horizontal slab, not far from the entrance; and is, to our thinking, one of the most beautiful and touching monumental inscriptions ever penned.

SARAH B.—,
Wife of the Rev. C.—K.—.

A humble worshiper of Christ, she lived in love and died in faith. Truthful woman, delightful companion, ardent friend, devoted wife, self-sacrificing mother, we lay you gently here, our best beloved, to gather strength and beauty for the coming of the Lord.

AMONG THE PINES.

SOME winters ago I passed several weeks at Tallahassee, Florida, and while there made the acquaintance of Colonel J—, a South Carolina planter. Accident, some little time later, threw us together again at Charleston, when I was gratified to learn that he would be my *compagnon du voyage* as far north as New York.

He was accompanied by his body-servant, 'Jim,' a fine specimen of the

genus darky, about thirty years of age, born and reared in his master's family. As far as possible we made the journey by day, stopping at some convenient resting-place by night; on which occasions the Colonel, Jim, and myself would occupy the same or adjoining apartments, 'we white folks' sleeping on four posts, while the more democratic negro spread his blanket on the floor. Thrown together thus intimately, it was

but natural that we should learn much of each other.

The 'Colonel' was a highly cultivated and intelligent gentleman, and during this journey a friendship sprung up between us,—afterward kept alive by a regular correspondence,—which led him, with his wife and daughter, and the man Jim, to my house on his next visit at the North, one year later. I then promised,—if I should ever again travel in South Carolina,—to visit him on his plantation in the extreme north-eastern part of the State.

In December last, a short time prior to the passage of the ordinance of secession, I had occasion to again visit Charleston, and, previous to setting out, dispatched a letter to the Colonel with the information that I was then ready to be led of him 'into the wilderness.' On arriving at the head-quarters of Secession, I found a missive awaiting me, in which he cordially renewed his previous tender of hospitality, gave me particular directions how to proceed, and stated that his 'man Jim' would meet me with a carriage at Georgetown, and convey me thence, seventy miles, to 'the plantation.'

Having performed the business which led me to Charleston, I set out for the rendezvous five days before the date fixed for the meeting, intending to occupy the intervening time in an exploration of the ancient town and its surroundings. Having passed the half of one day and the whole of one night in that delectable place,—during which night I was set on and nearly annihilated, while lying defenceless in my bed, by a myriad of Carolina *big-bugs*,—I found it so intolerably dull that, to escape a siege of 'the blues,' I hired a horse and a negro driver at a livery-stable, and started off for the plantation.

I make this preliminary statement to give the reader a satisfactory reason for taking him over wretched roads, at so inclement a season, with no companion but an ebony Jehu, into the very heart of Secessiondom.

My companion was a very intelligent

native African, of the name of Scipio, who 'hired his time' of his mistress, and obtained his living by doing odd jobs around the streets and wharves of Georgetown. Portions of the country through which we passed were almost as wild as the forests of Oregon, and in some places the feeling against the North and Northern travelers ran very high. I had some strange encounters with swollen streams and roaring secessionists, in which my negro driver was of great service to me; and the knowledge I thus gained of him led me for the first time to the opinion, that real elevation and nobility of character may exist under an ebony skin.

Our first day on the road was clear, sunshiny, and of delicious temperature—one of those days so peculiar to the Southern winter, when the blood bounds through every vein as if thrilled by electricity, and a man of lively temperament can scarcely restrain his legs from dancing a breakdown. Night found us thirty miles on our way, and under the roof of a hospitable planter. A storm came on with the going down of the sun, and lasted during the following day; but, desiring to arrive at my destination before the servant should set out to meet me, I decided to push on in the rain.

Our second day's travel was attended with sundry interruptions and adventures, and night overtook us in the midst of a forest, uncertain where we were, and half dead from exposure to the storm; but after several hours of hard riding, we found ourselves, drenched to the skin and benumbed with the cold, before the door of a one-story log cabin, tenanted by a family of

POOR WHITES.

The rain was falling in torrents, and the night was as 'dark as the darkest corner of the dark place below.' We were in the midst of what seemed an endless forest of turpentine pines, and had seen no human habitation for hours. Not knowing where the road might lead us, and feeling totally unable to proceed,

we determined to ask shelter at the shanty for the night.

In answer to our summons a wretched-looking, half-clad, dirt-bedraggled woman thrust her head from the doorway, with the inquiry, ‘Who are ye?’

‘We’m only massa and me, and de hoss, and we’m half dead wid de cold,’ said Scipio; ‘can’t we cum in out ob de rain?’

‘Wal, strangers,’ replied the woman, eying us as closely as the darkness would permit, ‘you’ll find mighty poor fixins har, but I reckon ye can come in.’

Entering the house, we saw, by the light of a blazing pile of pine knots, which roared and crackled on the hearth, that it contained only a single apartment, about twenty feet square. In front of the fire-place, which occupied the better half of one side of the room, the floor was of the bare earth, littered over with pine chips, dead cinders, live coals, broken pots, and a lazy spaniel dog. Opposite to this, at the other end of the room, were two low beds, which looked as if they had been ‘slept in forever, and never made up.’ Against the wall, between the beds and the fire-place, stood a small pine table, and on it was a large wooden bowl, from whose mouth protruded the handles of several unwashed pewter spoons. On the right of the fire was a razeed rocking-chair, evidently the peculiar property of the mistress of the mansion, and three blocks of pine log, sawn off smoothly, and made to serve for seats. Over against these towered a high-backed settle, something like that on which

‘sot Huldy all alone,

When Zeke peeked thru the winder;’

and on it, her head resting partly on her arm, partly on the end of the settle, one small, bare foot pressing the ground, the other, with the part of the person which is supposed to require stockings, extended in a horizontal direction,—reclined, not Huldy, but her Southern cousin, who, I will wager, was decidedly the prettier and dirtier of the two. Our entrance did not seem to disconcert her in the least, for she lay there as unmoved

as a marble statue, her large black eyes riveted on my face as if seeing some nondescript animal for the first time. I stood for a moment transfixed with admiration. In a somewhat extensive observation of her sex, in both hemispheres, I had never witnessed such a form, such eyes, such faultless features, and such wavy, black, luxuriant hair. A glance at her dress,—a soiled, greasy, grayish linsey-woolsey gown, apparently her only garment,—and a second look at her face, which, on closer inspection, had precisely the hue of a tallow candle, recalled me to myself, and allowed me to complete the survey of the premises.

The house was built of unhewn logs, separated by wide interstices, through which the cold air came, in decidedly fresh if not health-giving currents, while a large rent in the roof, that let in the rain, gave the inmates an excellent opportunity for indulging in a shower-bath, of which they seemed greatly in need. The chimney, which had intruded a couple of feet into the room, as if to keep out of the cold, and threatened momentarily to tumble down, was of sticks, built up in clay, while the windows were of thick, unplanned boards.

Two pretty girls, one of perhaps ten and the other of fourteen years, evidently sisters of the unadorned beauty, the middle-aged woman who had admitted us, and the dog,—the only male member of the household,—composed the family. I had seen negro cabins, but these people were whites, and these whites were *South Carolinians*. Who will say that the days of chivalry are over, when such counterparts of the feudal serfs still exist?

After I had seated myself by the fire, and the driver had gone out to stow the horse away under the tumble-down shed at the back of the house, the elder woman said to me,—

‘Reckon yer wet. Ben in the rain?’

‘Yes, madam, we’ve been out most of the day, and got in the river below here.’

‘Did ye? Ye mean the “run.” I reckon it’s right deep now.’

'Yes, the horse had to swim for it,' I replied.

'Ye orter strip and put on dry cloes to onst.'

'Thank you, madam, I will.'

Going to my portmanteau, which the darky had placed near the door, I found it dripping with wet, and opening it, discovered that every article in it had undergone the rite of total immersion.

'Everything is thoroughly soaked, madam. I shall have to dry myself by your fire. Can you get me a cup of tea?'

'Right sorry, stranger, but I can't. Hain't a morsel to eat or drink in the house.'

Remembering that our excellent hostess of the night before had insisted on filling our wagon-box with a quantity of 'chicken fixins,' to serve us in an emergency, and that my brandy flask was in my India-rubber coat, I sent Scipio out for them.

Our stores disclosed boiled chicken, bacon, sandwiches, sweet potatoes, short cake, corn bread, buttered waffles, and 'common doin's' too numerous to mention, enough to last a family of one for a fortnight, but all completely saturated with water. Wet or dry, however, the provisions were a godsend to the half-starved family, and their hearts seemed to open to me with amazing rapidity. The dog got up and wagged his tail, and even the marble-like beauty arose from her reclining posture and invited me to a seat with her on the bench.

The kettle was soon steaming over the fire, and the boiling water, mixed with a little brandy, served as a capital substitute for tea. After the chicken was re-cooked, and the other edibles 'warmed up,' the little pine table was brought out, and I learned — what I had before suspected — that the big wooden bowl and the half dozen pewter spoons were the only 'crockery' the family possessed.

I declined the proffered seat at the table, the cooking utensils being anything but inviting, and contented myself

with the brandy and water; but, forgetting for a moment his color, I motioned to the darky — who was as wet and jaded, and much more hungry than I was — to take the place offered to me. The negro did not seem inclined to do so, but the woman, observing my gesture, yelled out, her eyes flashing with anger, —

'No, sar! No darkies eats with us. Hope ye don't reckon *yerself* no better than a good-for-nothin', no-account nigger!'

'I beg your pardon, madam; I intended no offense. Scipio has served me very faithfully for two days, and is very tired and hungry. I forgot myself.'

This mollified the lady, and she replied, —

'Niggers is good enuff in thar place, but warn't meant to 'sociate with white folks.'

There may have been some ground for a distinction in that case; there certainly was a difference between the specimens of the two races then before me; but, not being one of the chivalry, it struck me that the odds were on the side of the black man. The whites were shiftless, ragged, and starving; the black well clad, cleanly, energetic, and as much above the others in intellect as Jupiter is above a church steeple. To be sure, color was against him, and he was, after all, a servant in the land of chivalry and of servant-owners. Of course the woman was right, after all.

She soon resumed the conversation with this remark: —

'Reckon yer a stranger in these parts; whar d'ye come from?'

'From New York, madam.'

'New York! whar's that?'

'It's a city at the North.'

'Oh! yas; I've heern tell on it: that's whar the Cunnel sells his turpentine. Quite a place, ain't it?'

'Yes, quite a place. Something larger than all South Carolina.'

'What d'ye say? Larger nor South Carolina! Kinder reckon tain't, is't?'

'Yes, madam, it is.'

'Du tell! Tain't so large as Charles'n, is't?'

'Yes, twenty times larger than Charleston.'

'Lord o'massy! How does all the folks live thar?'

'Live quite as well as they do here.'

'Ye don't have no niggers thar, does ye?'

'Yes, but none that are slaves.'

'Have Ablisherners thar, don't ye? Them people that go agin the South?'

'Yes, some of them.'

'What do they go agin the South for?'

'They go for freeing the slaves. Some of them think a black man as good as a white one.'

'Quar, that; yer an Ablisherner, ain't ye?'

'No, I'm an old-fashioned Whig.'

'What's that? Never heerd on them afore.'

'An old-fashioned Whig, madam, is a man whose political principles are perfect, and who is as perfect as his principles.'

That was a 'stumper' for the poor woman, who evidently did not understand one half of the sentence.

'Right sort of folks, them,' she said, in a half inquiring tone.

'Yes, but they're all dead now.'

'Dead?'

'Yes, dead, beyond the hope of resurrection.'

'I've heern all the dead war to be resurrected. Didn't ye say ye war one on 'em? Ye ain't dead yet,' said the woman, chuckling at having cornered me.

'But I'm more than *half* dead just now.'

'Ah,' replied the woman, still laughing, 'yer a chicken.'

'A chicken! what's that?'

'A thing that goes on tu legs, and karkles,' was the ready reply.

'Ah, my dear madam, you can out-talk me.'

'Yes, I reckon I kin outrun ye, tu. Ye ain't over rugged.' Then, after a pause, she added,—'What d'ye 'lect that darky Linkum for President for?'

'I didn't elect him. I voted for Douglass. But Lincoln is not a darky.'

'He's a mullater, then; I've heern he war,' she replied.

'No, he's not a mulatto; he's a rail-splitter.'

'Rail-splitter? Then he's a nigger, shore.'

'No, madam; white men at the North split rails.'

'An' white wimmin tu, p'raps,' said the woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

'No, they don't,' I replied, 'but white women *work* there.'

'White wimmin work thar!' chimed in the hitherto speechless beauty, showing a set of teeth of the exact color of her skin,—*yaller*. 'What du the du?'

'Some of them attend in stores, some set type, some teach school, and some work in factories.'

'Du tell! Dress nice, and make money?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'they make money, and dress like fine ladies; in fact, *are* fine ladies. I know one young woman, of about your age, that had to get her own education, who earns a thousand dollars a year by teaching, and I've heard of many factory-girls who support their parents, and lay up a great deal of money, by working in the mills.'

'Wal!' replied the young woman, with a contemptuous curl of her matchless upper lip; 'schule-marms ain't fine ladies; fine ladies don't work; only niggers does that *har*. I reckon I'd ruther be spectable than work for a livin'.'

I could but think how magnificently the lips of some of our glorious Yankee girls would have curled had they heard that remark, and seen the poor girl that made it, with her torn, worn, greasy dress; her bare, dirty legs and feet, and her arms, neck, and face so thickly encrusted with a layer of clayey mud that there was danger of hydrophobia if she went near a wash-tub. Restraining my involuntary disgust, I replied,—

'We at the North think work is respectable. We do not look down on a

man or a woman for earning their daily bread. We all work.'

'Yas, and that's the why ye'r all sech cowards,' said the old woman.

'Cowards!' I said; 'who tells you that?'

'My old man; he says one on our *boys* can lick five of your Yankee *men*.'

'Perhaps so. Is your husband away from home?'

'Yes, him and our Cal. ar down to Charles'n.'

'Cal. is your son, is he?'

'Yes, he's my oldest, and a likely lad he ar tu — He's twenty-one, and his name ar JOHN CALHOUN MILLS. He's gone a troopin' it with his fader.'

'What, both gone and left you ladies here alone?'

'Yes, the Cunnel sed every man orter go, and they warn't to be ahind the rest. The Cunnel — Cunnel J. — looks arter us while they is away.'

'But I should think the Colonel looked after you poorly — giving you nothing to eat.'

'Oh! it's ben sech a storm to-day, the gals couldn't go for the vittles, though tain't a great way. We'r on his plantation; this house is his'n.'

This last was agreeable news, and it occurred to me that if we were so near the Colonel's we might push on, and get there that night, in spite of the storm; so I said, —

'Indeed; I'm going to the Colonel's. How far is his house from here?'

'A right smart six mile; it's at the Cross-roads. Ye know the Cunnel, du ye?'

'Oh, yes, I know him well. If his house is not more than six miles off, I think we had better go on to-night. What do you say, Scip?'

'I reckon we'd better gwo, massa,' replied the darky, who had spread my traveling-shawl in the chimney-corner, and was seated on it, drying his clothes.

'Ye'd better not,' said the woman; 'ye better stay har; thar's a right smart run twixt har and the Cunnel's, and tain't safe to cross arter dark.'

'If that is so we'd better stay, Scip; don't you think so?' I said to the darky.

'Jess as you like, massa. We got tru wid de oder one, and I reckon tain't no woss nor dat.'

'The bridge ar carried away, and ye'll have to swim *shore*,' said the woman. 'Ye'd better stay.'

'Thank you, madam, I think we will,' I replied, after a moment's thought; 'our horse has swum one of your creeks to-night, and I dare not try another.'

I had taken off my coat, and had been standing, during the greater part of this conversation, in my shirt-sleeves before the fire, turning round occasionally to facilitate the drying process, and taking every now and then a sip from the gourd containing our brandy and water; aided in the latter exercise by the old woman and the eldest girl, who indulged quite as freely as I did.

'Mighty good brandy that,' at last said the woman. 'Ye like brandy, don't ye?'

'Not very much, madam. I take it to-night because I've been exposed to the storm, and it stimulates the circulation. But Scip, here, don't like spirits. He'll get the rheumatism because he don't.'

'Don't like dem sort of sperits, massa; but rumatics neber trubble me.'

'But I've got it mighty bad,' said the woman, '*and I take 'em whenever I kin get 'em*.'

I rather thought she did, but I 'reckoned' her principal beverage was whisky.

'You have the rheumatism, madam, because your house is so open; a draught of air is always unhealthy.'

'I allers reckoned 'twar *healthy*,' she replied. 'Ye Yankee folks have quar notions.'

I looked at my watch, and found it was nearly ten o'clock, and, feeling very tired, said to the hostess, —

'Where do you mean we shall sleep?'

'Ye can take that ar bed,' pointing to the one nearest the wall, 'the darky can sleep har;' motioning to the settle on which she was seated.

'But where will you and your daughters sleep? I don't wish to turn you out of your beds.'

'Oh! don't ye keer for us; we kin all

bunk together; dun it afore. Like to turn in now ?'

' Yes, thank you, I would ;' and without more ceremony I adjourned to the further part of the room, and commenced disrobing. Doffing my boots, waistcoat, and cravat, and placing my watch and purse under the pillow, I gave a moment's thought to what a certain not very old lady, whom I had left at home, might say when she heard of my lodging with a grass-widow and three young girls, and sprung into bed. There I removed my undermentionables, which were still too damp to sleep in, and in about two minutes and thirty seconds sunk into oblivion.

A few streaks of grayish light were beginning to creep through the crevices in the logs, when a movement at the foot of the bed awakened me, and glancing downward I beheld the youngest girl emerging from under the clothes at my feet. She had slept there, ' cross-wise,' all night. A stir in the adjoining bed soon warned me that the other feminines were preparing to follow her example ; so, turning my face to the wall, I feigned to be asleep. Their toilet was soon made, and they then quietly left Scip and myself in full possession of the premises.

The darky rose as soon as they were gone, and, coming to me, said,—

' Massa, we'd better be gwine. I'se got your cloes all dry, and you can rig up and breakfust at de Cunnel's.'

The storm had cleared away, and the sun was struggling to get through the distant pines, when Scipio brought the horse to the door, and we prepared to start. Turning to the old woman, I said,

' I feel greatly obliged to you, madam, for the shelter you have given us, and would like to make you some recompense for your trouble. Please to tell me what I shall pay you.'

' Wal, stranger, we don't gin'rally take in lodgers, but seein' as how as thar ar tu on ye, and ye've had a good night on it, I don't keer if ye pay me tu dollars.'

That struck me as ' rather steep ' for ' common doin's,' particularly as we had furnished the food and ' the drinks ;' yet, saying nothing, I handed her a two-dollar

bank note. She took it, and held it up curiously to the sun, then in a moment handed it back, saying, ' I don't know nothin' 'bout that ar sort of money ; hain't you got no silver ? '

I fumbled in my pocket a moment, and found a quarter-eagle, which I gave her.

' I hain't got nary a fip o' change,' she said, as she took it.

' Oh ! never mind the change, madam ; I shall want to stop and *look* at you when I return,' I replied, good-humoredly.

' Ha ! ha ! yer a chicken,' said the woman, at the same time giving me a gentle poke in the ribs. Fearing she might, in the exuberance of her joy at the sight of the money, proceed to some more decided demonstration of affection, I hastily stepped into the wagon, bade her good-by, and was off.

We were still among the pines, which towered gigantically all around us, but were no longer alone. Every tree was scarified for turpentine, and the forest was alive with negro men and women gathering the 'last dipping,' or clearing away the stumps and underbrush preparatory to the spring work. It was Christmas week ; but, as I afterwards learned, the Colonel's negroes were accustomed to doing 'half tasks' at that season, being paid for their labor as if they were free. They stopped their work as we rode by, and stared at us with a sort of stupid, half-frightened curiosity, very much like the look of a cow when a railway train is passing. It needed but little observation to conclude that their *status* was but one step above the level of the brutes.

As we rode along I said to the driver, ' Scipio, what did you think of our lodgings ? '

' Mighty pore, massa. Niggas lib beter'n dat.'

' Yes,' I replied, ' but these folks despise you blacks ; they seem to be both poor and proud.'

' Yas, massa, dey'm pore 'cause dey won't work, and dey'm proud 'cause dey'r white. Dey won't work 'cause dey see de darky slaves doin' it, and tink it am beneaf white folks to do as de dark-

ies do. Dis habin' slaves keeps dis hull country pore.'

'Who told you that?' I asked, astonished at hearing a remark showing so much reflection from a negro.

'Nobody, massa, I see it myseff.'

'Are there many of these poor whites around Georgetown?'

'Not many 'round Georgetown, sar, but great many in de up-country har, and dey'm all 'like—pore and no account; none ob 'em kin read, and dey all eat clay.'

'Eat clay!' I said; 'what do you mean by that?'

'Didn't you see, massa, how yaller all dem wimmin war? Dat's 'cause dey eat clay. De little children begin 'fore dey can walk, and dey eat it till dey die; dey chaw it like 'backer. It makes all dar stumacs big, like as you seed 'em, and spiles dar 'gestion. It am mighty onheafly.'

'Can it be possible that human beings do such things! The brutes wouldn't do that.'

'No, massa, but *dey* do it; dey'm pore trash. Dat's what de big folks call 'em, and it am true; dey'm long way lower down dan de darkies.'

By this time we had arrived at the run. We found the bridge carried away, as the woman had told us; but its abutments were still standing, and over these planks had been laid, which afforded a safe crossing for foot-passengers. To reach these planks, however, it was necessary to wade into the stream for full fifty yards, the 'run' having overflowed its banks for that distance on either side of the bridge. The water was evidently receding, but, as we could not well wait, like the man in the fable, for it all to run by, we alighted, and counseled as to the best mode of making the passage.

Scipio proposed that he should wade in to the first abutment, ascertain the depth of the stream, and then, if it was not found too deep for the horse to ford to that point, we would drive that far, get out, and walk to the end of the plankings, leading the horse, and then again mount the wagon at the further end of

the bridge. We were sure the horse would have to swim in the middle of the current, and perhaps for a considerable distance beyond; but, having witnessed his proficiency in aquatic performances, we had no doubt of his getting safely across.

The darky's plan was decided on, and divesting himself of his trowsers, he waded into the 'run' to take the soundings.

While he was in the water my attention was attracted to a printed paper, posted on one of the pines near the roadside. Going up to it, I read as follows:—

\$250 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, on Monday, November 12th, his mulatto man, SAM. Said boy is stout-built, five feet nine inches high, 31 years old, weighs 170 lbs., and walks very erect, and with a quick, rapid gait. The American flag is tattooed on his right arm above the elbow. There is a knife-cut over the bridge of his nose, a fresh bullet-wound in his left thigh, and his back bears marks of a recent whipping. He is supposed to have made his way back to Dinwiddie County, Va., where he was raised, or to be lurking in the swamps in this vicinity.

The above reward will be paid for his confinement in any jail in North or South Carolina, or Virginia, or for his delivery to the subscriber on his plantation at —. D. W. J.—

—, December 2, 1860.

The name signed to this hand-bill was that of the planter I was about to visit.

Scipio having returned, reporting the stream fordable to the bridge, I said to him, pointing to the 'notice,'—

'Read that, Scip.'

'He read it, but made no remark.

'What does it mean—that fresh bullet wound, and the marks of a recent whipping?' I asked.

'It mean, massa, dat de darky hab run away, and ben took; and dat when dey took him dey shot him, and flogged him arter dat. Now, he hab run away agin. De Cunnel's mighty hard on his niggas!'

'Is he! I can scarcely believe that.'

'He am, massa; but he ain't so much to blame, nuther; dey'm awful bad set, most ob 'em,—so dey say.'

Our conversation was here interrupted by our reaching the bridge. After safely ‘walking the plank,’ and making our way to the opposite bank, I resumed it by asking,—

‘ Why are the Colonel’s negroes so particularly bad ? ’

‘ Cause, you see, massa, de turpentime business hab made great profits for sum yars now, and de Cunnel hab been gettin’ rich bery fass. He hab put all his money, jes so fass as he made it, into darkies, so as to make more ; for he’s got berry big plantation, and need nuffin’ but darkies to work it to make money jess like a gold mine. He goes up to Virginny to buy niggas ; and up dar now dey don’t sell none less dey’m bad uns, ‘cep when sum massa die or git pore. Virginny darkies dat cum down har ain’t gin’rally of much account. Dey’m either kinder good-for-nuffin’, or dey’m ugly ; and de Cunnel d’rather hab de ugly dan de no-account niggas.’

‘ How many negroes has he ? ’

‘ Bout two hundred, men and wimmin, I b’lieve, massa.’

‘ It can’t be very pleasant for his family to remain in such an out-of-the-way place, with such a gang of negroes about them, and no white people near.’

‘ No, massa, not in dese times ; but de missus and de young lady ain’t dar now.’

‘ Not there now ? The Colonel said nothing to me about that. Are you sure ? ’

‘ Oh yas, massa ; I seed ‘em go off on de boat to Charles’n most two weeks ago. Dey don’t mean to cum back till tings am more settled ; dey’m ‘fraid to stay dar.’

‘ I should think it wouldn’t be safe for even the Colonel there, if a disturbance broke out among the slaves.’

‘ Twouldn’t be safe den anywhar, sar ; but de Cunnel am berry brave man. He’m better dan twenty of *his* niggas.’

‘ Why better than twenty of *his* niggers ? ’

‘ Cause dem ugly niggas am gin’rally cowards. De darky dat is quiet, ‘spectful, and does his duty, am de brave sort ; dey’ll fight, massa, till dey’m cut down.’

We had here reached a turn in the

road, and passing it, came suddenly upon a coach, attached to which were a pair of magnificent grays, driven by a darky in livery.

‘ Hallo dar ! ’ said Scipio to the driver, as we came nearly abreast of the carriage. ‘ Am you Cunnel J——’s man ? ’

‘ Yas, I is dat,’ replied the darky.

At this moment a woolley head, which I recognized at once as that of the Colonel’s man ‘ Jim,’ was thrust out of the window of the vehicle.

‘ Hallo, Jim,’ I said. ‘ How do you do ? I’m glad to see you.’

‘ Lor bress me, massa K——, am dat you ? ’ exclaimed the astonished negro, hastily opening the door, and coming to me. ‘ Whar *did* you cum from ? I se mighty glad to see you ; ’ at the same time giving my hand a hearty shaking. I must here say, in justice to the reputation of South Carolina, that no respectable Carolinian refuses to shake hands with a black man, unless — the black happens to be free.

‘ I thought I wouldn’t wait for you,’ I replied. ‘ But how did you expect to get on ? the “runs” have swollen into rivers.’

‘ We got a “flat” made for dis one,— it’s down dar by dis time, — de oders we tought we’d get ober sumhow.’

BLACK FREEMASONRY.

‘ Jim, this is Scip,’ I said, seeing that the darkies had taken no notice of each other.

‘ How d’ye do, Scipio ? ’ said Jim, extending his hand to him. A look of singular intelligence passed over the faces of the two negroes as their hands met ; it vanished in an instant, and was so slight that none but a close observer would have detected it, but some words that Scip had previously let drop put me on the alert, and I felt sure it had a hidden significance.

‘ Won’t you get into de carriage, massa ? ’ inquired Jim.

‘ No, thank you, Jim. I’ll ride on with Scip. Our horse is jaded, and you had better go ahead.’

Jim mounted the driver’s seat, turned the carriage, and drove off at a ‘brisk

pace to announce our coming at the plantation, while Scip and I rode on at a slower gait.

'Scip, did you know Jim before?' I asked.

'Neber seed him afore, massa, but hab heern ob him.'

'How is it that you have lived in Georgetown for five years, and he only seventy miles off, and you never have seen him?'

'I cud hab seed him, massa, good many time, ef I'd liked, but darkies hab to be careful.'

'Careful of what?'

'Careful ob who dey knows; good many bad niggas 'bout.'

'Pshaw, Scip, you're "coming de possum;" that game won't work with me. There isn't a better nigger than Jim in all South Carolina. I know him well.'

'P'raps he am; reckon he *am* a good enuff nigga.'

'Good enough nigga, Scip! Why, I tell you he's a splendid fellow; just as true as steel. He's been North with the Colonel, often, and the Abolitionists have tried to get him away; he knew he could go, but wouldn't budge an inch.'

'I knew he wouldn't,' said the darky, a pleasurable gleam passing through his eyes; 'dat sort don't run; dey face de music!'

'Why don't they run? What do you mean?'

'Nuffin', massa,—only dey'd ruther stay har.'

'Come, Scip, you've played this game long enough. Tell me, now, what that look you gave each other when you shook hands meant.'

'What look, massa? Oh! I s'pose 'twar 'cause we'd both *heerd* ob each oder afore.'

'Twas more than that, Scip. Be frank; you know you can trust me.'

'Wal, den, massa,' he replied, adding, after a short pause, 'de ole woman called you a Yankee,—you can guess.'

'If I should guess, 'twould be that it meant *mischief*.'

'It don't mean mischief, sar,' said the darky, with a tone and air that would

not have disgraced a Cabinet officer; 'it mean only **RIGHT** and **JUSTICE**.'

'It means that there is some secret understanding between you.'

'I tolle you, massa,' he replied, relapsing into his usual manner, 'dat de blacks am all Freemasons. I gabe Jim de grip, and he know'd me. He'd ha known my name ef you hadn't tolle him.'

'Why would he have known your name?'

'Cause I gabe de grip, dat tolle him.'

'Why did he call you *Scipio*? I called you *Scip*.'

'Oh! de darkies all do dat. Nobody but de white folks call me *Scip*. I can't say no more, massa; I SHUD BREAK DE OATH EF I DID!'

'You have said enough, Scipio, to satisfy me that there is a secret league among the blacks, and that you are a leader in it. Now, I tell you, you'll get yourself into a scrape. I've taken a liking to you, Scip, and I should be *very sorry* to see you run yourself into danger.'

'I tank you, massa, from de bottom ob my soul I tank you,' he said, as the tears moistened his eyes. 'You bery kind, massa; it do me good to talk wid you. But what am my life wuth? What am any *slave's* life wuth? Ef you war me you'd do like me!'

I could not deny it, and made no reply.

The writer of this article is aware that he is here making an important statement, and one that may be called in question by those persons who are accustomed to regard the Southern blacks as only reasoning brutes. The great mass of them are but a little above the brutes in their habits and instincts, but a large body are fully on a par, except in mere book-education, with their white masters.

The conversation above recorded is, *verbatim et literatim*, TRUE. It took place at the time indicated, and was taken down, as were other conversations recorded in these papers, within twenty-four hours after its occurrence. The name and the locality, only, I have, for very evident reasons, disguised.

From this conversation, together with previous ones, held with the same negro,

and from after developments made to me at various places, and at different times, extending over a period of six weeks, I became acquainted with the fact — and I know it to be a *fact* — that there exists among the blacks a secret and wide-spread organization of a Masonic character, having its grip, pass-word, and oath. It has various grades of leaders, who are competent and *earnest* men, and its ultimate object is **FREEDOM**. It is quite as wide-spread, and much more secret, than the order of the ‘Knights of the Golden Circle,’ the kindred league among the whites.

This latter organization, which was instituted by John C. Calhoun, William L. Porcher, and others, as far back as 1835, has for its sole object the dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a Southern Empire; — Empire is the word, not Confederacy, or Republic; — and it was solely by means of its secret but powerful machinery that the Southern States were plunged into revolution, in defiance of the will of a majority of their voting population.

Nearly every man of influence at the South (and many a pretended Union man at the North) is a member of this organization, and sworn, under the penalty of assassination, to labor, ‘in season and out of season, by fair means and by foul, at all times, and on all occasions,’ for the accomplishment of its object. The blacks are bound together by a similar oath, and only *bide their time*.

The knowledge of the real state of political affairs, which the negroes have acquired through this organization, is astonishingly accurate; their leaders possess every essential of leadership, — except, it may be, military skill, — and they are fully able to cope with the whites.

The negro whom I call Scipio, on the day when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie, and before he or I knew of that event, which set all South Carolina in a blaze, foretold to me the breaking out of this war in Charleston harbor, and as confidently predicted that it would result in the freedom of the slaves!

The knowledge of this organization I

acquired by gaining the confidence of some of the blacks, who knew me to be a Northern man, and supposed I sympathized with them. Having acquired it in that manner, I could not communicate it; but now, when our troops have landed in South Carolina, and its existence is sure to be speedily developed, no harm can result from this announcement.

The fact of its existing is not positively known (for the black is more subtle and crafty than anything human), but is suspected, by many of the whites; the more moderate of whom are disposed to ward off the impending blow by some system of gradual emancipation,—declaring all black children born after a certain date free,—or by some other action that will pacify and keep down the slaves. These persons, however, are but a small minority, and possess no political power, and the South is rushing blindly on to a catastrophe, which, if not averted by the action of our government, will make the horrors of San Domingo and the French Revolution grow pale in history.

I say the action of our government, for with it rests the responsibility. What the black wants is freedom. Give him that, and he will have no incentive to insurrection. If emancipation is proclaimed at the head of our armies,—emancipation for *all* — confiscation for the slaves of rebels, compensation for the slaves of loyal citizens, — the blacks will rush to the aid of our troops, the avenging angel will pass over the homes of the many true and loyal men who are still left at the South, and the thunderbolts of this war will fall only — where they should fall — on the heads of its blood-stained authors. If this is not done, after we have put down the whites we shall have to meet the blacks, and after we have waded knee-deep in the blood of both, we shall end the war where it began, but with the South desolated by fire and sword, the North impoverished and loaded down with an everlasting debt, and our once proud, happy and glorious country the by-word and scorn of the whole civilized world.

I have all my life long been a true friend to the South. My connections, my

interests, and my sympathies are all there, and there are those now in the ranks of this rebellion who are of my own blood; but I say, and I would to God that every lover of his country would say it with me, 'Make no peace with it until slavery is exterminated.' Slavery is its very bones, marrow, and life-blood, and you can not put it down till you have destroyed that accursed institution. If a miserable peace is patched up before a death-stroke is given to slavery, it will gather new strength, and drive freedom from this country forever. In the nature of things it can not exist in the same hemisphere with liberty. Then let every man who loves his country determine that if this war must needs last for twenty years, it

shall not end until this root of all our political evils is weeded out forever.

A short half-hour took us to the plantation, where I found the Colonel on the piazza awaiting me. After our greeting was over, noticing my soiled and rather dilapidated condition, he inquired where I had passed the night. I told him, when he burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and for several days good-naturedly bantered me about 'putting up' at the most aristocratic hotel in South Carolina,—the 'Mills House.'

We soon entered the mansion, and the reader will, I trust, excuse me, if I leave him standing in its door-way till another month.

THE LESSON OF WAR.

Lex est, non poena, perire. — Martial.

YE warriors of the past, whose flashing swords
Light up with fitful gleams the misty night
Of half-forgotten eld, in fiery words
Ye teach a truth 'twere well we read aright.

God sends the gentle breeze to woo the flower,
And stir the pulses of the ripening corn;
He, too, lets loose the whirlwind's vengeful power
To quench the plagues of foul stagnation born.

And thus in love, sometimes disguised as wrath,
He sends his hidden blessings in the storm,
Which dashes down in its resistless path
The hoar abuses that defied reform.

When Cyrus ravaged fair Chaldea's plain,
And mocked the strength of Babylon's haughty wall,
The proud Assyrian's guilt had earned the chain,
And man rejoiced to mark the oppressor's fall.

And when, made drunk with power, the Persian lost
The stern and simple virtues of his sires,
His empire's ruin and his slaughtered host
Kindled in Greece her world-illumining fires.

Then Greece, her swift career of glory stayed,
Exhausted by her madman's triumphs lay,
Till Rome's protecting arm the loss repaid
Of Corinth's sack and Pydua's fatal day.

Imperial Rome! though crime succeeded crime
As earth fell prostrate 'neath her giant tread,
Still shall her subjects reap to endless time
The priceless harvests by her wisdom spread.

What though the stern proconsul's grinding rule
Close followed on the legion's merciless sword?
Laws, arts, and culture, in that rigid school,
Evoked a nation from each savage horde.

And when at last her crimes, reacting, wrought
Their curse upon herself, to her, supine
And helpless, the barbarian spoiler brought,
With fire and sword, new life to her decline.

Theodoric, Clovis, Charles, your endless strife,
From Weser's marsh to Naples' laughing bay,
Was but the throe that marked the nascent life
Emerging from the worn-out world's decay.

Ye were, amid that elemental war,
But straws to show its course. Ye toiled, and won,
Or lost; your people bled — yet slow and far
The mighty cause of man pressed ever on.

Long has that travail been. Kings, Kaisers, Popes,
The stern Crusader and the pirate Dane,
Each, centered in his own ambitious hopes,
But helped the cause he labored to restrain.

Hildebrand's voice sets Christendom on fire;
'Neath Frederic's plow sinks Milan's lofty wall;
Unnumbered victims glut De Montfort's ire;
From Ecclis's dungeon shrieks the night appall.

If the tide ebbs, 'tis but to flow again.
Each fierce convulsion gains some vantage ground.
Man's fettered limbs grow stronger, and the chain
Falls link by link at each tumultuous bound.

The timid burgher dons the helm and shield,
 The wretched hind reluctant grasps the bow,
 To fight their master's quarrels. Courtrai's field
 And Sempach's hill that lesson's worth may show.

The restless soul still yearns for things unknown ;
 It chafes against its bondage, points the way
 That leads to freedom, but the sword alone
 Makes good the dreams that else would but betray.

See, Luther speaks, and Europe flies to arms :
 Her stubborn fight outlasts a hundred years ;
 A thousand fields her richest life-blood warms,
 Yet gain the vanquished more than pays their tears.

If Orange and Gustavus conquering died,
 Not Coligny nor Hampden fell in vain,
 For one domain escaped the furious tide,
 And peace made that one desolate — chivalrous Spain !

So, when the traitorous truth was whispered round,—
 Equality for man on earth as heaven,—
 It was but speculation's idlest sound,
 Till by the sword the time-worn bonds were riven.

Though Moscow, Leipzig, Waterloo, might seem
 To roll the tide back, they but marked its flood ;
 Nor could the Holy Allies' darkest scheme
 Restore the wrongs so well effaced in blood.

The end is not yet. God's mysterious way
 Evolves its purpose in its destined time.
 Vainly we seek its fated march to stay :
 All things subserve it — wisdom, folly, crime.

We are his instruments. The past has fled
 For us. We suffer for the future dim.
 Then sternly face the darkness round us spread,
 Do each his duty — leave the rest to Him !

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE Nineteenth Century dawned upon a nation already glorious with the sublime promise of a prophetic infancy. The strong serpents of Tyranny and Superstition had been crushed in its powerful grasp. The songs of two oceans—the lullaby of its earlier days—had cheered it on to a youth whose dignity and beauty were bought with sword and rifle, with blood and death. Wrapped at last in the *toga* of an undisputed manhood, it took its place among the empires of the earth, the son of a king, mightier than all; free to enact new laws, to promulgate new systems of economy, social and political, free to worship and to think. With what success a government grounded on a principle so faultless has been administered, may not now be written, but is not more doubtful than it was when the drum beat its *reveillé* only on our distant frontiers, and the booming of guns from ship or shore was but the nation's welcome to days made memorable by its great men. But before the new republic stretched a vast field for thought, and within its almost boundless limits, hidden beneath the husks of old theories, lay the seed ready for the ripening. Far back toward the east rolled, like a mighty desert, the history of the Progress of Mind. Here and there, on its arid surface, rose, stately and awe-inspiring, great pyramids which marked those eras of agitation when Humanity, awaking suddenly to her power, grappled with giant strength the mighty enigmas of Being, and endeavored to wrench from their mute souls the great secrets that Faith alone has expounded to the satisfaction of her devotees. It availed little that one by one, in the vaults of these temples, the axioms and deductions of their founders were laid away lifeless and powerless. Another generation, vigorous and persevering, laid stone after stone the foundations of another edifice that strove to reach, with its yearning

apex of desire, the very heavens. Still high and unmoved curved the blue infinitude above, while below its mirror in the soul of man surged wildly against shores stern, rock-bound, immutable, unanswer ing.

The ‘limits of the forefathers’ (*fines quos posuerunt patres nostri*) had been first transgressed by Abelard, and the speculating spirit of Scholasticism disseminated by him overwhelmed Europe with that rage for investigations, so futile yet so laborious, that terrified the theologians of the mediæval church, and marked the first modern epoch in Philosophy—the beginning of the revolt of Reason against Authority. Next, colossal against the still unrelenting skies, towered what may be called the *NaturPhilosophie*, ‘Nature Philosophy’ of Giordano Bruno. The echoes of Luther’s bugle still pierced the mountain-fastnesses of Northern Italy and the gorges of Spain. In the church, Bruno found only skepticism and licentiousness, ignorance and tyranny. Before him four centuries had been swallowed up in debate on the fruitless question of Nominalism, and others equally insignificant, but were visible to him by the light of a logic so shallow, futile, and despotic, that it was known only to be scorned. With an energy that astonished the feeble and degraded clergy of his time, a fearlessness that exalted the admiration while it aroused the indignation of his contemporaries, and a genius that compelled the attention of those who were most zealous to combat its evidences, Bruno, casting off the shackles of the cloister, that ‘prigione angusta e nera,’ boldly advanced a system of Philosophy, startling, in those Inquisitorial times, from its independence, and horrible from its antagonism to Aristotle, the Atlas of the church. This was no less than pure Pantheism,—God in and through all, the infinite Intelligence. *Deus est monadum monas*—*nempe entium entitas*. This

creed, by an incomprehensible metamorphosis, was styled, in the language of the day, Atheism; its promulgation, even its conception, was pronounced a crime whose penalty was death. And Bruno, who, from the depths of infamous superstition, had risen into the pure light of heaven, to a theory whose principles, though they might not satisfy, could not fail to refine, elevate, and encourage the soul long groveling in the mire of ignorance, or languishing in the dark dungeons of Scholasticism,—Bruno died for the truth. More foolish than the savages of whom Montesquieu speaks, who cut down trees to reach their fruit, these judges of Bruno destroyed the tree whose seeds were already strewn broadcast over the world. They hushed forever the voice whose echoes are not yet stilled,—echoes that resound in the cautious *Meditations* of Des Cartes, that rise from peak to peak of the majestic method of the great Spinoza, who was no less a martyr because reputation and not life was the forfeit of his earnestness; and that vibrate with thrilling sweetness in the Idealism of Schelling. ‘The perfect theory of Nature,’ says Schelling, ‘is that by virtue of which all Nature is resolved into the intellectual element,’ which ‘intellectual element’ is at once composed of intuitions and is the source of intuitions,—the *Deus in nobis* of Giordano Bruno. ‘It is evident,’ he continues, ‘that Nature is originally identical with that which in us is recognized as the subject and the object.’

Thus the empirical school, in its representative, Aristotle, met in the martyr of Nola an opponent vigilant, earnest, powerful. And while the legitimate prosecution of the former mode of philosophizing has led to deism, skepticism, atheism, and materialism, it is to those who have retained in methods, more mathematically clear and more perfectly developed than that which Bruno disseminated, but still bearing, as their key-note, the one great idea of his bold crusade,—to those we must look for all that is most pure, most noble, in Philosophy: a system or succession of systems whose primitive

idea—substance and essence—is the very God for a supposed denial of whom Bruno died. ‘*Cosi vince Goffredo!*’

Thus rolled on the centuries. Germany, France, England, and Scotland had each contributed her knights to the great tournament of Mind. And now the first symptoms of agitation appeared on the hitherto unruffled surface of Thought in the New World. Still panting after her victories, scarcely used to her new freedom, at first the presence of a power antagonistic to the orthodox faith was unsuspected even by those who first entertained it. But the stone had been dashed into the tranquil ocean when the May-flower was moored on the New England coast, and its circling eddies drew curve after curve among the descendants, brave, conscientious, energetic, of the old Puritans. The stern Calvinism, by which their fathers had lived and died, was, by these early recreants, first mistrusted, then questioned, and finally abjured. The murmurs of dissent that had long agitated the sturdy upholders of the accepted faith, broke out in a demand for a system whose claims should be less absolute, and whose nature should satisfy those fugitive appeals to Reason and the Understanding, that, weak indeed, and faint, were yet distinctly audible to the thinkers of the day. From the cloud of accusation and denial, of suspicion and trial, the new Perseus, Unitarianism,—whilom a nursing of Milton, Locke, and Hartley,—was born, and took its place among the sects, sustained by the few, dreaded and condemned by the many.

To brand this new theory, no terms were found too strong even by the religious periodicals of the day. Unwilling to bide their time, to test its soundness by its strength and duration, its opponents rested not. It was confidently predicted that the movement would influence its followers to skepticism and atheism. The accusation of the sixteenth century was revived, and St. Bernards cried from pulpit and press, ‘The limits of the forefathers have been transgressed!’ To the great mass of the opposition, the hor-

ror was not that Trinitarianism had been assailed, but that men had been found so bold as to question it. The crime with the unlearned and the majority of the professors was not heresy, but daring. But Christians, fervent and earnest, were not wanting who denounced the movement in its anticipated consequences. The young and adventurous, the men of impulse and daring, would drift, it was feared, to the very borders of open infidelity. But the contrary was the result. A Pietism the very reverse was developed, which, aided by the beloved Channing, was disseminated through New England. Justice Story even asserted that in Unitarianism he found refuge from the skepticism to which in youth he had tended.

Permitted, by the liberal character of the welcome substitute for a theology that had become too stringent for the age, to prosecute their researches into fields hitherto forbidden to the orthodox, thinkers, economists, statesmen and theologians gathered round the standard, and a new impulse was given to the intellectual character of the times. A revolution in Thought was impending.

In Literature we dared challenge the nations. The popularity of Cooper was at its high noon. Irving, with the graphic and delicate strokes of his sympathetic pencil, had written himself the Claude Lorraine among *litterateurs*; and Prescott, with his sentences of granite, was building himself an immortal name. Still, we were behind Germany, and even France, in that wide comprehension and universal criticism that determines more accurately than its politics the real *status* of a nation. These elements were now to be supplied. Carlyle had played in England the *role* so humorously yet thoroughly enacted in Germany by Heine, and so gracefully and airily performed in France by Cousin. He had *popularized* the philosophers. Without the acute, electric perceptions of the great German or the industry and amiable vanities of that De Sevigné among philosophers, Cousin, he presented, by fierce dashes of his crayon, black, blunt, and bluff, to the hitherto ignorant British public, some

phases of the great metaphysical bearings of the age upon Literature and Art, as developed in Teutonic poetry and prose. In a word, he familiarized his readers with the *Æsthetik* of Germany. He published in 1830 his *Sartor Resartus*, which, clothing the man in ‘*der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid*,’ usurped for him at once an office not inferior to that of the *Erd-geist* in *Faust*. The shrill notes of the bagpipe of the critic of Craigenputtock blew across the mountains and valleys of his island home, rousing the judge on the bench, and, penetrating the long halls of Cambridge and Oxford, streamed yet distinct and powerful to our shores. Astonished by the richness and fullness of a literature so comprehensive, which seemed to inclose in its brilliant mazes all that their meagre and unfruitful dogmas denied of comfort to the heart and systematic development to the mind, the men who, with girded loins and scrips in their hands, had long wandered disconsolately on the shores of a seething ocean, now saw its waters parted, and crossed upon dry ground. Before them stretched the vast wilderness of German Philosophy. To their bewildered gaze, each system was an Arabia Felix, and every axiom a graceful palm.

Meanwhile, a second influence was at work among the orthodox, an influence that tended to the same great result, no longer an accident, but a necessity of the age. The *Biographia Literaria* and *The Friend* of Coleridge, embodying a dwarfed but not distorted version of the metaphysical system of Kant, which had created a profound sensation in England, met with an even more enthusiastic reception in this country. The Christian character of their author was beyond reproach, his genius undisputed; as a poet he ranked among those to whom Great Britain owed the laurel; and as an essayist, even the bitterest critics yielded him the palm. When, therefore, this man, one of the most evangelical of his time in the Established Church, brought to the aid of a time-honored and beloved theology the principles of that very philosophy which was deemed by others its

fiercest antagonist, not a few who had been hitherto deterred from its investigation by a dread of the accusation of heresy, eagerly availed themselves of his labors. His *Aids to Reflection* was presented to the American public under the patronage of Dr. Marsh, late president of Burlington College, Vt. An elaborate preliminary essay by this eminently pious clergyman established the claims of the work to favor, and it was even taken up as a text-book in Amherst and one or two liberal Congregationalist universities in New England.

The effort of Coleridge, rendered obscure by his turgid and florid style, was to explain the religious doctrines of Archbishop Leighton and the early Puritans, which he held as orthodox, by means of the momentous distinction between Reason and the Understanding, which he borrowed from the *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* of Kant. However plausible, when disengaged of its poetical drapery, the theory of Coleridge may be, and however convincing, *so far as it goes*, of the truth of his principles, we can not forget that the final tendency of the critical philosophy of Kant is, if not a positive approach to skepticism, at least to afford a scientific basis for it. But the formula of the author of Christabel was the pure exponent of his creed. The terror of metaphysics vanished as the oft-repeated words met the eye of the wary and suspicious investigator. ‘World—God = 0 : God—world = Reality Absolute. The world without God is nothing: God without the world is already, in and of himself, absolute perfection, absolute authority.’

Thus, while Carlyle, bold, versatile, shrewd, untrammeled, worked upon the Unitarian element in America, Coleridge, evangelical, polished, yet adventurous, leavened the Congregationalists and other shades of orthodox Christians with the same result. But the first literary outgrowth and original product of the Transcendental movement in America was Emerson’s *Essay on Nature*, which appeared in 1838, forming a nucleus for the writings of the Dialists, and proving a

sort of *prolegomena* to the new edition of Hermetic Philosophy. ‘*Non est philosophus nisi fingit et pinxit;*’ said the great pioneer. Here Emerson does both, proving, by inversion, his claim to the title. Whatever may be the negative virtues of this preliminary essay, it undoubtedly possesses the positive one of having given a strong impulse to the study and love of Nature. True, the man who is to grasp its details, sympathies, significations, to hear, in all their grand harmony, its various discordant symphonies and fugues, to see its marvelous associations, needs to be Briarean-armed, Israfel-hearted and Argus-eyed, as perhaps none in our imperfect day and generation can claim to be. But at least this ‘Nature’ of Emerson’s insinuated, dimly and dreamily, in spite of its positive air, an occult relation between man and Nature. It invested rock and sky and air with new and startling attributes. The deep thinker might even draw upon its pages some *pays-de-Cocagne* landscape, flowing indeed with milk and honey, but in Tantalian distance. Nature’s true heart is invested with a pericardium so thick that it resists the scalpel of the skillful critics, to whom the stethoscope alone betrays the healthful throb of vitality beneath. With portly arguments, Emerson bars the door to the simple but earnest-hearted. That Nature, whose prophet he is, gleams, bright and unloving, down from a cold, unsympathizing heaven.

‘ Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off, high Arcturus.’

And we, the lazzaroni on the piazza, can not even see the sky for the mist of ‘mottoes Italianate and Spanish terms’ of an effete logic that has risen before it.

Nevertheless, here are the first gleams of a genial appreciation of the *Aesthetik* of Germany, that large-hearted discernment that grasps similitudes from the antipodes of Thought, and writes them upon its sunny equator. And there are appeals to those finer impulses and experiences of every feeling soul that manifest a sense, imperfect yet animated, of that

marvelous sympathy that exists between all phases of life, whether in humanity or in external nature. His natural outbursts of feeling are rare, but delicious as *caviare*, with a certain quaver of piquancy. ‘Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon-rise my Paphos and unimaginable realms of faërie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding, and night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.’ Only a fantasy, and yet how he bends Nature to suit the curve of his own temperament. And who has not felt the involuntary exhilaration, appalling from its very depth, that possessed him, crossing a bare common, on a bleak October afternoon, sunless and chill, with gray winds sweeping by—‘I was glad to the brink of fear.’ An intense emotion is imprisoned in these words,—the irresistible intoxication of deep delight, the consciousness of an unbounded faculty for enjoyment, and a lurking but delicious dread of the lavish power of sensation cooped within the senses. Heine, in his ‘*Lutetia*,’ speaks of the ‘secret raptures attendant upon the terrors of fear.’ Still, Emerson’s Nature is rather a Nature à la Pompadour, in powdered hair and jeweled stomacher and high-heeled slippers; not the dear green mother of our dreams, who was wooed by the bending heavens, and

‘Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement;
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on in their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming branches.’

But Nature had been broached and Society was scandalized. Like the Chancellor in *Faust*, it mounted its tripod and solemnly proclaimed its verdict upon the inadmissible theory, so inadequately proved of the identity of Nature and Spirit. But ‘*was sagt mein Thales?*’

‘Natur und Geist! so spricht man nicht zu Christen:
Desshalb verbrennt man Atheisten,
Weil solche Reden höchst gefährlich sind.
Natur ist Sünde, Geist ist Teufel;
Sie hegen zwischen sich den Zweifel,
Ihr miss-gestaltet Zwitterkind.’

The Transcendental movement did not fail to attract severe opposition, not only to its agitators, but toward the whole body of Unitarians, from a portion of which it in a great measure sprang. If indeed, as Ellis, its champion, asserts, Transcendentalism was not a native emanation from New England, i.e., Unitarianism, yet it obviously paved the way for its entrance, and even erected triumphal arches at intervals over its projected route. The consequence of the renewed attack upon this already sorely aggrieved sect was its virtual separation into moderates and extremists: the one holding to its primitive theories, the other inclining graciously to the more comprehensive and fascinating, because more liberal and mystical, tenets of the new faith. The Rev. Andrew Norton, an eminent Unitarian divine of the old school, in a discourse before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, took occasion to attack with great vigor what he termed the ‘new form of infidelity.’ This and his subsequent replies were most ably answered by George Ripley, a zealous and genial scholar, eminent in belles-lettres and philosophy, in his ‘Letters on the latest form of Infidelity, including the Opinions of Spinoza, Schleiermacher, and De Wette. Boston, James Munroe & Co., 1840.’

This contest constituted the central polemic of the strife. Chilled by the cold breath of popular intolerance, these persecuted advocates of a metaphysical faith, which even themselves comprehended but dimly, might have warmed their trembling hands by the fire of that *auto da fé* whose flames three centuries have not extinguished. Even those most opposed by culture and habit to the innovators, could not but acknowledge that the *Bestia Triofante*, that Giordano Bruno undertook to expel, was still rampant and powerful in the midst of a civilized and intelligent

community. The fact was that the Transcendentalists were as much astonished at this accusation of infidelity as even Fénélon himself could have been. They were men of irreproachable character, the majority religious by nature and scholarly by disposition, and they found in their new field scope for an increased piety and a more enlarged benevolence. Their infinitely pliable philosophy expanded amiably to suit the requirements of any and every sect. The Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, though not thoroughly identified with the movement, yet, in several volumes published at that time, manifested the influence of Rationalism upon his own studies. But the machinery of his mind, though exquisite in its details, was too delicate to work up successfully the heavy material of the German importations. In a review of his 'Life of Jesus,' by A. P. Peabody, in the *N. A. Review*, after a merited tribute of praise and respect to the talented author, occurs the following: 'Æsthetic considerations weigh more with him than historical proofs, and vividness of conception than demonstration. So far is he from needing facts to verify his theories, that he is ready to reject the best authenticated facts, if they would not flow necessarily from his *à priori* reasoning.' This was severe, too severe in the instance cited; but the remark is worth preserving, as strikingly characteristic of much of the *belles-lettres* writings of the New School of thinkers, as they were once, and indeed might yet be termed. But impiety was never the result of Transcendentalism. Its advocates endeavored rather to prove the adaptability of a generous and catholic spirit of Philosophy to religion than to subvert it. They never advanced to a love of Strauss and Feuerbach, and men of the second generation, of whom G. H. Lewes may be taken as a type, have generally been regarded by them as the Girondists regarded the Jacobins. Both urge reform, the Vergniaud and the Robespierre, but the one respects the old landmarks, while the other, with an unequaled nonchalance, sweeps by, unconscious of them all, and plants his stand-

ard on a foundation as yet unshaken by foot of man.

The consequences of the Transcendental movement were truly remarkable. Those latitudes to which habit had accustomed us to look for our *literati* became one immense hot-house, in which exotics of the most powerful fragrance bloomed luxuriantly.* As if by miracle, they assumed

* Apart from philosophical and theological agitation in America, great additions were made to our general literature by translations from French and German, and their influence upon our younger writers is visible at the present day in almost every newspaper article. This task of translating and editing was accomplished — for the time — on a grand scale and in a scholarly manner. Chief among those who devoted themselves to it was George Ripley, who, in his excellent *Library of Foreign Standard Literature*, gave the public the choicer gems of French and German philosophy, poetry, or lighter prose. C. S. Henry, then professor of philosophy in the University of New York, embraced with zeal the teachings of Cousin, translated his *Psychology*, — there had been a version of the 'Lectures' published in 1838, — and wrote, for the use of students, a small but comprehensive *History of Philosophy*, which would have been perfectly 'eclectic' had it not devoted a somewhat unfair proportion of its pages to eclecticism. Translations of minor German lyrics into English, in most instances surpassing their rivals of British origin, were made by several young Unitarian clergymen, among which those by Cranch, Peabody, and Brooks, were, we believe, preëminent. The *Dial*, by its criticisms of foreign literature and art, guided many to the originals, while the Orthodox onslaught, in reviews or in lectures, by Murdoch and others, in which German philosophy was carefully traced from Lucifer down to Hegel, gave to hungry and inquiring neophytes many valuable hints. As, with the majority of its friends, 'Transcendentalism' assumed a deeply religious form, there resulted, of course, a grand revival of pietistic, mystical, and magical reading. Even the polemics of the early Quakers were un-dusted, while Swedenborg was soon found to be a rich mine. In due time, the works of Jung-Stilling, and other occult seers of the Justinus Kerner school, were translated, and contributed, in common with the then new wonders of animal magnetism and clairvoyance, to prepare the public for 'spiritualism.' The appearance, in 1841, of a translation of the *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* of Novalis, by a student of Cambridge, named Stallknecht, was one of the works of the day which increased the interest in foreign literature, and made its study fashionable. This mystical romance, called by its author the 'Apotheosis of Poetry,' was distinguished by a simple pathos, an ultra-refinement of thought, an almost womanly delicacy of expression, and a deeply religious sen-

hues and adopted habits to which, in their native soil, they had been strangers. Every small *litterateur* wore conspicuously his cunningly entwined wreath. Ladies appeared at ‘aesthetic tea-parties,’ crowned with the most delicate of the new importations. Young clergymen were not complete without a flower in their button-holes, and the tables of staid old professors groaned beneath the weight of huge pyramidal bouquets. The cursory examination of foreign literature had given rise to an eclecticism which reflected the distinguishing features of that of Cousin, yet went a step further in daring. Yet this was not an eclecticism that, gifted with the power of a king, the dignity of a priest, and the discernment of a prophet, drew from the treasure-troves of European libraries only their choicest gems. Diamonds, it is true, flashed among the spoils; sapphires and emeralds gleamed; but beside them lay bits of sandstone and scraps of anthracite, rainbow-tinted, perhaps, but of an unconquerable opaqueness. And the alchemy that should have transmuted these to gold, and educed from the one light and from the other majesty, was wanting. A trace of Behmen here, a reading of Cousin’s lectures there, some Schiller and more Goethe, some Pietism encouraged by a love of Channing, the American Fénelon, some German ballads and a flavor of Plato,—all these helped the initiated to a curious dialect and a curious *mélange*. And this was Transcendentalism. The great revelation that the grand Moonsee of the new movement had declared necessary in 1838 had been made; the ninth *avatar* had descended, and men looked about them for the representative of Krishna, and revered him in RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Under his auspices, the *Dial*, the organ of the new sect, was published, and the next year, 1841, the first collection of his writings appeared under the simple caption. Such works fascinated many who had been proof against the sterner allurements of the more practical Goethe or the aristocratic Schiller, and added a new regiment to the army that was assailing with vehemence the fortress of German literature.

tion *Essays*, followed by a second series in 1847.

Spite of the fragmentary Germano-pantheism of the new Philosophy, as set forth in these volumes, that a grand advance had been made upon the old modes of thought was proved by the dismay in the opposing ranks. The outcry against Unitarianism was faint compared with the howls of horror and defiance that greeted Transcendentalism. The very name was a synonym for arrogance. The pride of its opponents was touched. Alarming indeed, and transcendental beyond conception, were the outpourings of thought that anointed the *Dial* and these *Essays*. The very chrism of mysticism trickled along their running-titles, and dripped fragrantly from their pages. Not only new opinions, but new words and phrases, puzzled the uninitiated. Among these were *subjective* and *objective*, and the concise, comprehensive Germanisms were assailed as sure evidence of treason or insanity. He who used them was a marked man, and liable to find on the first oyster-shell his sentence of exile from the assemblage of the faithful. The name of Goethe was as terrible as the sacred ‘Om’ of the Brahmins; it was whispered with ‘bated breath, and was generally believed to be diabolical *per se*. In short, everything bearing the stamp of Germany was a bit of sweet, forbidden lore. Travels in that fog-land by dull old fogies, and simple outlines of its Philosophy by divines high in rank, were obtained by stealth, and read in secret by college-boys, with as much zeal as the ‘Kisses’ of Johannes Secundus or the Epigrams of Martial. Even Klopstock’s ‘Messiah’ became gilded with a sort of delightful impropriety.

Disapprobation and distrust had merged into abuse and persecution. Orestes A. Brownson, then drifting with the strong tide of the liberals, published in 1840 a sort of pantheistically ending novel, entitled *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*. The Rev. Dr. Bright, at present editor of the Baptist *Examiner*, was at that time a bookseller of the firm of Bennett & Bright, and publisher

of the *Baptist Register*. When Charles Elwood appeared, he ordered the usual number of copies; but, discovering the nature of the book, made a Servetus of the 'lot' by burning them up in the back-yard of his store. A funeral pyre worthy the admiration and awe it must have excited.

The *Essays* of Emerson were subsequently attacked furiously in the *Princeton Review* by Prof. Dod and Jas. W. Alexander. These gentlemen gave to the world, as criticisms of Emerson and other writers, several treatises on Pantheism, aiding the very cause they designed to destroy, by disseminating among the religious public a statement of the primitive Philosophy of the Vedas, and its reflection in Germany and America, clearer than any that had yet appeared: a task for which their scholarship and ability eminently fitted them. But in attacking German Philosophy, both learned to respect that which was practically useful in it. Prof. Dod left among his papers an unfinished translation of Spinoza, and the lamented Dr. Alexander, in his admirable lectures on literature to the students of Princeton College, recommended a perusal of what Kant and other German metaphysicians had written on *Æsthetics*. It is no reflection on the piety or sincerity of these sound divines and ripe scholars that they found something good and useful even in the armory of the enemy. The last step in piety, as in learning, is always to that noble liberality which recognizes Truth and Beauty wherever found.

And, while the religious reviews abounded in jeremiads and philippics, the newspaper wits stood outside and shouted in derision. The game was indeed too rare to be passed unnoticed. In a poem on Fanny Ellsler (1841) occurred the following:—

Our wits, as usual, late upon the road,
Pick up what Europe saw long since explode.
If this you doubt, ask Harvard, she can tell
How many fragments there from Deutschland fell;

How many mysteries boggle Cambridge men
That erst in England boggled Carlyle's pen,
And will, no doubt, be mysteries again;

And also what great Coleridge left unsung.
He, too, saw Germany when very young.'

To Emerson, at this moment, numbers looked with the deepest admiration or with fiercest hate. He was the type of his age, what Carlyle might perhaps call its 'Priest Vates.' In his *Essays* he stood aloft and proclaimed, 'In me is the kernel of truth: eat and live!' But the shell that enclosed the kernel was hard to crack, and was, moreover, like the 'Sileni' of the old French apothecaries, as described by Rabelais, so decorated with wondrous figures, harpies, satyrs, horned geese and bridled hares, that men were incredulous, and doubted that precious ambergris, musk and gems were to be found within. In his first crudities, fytes and tilts with thought, both knight and field are covered with a cloth of gold so dazzling that the crystalline lenses of our common vision are in danger of dissolution, and we vainly hope for page or dame who will whisper to us the magic word that shall dispel this scene of enchantment. Meanwhile, his sentences, like arrows, darken that sun, himself, and we hasten with bits of smoked glass to view the eclipse. Happily, we have chosen the right medium: the luminousness is destroyed, but the opaqueness remains visible. Entrenched behind a mannerism so adroitly constructed as at once to invite and repel invasion, Emerson hurls out axioms and establishes precedents that prove upon examination to be either admirably varnished editions of old truths or statements of new ones of questionable legitimacy. Turn over leaf by leaf these early essays, and doubts arise as to the validity of the author's claim to originality. Carlyle has led before these pompous parades of moral truths that your child recognizes in the nursery when he makes war upon Johnny, who has knocked down his tenpins. The law of compensation and the existence of evil and consequent suffering are actual entities to him. And yet these men do not belong to the same school. The resemblance is on the surface. Emerson dabbles delicately, yet, let it be conceded, energetically, with the-

ories : his hands are not the nervy, sinewy hands of the Viking of English literature ; he lacks his keen discernment of life, his quick comprehension of the mutual relations of men and their times ; he often wants his fine analytical power. Carlyle sees in the life of a man his actions, associations, aspirations, disappointments, successes, what deep principles swayed him, what noble or ignoble nature provided his impulses, and wrought his manhood : Emerson tests him by the great problems of the universe, as he understands them, and educes from their application to certain circumstances the character of the man. The one is sagacious, argus-eyed ; the other oracular, sibylline. And yet Emerson, perhaps unconsciously, through admiration of the liberal views and unquestioned bravery of his contemporary, adopted something like his peculiarities of style and domesticated foreign idioms, that yet, like tamed tigers, are not to be relied on in general society. As Carlyle was the rhinoceros of English, Emerson aspired to be its hippopotamus,—both pachyderms, and impenetrable to the bullets of criticism.

We have called Cousin an eclecticist. His Philosophy is a positive one compared with that of Emerson. Here are scraps of Plato and Hegel, of Porphyry and Swedenborg, of Æschylus and De Stael. Like the *Lehrer zu Sais*, ‘he looks on the stars, and imitates their courses and positions in the sand.’ In the obscurity that proves him great, for ‘To be great is to be misunderstood,’ (is this the true ‘misery of greatness’ of Milton ?) it is hard to grasp his individuality. His haughty assertions meet us at every turn. We no more dare to question them than so many ‘centaurs or sphinxes or pallid gorgons’ in a nightmare. But he relieves our perplexity and gives us the key to that enigma himself. ‘I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred, none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker, *with no past at my back*.’ What is this but another version of Brahma? ‘Far or forgot to me is near.’ It is a reflection of the Veda. ‘I myself never was not,

nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.’ Spinoza, the God-intoxicated man, never ventured on a declaration so bold. ‘The eternal wisdom of God, *Dei eterna Sapientia*,’ says he, more modestly, ‘is manifested in all things, but mostly in the human mind, and most of all in Jesus Christ.’ Here then we find the individuality of Emerson, in his pure Pantheism, and, like the sword of Martin Antolinez, it illumines all the field. Now we understand the constant warfare, the ‘inevitable polarity,’ in these pages. We forgive the occasional inconsistencies of a man who is at once, by his own confession, ‘God in Nature and a weed by the wall.’ His weakness strives after infinite power. Conscious of a divinity within, he struggles to express it worthily ; but ah ! says Hermes Trismegistus,—‘It is hard to conceive God, but impossible to express him.’ Freedom within chafes at the iron necessity without, ‘a necessity deep as the world,’ all-controlling, imperial, which he acknowledges in the very depths of his being. But the necessity of Emerson is a Hegelian element, such as every Aristophanic comedy reveals. It is not the necessity of Fichte. ‘I, with all that relates to me, am imprisoned within the bonds of Necessity. I am one link of her inflexible chain. A time was when I was not, so those have assured me who were before me, and, as I have no consciousness of this time, I am constrained to believe their testimony.’ This is the necessity of mere existence, which bears no relation to the will of the man, not that inflexible destiny to which Emerson refers, that underlies his continued being. The first does not oppose the ‘instinct of an activity free, independent,’ which Emerson afterwards acknowledges. But ‘I am God in Nature,’ he repeats. ‘The simplest person who in his integrity proclaims God, becomes God.’ ‘This thorough integrity of purpose,’ writes Fichte, ‘is itself the divine idea in its most common form, and no really honest mind is without communion with God.’ In Emerson the last height

is reached. Brahm as Arjoon could do no more, no less. His eye roams over the universe and sees only manifestations of himself: the rose of morning, the shining splendor of the sea, the purple of the distant mountains, are his dawn and noon and eve.

'Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with—a siren!'

This may be Pantheism, but if it is not in accordance with the needs of the ages, it is not the Pantheism of Giordano Bruno, it has little in common with Plato. The great idea, the latter tells us, in the *Republic*, 'the idea of the God, is perceived with difficulty, but can not be perceived without concluding that in the visible world it produces light, and the star whence the light directly comes, and in the invisible world it directly produces Strength and Intelligence.' Strength and Intelligence; whose correlative are Progress and Happiness. Are there among Emerson's earlier 'big-sounding sentences and words of state,' any of which these are the legitimate fruit? Does the soul of Infinite Love that beamed from Nazareth inform these pages with the active, perfect, immortal spirit of truth? No. In these essays, Emerson is a royalist, an aristocrat: he aims for the centralization of power; he does not elevate the masses; he claims for himself, for all nature, ultra-refined and cultivated, to whom the Open Secret 'has been discovered, a separate and highly superior personality. 'The height, the duty of man is to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force. Society is good when it does not violate me, but best when it is likest to solitude.' 'What an Apollo Belvidere the man would be, moulded by no sympathies, standing aloof from his race, and independent of it, disdainful, magnificent, a palace of ice, untenable by the summer heat of Love. The true cosmopolite is the man of his age, even if he has known no latitude but that of his birth, for he has won for himself the highest individuality, and the greatest power of association with his fellow-man, and the laws that govern man in his efforts to secure these are the

laws of the only true social science. Henry Carey says with reason, in Italy the highest individuality was found when the Campagna was filled with cities. It is a narrow belief that the highest development of character demands solitude. Give to a young man, genial, impulsive, and intelligent, only the companionship of forest, sea, and mountain, and the chances are, he will become morbid, unpractical, and selfish. But place him in the same position in the decline, or even in the noon of life, when the different parts of his nature have become subordinated to each other, by friction with diverse human organizations about him, and he will carry a brave individuality among nature's gifts, being himself her noblest development. 'Men,' says Emerson, 'resemble their contemporaries even more than their progenitors. It is observed in old couples, or in persons who have been house-inmates for a course of years, that they grow alike: if they should live long enough we should not be able to know them apart. Nature abhors such complaisances, which threaten to melt the world into a lump, and hastens to break up such maudlin agglutinations.' But Darby and Joan in the chimney corner are not types of mankind at large.

'Right ethics are central, and go from the soul outward. Gift is contrary to the law of the universe. Serving others is serving myself. I must absolve me to myself.' And what is myself? Let Fichte answer. 'I affirm that in what we call the knowledge or the contemplation of things, it is always ourselves that we know or contemplate: in every sentiment of consciousness it is only modifications of ourselves that we feel.' And again: 'The universe lives. From it arises a marvelous harmony that resounds deliciously in the very depths of my heart. I live in all that surrounds me. I recognize myself in every manifestation of Nature, in the various forms of the beings about me, as a sunbeam that sparkles in the million dew-drops that reflect it. . . . Within me Nature is flesh, nerves, muscles; without, turf, plant, animal.'

Thus the semi-poetical Pantheism of the Bhagvat-Gita is reproduced, beautiful, dreamy and mythical, but without the shadow of an addition. Emerson presents to us the primeval faith in its imposing majesty and terrible unity, but omits to mention its final winding up in the sacred Maya or Illusion of the Hindoos. Though his early essays are brilliant with many noble thoughts, the principles he advocates in them are thoroughly unprogressive and unpractical. Plato is to him the 'exhaustive generalizer,' beyond whom it is folly to aspire, and by whose stature he measures the nations. Boëthius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, are only brisk young men translating into the vernacular wittily his good things. St. Augustine, Copernicus, Newton, Behmen, Swedenborg also 'say after him.' Emerson either addresses men whose ignorance he greatly exaggerates, or else the ideal men of some centuries hence. His mission is to the Past or the Future, not to the Present. His theories, fine and venerable, as they are as here expressed, will never save a soul, and men are still convinced that one sharp, decisive action is worth a thousand fine strategic points on paper. Yet he won an enviable and wide reputation by these his early works. 'There is merit without elevation,' says La Rochefoucauld, 'but there is no elevation without some merit.' Such we find him in his earlier essays, while he had as yet only grasped at the Pantheistic wing of the Egyptian globe. In England, in 1848, four thousand people crowded Exeter Hall, to hear the champion of free thought from America. In Poland, men who knew him only by some fragments in a Polish review, considered him the thinker of the age. His courage was the talisman that won him admiration, and his earnestness, visible through the veil of arrogance and petty affectations, secured respect.

In *Representative Men*, the old Plato-worship illuminated by Schelling—*Wissenschaften*—is the key-note, and *English Traits* is the record of impressions received during the *Sturm und Drang*, or rather 'cloud-compelling' days of the

Dial and *Essay* developments. A volume of *Poems*, published in 1856, recalls the old landmarks. If they are rich in thought, they are also luxuriant in labyrinthine sentences that puzzle even the initiated in the Ziph language. A thought once extricated from a maze of inversion and entangled particles,

'we are in pain

To think how to unthink that thought again.'

As a poet, Emerson is careless in versification. Like Friar John, of the Funnel, he does not rhyme in crimson. His imagination is too bold to be confined by the petty limits of trochee or iambus. Consequently his pictures, when he descends to paint, present rather a mass of brilliant coloring than the well-finished detail that we demand in a work of art. We look in vain in his poems for that effort of identity between the conscious and the unconscious activities that Schelling calls the sole privilege of genius. 'The infinite (or perfect) presented as the finite, is Beauty.' Yet the single poem 'Threnody' would establish Emerson's title to a place among the guild of poets. It is classically beautiful and faultless in mechanism. Its flow is that of a river over sands of gold, its solemn monotone broken now and then by *staccato* plaints, and the tender gold of its shining waters dimmed by dark shadows, as rock beneath or tree above assails the gentle stillness of its onward flow. Only that which comes from the heart goes again to the heart. We find a new and delicious personality, a simple Greek naturalness, in this exquisite dirge that scarcely owns the 'blasphemy of grief,' that are wanted in his sententious instructions and metaphysical wanderings.

We open Emerson's latest work, the *Conduct of Life*, in a hopeful mood. Some mysterious sympathy, born from a natural faith in the progress of a mind that had already proved its power by a daring and successful onslaught upon old habits and associations, strengthened by a more practical philosophy that dawns in *English Traits*, and culminating in the intense passion of yearning in the *Phrenody*, justifies an expectation

that is gloriously realized. To the vigilant thinker a decade is worth more than aeons to his sleeping brother. The Emerson of to-day is not the Emerson of twenty or even ten years ago. Here is still the true, epigrammatic style of his youth. He is as lavish of his aphorisms, which, like the coins of Donatello, hang over our heads and are free to every passer-by. Still an antiquarian, like Charles Kingsley, he peers among Etruscan vases, Greek ruins, Norse runes and ancient Dantean Infernos and Escurials for the models of a new literature, a new art, a new life. But an enlarged spirit is visible on every page.

'The south wind is strengthened
With the wild, sweet vigor of pine.'

We breathe a new air, gaze at new landscapes; a new climate is around us. Take this book into the sultry midsummer, and its words summon the ripe autumn with its fruits up from the west; read it by the light of the blazing Yule log, and it will still recall the wild breezes and warm suns of October. And it is this growing maturity of thought, this evident tendency to a grand realization, that prove the honesty and greatness of the man. He has worked perseveringly at his problems, disdaining to be aided by criticism or crushed by opposition. His power has silently gathered its energies in the mines of Thought, dark but rich, striking shaft after shaft of vast promise. He is a gymnast struggling now with the realities and possibilities of Life, and no longer grappling with ignis-fatu in the marshes by the road. Now his humor gleams genially in keen, swift comparisons: he sports with truths, like a king tossing up his crown-jewels or Vishnu worlds in the 'Cosmogony of Menu,' and he dares do this because they are no longer his masters, because he has made them subservient to an end—the great end of the amelioration of his race.

It is this great element of sport that in its broadest development elevates man to the far heights of his nature. There all is serene.

'Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.'

Even the Hindoos, those earliest *literati* of the young earth, whose eyes peered first into the intricate machinery of Being, and brought therefrom strange and glowing and miraculous impressions of its mechanical appliances,—strong levers that men use now for criticism,—recognized this element. Afar from the scene of their sorrow, in the lotos a-bloom on Vishnu's head, they beheld the primitive Humor, the laughter of infinite Strength springing from bar to bar in the great gymnasium of life. Thus we read in the *Cosmogony of Menu*,—

'Numerous world-developments there are, creation and extermination;
Sportively he produces either, the highest Creator for ever and ever.'

And says the more orthodox Schlegel, 'Nature was in its origin naught else than a beautiful image, a pure emanation, a wonderful creation, a *sport* of omnipotent love.' And Schiller, whom an impregnable aristocracy of soul shut out from the ranks of humorists, who rode in his coupée, three feet above the level of the common stream of humanity, and never drifted with its tide, yet, with clear-eyed insight into the passions he did not share, acknowledged the *Spieltrieb* as the highest possibility of man's nature. 'The last perfection of our faculties,' he says, 'is, that their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes *sport*.

Emerson's humor is peculiar to himself. It is not the massive, exuberant play of Jean Paul. He does not challenge the slow-riding moon to a cricket match, nor hurl the stars from their orbits in his mad game in the skies. Neither has he the brusque but more solid geniality of Lessing. Imagination fails him for the one, and a strong power of logic for the other. But he tears the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that are beneath his feet into ribbons and sends them streaming through space, filmy banners of blue and white, heavily charged with the electricity of his enfranchised thought, and illuminates the world with the lightnings of their chance collision. His humor is rather latent than striking. It does not gleam through

showy words, the paraphernalia of a harlequinade, but peeps out from the homeliest phrases, and convulses some simple law of our nature with laughter at its own grotesqueness. Formerly, imprisoned as it was within unyielding limits, it was as imposing as a miniature Gothic cathedral in a dark cave, but now the queen-rose of the architrave blows fresh and sweet in the sunny air. Step by step Emerson has traveled the great road worn by so many of old, passing from the ‘ideal’ to the real, from reverie to a cheerful awaking,—and the prophecy of genius is at last fulfilled.

For at last he has come out from the misty twilight of Transcendentalism into the clear daylight of common sense. And surely it is not for us to decry the bridge, or, if you please, the tunnel through which he has crossed. He agitates the necessity and practicability of social reform, but it must be through individual effort. Years ago he decided that society was in a low state, now he calls on all men to put their shoulders to the wheel and lift it out of the Slough of Despond, where it has been floundering to no purpose for so long. His investigations are aided by a keen shrewdness, that bespeaks the practical man, who knows where to find the vulnerable heel of circumstance, and aims at it his swiftest arrows. In his essay on Wealth this sharp practical insight hardens every sentence. The sentimental, who believes, with Henri Blaze, that romance must be the issue of this marriage of Nature with Religion, betakes himself in consternation to his dainty, poetical dreams of a Utopia that shall arise, ready made, from the promising East. The capitalist, who sneers at Philosophy, and would ignorantly couple Faust with the Mysteries of Udolpho, or Andromeda with Jack the Giant-killer, rubs his hands gleefully over our author’s nice appreciation of capital and the mysteries of its sudden fluctuations. ‘Every step of civil advancement makes a dollar worth more.’ ‘Political Economy is as good a book wherein to read the life of man, and the ascendancy of laws over all private and hostile influences, as any Bible which has come

down to us.’ ‘The right merchant is one who has the just average of faculties we call *common sense*: a man of a strong affinity for facts, who makes up his decision on what he has seen. He is thoroughly persuaded of the truths of arithmetic. . . . He knows that all goes on the old road, pound for pound, cent for cent, for every effect a perfect cause, and that good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.’ ‘The basis of political economy is non-interference.’ The merchant looks narrowly at his theory of compensation, and finds it tallies well with the result of his own after-dinner meditations, expressed of mornings to doubting confreres. The philanthropist rejoices at the crushing of the shell of foppish indolence, the heralded downfall of the petty vanities, sprung, Heaven knows with what reason, from the loins of Norman robbers, of Huguenot refugees, of Puritans beggared and ignorant, and centered in some wide-spreading genealogical tree, that a whole family unite to cultivate into a banyan that may embrace the whole little world of their satellites with inflexible ligatures. Thus ‘the doctrine of the snake’ is to go out, and good men see that the sinews of society are to be strengthened.

It is worth while to observe, in that first chapter on Fate, how admirably Emerson provides for the exercise of a free activity in every man. ‘Every spirit makes its house, but afterward the house confines the spirit.’ This leaves no room for the coward, who declines to work out his salvation, even with fear and trembling. It summons all men to clear away the brush and dry leaves of a perverted fatalism,

‘To make the absolute best of what God made,’
to sharpen every faculty, expand every capacity, and bow only to the Eternal.

‘Æterna aeternus tribuit, mortalia confert
Mortalis; divina Deus, peritura caducus.’

Here is the choice, eternal or mortal, divine or perishable. This drives men to seek their Paradise in Culture. Well, they find in it a Beulah, and beyond rolls the Jordan of the soul. Men have made a

dwarfed Providence to suit their dwarfed aims, an amorphous Deity, whose attributes are imperfect, disproportioned. But yesterday I heard a Frenchman, who has no acquaintance with our literature and never heard of Emerson, say, ‘God, with the multitude, is no more than a feeble old man, whose whims and whose age we must respect. What is to become of his high claims upon creatures who are to work out an infinite purpose? *Il faut honorer la vieillesse.*’ Emerson had anticipated this with his ‘pistareen Providence, dressed in the clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student of divinity;’ yet it proves that minds are arriving by widely diverging paths at the same truths.

There is nothing ideal or vague in the vigorous efforts he makes in this volume to rise to political economy and to set forth the practical action of capital and industry on life. He says no longer, ‘To me commerce is of trivial import,’ but endorses Henry Carey’s theory of wealth, and acknowledges unreservedly, in its broadest sense, the universal domination of Law. Statistics bourgeon into prophecies under his pen: he does not disdain their significance, but rather aids their influence with all the power which his spasmodic style has given in drawing our grotesque-loving public to him. We suspect Buckle, and feel a cheerful sense of Bacon and Comte. In his plea for socialism, for education, we see the dawn of the ultimate triumph and dignity of labor. ‘We shall one day,’ he says, ‘supersede Politics by Education.’ Pause well here, you who grope forward into the dark future with misgiving and faithless hearts. This is not the chimerical delusion of a transcendental philosophy, this death-knell to the Slavery of Ignorance and Vice. Recognize in it the wide generosity that says with Leczinsky, ‘*Je ne connais d’avarice permise que celle du temps.*’ Here is wealth for want, industry for indolence, distinction for degradation, virtue for vice. It beams clear as the red of morning. Hear it in the whistle of the engine, the roar of the loom, the plowing of the

steam-ship through battling waves, the tick of the telegraph, the whirr of the mill wheel, the click of the sewing machine; and he who doubts still may listen to the voice of cannon, the whistling of lances and the clash of swords, and catch the notes of the same chant with a sterner chorus. Hear even the idealist Schelling awaiting that broader freedom than any we have yet known:—

‘The third period in history will be that when that which in preceding periods appeared as Destiny or Nature, shall develop and manifest itself as Providence. Thus what seems to us as the work of Destiny or Nature is already the beginning of a Providence, which reveals itself but imperfectly. When we shall look for the birth of this period, man can not say, but know that when it is, *God will be.*’

And Emerson takes up the strain with words of fire:—

‘If Love, red Love, with tears and joy; if Want, with his scourge; if War, with his cannonade; if Christianity, with its charity; if Trade, with its money; if Art, with its portfolios; if Science, with her telegraphs through the deeps of space and time, can set man’s dull nerves throbbing, and, by loud taps on the tough chrysalis, can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free,—make way and sing paean! The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man’s culture can spare nothing, wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments, all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the Better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses, and the hells into benefit.’

SPHINX AND CEDIPUS.

WHY poets should sing of this WAR
In rapturous anthems of praise,
I know not. Its meanings so jar,
Its purpose hath so many ways,
The SPHINX never readeth the whole.
'Tis a riddle propounded to me
That I am unskillful to tell.
The Sphinx by the way-side, I see,
Is watching (I know her so well)
To mangle us, body and soul.

Is it 'Freedom, that Bondage may live,'
Which cheers on the North to the fray?
Is it 'Slavery more Freedom to give,'
That slogans the Southern foray?
She asks, and awaits your reply:
Now answer, ye *marshal*-bred bands
Whose business is murder and blood;
Ye priests with incarnadined hands;
Ye peace-men who 'fight for the good';
Now solve her this riddle or die!

'Our Flag,' the conservative says,
'Waves over the land of the free;'
God save us!— I think many ways,
But still 'tis a riddle to me,
Whose mystery is hid from the eye;
But OEdipus, showing the souls
All fettered, imbruted and blained,
Who point where its blazonry rolls,
And wail the sad plaint of the chained,—
Asserts, 'There is, somewhere, a lie.'

THE ACTRESS WIFE.

I HAD been sent by my New York employers to superintend a branch of their business in a southern city. On the evening of a brilliant Sabbath, as I walked musingly through the cemetery, where thousands of the city's dead had found a calm and sequestered resting place, my attention was drawn to a monumental structure, the character and symbolism of which defied my comprehension. On a grassy mound, in a grove of oak trees, almost concealing it from observation, rose a mausoleum of dark stone, which at the first glance I conjectured to represent a Druidical temple. At the four corners were the carved resemblances of oak trees, the trunks forming columns for the structure, and the limbs branching out, intertwining above into a graceful net-work. The spaces between the trunks — forming the four sides of the edifice — were simply plain, deep-set slabs. The design could not be mistaken. It was that of an oak grove inclosing a tomb. But whose, and why this singular design? There was no inscription to afford an explanation. Another view added to the mystery. Standing in the middle of one of the sides, underneath the arch formed by the branching limbs, was an exquisite female figure of white marble. One foot and the body advanced, one hand grasping her robe, the other extended pointing into the distance, her head turned to one side, the lips parted as if speaking, the countenance expressive of the enthusiasm of love combined with impetuous resolution, an attire of the most perfect simplicity, similar to that worn by Roman maidens, and with a plain bandeau around the head, — the whole presented a figure of perfect symmetry and life-like impassioned earnestness, as beautiful as it was unintelligible. I sought through all my recollections of ancient and modern impersonations — of mythology, history, Scripture, and poetry — but could find nothing to furnish a solution. The structure and the figure surpassed even con-

jecture. Velleda, and Lot's wife, according to an old picture in the catechism, were the only resemblances I could recall, but the surroundings evidently did not suit the types.

While in my embarrassment, I became dimly conscious of seeing an elderly man coming towards me from behind the structure, but should have received no distinct impression of his presence had he not approached the gate of the inclosure upon which I chanced to be leaning, and mildly requested my permission to pass. Recalled to myself, I saw by a hasty glance that the person before me was a man apparently some sixty years of age, to whom time had imparted only a 'richness' of appearance, exhibiting the gentleman at every point, and with an aspect of the most profound grief, tempered with resignation, benevolence, and urbanity. Having politely assisted his egress, he passed onward with a graceful gesture of acknowledgment. He had taken but a few steps, when the thought occurred to me that he must have come from within the perplexing structure by some secret door, and that he could unravel its mystery. I was impelled to follow him, and proceeded hastily to do so, when the indelicacy of my intrusion on one evidently connected with the grief which the monument was designed to commemorate, flashed upon me, and I suddenly paused. He probably observed my rapid footsteps and their pause, for he turned toward me, when in a confused manner I stammered forth an apology, which, undesignedly on my part, involved a statement of the contradictory motives which had influenced me. With the most quiet and prepossessing demeanor he questioned me if I were a stranger visiting the city, and in reply I gave him all the necessary particulars concerning myself, — that my name was Waters, that I was employed by the firm of Brown, Urthers & Co., managing their branch business. A conversation ensued, which elicited the fact

that the gentleman had been acquainted with my father a score of years before. The latter, whose head lies on his last pillow, was then a clerk in the New York house of Sampson, Bell & Co. The gentleman before me was Mr. Bell, who during the existence of the house had been first a clerk, and subsequently the partner who conducted their branch business at the city of my own present residence.

With this preliminary acquaintance, he kindly took my arm, and, leading me back to the monument, informed me, in a manner entirely free from any poignancy, or from that lionizing of costly memorials to departed friends so often indulged in, that it was erected to the memory of his wife; that she had formerly been an actress of celebrity, attaining peculiar distinction by her representation of the character of Imogen, in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*; and that the marble figure portrayed her at the utterance of the words —

‘Oh for a horse with wings! Hear’st thou,
Pisanio?’

He is at Milford Haven. Read and tell me
How far’tis thither. . . Say, and speak quick,
How far it is
To this same blessed Milford;’ *

and that the architecture of the tomb was intended to correspond with the period at which the incidents of the drama transpired.

Mr. Bell's ordinary life was one neither of seclusion nor of widely extended social courtesies; but of active benevolence and cheerful retirement, disfigured neither by ostentatious philanthropy nor studied recluseness. A son and daughter who had hardly passed the confines of juvenility, with the necessary attendants, formed his household. For the rest, he lived apparently as a gentleman of taste and wealth might be supposed to do.

In this household I gradually acquired an intimacy. This was partially owing to the circumstance that I had solaced the many lonely hours of my bachelorthood in acquiring by memory and re-

hearsing many scraps of poetry. Mr. Bell's favorite method of passing the evening was in teaching his children to read and declaim poetry with dramatic expression, and in this delightful occupation I was an acceptable assistant. Many were the domestic dramas which we produced, — pieces of our own invention, — in addition to our readings from the poets.

Frederick and Clara were to pass a year or two in schools at the North, and thither Mr. B. removed. The first winter of their absence, I received a letter from him relating that Clara had succumbed to the rigor of a northern climate. Soon came the father and brother with the corpse of their darling, which was placed within the cemetery mausoleum. Into this I entered for the first time, but the interior differed in no respect from others. Within its walls the mother and daughter were left together. In less than a week it was again opened, to receive the son. He had been drowned while attempting the rescue of a companion.

To my surprise at the time, the desolate father exhibited no grief. There was in his demeanor an appearance of satisfaction that their removal had preceded his own, — that he would leave none of his heart's treasures behind him, but be enabled to claim them all in the future existence.

The days lengthened and shortened through three years, in which the routine of my life was varied by no incident. With Mr. Bell my relations continued the same. At all times he spoke cheerfully of the past and the future, frequently giving utterance to the feelings above attributed to him. In one of these conversations I ventured to inquire concerning his wife. His whole countenance was irradiated. It seemed that some bright and glorious recollection of her had been recalled. The fancy impressed itself on me that he had a visible consciousness of her presence. The animation subsided into a quiet self-communing, and he soon proceeded to relate

* *Cymbeline*, Act III., Sc. 2.

the history of her whose marble similitude had so excited my wonder and admiration.

It is nearly thirty years since I came from a New England country house to this city, as a clerk in the branch house of Sampson Brothers. I was then a raw youth; but my New England training had given me the serious and money-seeking characteristics of that part of our country. For ten years I applied myself exclusively to the details of business, having but few associates, devoting my leisure to self-improvement, and steadily accumulating a competency. On the death of a member of the firm I took his place. Five years passed, and I had attained a fortune. Some friends from the North called upon me in their travels, and during the week of their visit, I participated in more gaieties than had been comprised in my whole previous life. One evening it was proposed to visit the theatre. Into a place of dramatic representation I had never before entered, and the enchantment of all its accessories was irresistible. But when the heroine of the evening appeared, I was deprived of every faculty except that of the most absorbing adoration. What was the drama enacted mattered not,—I had no perception of it, nor of anything except the person who had fascinated me. Tall in figure, commanding in gesture, scarcely developed into the full wealth of womanhood, with an eye of piercing blackness, yet changing with every gradation of passion, profuse black tresses, and a voice whose intonations swayed the audience to every mood of feeling, SHE for the first time appeared to me.

Well, I had passed my *première jeunesse*, and had arrived at that age when a passion, once called into active life, becomes unappeasable. I need not particularize the effects upon me of my first experience of love. For weeks and months I had no desire, no ability to do anything else than frequent the theatre. My want of acquaintance with all the peculiar circumstances connected with

actors and actresses almost maddened me; for I knew of no method by which I might ever be able to exchange a word with her who had become to me more than an idol to a devotee, or the dream of fame to a poet. I sickened. To the physician called in attendance, after much shrewd questioning on his part, I revealed my secret. With a jocose laugh he left me, but in a half-hour returned, accompanied by a somewhat vulgar-looking female, whom he introduced as the mother of Evelyn Afton—the name of her for whom my life was wasting and my soul pining.

The mother was the widow of an actor, and Evelyn her only daughter, who had been bred for the stage, and her beauty and ability having secured success, she had been enabled to attain all the accomplishments of cultivated womanhood.

If anything could have disenchanted me, the manner of the mother would certainly have had such an effect. She regarded my passion as simply a business affair. She would present me to her daughter that day, and I might contract an engagement, if I would make certain liberal allowances and settlements. But a recurrence to these matters creates disgust. It is sufficient to say, that I surpassed in my provisions all the demands of the mother's avarice, and in a few months Evelyn and I were married.

There was on the part of my beautiful bride an inexplicable expression,—a demeanor in which cold and haughty reserve blended strangely with an utter carelessness, and occasional rapidly checked electric ebullitions of passion to the lip and eye, but never reaching words, followed by a passive yet proud languor. I was too happy to observe or speculate. I received merely the impression, but was too much occupied in arranging for my wedded life, too much absorbed in the feeling of bliss, to analyze it. I believed in her love,—that was sufficient for me. In after years I resolved the impression into its prismatic elements, and thus it is I am able to delineate them.

Time passed. The extravagance of my first raptures gradually subsided into a more settled but not less complete happiness. In all her attentions to myself my wife was perfect. In society she was supremely brilliant and fascinating; in private her demeanor preserved the characteristics of which I have spoken. I accepted it as her natural manner, and did not give it further thought. My son Frederick was born, and for a short time, under the influence of maternal impulses, my wife exhibited animation and emotions which I had not before witnessed,—soon, however, relapsing into her previous demeanor. The same contrasts—less strongly marked—occurred upon the birth of my daughter.

Returning one evening from business, at the usual dinner hour, I visited, before entering my residence, as was frequently my custom, the stables, and inquired, in passing, of the coachman—a favorite negro—if he had driven his mistress out that afternoon. He replied,—

‘No, massa; Missers’ brudder on here; been wid her dese two hours.’

The answer created much surprise, as I had not been informed that my wife had any relatives. A moment’s reflection, however, on some of the peculiar connections of theatrical life, led me to believe that such a person might be in existence, who, for some unpleasant reasons, had not been recognized. Respecting my wife’s secret, I passed on without further inquiry; and, to avoid an interview with the visitor, ascended a staircase into a conservatory connected with the upper apartments, intending to remain there until he had departed. As I entered the conservatory I was startled by the sound of voices, which proceeded from the adjoining apartment,—my wife’s *boudoir*,—and was transfixed at beholding through the shrubbery, in the dim light of the room, my wife sitting upon a sofa, exhibiting traces of powerful but suppressed emotion, such as I had never seen in her, and partly kneeling, partly reclining at her side, a young

man, apparently in the most violent and passionate entreaty.

‘O, Evelyn! Evelyn!’ he said, ‘will you bid me leave you thus? Will you have no pity? For years I toiled at my art, poor and desolate, in a foreign land, sustained only by the hope of achieving success—fame—fortune—to lay them before you;—your love gifting me with all my ideal life—the hope of winning you the only incentive of my labor. When I heard of your marriage, I dashed away my chisels, with an oath never to resume them. In mad desperation, I destroyed the works of years. But I have lived on in solitude and wretchedness, unvisited even by the imaginations which once made life glorious. Now I have come to claim you—to take you from him who robbed me. Such a marriage as yours is not valid before just heaven. Renounce your contract. Fly with me to Italy,—let the world say what it will. With you at my side I can create works that will compel homage; knowing our own purity, we can laugh at its scorn, and, contented with each other, despise both its friendship and its enmity.’

‘Stop, Frank!’ she replied, ‘and leave me. Do not prolong this agony. What you wish is, it must be, impossible. It is not for myself that I deny it. God knows I could brave any thing for you. But to yield your request would only aid your ruin. No, no, Frank; you are mad! ’

‘If I am not, I soon shall be!’ he murmured bitterly.

‘I shall fulfill my contract to the letter,’ she continued; ‘or, rather, that which was made for me. I consented to be the sacrifice, and I will accept the fire and the knife resolutely. But you—you—should I link myself to your fate, I should draw you to perdition. Even in the air of Italy, my presence would be poison to you. I speak not of guilt. But my connection—a perfused wife—would debar you from the companionship of all that is noble and good and beautiful. I am but a woman—one woman. Could I have been placed

at your side, I might have assisted your conceptions and stimulated your aspirations. But now — *now* — it can not be. Go — seek some other. There are many worthy of your choice. You can find them. If not, live for your art, Frank, and forget me.'

'My art!' he replied, with passionate bitterness; 'curses on it! Aye, I can almost curse the Heaven which gifted me with "ideality." What is it, but unsatisfied mockery of longing? — the execution always failing to meet the promise of the conception. My art! What can the cold marble be to me, when no longer animated by the soul with which my hope of your presence infused it? My art! Would to God that a divine flash of genius would impel me to wield the chisel but for one short month, and then that I might expire by the side of my creation!'

'No, no, Frank,' she interposed; 'you will live long, become renowned, and create not one, but many works for fame; and I shall read of your successes and rejoice in them. More than that, I shall be present with you always in spirit and sympathy. Think of that, Frank. Make me your ideal still, if you will. This will be exquisite satisfaction to me. Let me think that I am always inspiring you. Work for me, Frank.'

The young man buried his face in the sofa and sobbed passionately. My wife bent over, and, unknown to him, unless he felt her breath, gently kissed the curls of his hair. 'Come,' she said, 'now you must be gone. Neither of us can endure this longer. Go — go. Do not give me a word or a look. You would only rend my heart, without killing me.'

Presently he rose, and, with an effort at self-control, walked towards the door, but stopped and faltered forth, 'Must this be? Is this then our last farewell?'

She merely waved her hand, hiding her face.

The young man sprang to her side, fell upon his knees, grasped her hand, and covered it with kisses, then rushed to the door and was gone.

My wife flung herself upon the sofa and burst forth into a flood of tears. Never before had I beheld her weeping.

During this interview I stood like a statue. It seemed to me that I had lived an age, — such a life as those may be supposed to have, who, as related in Eastern tales, are transformed to stone for a century, retaining their consciousness. A revolution had gone through its entire progress in me. For the first time did I understand how selfish had been my adoration of my wife, — how I had merely purchased her of her scheming and avaricious mother, — how I had wronged her and one who had loved her, — how incompatible with her youth and brilliancy were my maturity and unpoetic nature. Her conduct since our marriage was now fully explained. My love for her was immeasurably increased, but I loathed myself. I had but one thought, how reparation could best be made. I swear before Heaven, that could it have been possible without staining her name, I would have torn her from my heart, and given her to the one who rightfully claimed her from me. This was impossible. Only by guilt or vulgar disgrace could she become his. Then the question took possession of me, 'How shall I win her love? — how shall I win her love?*' This repeated itself again and again, with a distinct and fearful iteration, as if a demon were whispering it in my ear. A thousand mad thoughts took possession of me, and suicide thrust itself on me. For a few moments, — though it seemed an age of experience, — I was insane. The blow had dispossessed my reason. Dimly, as in a drunken man, however, still remained the ordinary instincts, and that perception, which, like the muscles of respiration, keeps ever at work, let the mind be filled as it may with thoughts and purposes that seem entirely to engross and absorb it. I crept silently from the conservatory, and passing out into the street, entered the house at the front. Dinner was soon served, as usual, and my wife took her seat, with her customary manner. I, too, I was confident, exhibited no va-

riation from mine. Her self-possession was the result of control, mine of mere numbness. The machinery of life was temporarily continuing its regular motion without any supervision.

This benumbed condition continued through a large portion of a sleepless night. The unintermittent repetition of the query, ‘How shall I win her love?’ tortured me into an agony like that experienced in a nightmare dream. Slowly and gradually my reason began to work, and I methodically commenced to elaborate a system by which to acquire what was now the chief object of my life,—my wife’s *love*. I arose in the morning determined to obtain this, even should every other pursuit be relinquished and every other desire sacrificed. My system was formed. Life thereafter was to be devoted to it.

My first object was to create a change in her feelings toward my rival;—not to destroy her love for him,—of the futility of such an attempt I was aware,—but to modify the cold, desperate, and resentful feeling of disappointment she entertained; to superimpose upon her thwarted passion, which would continue to regard him as a hero of romance, another condition of feeling, that should bring him before her in a different aspect, and to rouse her listlessness by suggesting something to be done which should be connected with him,—the only incentive, I was assured, sufficiently powerful to stimulate her to action. I had a patient whom I intended to treat in the most delicate and scientific manner. I determined to appeal to her benevolence,—a feeling which, though latent, always exists in a true woman. My disconsolate hero of romance was to be brought down and made a mortal, capable of receiving favors. Instead of being the object of love, he was to become one of charity.

‘My dear,’ said I, one evening, with a suppressed yawn, as I was perusing a magazine, ‘I have been reading a stupid account of the pictures and statues, and so on, in Florence. These things are very fine, doubtless, to those who understand

and appreciate them. My early education in aesthetics was neglected; or rather the hard necessities of my youth allowed me no opportunity to cultivate them. But it is a good thing to encourage art, and I have been thinking it might be well for us to have some paintings and statuary. If I attempt to select them I shall be tricked and bamboozled into purchasing mere daubs and botches. Would it not be well to engage some person of judgment—perhaps an artist—to go to Italy and make an investment for us? I know none such, but you have been more associated with artists, and if you can secure one, I will give him *carte blanche*. Will you please make some inquiries?’

I had kept my eyes on the magazine, but felt that she was looking at me with scrutinizing glances. Had she suspected my knowledge of her love, she would probably—with some of that passion of which I had been a secret witness—have declared the whole matter, and then, with scornful upbraiding of my hypocrisy, perhaps have left me forever. I was careful to avoid any such premature explosion, and with another yawn continued carelessly turning the leaves of the magazine. Reassured, she replied that she would undertake the business. With a hasty glance, through apparently sleepy eyes, I saw that I had roused her,—that she was already intent on planning occupation for Frank, and laying out for him a course of success and honor, through the stimulus which would be imparted by the execution of a commission of her bestowal. Another feeling I was delighted to see exhibited. She felt that she was now about to render him some equivalent for his disappointment. Already was he become to her less Frank the lover than Frank the artist, whose fortunes she was to assist. I will make you yet his lady-patroness, thought I. I foresaw that some of my rival’s productions would grace my apartments, in a year or two. But, better his imagination than his heart, said I to myself,—better the works of his chisel, which I and all the throng of the public can enlogize, than the secret,

doating passion confined to the intense idolatry of one breast.

After a few premonitory nods I retired. I did not trouble myself about the manner in which the commission was conveyed to Frank. Thither, however, it went, as I learned in after time.

I well understood that to attempt rivaling Frank in matters cognate with his own department of talent, would render me only as ridiculous as an old beau who seeks to gain favor with the girls by imitating with his rouge, hair dyes, and laced waistcoats, the freshness and symmetry of youth. But I must endeavor to establish some common ground on which I and the magnificent creature at my side could meet and hold converse. I must find it in literature. In a garret over my store I had a safe and some papers conveyed, ostensibly for attention to private business. I kept my room securely locked. Thither, from time to time, I secretly carried a library of English classics, and all works of the day which received public attention. I revived all my early recollections of literature, and made myself acquainted with the lighter contemporaneous works, which are the most prolific topics of conversation in society. Under pretense of business I devoted every moment I could to my solitary chamber. Never did college student, cramming himself for examination, labor more intently than I. I stored my mind not only with words, but ideas. I committed to memory innumerable fine passages. Personally, I was well repaid for my toil. Literature is always solacing, elevating, and ennobling. The Bedouin of the desert is less of a robber and murderer while singing the songs of his national poets.

My acquisitions, however, were carefully hidden. They were for future use. At present I continued to talk nothing that was beyond the scope of the newspapers.

Thus some months passed. It was near the close of summer, and the gorgeous autumnal season was at hand. I designed to attempt something which would create a change in my wife's nature,—her acquired nature to substitute some health-

ful exuberance for the weary listlessness which had become habitual to her. The physical is the foundation of all other departments of humanity. With a physical system of glowing health, mental or emotional or moral disease is impossible; and the converse is true, that when these exist, the physical system must deteriorate. I must then give a filip to my wife's physical vigor,—dissipate her desperateness and her love in the same manner in which a good game of billiards drives from a man the blues. I must remove all her morbidness. Where could I go but to the great mother Nature? If physical enjoyment, in connection with an appreciative view of the beauties and glories everywhere spread before humanity, on the mountains, the plains, the valleys, and the oceans, does not revive and restore, the case is hopeless. My wife was an excellent equestrian. Her theatrical experience had familiarized her with firearms. She had a cultivated taste for scenery, and some degree of skill in delineating it. Far off, then, into the prairies and the western mountains, into scenes away from the beaten track, where everything should be as dissimilar as possible from all previous life, I determined to lead her.

My arrangements were quickly and quietly made,—my equipments secretly completed. On pretense of visiting business acquaintances, I requested my wife to accompany me on a journey to St. Louis. With her usual passiveness, she consented. In a few days we were on our way. After our arrival, we made trips into the interior. Gradually, I diverged from civilization. Professing to find an unexpected charm in the novelty of this, I led the way still onward. We traveled on horseback,—often amid solitudes. I first astonished my wife by occasionally displaying on the game my precision with the rifle. (I had spent scores of hours at a shooting gallery in St. Louis.) I persuaded her to try a few shots. (I had provided a beautiful light rifle for her use.) Ambition to shoot well soon possessed her. By degrees, our open-air life gave her blood a bound which no

secret grief could counteract. The excitement of the chase on our fleet horses, the incidents of our hunting adventures, and the novelty of our associations, created a glow of spirit which burst forth in unrestrained conversation, mirth, and song. Now, then, I began to display my literary acquisitions. During the long evenings in our tent, or the wigwam of an Indian, or the log cabin of a backwoods settler, we alternated in reading aloud from an excellent collection of books I had prepared. Reading introduced topics of conversation, in which I employed all that I had in memory, and all that had been created in myself by the electric collision of great authors. Never did a professional wit more ingeniously produce as sudden coruscations the *bon mots* tediously studied; never did a philosophical conversationalist use to more advantage the wisdom conned over in the closet. I talked eloquently, profoundly. I rattled forth witticisms and poetical quotations. I amazed her. The man whom she thought incapable of any ideas beyond his ledger, and the stock market, and the cotton warehouse, was revealed as a person of taste and reading. Instead of appearing to her merely an indifferent person, to whom her fate had been chained, and whom she regarded in somewhat the same manner as Prometheus did his rock, I had become a pleasant companion,—a being of more vitality than she had perhaps ever met.

Still, I had not excited the emotion of love. I did not expect it at this stage of the treatment, but I observed its absence with a pang.

For woman's love is not a slowly extorted tribute to excellence, but a spontaneous bestowal. Unlike evil spirits, which, according to popular superstition, need urging over the threshold before they can enter and possess the hearth-stone, Love leaps in unsolicited at any unguarded aperture, and becomes master of the household.

Only genius could command her homage, and to this I could make no pretension.

Love is oftener a response to apprecia-

tion, than a concession granted upon a rational estimate of him who seeks it. She did not yet know that I appreciated her. The time for her to learn it had not come.

The casket of a woman's heart is oftener forced than opened with a key.

Love had once entered my wife's soul, and, after accomplishing his mischief, left demons in possession. I could not exorcise—only charm them. For the present,—perhaps for years,—I must be content with this. In the distant future, which had a dim horizon of hope, I expected to make some final stroke by which to expel them. What it should be, I could scarcely anticipate. Necessarily, I foresaw, it must be like the highwayman's challenge, 'Money or life.' After becoming endurable to her, in fact, inveigling her into unforeseen familiarity, I must suddenly throw off the mask, and demand the love for which I had waited and plotted. Either she would surrender, or there would be a tragedy.

The denouement came in a way of which I had no prescience. You will learn it in the due course of my narrative.

But she charmed me, fearfully, when she appeared, after a morning's chase, resplendent in the fullness of her healthful beauty, beaming with excitement, her superb figure undulating gracefully to the restive movements of her horse. I could have prostrated myself before her, in a wild worship of her beauty. She had that quality which is so rare in woman, but so admirable where it exists,—entire fearlessness; for it is a most absurd mistake to suppose that masculine *virtues* can not co-exist in woman with the most lovable, feminine delicacy. Partly her unblenching courage was the product of a strong will in a splendid physical organization; partly, alas! it arose from a disregard of life, which she felt was worthless.

One morning, as we turned our faces homeward, our Indian escort and baggage having preceded us, we were riding quietly along, with no intention of hunting, but accidentally coming on a few

buffaloes separated from their herd, the temptation to attack them was too strong to be resisted. We both urged our horses in pursuit, and, overtaking them, fired simultaneously at different animals. My wife's quarry — a stout bull — continued his flight, not being fatally wounded. Suddenly, some of our Indians who had heard the shot, and started to return, came into view over the brow of a hill, and the buffalo, thinking himself surrounded, turned and rushed at my wife. She avoided the onset by a quick whirl of her horse. The buffalo gathered himself and returned to the charge with a roar of rage. Not having reloaded my rifle, I spurred forward, and leaped my steed full upon his massy form. We all fell together, and when, after several seconds, I extricated myself, my wife was standing on the buffalo's neck to prevent him from rising. I plunged my knife into his chest, but in the mad struggle of death he partially rose, throwing her to the ground, while one of his horns entered her side. Never before, since I commenced my system, had I lost my studied calmness. But the sight of her blood, dyeing her garments and the grass, made me frantic. I tore away her vestments from the wound, pressed my lips in an agony to the gash, and then, hastily stanching the blood, bore her, nearly senseless as she was, in an embrace, the thrilling energy of which can not be told, to a rivulet in the vicinity. Happily the wound was but a lesion of the flesh, for which my surgery was sufficient, and by the aid of stimulants she revived, subsequently recovering without injury.

Since my fatal discovery in the conservatory, I had not before touched her person, except for such courtesies as any gentleman may render a lady of his acquaintance. Now, with my arms clasping her, my veins throbbed as in a delirium. The tender light of her eyes, as she revived, resulting partially from weakness and partially from a natural thankfulness, moved me to the very point of prematurely throwing myself at her feet and disclosing all. By a great throe I controlled myself. As she resumed her

natural condition, I fell back into that most ordinary and common-place character, — a self-satisfied husband, — qualified somewhat by sympathy and attention, of course, but without the least infusion of sentiment.

Oh, if she had known of the volcano under this exterior! If she had known how, at that moment, I could have exclaimed, 'Give me your love, or here let us die!'

So, after various desultory wanderings, we returned home. Home! how I dreaded it, for I knew the power of association — the effect of localities and customary external habits on the feelings. You may take a careworn, dyspeptic, melancholy man out for a week's excursion, and he will show himself preëminent in all good fellowship. But as the familiar sights gradually open on him at returning, you may see the shadows flitting down upon his brow and entering his soul. How many good resolutions of change and reform — of breaking old associations and forming new ones — we make when absent from our usual haunts! How impossible it becomes to realize them when we re-occupy the familiar places!

But so it was, we reached home. All my anticipations were realized. The old spirit, the old manner, were revived in my wife. At this time an installment of pictures and statues from Italy came to hand. I welcomed them as angels of mercy. When I announced the arrival to my wife, a flush struggled to her cheek, and a radiance to her eye. 'Ha! you think,' said I in my communings, 'that Frank is to be present with you in his works, and that through them you may be in his presence. So you shall, but they shall become only an annoyance and a weariness, — for themselves and for him.'

The statues and pictures were brought to the house and unpacked. My wife was almost tremulous with eagerness to behold them. I had taken care, however, to have a number of acquaintances present, — some of genuine artistic taste,

some of only pretensions, and others utterly ignorant. As the various works were displayed, my artistic friends, as in courtesy bound, and as their merit really deserved, duly eulogized them, and the praises were echoed by the rest. Finally we came to a box which contained a label marked 'The statue of Hope Downcast.' 'Aha! master Frank,' thought I, 'so I have you at last.' I could see my wife quivering with the contest of feeling,—between her annoyance at the presence of visitors, and the necessity of controlling herself and uniting in their commendations.

'Hope Downcast' was raised to the perpendicular, and proved to be a beautiful life-size statue, representing a female figure standing on a rock, in a most dejected attitude, one foot unsandaled, her raiment torn, her hair loose, the fillet which confined it lying parted at her feet, the star upon the fillet deprived of some of its points, and the ordinary emblem of Hope, the anchor, broken at her side. The applicability of the conception to the history of Frank and my wife, I readily understood. My guests broke out into raptures, in which I joined, and, by continual appeals to my wife, constrained her to do the same. I also took the opportunity of inquiring the name of the artist, and requested my wife to express to him the entire satisfaction he had given in the execution of his commission.

The ordeal closed, but was renewed and repeated day after day, till all the poetry and romance connected with our artistic acquisitions was thoroughly destroyed in my wife's mind. They became, as I could easily observe, positively odious to her, and, doubtless, could she have obeyed the promptings of her feelings, she would have trampled on them, and cast them into the street.

But in this disappointment she became so forlorn, so passively desperate, that my heart almost burst at beholding her.

Since my discovery in the conservatory I had often used it for watching my wife,—not of course with any miserable design of playing the spy upon her,—but to observe her various moods, in or-

der to adapt my own conduct and the progress of my system to them. One night, after we had entertained a party of visitors, whom I had made instruments of torture to my wife by their commonplace eulogies of Frank's contributions, I ascended my perch in the conservatory. She was sitting in her apartment, her hands, listlessly clasped, resting on her knees, her form bowed with the most profound dejection, coupled with that indescribable aspect of cold, desperate defiance which I have previously noticed, exhibited in her countenance and position. 'Oh! Frank, Frank!' she seemed to say, 'would that I had forsaken all and fled to Italy with you. There, the creations of your taste and genius would have afforded a solace. Here they are but torments.'

'You shall go to Italy, Evelyn, and have your fill of Frank's society,' said I in my imaginary comment. 'But not yet; the time has not yet come.'

Having permitted her to learn the disappointment derived from the works of art associated with Frank's memory, I now brought into action a scheme for teaching her the pleasure which I could afford. Before our hunting expedition I had purchased a spacious and beautiful mansion, and engaged upholsterers from New York to decorate it, during our absence, in the most elegant style their taste could design. A large apartment had been constructed by my order for the purpose of a private theatre.

I informed Evelyn of my plan, and conveyed her to our destined residence. She was not at first much moved, but after we had entered on possession, and she was thoroughly engaged in selecting an amateur company from our acquaintances and arranging for our forthcoming exhibitions, the old enthusiasm of her former profession revived, and she appeared for the time transported back to the auspicious hours of her young triumphs. 'The School for Scandal' was chosen for our first performance—I of course taking the part of Sir Peter, and she that of Lady Teazle. I did not allow my feelings once to transcend the

part, and in the conclusion looked completely the happy, good-natured, self-satisfied, old husband. Heaven! had her protestations, where the reconciliation occurred, been genuine, and not mere dramatic fiction! The thought almost overpowered me. I could see the young bucks of the city chuckling over my position, and evidently wishing they were in the place of *that old fool!*

I need not relate the innumerable stratagems I devised to employ the attention and heart of my wife in pleasures emanating from myself. I was continually careful, however, to exhibit no sign of tender appreciation, but allowed her to regard them as the mere ordinary gratification of my own whims and wishes. I had now been for about a year disconnected with my business. I had encouraged Evelyn in every species of extravagance, and expended money lavishly in all methods. I was conscious of living far beyond the ability of even my ample means, but there could not be an hesitation or halting. The city looked on me with wonder; some spoke of me as one whom fortune had crazed; others pitied me as the victim of an extravagant wife. My New York partners expostulated with me, and, when my theatrical exhibition reached their ears, hinted at a dissolution. But I was deaf to rumor and reproof.

The person who took the part of Joseph Surface, in our representation of ‘The School for Scandal,’ was an unmarried gentleman of high standing, socially and politically, of middle age, fine presence, and superior abilities. Under polished manners and captivating conversational powers, were concealed persistent passions and a conscience of marble. Before even Evelyn suspected it, I was aware that he had resolved on subduing her to his own designs, for I seemed in all things relating to her to be gifted with preternatural intuitions.

Our next representation was to be ‘The Fatal Marriage,’ in which the person alluded to—whose name was

Sefton—was to take the character of the wooer.

The necessary consultations concerning the production of the piece brought him frequently to my house, and both the excuse and the opportunities it gave were diligently improved.

I had a premonition one evening that his intentions toward Evelyn were then to take some decisive expression. I left my solitary study, of which I have before spoken, and, going home, entered the house softly, and directed my steps towards our theatrical apartment. My confidence in Evelyn was unbounded, but I wished to witness the apprehended collision. Stealing behind the scenery, I saw Evelyn sitting on the stage, with cold and erect pride,—which was yet free from affectation,—and Sefton standing before her, having evidently just concluded speaking.

‘So, sir,’ she said, ‘I have heard you without interruption. But the character you rehearse is inappropriate. You forget that we are now concerned with a piece representing the tribulations of a faithful wife, and not a comedy of the school of Charles the Second. I see that you are sincere; but sincerity renders a bad passion the more hateful. Now leave me. For your own contentment crush it. If this is impossible, conceal it. Should you ever again intimate it by even a glance, I will expel you from my society as I would a viper.’

‘Madam,’ he gasped forth in suppressed rage, ‘I understand you. You shall also understand me, if you now do not. I will reduce your haughty pride. Of this be assured. You play well the rôle of the faithful wife, but I will not do you the injustice of supposing that it is through any regard for him on whose behalf you assume it.’

He would have said more, but Evelyn sprang up, her eyes flashing, and, seizing a dagger which lay on a table among other ‘properties,’ exclaimed, —

‘Begone, sir, or you shall find me an actress who can perform a terrible reality.’

She advanced toward him, and he

turned away, passing out slowly, cowed, but not vanquished. I could see that he was determined to become her master, though it cost him all that he had invested in ambition, honor, and life.

She flung down the dagger, paused till he was out of the house, and then went to her rooms. I emerged from my hiding-place, laughing and sobbing hysterically,—rejoicing over my glorious Evelyn, and bewailing that she was not in truth mine.

A few weeks after this scene, I found on several occasions, when returning home late, that Evelyn was out. I never interfered with her freedom, nor questioned her in regard to any of her proceedings; but, nevertheless, in all cases, as there was no concealment concerning them, I was, by the ordinary channels of social and domestic intercourse, acquainted with them. With regard to the absences alluded to, however, I was at fault. They were not attributable to any of the engagements of society. It became, of course, requisite, as part of my system, to investigate the mystery. So, on a certain evening, after going out apparently as usual, I watched the house, and, shortly after dusk, saw her emerge, clad in plain habiliments, and followed her at a distance through several secluded streets. She stopped at a very ordinary tenement in a remote quarter of the city, and remained till a late hour, when she returned home.

I resolved quietly to take observations, and ascertain the motive for her visit. My intentions were precluded the next morning by the entrance into my place of business of Mr. Sefton, who, after many complimentary and cordial expressions, requested a private conference; which being granted, he said,—

‘My dear Mr. Bell, I wish to speak to you concerning a very delicate and painful matter. I am conscious of involving myself in an affair, which may, perhaps, have unpleasant consequences for me, but my friendship and esteem for you will not permit me to remain quiet concerning a matter which is injurious to your honor.’

He then proceeded to inform me that a certain actor, named Foster, who once had a high reputation, but had become degraded through dissoluteness, recently came to him, apparently in abject poverty and dangerous illness, begging assistance and shelter; that he had placed Foster in a tenement, which he described (the same that I had seen my wife enter), and supplied his wants, but had reason to suppose that Foster was imposing on his charity, having learned from others that, so far from being ill, he was sufficiently able to enjoy his appetites and licentious desires. ‘On going,’ said Mr. Sefton, ‘to reprimand and expel him, he confessed to me that he had taken this method of covering an intrigue with a lady, and assured me he intended to repay all I had advanced him. I became, also,’ continued Mr. Sefton, ‘a witness of an interview with the lady, as she entered while I was there, and Foster, in the haste of the occasion, was obliged to conceal me in an adjoining room. The lady, I was astonished to perceive, was Mrs. Bell. I then recollect that Foster was formerly intimate with her, and that they performed on the stage together. I have deemed it my duty to relate this astounding development to you.’

I received Mr. Sefton’s announcement in all seriousness, and thanked him. What would he have me do? He replied that my own judgment must dictate, but that he supposed it would be best for all parties to remove quietly to another State and apply for a divorce. I promised to consider the matter, and after many mutual compliments he departed.

‘What does this mean?’ I mused. ‘The supposition of an intrigue is preposterous. Probably Foster has merely deceived Evelyn as he did Sefton, in order to obtain her bounty. But why make her visits so secret? That is easily explained;—she does not wish to be connected publicly with any unhappy sequences of her former histrionic career. I will have an interview with Foster before proceeding further.’

I visited him that night, pushing into the house immediately after the black female servant who opened the door, lest I should be refused admittance. I found Foster in a half-intoxicated condition, seated comfortably at a table, with a pipe in his hand, and liquor before him.

'I am Mr. Bell,' said I, 'and had learned from my wife of your destitute condition, which I came to relieve. But you appear in excellent circumstances.'

Through his intoxication there was an evidence of confusion, as he stammered out,—

'Yes, sir; much obliged to you. Take a seat — a seat. Good spell now. Doctor prescribes a little comfort, you know, old boy!'

'A very kind doctor, I should judge, Mr. Foster, and I am glad to find you in such a good condition. Suppose I take a glass with you ?'

'Certainly. Very happy — happy. Your health, sir.'

'I hope, sir,' I said, 'that you will

soon recover, after the attentions of my wife and Mr. Sefton.'

'Sefton !' he exclaimed. 'Rascal ! D—d rascal ! sir.' He continued murmuring in his throat, 'Rascal ! D—d rascal !'

'I'll take another glass,' said I. 'The liquor is very good — very good, sir. Who furnishes it ?'

'Liquor ! Yes — very good ! Sefton — yes, Sefton sent it. Rascal ! D—d rascal !' (in a murmur, as before.)

'Now, Foster,' said I, 'I am rich. There is a purse, — and pretty well filled. I will give it to you, and others like it, if you will tell me why Sefton is a rascal, and how you happen to be connected with him.'

His eyes glistened with greediness, as I anticipated. He grasped the purse and thrust it into his pocket, then immediately pulled it out, tossed it on the table, leaned his head down on his arms and began to sob, all in the most maudlin manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

NOT now, my tongue, to legends old,
Or tender lays of sunny clime ;
A sterner tale must now be told,
Deep thoughts must burn in warlike rhyme ;
For Freedom, with a mighty throe,
Rouses from sleep to active life,
And loud her clarion trumpets blow,
To summon men to join the strife.

The seed, which long ago was sown
By free New England's rock-bound rills,
At length, in noble vigor grown,
Casts branches o'er the Southern hills.
Far o'er the prairies of the West
Rings Freedom's thrilling battle-cry,
Re-echoed where each mountain crest
Lifts Maine's dark forests to the sky.

Go forth, ye warriors for the right!
Lift high the banner of the free!
Shine far into Oppression's night,
Bright oriflamme of Liberty!
For, God be praised, the lowering cloud
So long impending overhead,
Which nations thought our funeral shroud,
Shall prove our victory-robe instead.

O maiden, who with tender smile,
O wife, who with enslaving kiss,
Some dearly loved one would beguile
From duty in a field like this;
Conjure before thy tearful sight
The glories future years shall know,
Unclasp thine arms — in Freedom's fight,
Bid him be valiant, — bid him, ‘go.’

Be with him both in camp, in field,
With tender thought and earnest prayer;
Think, those who Freedom's weapons wield,
God makes his own peculiar care.
And if he fall, — as chance he may, —
Rejoice the glorious boon is thine,
To lay thy heart-flowers of a day
On Freedom's grand, eternal shrine!

O warrior, nerve thy courage well!
For fierce and stern the strife will be, —
Oppression, Wrong, the powers of hell,
War against Right and Liberty.
Fight, for the victory must be thine;
No nobler strife the world has known
Since first the Saviour, all divine,
Brought life to man from God's high throne.

And ye, who sit in seats of power,
The instruments of God's high will,
Be ye not wanting in this hour
So big with future good or ill.
Fail not, for Freedom's car rolls on
Resistless in its glorious way;
Some shall to honor be upborne,
They who oppose be crushed to clay.

Hark! from the sunny Southern plains
There comes a sound still swelling on,
The clanking of a million chains,
The cry, the groan, the lash, the moan.

That sound for years has gone on high;
 The hour of judgment comes apace,
 The day of right and liberty,
 Of freedom for the human race.

Speed, speed the day, O righteous God,
 To break the fetters, dry the tears,
 To raise the slave, so long downtrod,
 Through the dark age of by-gone years!
 Give but to us the sword of power,
 To work thy ends, in thine own way,
 To see the promise of the hour
 Of this the world's most glorious day.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

IN the tense, absorbing excitement of our life-and-death-struggle for national existence, events which in calmer times would quicken every pulse, and arrest universal attention, pass all but unnoticed; as historians record that during the battle between Hannibal and the Romans by the Lake Thrasymene, the earth was shaken and upheaved by a great natural convulsion, without attracting the observation of the fierce, eager combatants; or, as Byron tersely phrases it,

‘An earthquake rolled unheededly away,’
 being regarded, if regarded at all, as one of the incidents of the tremendous collision of Europe with Africa.

When, early in March, 1844, John C. Fremont, with thirty or forty followers, astonished Captain Sutter by dropping down from the Sierra Nevada upon his *ranch* on the Sacramento, the old Switzer could not have been more completely dumbfounded had he been told that his visitors had just descended from the clouds, than he was by the truthful assurance that they were an exploring party, who had left the United States only ten months before, and had since made their way across the continent. To pass the Sierra in winter had hith-

erto been deemed an impossibility, and, indeed, the condition of Fremont’s surviving beasts of burden—thirty-three out of the sixty-seven with which he started—proved the presumption not far out of the way. To traverse the continent at all, even in summer, on a line stretching due west from the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Potomac, to the Pacific Ocean, was an unattempted feat, whereof the hardships, the dangers, were certain, and the success exceedingly doubtful. A very few parties of daring adventurers had, during several of the six or eight preceding summers, pushed up the Platte from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, followed the Sweetwater from the point where the North Platte emerges from the heart of those mountains, running to the northward, and having thus passed through the great central chain of North America (for the Sweetwater heads on the west side of the mountain range, and the South Pass, through which it seeks the Platte, is a broad elevated gap, wherein the face of the country is but moderately rolling, and the trail better than almost any where else), turned abruptly to the north-west, crossed the Green River source of the Colorado, which leads a hundred miles

farther north, and soon struck across a mountainous water-shed to the Lewis or Snake branch of the Columbia, which they followed down to the great river of the west, and thus reached the coveted shore of the Pacific,—that Oregon which they had chosen as their future home, mainly because it was, of all possible Eldorados, the farthest and the least accessible. Trappers, hunters, and Indian traders, few in numbers, and generally men of desperate fortunes, who realized that

'The world was not their friend, nor the world's law,'

had, for several decades, penetrated every glen of the Rocky Mountains, and traced every affluent of the great river in quest of their respective prey; but the wild, desolate region watered by the Colorado, the Humboldt, or the streams that are lost in the Great Salt Lake, or some smaller absorbent of the scanty waters of the Great Basin, had never proved attractive to our borderers, and for excellent reasons. It is, as a whole, so arid, so sterile (though its valleys do not lack fertility wherever their latent capacities can be developed by irrigation), and its game is so scanty and worthless, that old Bridger (pioneer of settlers at the military post in northern Utah, now known as Fort Bridger) was probably the only American who had made his home in the Great Basin when Fremont's exploring party first pitched their tents by the border of Great Salt Lake, in September, 1843.

The discovery of gold in California, in the summer of 1847, closely following the military occupation and conquest of that country by the United States, wrought a great and sudden revolution. Of the few Americans in that region prior to 1846, probably nine tenths had rounded Cape Horn to reach it, while the residue had made their way across Mexico or the Isthmus of Darien. It was 'a far coy' at best, and very tedious as well as difficult of attainment. We have in mind an American of decided energy, who, starting from Illinois

in May or June, 1840, with a party of adventurers, mainly mounted, reached the mouth of the Columbia, overland, in December, and California, by water, in the course of the winter; and who, starting again for California, via Panama, in the summer of 1847, was nine months in reaching his destination. But the tidings that the shining dross was being and to be picked up by the handful on the tributaries of the Sacramento wrought like magic. Early in 1849, steamships were dispatched from New York for Chagres, at the mouth of the river of like name on the Isthmus of Darien, whence crowds of eager gold-seekers made their way across, as they best might, to Panama, being taken in small, worthless boats up the river, so far as its navigation was practicable,—say sixty miles,—and thence, mounted on donkeys or mules, for the residue of the distance, which was perhaps half as far. Short as this portage was, it soon came to be regarded with a terror by no means unjustified. The ascent of the rapid, shallow, tortuous stream was at once difficult and dangerous; the boats were of the rudest construction; the boatmen little better than savages; rains fell incessantly for a good part of each year; the warm, moist, relaxing climate bred fevers in the blood of a considerable percentage of those so suddenly and so utterly exposed to its malarious influences; while the road from Cruces, at the head of navigation, being but a rugged bridle-path at best, was soon worn by incessant travel into the most detestable compound of rock and mire that ever aggravated the miseries of human life. Arrived at quaint, dull old Panama, the early adventurers long awaited with fierce impatience the steamers which were to have anticipated their coming, and been ready to speed them on their way; and many were goaded into taking passage on sailing vessels, which were months in beating up to the Golden Gate against the gentle but persistent breezes from the west and north-west which mainly prevail on that coast. Rarely has human endurance been put to severer tests than in the earlier years of

gold-seeking travel by the Isthmus route to California.

The Panama Railroad — commenced in 1850, and finished in 1855, at a total cost of \$7,500,000, for a length of forty-seven and a half miles — very considerably reduced the expense, whether in time or money, of the Isthmus transit, diminishing its miseries and perils in still greater proportion. It is one of the noblest achievements, whereof our countrymen are fairly entitled to the full credit. A ship-canal or railroad across the Isthmus had been proposed, and commended, and surveyed for and estimated upon, by French, South American, and other officials and engineers; but the execution of the work was left to our countrymen, and not in vain. Contractor after contractor abandoned the undertaking in despair; hundreds, if not thousands, of laborers — Irish, Chinese, and others — were sacrificed to the deadly miasma of the swamps and tropical jungle which thickly stud the route. But the work was at last completed, and the railroad has now been some six years in constant operation, reducing the average length of the actual transit from a week to two hours, and its expense and peril to an inappreciable quantity. It is a cheering fact that the capitalists who invested their faith and their means in this beneficent enterprise have already had returned to them in dividends the full amount of their outlay, and are now receiving twenty per cent. per annum. Their road has shortened the average Isthmus passage to and from California by at least a full week, and immensely diminished the danger of loss by robbery, accident, or exposure, beside building up a large trade which but for it would have had no existence.

Yet the Isthmus route to California is only by comparison acceptable, even for passengers and goods, while for mails it was at best but endurable. It is nearly twice the length of the direct route from the Atlantic seaboard, while for the residents of the Ewart Valley it is intolerably circuitous. A letter mailed at St. Paul for Astoria or Oregon City, or at

Omaha for Sacramento, must, under the regimen of the last ten years, be conveyed overland to New York, or by steamboat to New Orleans, where it might have to wait ten or twelve days for an Isthmus steamship, making a circuit of twice to thrice the distance by a direct route to its destination. There has been, indeed, for some four years past, a tri-weekly overland mail from St. Louis via New Mexico and Arizona to San Diego, in the extreme south of California, — a route nearly a thousand miles longer than it need or should have been, and evincing a perverse ingenuity in the avoidance not only of Salt Lake and Carson Valley, but even of Santa Fe. This long and mischievous detour — one of the latest of our wholesale sacrifices to Southern jealousy and greed — has at length been definitely abandoned, and, instead of a tri-weekly mail via Elposo and the Gila, together with a weekly by Salt Lake, and a fortnightly or tri-monthly by the Isthmus, we have now one daily mail on the direct overland route from the Missouri, at St. Joseph or Omaha, via the Platte, North Platte, Sweetwater, South Pass, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake, Simpson's route, Carson Valley, and thence across the Sierra Nevada to Placerville and San Francisco, in shorter time than was usually made by way of the Isthmus, at less cost than that of the three mails which it replaces, while the immense advantage of a daily mail each way, over a tri-monthly or even weekly, needs no elucidation. The territories of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, are thus brought into intimate and constant communication with the loyal States, and made to feel the mighty pulsations of the National heart, in this heroic and eventful crisis of the Republic's history.

But this not all, nor the best. The old Congress, among its many wise and beneficent measures, enacted that the government should aid whatever company would for the lowest annual stipend establish and maintain a line of Electric Telegraph from Missouri or Iowa to California. A contract was accordingly

made with the Western Union Telegraph Company, under which active operations were commenced last spring, under surveys previously made. The grand train of four hundred men, one hundred great prairie wagons, and six or eight hundred mules or oxen,—a portion of the cattle for the subsistence of the party,—started westward from Omaha, Nebraska, in June last, and on the 4th of July commenced pushing on the construction at the point which it had already reached, some two or three hundred miles further west in the valley of the Platte. It may give to some an idea of the destination of timber on the great American Desert, to know that the greatest distance over which poles had to be drawn for the elevation of the wires of this telegraph was *only* 240 miles! Fresh teams were from time to time dispatched on the track of the working carts with additional supplies, and the line was pushed through to Salt Lake City by the 18th of October. Six days afterward, that point was reached by a like party, working eastward from Carson Valley, on behalf of the United Telegraph Companies of California, and the young Hercules by the Pacific vied with the infantile but vigorous territories this side of her in flashing to Washington and New York assurances of their invincible devotion to the indivisible American Union. So great and difficult an enterprise was probably never before so expeditiously and happily achieved in the experience of mankind.

The distance—some 1,500 miles—over which a working line of electric telegraph has thus been constructed and put in operation in the course of a single season is one of the minor obstacles surmounted. The want of timber is far more serious. From the sink of Carson River, less than one hundred miles this side of the Sierra, to the point at which the construction of the line was commenced on the Platte as aforesaid, there is no place at which a tree can fall across the fragile wires; there is probably less timber in sight on that whole sixteen hundred miles than is to-day standing in some single county

of New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. From the forks of the Platte to the valley of the Sacramento, there is not a stick of growing timber that would make a decent axe-helve, much less a substantial axletree. The Sierra Nevada are heavily though not densely wooded nearly to their summits, but mainly with stately evergreens, including a brittle and worthless live oak; but the tough, enduring hickory, the lithe and springy white ash, the ironwood, beech, and sugar maple, are nowhere to be seen. A low, scrubby cedar and a small, scraggy white pine thinly cover a portion of the hills and low mountains of Utah; the former is shorter than it should be for telegraph poles, but stanch and durable, and is made to do. The detestable cotton-wood, most worthless of trees, yet a great deal better than none, thinly skirts the banks of the Platte and its affluents, in patches that grow more and more scarce as you travel westward, until you only see them ‘afar off’ on the sides of some of the mountains that enclose the South Pass. The Colorado has a still scantier allowance of this miserable wood; but the cedars meet you as you ascend from its valley to the hills that surround Fort Bridger. Where cotton-wood is used for poles,—and there are hundreds of miles where no other tree is found,—it will have to be replaced very frequently; for it decays rapidly, and has a fancy for twisting itself into all manner of ungainly shapes when cut and exposed to the sun and parching winds of the plains.

Water, next to wood, is the great want of the plains and of the Great Basin. Travel along either base of the Rocky Mountains, and you are constantly meeting joyous, bounding streams, flowing rapidly forth from each ravine and coursing to the arid plain; but follow them a few miles and they begin to diminish in volume, and, unless intercepted by a copious river, often dwindle to nothing. The Republican fork of the Kansas or Kaw River, after a course of some thirty to fifty miles, sinks suddenly into its bed, which thence for twenty miles exhibits

nothing but a waste of yellow sand. Of course there are seasons when this bed is covered with water throughout; but I describe what I saw early in June, when a teamster dug eight feet into that sand without finding a drop of the coveted liquid for his thirst-maddened oxen. Two months later, I observed the dry bed stretched several miles farther up and down what in winter is the river. Passing over to Big Sandy, the most northerly tributary of the Arkansas, I found dry sand (often incrusted with some white alkaline deposit) the rule; water the rare exception throughout the twenty or thirty miles of its course nearest its source. At Denver, on the 6th of June, Cherry Creek contributed to the South Platte a volume amply sufficient to run an ordinary grist-mill; ten days afterwards its bed was dry as a doctrinal sermon. My first encampment on the North Platte above Laramie was by a sparkling, dancing stream a yard wide, which could hardly have been forced through a nine-inch ring; but though its current was rapid and the Platte but three miles off, the thirsty earth and air drank up every drop by the way. Big Sandy, Little Sandy and *Dry* Sandy are the three tributaries to be crossed between South Pass and the Colorado, and the latter justifies its name through the better part of each year. Golden River runs through too deep a narrow valley and bears too strong a current from the snowy peaks in which it heads to be thus dried up; so with Bear, Welso, and the Timpanagos or Jordan, the principal affluents of Salt Lake, which tumble and roar between lofty peaks the greater part of their respective courses; but when you have crossed the Jordan, moving California-ward, you will not find another decent mill-stream for the five hundred miles that you traverse on your direct (Simpson's) route to the sink of the Carson. At intervals which seem very long, you find a spring, a scanty but welcome stream rushing down between two mountains, to be speedily drunk up by the thirsty plain and valley at their base; but you will oftener pass some 'sink' or

depression below the general level of the valley you are traversing, where a shrewd guess has led to brackish or sulphurous water by digging two or three feet. A mail station-keeper lost his oxen, at a point a hundred miles south-west of Salt Lake; they had wandered southward on the desert, and he followed their trail for (as he estimated) a hundred miles, without finding a drop of water, when he gave them up, still a day's tramp ahead of him, and turned back to save his own life and that of his suffering horse. He might, I presume, have gone a hundred miles further without finding aught to drink but their blood.

This dearth of wood and water can hardly be realized from any mere description. A life-long denizen of Europe, or of the cis-Alleghany portion of this continent, is so accustomed to the unfailing presence or nearness of trees and springs, or streams, that he naturally supposes them as universal as the air we breathe. In a New Englander's crude conception, trees spring up and grow to stately maturity wherever they are not repressed by constant vigilance and exertion, while brooks and rivers are implied by the existence of hills and valleys, nay, of any land whatever. But as you travel westward with the Missouri, springs, streams, woods, become palpably scarcer and scarcer, until, unless in the immediate valley of the Platte, Arkansas, or some more northerly river that rushes full-fed from a long course among the snow-crowned peaks of the Rocky Mountains, your eye ranges over a vast expanse whereon neither forest, grove, nor even a single tree, is visible. If the country is rolling, springs may at long intervals be found by those who know just where to seek them; but streams are few and scanty, save in winter, and in later summer they disappear almost entirely. Beyond Salt Lake, the destitution of wood in Utah and Nevada is far less than on the Plains, but that of water is even greater. Fifty miles from water to water is the lowest interval in my experience on Simpson's route; but I only traversed the eastern half of it, turning thence abruptly north-

ward to strike the valley of the Humboldt (formerly known as the St. Mary's), which rising in the north-west corner of the new Territory of Nevada, hardly fifty miles from the southern or Lewis branch of the Columbia, flows southward from the Goose Creek Mountains that cradled and nourished it, and thence hardly maintains its volume (which is that of a decent mill stream) in its generally south-west course of three hundred and fifty miles, till it is two thirds lost in a lake and the residue in a reedy slough or sink, a hundred miles from the Sierra Nevada and forty from the similar sink of the Carson, a larger and less impulsive stream which drains a considerable section of the eastern declivity of the Sierra Nevada only to meet this inglorious end. Doubtless, the time has been when a large portion of western Nevada formed one great lake or inland sea, whereof Pyramid and Mud Lakes, and the sinks respectively of the Carson, Walker and Humboldt rivers, are all that the thirsty earth and air have left us. The forty miles of low, flat, naked desert—in part of heavy, wearying sand—that now separates the sink of the Humboldt from that of the Carson, was evidently long under water, and might, to all human perception, have better remained so.

I can not comprehend those who talk of the Plains and the more intensely arid wilds which mainly compose Utah and Nevada becoming a great stock-growing region. Even California, though its climate favors the rapid multiplication and generous growth of cattle and sheep, can never sustain so many animals to the square mile as the colder and more rugged hills of New York and New England, because of the intense protracted drouth of its summers, which suffer no blade of grass to grow throughout the six later months of every year. Animals live and thrive on the dead-ripe herbage of the earlier months; but a large area is soon exhausted by a herd, which must be pastured elsewhere till the winter rains ensure a renewal of vegetation.

But the grasses of the Great Valley and of a large portion of the Plains are

exceedingly scanty where they exist at all, so that the teams and herds annually driven across them by emigrants and traders suffer fearfully, and are often decimated by hunger, though they carefully seek out and adhere to the trails whereon feed is least scanty. Many a weary day's journey, even along the valleys of the North Platte and Sweetwater, brings to view too little grass to sustain the life of a moderate herd; those who have traversed the South Pass in June will generally have just escaped starvation, leaving to those that come straggling or tottering after them a very poor feed. The carcasses of dead animals, in every stage of decomposition, thickly stud the great trail from the banks of the Platte westward to the passes of the Sierra Nevada, and, I presume, to the banks of the Columbia, bearing mute but impressive testimony to the chronic inhospitality of the Great American Desert, which is almost everywhere thinly overgrown by worthless shrubs, known to travelers as grease-wood and sage brush;—the former prickly and repellent, but having a waxy or resinous property which renders it useful to emigrants as fuel; the latter affording shelter and subsistence to rabbits and a poor species of grouse known as the 'sage hen,' but utterly worthless to man and to the beasts obedient to his sway.

Yet the daily Overland Mail is an immense, a cheering fact, and the Pacific Telegraph another. A message dispatched from any village blessed with electric wires on poles in the Atlantic States will probably reach its destination in any city or considerable settlement of California or Nevada within a few hours, while every transpiring incident of the war for the Union is directly flashed across the continent to the journals of Sacramento and San Francisco, and will often be devoured by their readers on the evening after its occurrence. The Republic may well be proud of having achieved two such strides in her onward, upward course, in the midst of a great and desolating

war, and with confidence implore a God of beneficent justice to hasten the auspicious day when we shall be able to telegraph her children by the far Pacific

that her enemies are baffled, vanquished, humbled, and that there opens again before her a long vista of unbroken and honorable peace.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE DARKIES.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAN FOR SAVING THE UNION ON SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

THERE can be no question that the overwhelming difficulty of the present day, is the proper disposal of the Negro.

The writer of these lines takes the liberty of believing that the war is virtually a settled affair. There has been, there is, no diminution of Northern determination to push on and keep pushing until the wings of the eagle again stretch from Maine to the Rio Grande. The administration is sustained, as from the first, by ever increasing majorities. The daily defeats of those politicians who are known to sympathize with secession, the wreck of the peace party, and the growing indignation of the country, as manifested against all half-way men and measures, are becoming what in sober seriousness can not be regarded as other than a tremendous moral spectacle. *In medio non tutissimus ibis.*

Yet at the bottom of this foaming cup of joy remain the black dregs. I would not invidiously compare the unfortunate black to the 'dregs of the populace,' since labor in any form must not be lightly spoken of. But it would be the weakest of euphemisms to affect ignorance of the social position which he occupies, and which, not to increase the misery of his position, is indubitably 'at the bottom of the ladder.' But that which is at the bottom of the ladder may seriously affect its position and standing. There is a fearful and thrilling illustration of this, to be found in a popular cut graphically described in these words :

A negro on the top of a high ladder, white-washing, a hog lifting it up from beneath. 'G'way dar, — you'm makin' mischief.'

President Lincoln is understood to favor emigration. This looks well. Carry the blacks away to Liberia. Unfortunately I am informed that *eight and a half Great Easterns*, each making one trip per month, could only export the annual increase of our Southern slaves. This speaks in thunder tones, even to the welkin, and provokes a scream from the eagle. It is impossible.

But what shall we do with our blacks, since it is really impossible, then, to export the dark, industrial, productive, proletarian, operative, laboring element from our midst ?

I suggest as a remedy that they continue in our midst, with this amendment, that they be concentrated in that same 'midst' and the 'midst' be removed a little to one side. In other words, let us centre them all in one State, *that State to be South Carolina.*

The justice of this arrangement must be apparent to every one. It is evident that if the present occupation by our troops continue much longer, there will be no white men left in South Carolina, neither is it likely that they will ever return. Terror and pride combined must ever keep the native whites from repopulating that region. And, as South Carolina was especially the State which brought about this war, for the express purpose of making the black man the basis of its society, there would be a wonderful and fearful propriety in carrying out that theory, or 'sociology,' even to perfection; making the negro not only the basis of society, but *all* society there whatever, — top, bottom, and sides.

It is true that this absolute perfection of their theory was never contemplated even by the celebrated Hammond. But truth compels the deduction, and reason admits it. *Verus in uno, verus in omnibus.*

I trust that the reader will not be startled, nor accuse the writer of these lines of lacking patriotism, when he avows that since the Southern social philosophers have boldly started a tremendous and original theory, he should be very sorry not to see it fairly tested, tried, and worked out. Every great doctrine or idea, be it for good or evil, must and will work itself out, that of mudsill-ism and negro labor among the rest. Only I claim that it should be complete in its elements, eliminated of what the African, with a fine intuition of the truth, ingenuously terms ‘de wite trash,’—yes, in the Southern social scheme the whites *are* trash,—and they only find their place as a sort of useless ornament, non-productive and inoperative, even according to their own ideas. Therefore the ‘wite trash’ must be eliminated.

There is yet another and a very beautiful argument to be adduced in favor of colonizing South Carolina with ‘contrabands.’ It must be apparent to the blindest eye that the negro inclines idiosyncratically to Southern institutions far more zealously than even Mr. Jefferson Davis can be presumed to do. He is the most driving of drivers, the severest of overseers, the most aristocratic of aristocrats, the most Southern of Southerners. The planter despises poverty, but what is his contempt of a poor white man compared to that of his slave for such wretchedness? What indeed is the negro but an intensified Creole? His very color reflects that of his swarthy lord. The planter is tanned, but the negro is ‘black and tanned,’—tanned always on the face, and not unfrequently on the back!

The black, left to his own instincts in Africa, develops the Southern sociology to a degree which casts entirely into pitiable pettiness the puling despotism of the calaboose and slave market. Witness Dahomey, where all lives, all

fortunes, all persons, are coördinated in one perfect ‘system’ of subjugation to one sable Jefferson Davis Gezo, who is *de jure divino* husband by a sublime fiction of law to every woman on the sacred soil of Africa, and master of the lives of all of both sexes. What to this stupendous and perfect theory is the impotent and imperfect scheme so lamely announced by the sociologists of the C. S. A.?

I claim that by every law of logic the Southern philosophers have proclaimed themselves inferior to the negro, and worthy to be swept away to make place for him. They have claimed for him the most important place in the body politic, and as, *ex uno discit omnes*, the whole should be homogeneous with a part, especially the main part, it follows that the negro, and the negro alone, should be allowed to rule in a land where, as Southerners declare, ‘God clearly intended him to live.’ Now if God clearly intended him to live there, it must follow that he did not intend white men to reside in those regions. It may be observed in this connection that the *Bible* forms the great basis of all Southern argument. If a Northern writer advances any of the ignorant and impious doctrines, so common among his kind, against slavery, he is promptly and properly met with the query, ‘Do you believe in the *Bible*?’ Now the *Bible* endorses slavery past, and ‘of course’ slavery present. But the *Bible* also insists that the curse of labor was laid on man by the eating of the apple. On *all* men, be it observed, without distinction of color. But the Southerners have claimed, time and again, that ‘only the black can work in the South.’ Therefore it logically results, on Southern grounds, that the white man has no business whatever in the South, since he *must* work somewhere, and it can not be in the land of rice and cotton. Who then should inhabit that sunny clime save the ‘contraband’—who should there claim the respect due to the lord of the soil if not he?

‘Yo que soy contrabandista
Y campo à mé respeto.’

The more I study this subject the

more does my soul expand in awe as I watch the fearful unfoldings of the terrible moral law which governs the actions of humanity. Ah, Heaven! it is fearful, it is awful to consider how ignorantly we begin our beginnings without anticipating the marvelous endings to which they rise, even as a match ignorantly lighted may explode the dusky grain which sends a city skyward! The South has toiled to elaborate a philosophy and an empire on the Nigger—and, lo! at the end thereof looms up the tremendous Afreet realm of a perfect Niggerdom, in which the white element, which first started it into life, must logically be swept away, like the worthless *exuviae* of a shell from the head of a young dragon.

As one who boldly claims respect for the ‘system’ of the Southern Confederacy, but who wishes for its perfect development, I therefore suggest that South

Carolina be set aside for the great experiment. Let the negro be there allowed to congregate and expand even to his utmost capacity. Let all the poetry and beauty of Southern institutions be concentrated in that happy realm, where, amid the groans of endless labor and the swinging of countless whips, he may show the world what he may become. Already the South has proved his capacity to work sixteen hours a day and dance all night—perhaps under *black* rulers he may be brought to work twenty hours a day, and give up dancing altogether. I claim, as one holding advanced Southern views, that this proposition be allowed a fair trial. If not, I shall at least have the satisfaction of having put my views before the world to bide their time. A truth never dies. Coming ages will at least do me justice. *Magna est Veritas et prevalebit.*

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN NEW YORK.

THE National Convention which in 1787 framed the Federal Constitution, despite its firmness and patriotism, was, like all public bodies, evidently not entirely devoid of a spirit of compromise. A majority of its members were desirous of freeing the institutions of the young nation from the burden of slavery, and yet they consented to engrave the following provision upon the body of our American fundamental law:—

“The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808.”

Congress was awake, however, even during the administration of Washington, to its duty in the matter, and an act was passed declaring the slave-trade to be piracy. Twenty years afterward the principal European sovereigns united

in the same declaration, and so the execrable commerce was hurled beyond the pale of international law. There is now no probability that it will ever regain its rank ‘on change.’ But its illegitimation does not seem to have greatly circumscribed its activity. In the face of apparent danger, it has continued to flourish, and there has been hardly more risk to a *pirate* with a living cargo from Gaboon, than would be encountered by an ordinary merchantman from pirates in the Gulf. Indeed, there were many who believed and feared, prior to the breaking out of the present rebellion, that the next compromise between the North and South would be the repeal of all laws prohibiting the African slave-trade. So rapidly yet so insidiously was the South obtaining an entire control in the councils of the nation.

It was notorious that a large propor-

tion of the vessels which were engaged in the infamous traffic were owned and fitted out by Northern capitalists. The General Government did not exert itself in good faith to carry out either its treaty stipulations nor the legislation of Congress in regard to the matter. If a vessel was captured, her owners were permitted to bond her, and thus continue her in the trade; and if any man was convicted of this form of piracy, the executive always interposed between him and the penalty of his crime. The laws providing for the seizure of vessels engaged in the traffic were so constructed as to render the duty unremunerative; and marshals now find their fees for such services to be actually less than their necessary expenses. No one who bears this fact in mind will be surprised at the great indifference of these officers to the continuing of the slave-trade; in fact, he will be ready to learn that the laws of Congress upon the subject had become a dead letter, and that the suspicion was well grounded that certain officers of the Federal Government had actually connived at their violation.

The number of persons engaged in the slave-trade, and the amount of capital embarked in it, exceed our powers of calculation. The city of New York has been until of late the principal port of the world for this infamous commerce; although the cities of Portland and Boston are only second to her in that distinction. Slave dealers added largely to the wealth of our commercial metropolis; they contributed liberally to the treasuries of political organizations, and their bank accounts were largely depleted to carry elections in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. It was natural for the leaders of the party which they had aided, to accord to them, as an equivalent, many facilities for carrying on their business. There is indeed no occasion for wonder at the countenance and impunity long given to such auxiliaries. If a few of them chanced to be of Knickerbocker stock, and to bear the talisman which affords admission to the higher circles of Gothamite respectability, it is

only what might have been expected. There are such men everywhere, even in the Tombs.

It requires no miraculous gift to be able to perceive why the late administration at Washington was sensitive as to the visitation of American vessels of doubtful character, by the officers of British cruisers. There was no principle at stake; but the slave-dealing interest had demanded as an immunity, that the piece of bunting known as the American flag should be allowed to protect from scrutiny every suspicious ship over which it should be raised. They had the power or influence to command; and the administration obeyed.

The present administration appears to have awakened somewhat to this subject. The principal appointments for the Atlantic ports were given to men of anti-slavery proclivities. The new marshal of the southern district of New York was of different material from his predecessors, and fortunately he was no novice. He was familiar with the habits of the men engaged in the slave trade; he was ambitious and eager to signalize himself for efficiency. In three months he had seized nine vessels, and arrested twenty-eight men who had outfitted, commanded, or served on them.

The Secretary of the Interior now resolved that the business should be broken up in every port of the United States. He accordingly issued an order to the several marshals of the States and districts lying upon the seaboard, directing them to assemble at the city of New York, on the fifteenth day of August, 1861, for the purpose of agreeing upon a system of measures for the effectual suppression of the slave-trade in American ports.

Burton's old Theatre, formerly dedicated to the 'sock and buskin,' and famous during the religious revival of 1858, was now occupied by this convention of marshals. Waiving unnecessary parliamentary usages, these ministers of the law sat with closed doors, and discussed familiarly the business in which they had engaged. They investigated care-

fully the whole subject in its minuter details, and visited the slave brigs and schooners which had been captured and were then lying at the Atlantic Dock in Brooklyn. A plan of operations was concerted, by which the marshals of the different districts should co-operate with each other in detecting and bringing to justice persons guilty of participating in the slave-trade. The results of this measure can not fail to be beneficial; and, indeed, the marshals have already become so active and efficient, that the capitalists who have maintained this branch of commerce are actually contemplating its transferment to European ports. So much for the convocation at Burton's Theatre. Let us now examine the principal features of the traffic, and the practices of those by whom it is conducted.

SLAVE DEALING IN NEW YORK.

The principal slave captains and chief officers of vessels engaged in the slave-trade have their residences and boarding-places in the eastern wards of the city, most of them being between James and Houston Streets. They are known to every one who has an investment in the business. Indeed, they are all members of a secret fraternity, having its signs, grips, and pass-words. 'While I was in Eldridge-street jail,' said one of them, 'Captain Loretto was captured and brought there. He did not know any one, but I shook hands with him, and we became acquainted at once.'

The arrival of a slave captain from one voyage is the signal for preparation for another. Negotiations are carried on, generally in the first-class hotels. The contracts for the City of Norfolk and several other notorious slavers were made at the Astor House. The risk of detection is less at such a public place than it would be at a private office.

A man who had failed in business on Greenwich Street was recently engaged in fitting out these vessels for their African voyage. He was first sent to procure apparatus for the refining of palm oil. This was but a blind, the practice being to take out the machinery,

and employ the boiler for culinary purposes, until the vessels had got out to sea, and there was no farther necessity for duping inquisitive persons. This man was also commissioned to purchase wooden ware, champagne, and other necessary articles. Such were the business agents and their duty; all was liberally paid for and promptly supplied.

As soon as a vessel is ready and officered for the voyage, measures are taken to procure a crew. Slave-traders employ for this the services of 'runners,' who constitute a caste of pariahs of the most degraded kind. A conscientious scruple would seem never to enter into their calculations. They would hardly recognize a precept of the decalogue except by the circumstance of its violation. Earning their livelihood thus basely, debauchery and crime constitute their every-day history. These persons keep a record of the names of men who have served on slave ships, or been guilty of mutiny, or other villainy. So accurate is their information and so expert are they in their estimate of character, that they seldom commit a blunder, or furnish a seaman who is not the man for the vocation. The crew which they select are indeed 'picked men.' They are of every nationality, and are taken from the seamen's boarding-houses in the lower wards of the city.

A few years since, the information was received in New York that a yacht was lying in Long Island Sound, and that circumstances warranted the suspicion that she was intended for the slave-trade. The marshal, with a display of enthusiastic zeal for the execution of the laws, proceeded to the place with a strong force of assistants, and took charge of the yacht; but subsequent investigations failed to criminate her. The reputed owner declared that he had fitted her out for a pleasure excursion; that was all. The vessel was discharged, and a few months afterward landed a cargo of negroes on the coast of Georgia. So easy has it been to deceive the Federal officers. The owner of the yacht afterward declared that he paid ten thousand

dollars to get his vessel clear of the harbor of New York.

The obtaining of a clearance at the custom-house was not a very difficult matter. Slavers were never detained by any extraordinary curiosity on the part of those having cognizance of their departure. They had but to assume a transparent disguise, raise the American flag, and keep up the show till they arrived at the intermediate port. Here the national ensign was changed, the papers of the vessel were altered, and necessary arrangements were made for receiving a cargo of slaves.

Factories or agencies are maintained on the African coast, where the vessels obtain their living freight. The captains seldom go on shore except for purpose of observation. Each vessel generally takes with her from New York a Spaniard to transact the business. The complement being obtained, it only remains to get away and beyond the cruisers. The action of the Federal government, some years since, in relation to the visitation of vessels, has been effectual in impairing the energy of the British squadron, which has been maintained on the coast of Africa, pursuant to the treaty of Washington. As for the American squadron, it never co-operated heartily in the matter of suppressing the slave-trade; and the vessels were generally absent for the purpose of obtaining coal, or for repairs, whenever there was opportunity of making a capture.

But the capitalists of New York do not depend entirely upon these precautions. Their vessels are occasionally taken; and then the men on board must be protected, or they will disclose everything. Not only are appliances used to make an examination result in a discharge, but a corps of attorneys is kept under pay to defend those who fall within the clutches of the law. The impunity which has attended these men is notorious.

CAPTAIN LATHAM.

Some time ago the brig Cora was cap-

tured at sea and brought by a prize crew to the port of New York. Her commander, Captain Latham, was incarcerated in Eldridge-street jail. Hendrickson, the mate, was, however, permitted to communicate to his friends on shore, who procured a boat, pulled quietly to the side of the brig, received him on board, and took him ashore. His clothing and other property were conveyed to the office of the marshal, and he was not only permitted to go and take them away, but to visit his acquaintances in Eldridge-street jail. It was an easy matter to arrest him, but the marshal remarked to an associate that he did not care how the man made his money.

Captain Latham, meanwhile, remained at the jail. At the time referred to, that place would seem to have been as jovial and sociable as a club-room. The present marshal, not liking the arrangements, removed all the Federal prisoners to the Tombs, where they could be kept more securely and excluded from seeing improper visitors. The men who were engaged in the slave-trade were in the habit of visiting their friends in 'Eldridge Street,' and holding regular carousals. They were permitted to visit there, it is said, at late hours in the evening, and as early as seven o'clock in the morning. A man residing in the seventh ward, but doing business on South Street, would come of a Saturday night and pay the board of the officers of the captured slave vessel. A Spaniard named Sanchez, now a prisoner at the Tombs, was a frequent guest; and occasionally a marshal would be present. Others were also permitted. The prisoners whom they visited were allowed to come into the office; champagne and other liquors would be produced, and the company would have a 'good time.'

Captain Latham is one of the most ingenious men. He has learned the gipsy art of dyeing his face; and he can elude the closest observer. When he falls into the power of the ministers of the law, he is shielded by the efforts of the heaviest capitalists who have engaged in the slave-trade; and they honor all his demands.

At his examination he was identified by the marshal's assistants, and by two persons who were employed at the custom-house. It was arranged, however, that when he should be arraigned for trial, each of these persons should profess himself to be unable to recognize him. One of them is said to have received five hundred dollars, and the others two hundred apiece, for this want of memory.

After remaining some twelve weeks at the jail, Captain Latham determined not to await a trial. He obtained the aid of one of the marshal's assistants; a 'friend' of his, who has a place of business in Wall Street, advancing three thousand dollars. One of his attorneys was also in the secret. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from the recorder, and dismissed for want of jurisdiction. This was all done to elude suspicion. A ticket for a passage to Havana was procured; and on the day that the steamer was to sail, a carriage, in which were Sanchez, the marshal's assistant, and a friend, drove to the jail. Bidding farewell to his fellow-prisoners, some of whom knew what was going on, Latham left his apartments and took a seat by Sanchez. The four drove to the clothing warehouse of Brooks Brothers in Broadway, purchased a suit of clothing, and ordered another. It was now almost the hour for the steamer to leave. Latham returned to the carriage, and was driven to the pier, arriving there just in time to get on board. It is said that he has since returned to New York; but only his friends have recognized him. The men who aided his escape are now in prison.

It does not appear that the capitalists who are engaged in this traffic are as profuse toward other prisoners as they were to Captain Latham. There was among those who were removed from the jail to the City Prison, one man who had sailed as mate with Latham. When he was captured he was in the employment of a house in Beaver Street, which has also a branch in Havana. He too had formed a plan of escape by bribing a warden and getting a friend to personate

one of the marshal's assistants, who should profess to come for him by an order from a commissioner. But when his wife applied to his employer for money to carry out this plan, she was dismissed with a solitary dollar. This prisoner had probably fallen from favor, and was therefore abandoned to the mercy of the law.

The names of the prominent slave-traders, their residences and places of business, are known to the marshal. Several of them have fled from the city; among them, a woman of wealth residing in St. Mark's Place. Their operations have been largely curtailed, and it has become almost impossible for a slaver to leave New York. With the concert of action agreed upon by the convention at Burton's Theatre, it is to be hoped that the slave-trade will be exterminated in every Northern port. Some legislation by Congress to increase the powers of the marshals, and efficient action on the part of the executive, are all that is now required to sweep the infamous commerce from the ocean.

Since the above was written, Captain Gordon, of the slaver Erie, has been convicted of piracy, before the United States Court for the Southern District of New York. It is needless to say that this conviction is the completest triumph which Freedom has yet gained in our country against her adversary. It indicates more clearly even than any event of the war, that Southern social influences are yielding, and that ere long we shall be free from all their taint. Like the defeat of Fernando Wood, like the breaking up of the Peace Party, like the rapidly progressing crusade against old political corruption, it shows that there is a reformation afoot which will work wonders, and prove to the world that the mass of corruption in this country, so generally attributed to the working of republican institutions, is in reality due to a diametrically opposite cause—to the influence of a party which in all its feelings is essentially that of despotism. May we all live to see its last trace obliterated from the free North.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE REJECTED STONE: OR, INSURRECTION VS. RESURRECTION. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise & Company, 245 Washington Street.

It is to be regretted that the native of Virginia who penned this volume has not published his name, that the world might know who it was that produced the most vigorous, unflinching, and brilliant work which has thus far resulted from the war. In sober seriousness, we have not as yet, in any journal or in any quarter, encountered such a handling of facts without gloves; such a rough-riding over old prejudices, timidities, and irresolution; such reckless straightforwardness in declaring what should be done to settle the great dispute, or such laughing-devil sarcasm in ripping up dough-face weakness and compromising hesitation. Its principle and refrain, urged with abundant wit, ingenuity and courage, is simply EMANCIPATION—not on the narrow ground of abolition, but on the necessity of promptly destroying an evil which threatens to vitiate the white race. In the beginning the author points out the inevitableness of the present war, and that our political system has been hitherto a sacrifice to Slavery for the time, but also a running up of arrears in favor of Liberty.

In forming this government, Slavery clutched at the strength of the law; Freedom relied on the inviolable justice of the ages. They have both had, they must have, their reward. That it was and is thus, is apparent from the very clauses under which Slavery claims eminent domain in this country; they are all written as for an institution passing away; the sources of it are sealed up so far as they could be; and all the provisions for it—the crutches by which it should limp as decently as possible to the grave—were so worded that, when Slavery should be buried, no dead letter would

stand in the Constitution as its epitaph. It is even so. No historian a thousand years hence could show from that instrument that a single slave was ever held under it.' . . 'Slavery now appeals to arms because Freedom, in her slow but steady progress, has left no informality—no flaw—which can be seized on to reverse the decision she has gained in any higher court.'

The style of this book is remarkable. The wealth of simile which bursts out genially and involuntarily is only paralleled by its strange variety, recalling CARLYLE in pleasant, piquant singularity. Its humor is irresistible; none the less so for being keenly satirical. We regret that our limits forbid copious extracts from these treasures, but do the more earnestly entreat the reader to buy the volume and make himself familiar with it. Whoever our Virginian may be, he is a rising star, well worth observing. We find him at times a gleaming enthusiast,—a man burning with the spirit of the war, involuntarily uttering the most thrilling passages of Scripture,—and again provoking laughter by dry humor and cutting jests. Let the reader in illustration take the following paragraphs in the same sequence in which they occur in the original work.

"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" said dying Julian the apostate. The North may, and will, now collect the bones of her great-browed children who yielded because she said yield; the fallen pillars of her crumbled church; her children whose wounds yet smoke fresh from the state of Slavery;—and broken now upon the stone she so long refused, shall write as their epitaph,

Vicisti Humanitas!

(*The Privateer.*) / A cry comes up to the ear of America, — a long, piercing cry of amazement and indignation,—recognizable as one which can come only when the profoundest

depths of the human pocket are stirred. The privateers are at large! They have taken away my coffee, and I know not where they have laid it. They have taken my India goods with swords and staves. For my first-class ship they have cast lots!

'Was such depravity ever known before? So long as it was a human soul, launched by God on the eternal sea, that they despised; so long as it was only a few million bales of humanity captured; so long as it was but the scuttling the hearts of mothers and fathers and husbands and wives,—we remained patient and resigned,—did we not? But coffee and sugar—Good God! what is that blockade about? To seize a poor innocent sloop,—has Slavery no bowels? And its helpless family of molasses barrels;—can hearts be so void of pity? Slavery must end. The spirit of the age demands it. The blood of a dozen captured freights crieth to Heaven in silveriest accents against it.

'Brothers, there is a laughter that opens into the fountain of tears.'

In a letter to the President, in which the Executive is reminded that it is not often in this world that to one man is given the magnificent opportunity which the madness of a great wrong has placed within his reach,—as indeed in every chapter,—the real crisis in which this country is now involved, and the only means of prompt and effectual extrication, are pointed out with irresistible vehemence and shrewd intelligence. The author declares, and truly enough, that there are resources in this land, did we only draw on them, which would close this war with the closing of this year. The futile and frivolous objections which have been urged against this great scheme of warfare for the present, and of national progress in future, are most ably refuted; while through all runs the same vein of satire, wit, scholarship and manly sincerity. It is, in a word, a good book, and one fully suited to these brave and warlike times.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Albans and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and edited by James Spedding, M.A., Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., and Douglas Denyn Heath. Boston: Brown & Taggard. Volumes I. and II.

Much has been said in praise of the

monks of old for preserving works of solid wisdom; but why can not a good word be said for those publishers of the present day who confer a service by not merely embalming, but by reviving and sending forth by thousands into real life the best books of the past? There are many authors who are quoted by everybody, and read by very few, simply because good modern editions of their works, at a moderate price, are rare.

BACON is preëminently one of these; so much, indeed, is he a case in point, that BULWER, in speaking of the celebrated axiom, Knowledge is Power, employs him as an example to warn a young scholar from quoting at second-hand an author whom he has never read.

The present edition includes all the works extant of Lord BACON, embracing, as we learn from SPEDDING's preface (which has the rare defect of being much too brief), a biography, which in minute detail and careful finish, and facts hitherto unpublished, will far surpass any before written. Yet, to stay the appetite of the reader, anxious to revive the main points of BACON's life, he gives in this first volume the short biography by Dr. WILLIAM RAWLEY. In addition to these introductions, we are gratified by a general preface to BACON's Philosophical Works, by ROBERT LESLIE HARRIS, one to the *Parasceve* by JAMES SPEDDING, and a third to the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, in which BACON's claims to be the creator of what is popularly and generally understood as the Inductive Philosophy are most fairly examined; not in the spirit of the common biographer who always canonizes his subject through thick and thin, but in that of an impartial seeker for truth, resolved to naught extenuate and set down naught in malice. It is believed by many that BACON was simply so fortunate as to have his picture stand as the frontispiece of the new philosophy, when in truth other contemporaries, who made great discoveries by following precisely his method, as, for instance, GALILEO, were quite as much entitled to the glory.

But examination of BACON'S works proves that though the great work of proof never was completed by him, that which he embraced, foresaw, and projected, was of that vast comprehensiveness which fully entitles him to be regarded, not merely as the most proper of *names* whereby to indicate the author of Induction (since the world must always have a name), but in reality the one of all others who best understood what form the development of science must assume to become perfect. The treatment of this question by the editors is truly interesting, and worthy their great undertaking.

The two volumes before us, in addition to the prefaces and biography, embrace the *Novum Organum*, 'the Parasceve,' and the work *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. It is to be regretted that the English versions, corrected by BACON himself, were omitted, but those who would read the translations are mostly capable of reading 'Baconian Latin.' As they are, they will be most gratefully accepted by thousands. The forthcoming volumes will embrace the English works. We would here wish that the editor had not, as he informs us he has done, modernized the spelling,—but here the majority of readers will perhaps be thankful that such is the case. As regards typography, paper, and all outward grace, this edition leaves literally nothing to be wished for, while a short critical article on the portraits of BACON leads us to infer that the exquisitely engraved head of the philosopher, given in the first volume, has been made accurate at the cost of great research and labor.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOLHOUSE. By Alexander Clark, Editor of '*Clark's School Visitor*.' Philadelphia: Leary, Getz & Co.

Mr. CLARK is the most modest of writers; one in whose writings unaffected simplicity and freedom from literary conceit is manifest on every page. He appears in all the many sketches which constitute this volume to have written for the direct purpose of pleasing and teaching youthful readers or quiet and

pious grown persons. He neither eyes the world through a lorgnette or a lorgnon, nor affects a knowledge of all things, nor even hints at it. Yet it is precisely in this that the charm of his stories consist—they are perfectly rational, and told in the plain language which becomes them. It is to be desired that Mr. CLARK will give us a volume of sketches devoted entirely to that Western and rural life which he sketches with such felicity.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

It is only a few years since HOLMES was little known to the general reader save as a humorist. A series of writings of the most varied character have since appeared, displaying more fully his greatly varied ability, so that the reader will not be surprised to find in this, his last wreath of poetic blossoms, a rich variety of every hue, from the lightest tints of mirth to the sombre shades of tender pathos. The variety of *feeling* awakened by these lyrics is remarkable—and to say that, is to bear sympathetic testimony to the excellence of each separate piece. Even the beautiful ballad of 'Agnes,' chronicling the loves of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surraige of the Hopkinton Frankland mansion, and which will be deemed one of the most perfect of new ballads of the olden school, does not seem the chief flower, after inhaling the home sweetness and heart aroma of many of the minor lyrics in this volume. As for the humor, is it not of HOLMES? 'The Deacon's Masterpiece,' and 'Parson Turrell's Legacy,' are of the very best, of the triple *est* brand; it is only to be wished there were a hundred of them. Of that strange blending of pathos with humor, and the 'sentiment of society,' in which HOLMES equals, or, if you will, surpasses PRAED, there are several exquisite examples. But buy it for yourself, reader, and you will not regret the purchase, for the harder the times, so much the more, as we opine, does the world need cheering poesy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOME OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

A Biennial Address before the Phrenological Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. By John S. Hart, M.D. Delivered Sept. 18, 1861. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son, 1861.

An excellent address, which has attracted much comment and quotation from different journals since its publication.

THE COTTON KINGDOM: A Traveler's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States. Based upon three former volumes of journeys and investigations by the same author. By Frederick Law Olmstead. In two volumes. New York: Mason Brothers, 1861.

The best record extant of social or commercial facts and figures illustrative of the entire South.

LADY MAUD. By Pierce Egan. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We learn with regret that this is the only complete and unabridged edition of Lady Maud, since from a hasty examination of its chapters we judge that the more the work were abbreviated the better would it be for the public.

RECORD OF AN OBSCURE MAN. '*Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour.*' Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A work of very decided merit, though one advancing views and sentiments which can not fail to provoke opposition and argument from many readers. Of its interest, as well as of the talent of the author, there can be but one opinion.

SPARE HOURS. By John Brown, M.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

A beautiful reprint of the *Horæ Subsiccæ*, beginning with 'Rab and his Friends,' followed by many congenial sketches, the whole forming one of the most fascinating volumes of light reading which has appeared for years.

THE SOUTHERN REBELLION AND THE WAR FOR THE UNION. A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion. New York: James D. Torrey, No. 13 Spruce Street.

A well written, weekly current chronicle of the events of the war, prepared from copious sources. The arrangement of this work is excellent.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 1861.

Another addition to the excellent duodecimo edition of DICKENS'S complete works, published by PETERSON.

RELATION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS TO SLAVERY. By Charles M. Whipple. Boston: R. T. Walcutt, No. 221 Washington Street, 1861.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW. In three Lectures delivered in Boston, January, 1861, by Caroline H. Dall, author of Woman's Right to Labor, &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

THE REBELLION; its Latent Causes and True Significance, in Letters to a Friend abroad. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: James G. Gregory, 1861.

LIGHT INFANTRY DRILL in the United States Army. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia, 1861. Price, 25 cents.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It was usual, of old, to characterize as *Annum Mirabilis*, or A Year of Wonder, any twelvemonth which had been more than usually prolific in marvels. The historian who may in future days seek a dividing point or a date for the greatest political and social struggle of this age, can hardly fail to indicate 1861 as the *Annum Mirabilis* of the Nineteenth Century in America. That heart does not beat, the brain does not throb on earth, which is capable of feeling or appreciating the tremendous range of consequences involved in the events of this year. We hear the most grating thunder-peals of horror; the whole artillery of death and disaster roars and crashes from fort and field; there is blaze and ruin, such as this continent knew not perhaps even in the primeval times of its vanished Golden Hordes; — and again there rise prophetic organ-tones of solemn praise; merry bells ringing the carillon of joy; sweet voices as in dreams singing of the purple evening peace; while mysteriously and beautifully, beyond all, breathes the Daughter of the Voice — that strangest of prophecies known to the Hebrew of old, softly inspiring hopes of a fairer future America than was ever before dreamed of. For, of a truth, above all sits and works the awful destiny of man, proclaiming as of old, amid strange races now forgotten, that the humanity which bravely toils and labors shall live, while the haughty and the oppressor and the sluggard, puffed up with vanity, shall all pass away as the mist of the morning.

It is worth while, at the conclusion of such a year, to look about us; to see what has been done or what is now doing, and

to surmise as well as we may what great changes the future may bring forth.

A year ago this country was plagued and disgraced beyond any on the face of the earth by swarms of professional politicians; by men who regarded all legislation as one vast Lobby and Third House, and 'ability' as the means of turning corruption to their own personal advantage. These miserables, whether on the Northern or Southern side, tacitly united in driving all legislation or congressional business from its legitimate halls into the procrastinating by-paths, in order that they might make speeches and magnify themselves unto Buncombe, and be glorified by the local home press because of their devotion to — the party! The party! That was always the word. Where are these men of froth and wind now, — these heroes of the stump and the bar-room? Passing away into nothing, at headlong speed, before the great storm of the times. Now and then they 'rally' — there was one ghastly wig-and-hollow-pumpkin effort at recovery in the trembling, rattle-jointed Peace Movement of these last summer months. Where is it now? There answers a gay laugh and merry stave from the corners of irreverent weekly newspapers: —

'The piece of a party, called the party of peace,
Like everything else which deceases,
Has gone where the wicked from trouble shall
cease,
For the party of peace is in pieces.'

Or we may see now and then wretched election meetings, as of late in New York, where a worn-out FERNANDO WOOD and others like him gabble as much treason as they dare. It is all played out — Mo-

zart, Tammany, and all the trash. Rumny, frowsy candidates, treating Five-Point graduates, and shoulder-hitting bravos yelling at the polls, are beginning to be disgusting and anti-national elements. Their very existence is an insult to these great, serious and glorious times of manly war, when young men are beginning at last to 'think great.' A few more gasps by the politicians and down they must go into infinite depths of congenial darkness, to be remembered only as allied to 'the abominable state of affairs before the war.'

It is no small thing to have driven so much of the old iniquity out; but from this and that side come murmurs that there are but few signs of the young genius coming in. Oh, for one hour of Dundee! Oh, for a WEBSTER in the cabinet, whose right arm should go forth and take hold of England and Frank-land of the East, while his left swept the isles of the South with fearful power! Oh, for the fierce old Dandolo of America, who was *not* blind, but whose piercing glance at this hour would dart through many a diabolical diplomatic difficulty—for ANDREW JACKSON! Oh, for the trumpet tones of CLAY—of MARCY—for one brave blast of that dread horn of olden time which rang so bravely to battle!

Friends, have patience. Remember that these men, and all like them, were slowly born of great times, and that we must await time's gestation. In this age there spring no longer heroes dragon-tooth born into full fighting-life inside of 2.30. But so surely as stars shine in their rounding life, or water runs, or God lives, so surely are these days of storm and sorrow and tremendous travail bringing slowly on their legitimate fruit of great ideas and great men. Young man—whoever you are—be sacred to yourself now, and, for a season, serious and pure and noble—for *who* knows in these times to what he may grow? But a century ago, this land lay buried in obscurity. Here and there young land-surveyors and country store-keepers wondered that destiny had buried them on Virginia farms and in Yankee backwoods. But

war came,—no greater than this of ours—one involving no grander principles of human dignity and freedom,—and the young 'obscures' darted to the heaven and took glorious places amid the constellations of fame. 'When the tale of bricks is doubled,' says the Hebrew proverb, 'Moses comes.'

We hear much said of the honest, sturdy, no-nonsense virtues of the old revolutionary stock, both male and female. The thing is plain enough—they had passed through serious times and great thoughts, through trials, and sorrows, and healthy privation, and come out strong. Just such will be the stock of men and women born in spirit of this war. It is making the old material over again. It was all here as good as ever, but wanted a little stirring up, that was all. He who has seen in the sturdy East and glorious West the unflinching honesty and earnestness with which men are upholding this war to the knife and knife to the hilt, as PALAFOX phrased it,—or, as the American hath it in humbler phrase, 'from the wheel to the hub and hub to the lynch-pin,'—has no doubt that at this minute it was never so popular, never so determined, never so thoroughly ingrained, entwined, inter-twisted with the whole life-core and being of our people. 'We suffer—but on with the war! Hurrah for battle—only give us victory! Do you ask for money, arms, ships?—take all and everything to superfluity—but oh, give us victory and power!' Out of such will as this there come the greatest of men—giants of a fearfully glorious future. When we look around and see this red-hot iron determination to see all through to the victorious end, we may well feel assured that the day of great ideas and of great men is not far off.

It is superb for a stranger to see how the spirit of the Revolution still lives in New England, and is voiced and acted by men bearing Revolutionary names—it is magnificent to behold the stream, grown to a thunder-torrent, roaring and foaming over the broad West. Hurrah! it still lives—that old spirit of freedom, its fires

are all aflame, and it shall not again smoulder until the whole world has seen, as it did before, that it is the light of the world, and the pillar guiding as of old to the promised land.

If 1861 had brought nothing else to pass it would be supremely great in this, that amid toil and trial, foes within and without, it has seen the American people determine that *Slavery*, the worm which gnawed the core of its tree of life, shall be plucked out. *Out it shall go*, that is settled. We have fought the foe too long with kid gloves, but now puss will lay aside her mittens and catch the Southern rats in earnest. It is the negro who sustains the South; the negro who maintains its army, feeds it, digs its trenches, squires its precious chivalry, and is thereby forced most unnaturally to rivet his own chains. There shall be an end to this, and our administration is yielding to this inevitable necessity. Here again the great year has worked a wonder, since in so short a space it has made such an advance in discovering a basis by which all Union men may conscientiously unite in freeing the black. There have been hitherto two steps made towards the solution. The first was that of the old Abolition movement, which saw only the suffering of the slave and cried aloud for his freedom, reckless of all results. It was humane; but even humanity is not always worldly wise, and it did unquestionably for twenty years defeat its own aim in the Border States. But it *worked* most unflinchingly. Then came *HELPER*, who saw that the poor white man of the South was being degraded below the negro, and that industry and capital were fearfully checked by slavery. In his well-known work he pointed out, by calm and dispassionate facts and figures, that the land south of 'Mason and Dixon's' was being sacrificed most wastefully, and the majority of its white inhabitants kept in incredible ignorance, meanness, and poverty, simply that a few privileged families might remain 'first and foremost.' These opinions were most clearly sustained, and the country was amazed. People began to ask if it was

quite right, after all, to suffer this slavery to grow and grow, when it was manifestly reacting on the poor white man, and literally sinking him *below the level of the black*. This was the second movement on the slave question, and its effect was startling.

But there was yet a third advance required, and it came with the past year and the war, in the form of the now so rapidly expanding 'Emancipation' movement. *HELPER* had shown that slavery had degraded the poor whites, but the events leading to the present struggle indicated to all intelligent humanity that it was rapidly demoralizing and ruining in the most hideous manner the minds of the *masters* of the slaves—nay, that its foul influence was spreading like a poison mist over the entire continent. The universal shout of joyful approbation which the whole South had raised years ago when a Northern senator was struck down and beaten in the most infamously cowardly manner, had caused the very horror of amazement at such fearful meanness, among all true hearted and manly *men*, the world over. But when there came from the 'first families' grinnings of delight over the vilest thievery and forgery and perjury by *FLOYD* and his fellows,—when the whole South, after agreeing in carrying on an election, refused to abide by its results,—when the whole Southern press abounded in the vilest denunciations of labor and poverty, and in Satanic contempt of everything 'Yankee,' meaning thereby all that had made the North and West prosperous and glorious,—and when, finally, it was found that this loathsome poison was working through the North itself, corrupting the young with pseudo-aristocratic pro-slavery sympathies,—then indeed it became apparent that *for the sake of all, and for that of men in comparison to whose welfare that of the negro was a mere trifle*, this fearful disease must be in some form abated. The result was the development of Emancipation on the broadest possible grounds,—of Emancipation for the sake of the Union and of the white man,—to be brought

about, however, by the will of the people, subject to such rules as discussion and expediency might determine. This was the present Emancipation movement, first urged by that name in the New York *Knickerbocker* magazine, though its main principles were practically manifesting themselves in many quarters—the most prominent being the well-known proclamations of Generals BUTLER and FREMONT.

'Emancipation' does not, as has been urged, present in comparison to Abolition a distinction without a difference. *HELPER* desired the freedom of the slave for the sake of the poor white man in the South and for Southern development. *Emancipation* goes further, and claims that nowhere on the American continent is the white laborer free from the vile comparison and vile influences of slavery, and that it should be abolished for the sake of the Union and for the sake of *all* white men. It may be dim to many now, but it is true as God's providence, that whether it be in our Union, or out of it, we can no longer exist side by side with a state of society in which it is shamelessly proclaimed that labor, man's holiest and noblest attribute, is a disgrace; that the negro is the standard of the mudsill, and that the state must be based on an essentially degraded, sunken class, whether white or black. Yet we might for the sake of peace have long borne with all this, and yielded to the old lie-based 'isothermal' cant, had it not resulted, as it inevitably must, in building up the most miserable, insolent, and arrogant pseudo aristocracy which ever made the name of aristocracy ridiculous, not excepting that of the court of the sable Emperor FAUSTIN of St. Domingo. It is all very well to talk of Southern rights; but humanity and progress, or, if you will, law and order, industry and capital, have their rights also, aye, and their manifest destiny too, and no one can deny that; reason as we may, or concede as much as we will, there the facts are—the principal being the utter impossibility of a slave-aristocracy—rotted to the core

with theories now exploded through the civilized world—existing either in or out of a neighboring republic in which freedom

‘Careers with thunder-speed along.’

So we stand at the parting of the ways. But the problem is half solved already. The year 1861 closes leaving it clear as noon-day that emancipation in the Border States is a foregone conclusion, and that, reduced to the cotton belt, it can never become a preponderating national influence. As for the details of settlement, calmly considered, they present no real difficulty to the man who realizes the enormous industrial and recuperative energies of this country.

‘What are we to do with one or two million of free blacks?’ asks one. A few years ago, when it was proposed to banish all free persons of color from Maryland, a cry of alarm went up lest Baltimore alone should be deprived of fifteen thousand of ‘the best servants in the world.’ ‘How shall we ever pay for those who may be offered for sale to us, if we resolve to pay for their slaves all Southerners who may take the oath of allegiance?’ Eight days’ expenses of the present war would pay more than the market price for all the slaves in Maryland! But these objections are childish. Right against them rises a tremendous, inevitable destiny, which *must* crush all before it. So much for 1861.

We would urge no measure in this or any other relation which shall not have received the fullest endorsement of two thirds of the loyal American people. As regards all foreign interference, let it never be forgotten that public opinion after all prevails in all Western Europe, and that this would long hesitate ere it committed a national reputation to an endorsement of the Southern Confederacy. It is apparent from the authentic and shameless avowals of the Southern press that Mr. SLIDELL, the cut-short ambassador, was authorized to solicit a French protectorate of LOUIS NAPOLEON,—to

such incredible baseness has slave 'independence' sunk,—and, as we write, much discussion is waged whether England will take in ill part our arrest of a man charged with such a monstrous mission! Let England imagine herself dependent on such a protectorate for her cotton, and the thought may possibly occur that it would have been better to have sided at once openly and squarely with the North. But John Bull is strangely changed in these times, and Yankee protection is inconceivably more awful to him than the slavery with which he has been for twenty years so much disgusted.

'The heart it pincheth sore,
But the pocket pinches more.'

And now with the New Year. Amid red-flashing war and wild strivings we look bravely and hopefully forward into the future, and see amid these storms blue sky rifts and golden sun gleams.

Already strong and practical advances in education, in political economy, in industry, in all that is healthier and sounder in life, are beginning to manifest themselves. This country can be in nothing put back by this struggle, in no wise weakened or injured. It is our hope and will that in these columns some share of the good work may be honestly carried out. We wish to speak under the most vital American influences to the American people, ambitious of being nothing more nor less than soundly national in all things. We see a new time forming, new ideas rising, and would give it and them a voice in such earnest and energetic tones as the people love. We call not only for the matured thought, but also for the young mind of the country, and beg every man and woman who entertains vigorous and practical ideas to come out boldly and speak freely. Think nobly, write rapidly! Remember that every letter printed in these times will take its place in history. The forgotten comment of the moment will rise up in after years to be honored perhaps as the right word in the right place. The day is coming when the

songs and sentences of this great struggle will be garnered up into literary treasures, pass into household words, and confer honor on the children of those who penned them. Lay hand to the work, all you who have ought to say, aid us to become a medium for the time, and honor yourselves by your utterances. There are a thousand reforms, innumerable ideas fit for the day, ready to bloom forth. Write and publish; the public is listening. Now is the time, if it ever was, to develop an American character, to show the world what treasures of life, strength and originality this country contains. Beyond the old conventional *belles lettres* and æsthetic scholarship which limited us in peace, lies a fair land, a wilderness it may be, but one bearing beautiful, unknown flowers, and strange but golden fruits, which are well worthy a garden. Let all who know of these bring them in. The time has come.

We have been questioned from many of the highest sources as to the future tendency and scope of our magazine. Let us say then, briefly, that we hope to make a bold step forward, presenting in our columns contributions characterized by variety, vigor, and originality, to be written by men who are fully up with the times and endeavoring to advance in all things. In a word, we shall do our best to give it exuberant *life*—such as the country and age require. We shall advocate the holy cause of the UNION with might and main, and leave no means whatever neglected to urge the most vigorous prosecution of this war, until the sacred principles of liberty as transmitted to us by our forefathers have been fully recognized and re-established. Believing in Emancipation, subject to the will of the majority and the action of the administration, we shall still welcome to our pages the properly expressed views of *every* sound 'Union man' or woman on this or other subjects, however differing from our own. We shall urge the fullest development of education as the great basis of future social progress, and shall have faith in making woman's

intellect and labor as available as possible in all respects. We shall hold to the belief that in constant industrial development, the increase of capital, and the harmony of interests between these, lies the material salvation of the country, and that labor in every form should be continually ennobled and socially dignified.

We shall, moreover, look with true love to all that art and beauty in their manifold forms can supply to render life lovely and pleasant, and welcome all that can be written in their illustration. Our columns will never be deficient in tales, poetry and sketches, and that nothing may be neglected, we shall always devote full room to genial gossip with the reader, and to such original humors, quips, jests and anecdotes as chance or the kindness of correspondents may supply. And we would here entreat all our readers to be good friends and at home with us; regarding the editorial department as a place of cheerful welcome for anything which they may choose to commune on; in which all confidences will be kept, and where all courtesies will be honorably acknowledged. We have received most abundant and cordial promises of assistance and support in our effort to maintain a thoroughly spirited, 'wide-awake,' and vigorous American magazine, from the very first in the land, and therefore go on our way rejoicing. We enter into no rivalry, for we take a well-nigh untrodden field, and shall fail in our dearest hope unless we present the public with a monthly of a thoroughly original and 'go-ahead' character. We are told that these are bad times; but for our undertaking, as we understand it, there could be none better—for it shall be made for the times, 'timely and temporal in all things.'

WE are indebted to a correspondent for the following comment on a subject which has thus far excited not a little wonder, and which, as the loyal reader may be disposed to add, *should*

excite some degree of vigorous inquiry among the people at large. Like every other practical point involved in this struggle, it suggests the mortifying truth that with all our sacrifices, and all our patriotism, we are as yet in the conduct of the war far too amiable, and by far too irresolute.

WANTED, A FOUCHE FOR WASHINGTON.—It is high time that a good, sharp detective police officer was set to work to discover the source of the continued leakage of our government's plans. Of our late naval flotilla for Beaufort, we are told that 'The positive destination of our fleet was known even in New Orleans on the 17th ult.,—weeks before it was known in the North! and extra troops were dispatched from points south of Charleston to defend the approaches of that coast.' We are informed that every care was exercised to prevent the destination of the expedition being made public; with how much effect the above quoted paragraph fully demonstrates. In view of this, I repeat that a FOUCHÉ, a keen detective, is wanted at head-quarters; believing that any man with half the shrewdness of the celebrated 'Duke of Otranto' would pin the traitor in less than twenty-four hours. That such a man can easily be found, any one who has learned what American detectives have done, can readily believe. Active, intelligent, and wide awake, the American who by necessity takes up this life, brings to bear upon his investigations the shrewdness of a savage, the tenacity of an Englishman, and, in a modified degree, the *aplomb* of a Parisian. No one can read POE'S 'Murder of the Rue Morgue' without recognizing at a glance the latent talent that would have made of the cloudy poet a brilliant policeman, and would have won for him the ducal fortune without the empty title. If we must handle the Southern mutineers in their Revolutionary war with a velvet glove, let there be an iron hand inside, worked by the high-pressure power of public indignation at their treachery and faithlessness. We should stop this leakage of our plans, cost what it may, and the traitorous Southern correspondent meet the execration of ARNOLD, and the fate of ANDRÉ. The iron hand should stop the treacherous pen, should choke the wagging tongue. The North demands it.

And yet again, since the above was penned, we learn that it has been ascertained by a balloon reconnoissance that a projected flank movement, planned by General McCLELLAN and confided to a very limited number, had been completely anticipated — indicating the basest treachery in a high quarter. Very agreeable this to all interested in the war! And what does it mean?

It means that Washington, and not Washington alone, but the entire North, needs purging and purifying from most injurious influences. There are traitors among us everywhere — where two or three are gathered together will be one who sneers at Northern successes, smiles at Southern victory, and is a traitor at heart — ready to be a spy if needed.

No wonder that warm friends of the Union sometimes burst out into indignant remonstrance and fierce complaint at such toleration!

Still, we must look at the matter philosophically; rather in sorrow than in anger, for thus only can we correct the evil. There is a large number of well-meaning people, especially in Washington, who have lived only for and in a society in which Southern influence greatly predominated. Familiar with the wildest excitement of politics, yet accustomed to regard the leaders of all parties as equally unprincipled, and only persuaded of the single social fact, that it is highly respectable to own slaves, they can not see, even in the horrors of war, anything more than the old excitement, in which shrewd and wily politicians continue to pull wires. And in many other places besides Washington do the voices of pleasant interests, or the echoes of pleasant memories, recall old friendships or old ties. The head may be patriotic and union-loving and at war with the South, but the heart is peaceful and clings to ancient memories.

Now, if there is anything, dear reader, which is allied to real goodness, it is this very same soft-heartedness which we find it so hard to thoroughly condemn, even

in such a case as that of the good Scotch clergyman, who pitied and prayed for ‘the poor auld deevil’ himself. But here it is that the ‘gallant Southron’ has the advantage over us. No lingering love for Northern friends of olden time, no kindly regard for by-gone intimacies, flashes up from the darkened abyss of ‘Dixey.’ And, to be frank and fair, reader, does it not seem to you that while the business in hand is literal *fighting*, not without much ‘battle, murder and sudden death,’ it would be at least respectful to the awful destiny of the hour to treat its ways seriously?

But let it foam and surge on, the time is coming when the great stream of Northern freedom will purify itself from all the foul stains of its old stagnation. Perhaps years may be required, but this we know,—that the dam has been broken away at last, and that now the glad torrent whirls bravely onward in sparkling young life. For at length the time is coming when a healthy *Northern* sentiment shall make itself felt, where of old it was carefully excluded, and the fresh breeze from the Northern pines shall purify the sickly air. They will pass away, these of the old generation — there will arise better ones to take their place, and all shall be changed.

Meanwhile, for all our late great victories and advances, let us be thankful! not forgetting the smaller crumbs of comfort — as, for instance, the capture of SLIDELL, MASON and Co., which a friend has kindly recorded for your benefit, most excellent reader, in the following chapter:—

CHRONICLES OF SECESSION.

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in the first year of the great Rebellion

In the land of Secession, whose men were men of Belial, hard of heart, and inflamed with exceeding great wrath against the children of the North, and against all people who walked in the way of truth and justice:

Meditating evil from the first mint-julep before breakfast, even unto the last nip of corn whisky before retiring;—

In the isles of the South, and on the firm land, where COTTON was king, and JEFFERSON, whose surname was DAVIS, was his prophet; where BENJAMIN, the finder of stray watches and spoons, and FLOYD, the spoiler, were priests—Oh, my soul, enter thou not into their counsels!—

Lo! it came to pass that there arose a great cry from among the people;

A great and vehement cry, a wailing and roaring as of many of the chivalry when they burn with strong drink at quarter races, or smite with bowie-knives in a free fight around the court-house:

The cry of many women and children, to say nothing of editors, politicians, dirt-eaters, and negro auctioneers:

Saying, ‘Lo! these many days have we been closed up by the Yankees, even like unto a pint of Bourbon in an exceedingly tight-corked bottle, so that nothing may go out or in, and who shall say what may be the end thereof?

‘Since the blockade presseth sorely upon our ports, the merchandise of many lands cometh not therein, and we are entirely out of groceries,

‘Having neither balm nor myrrh, spices nor tea, coffee nor brandy.

‘Quinine is not among us, neither have we cheese, shoes, sugar, jack-knives, cigars, patent medicines, glue, tenpenny nails, French gloves, pens or ink, dye-stuffs, nor raisins.

‘Clothes are exceeding scarce, for, lo! we are becoming an extremely ragged and seedy generation; our toes stick out through our last year’s boots, neither is there any one among us who knoweth enough to make the first principle of a brogan.

‘For all these things were made or imported by the Yankees afore-time, even since the days of our fathers, and we are too proud to defile our hands with such base labor.

‘Shall we, too, be as dogs cobbling shoes, or as the heathen who sell rat-traps, peddle milk-pails, and keep Thanksgiving?

‘Lo! the kings of the earth see us with scorn; those who sit in high places wag their heads, and say we are naught, yea, polluted in our inheritance.

‘And the *Times* will declare that we sit in ashes; even the *Moniteur* will say that we devour dust, and the *Zeitung*s of all Germany, even the press of the Philistines, will proclaim that we are utterly fallen.

‘Now let there be a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, to settle this business.

‘Let there be ambassadors — men of subtle tongue, cunning in counsel — chosen to go forth; yea, let them be equipped in fine raiment, having bran-new coats to confer honor and glory upon us, with secretaries and assistant secretaries, sub-secretaries and deputy-assistant sub-secretaries, — even these having their servants and servants’ servants, — lo, the least among them shall have his underling, and so on *ad infinitum*.

‘And we, albeit poor, will lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith, who shall bedeck them exceeding fine, so that the princes and potentates shall fall down before them, yea, shall worship.

‘Then, when our great embassy cometh, and the princes inquire of the blockade, lo, our messengers shall laugh and say, “Go to! — it is naught, it hath passed away, and is bosh.

‘“Are we not here, ready to declare the end from the beginning, and from ancient times, even of CALHOUN, the things that are not yet done, saying, ‘our counsel shall stand?’ Verily, it takes us, and we are the original Jacobs, having no connection with the bogus concern over the way.”

‘And they shall cotton to us, and we unto them; and we will trade our tobacco for their wines, and *Pro Baccho Tobacco* shall be written in all the high places.’

CHAPTER II.

Now JEFFERSON, whose surname should have been Brick, but that it was not, seeing that it was DAVIS,

Saw the counsel that it was good.

And having seen it, and set his eyes upon the egg which their wisdom had hatched, and pronounced it a good egg;

Chose him of his chief men two, whereof the like were not to be found — no, not in all the North, and in the South was not their equal.

Whereof the first was a MASON, the like of whom was not known, not in the land of Huram of old, nor among the Hittites or the dwellers by the sea.

For he was like unto a turkey-cock, stuck up and of excessive pride, spreading himself and strutting vehemently from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of

the same; ineffably great in his own conceit, swelling in vanity, puffed up like a bladder even nigh unto bursting;

So that the little ones in the market-place cried after him, 'Big Injin, heap big!'

And the other was a 'little' New Yorker, even a renegade of the North, one who had backslidden from the ways of his fathers, and that right ill. Wherefore he was called SLIDE-ILL. Howbeit some termed him SLY-DEAL, from his dealings both with cards and with men.

But it came to pass that they called him SLIDEILL, forasmuch as that he was one who naturally took the whole ell, whether one gave him an inch or no.

Now they packed their trunks, and took unto them 'poor EUSTIS,' and many others equally talented and important,

Not forgetting their wives, neither their man-servants nor their maid-servants, their wines nor their cigars.

Howbeit they took not with them the bonds of the Confederacy, lest the Paris shop-keepers should say, 'Go to — it is naught;'

But divers eagles and dimes, stolen aforetime from UNCLE SAM, took they. Likewise bills of exchange and circular letters of credit upon certain of the Jews.

And so they went down unto the sea in ships,—even in a steam-ship,—sailing to the Havana, where she was unladed of her burden.

CHAPTER III.

[THE SONG OF REJOICING.]

Now when the ambassadors, and they which bore the words of the king, had sailed,

Lo, there was great rejoicing in all Secessia;—there was naught heard save the voices of renegade Northern editors,—[for that the Southerners know not to write],—

Saying, 'Come, let us be glad; laugh, O thou my soul.

'For they have gone, they have escaped, they have got away, they have dodged, they have cut stick, they have vamosed the ranch,

'They have ripped it full chisel, they are off lickety-split, they have slid, they have made tracks, they have mizzled—they have absquatulated and clipped it; *abiiit, evasit, erupit!* Hurrah for us!

'Lo, the Yankees are brought low — the nasty, mercenary, low-born, infernal mud-

sills are defiled, and become as a vain thing. *Gloria!*

'For our messengers are on the high seas; they are o. k.; they shall deliver us from the pit. *Victoria!*

'They will drive things chuck to the hub in slasher-gaff style; our foes shall become even as dead birds in the pit; they shall be euchired, and discounted, and we will rake down the pot.

'Come, let us take drinks, for who shall stand against us?'

CHAPTER IV.

Now it came to pass that when UNCLE SAMUEL heard of these things, he was sorely riled; yea, his wrath was like unto a six-story stack of wolverines and wild-cats, mixed with sudden death and patent chain-lightning.

Howbeit he lost no time, and tarried not to take a long swear over the business,

But sent forth his ships:

Sending likewise THURLOW, whose surname was WEED, to prevail over MASON and SLY-DEAL, and come vitriol over their vinegar.

But when the people heard THURLOW say, 'I go, indeed, unto Europe, but not on this business — SLIDEILL may slide for aught I care,'

Then the multitude winked one unto the other, so that such terrible winking was never before seen,

Exclaiming, 'Oh, yes — in a horn. We knew it not before, but now we know it for certain.'

And a certain SIMEON, whose surname was DRAPER, stood up in the market-place and wagered that THURLOW would pull the wool over Mason, and humble him;

And there were no takers. *Selah.*

CHAPTER V.

Now there was a valiant captain, a man of war, hating all iniquity even as poison.

And his name was WILKES — honor and praise to it in all lands! —

Captain of the San Jacinto, cruising for a pirate on the high seas, even for the Sumter.

And he came from Africa, even from the East unto the Havana, in an isle of the sea which lieth under the tower of the Moro;

Where he heard from his Consul strange news, saying that MASON and SLIDEILL had sailed in a British steamer, even the Trent,

which saileth between Vera Cruz, Havana, and St. Thomas.

Then said the captain, 'Shall I refrain myself to stop this iniquity ?

'Arise, oh my soul, gird thyself, and go forth; tarry not, but nab them in their wickedness.

'Take them where the hair is short; jerk them, and pull them even as the fancy policeman pulleth the pickpocket when he seeth him picking the pocket of the righteous.

'Shall I hold back my hand when my country calleth? Not if I know it.' *Selah.*

'Up steam and after them, oh my soul; let there be coal under the boilers, oh my heart; let the way in which we shall travel be a caution, faster than Flora Temple or any other man.

'Fling forth the stripes and stars — hoist the rag, thou gallant sailior; go it strong as it can be mixed. For the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

CHAPTER VI.

Now it came to pass at the end of the first day that they saw the Trent in the Bermudas, even in the channel.

Then the brave captain sent on board Lieutenant FAIRFAX,—which in the Norse tongue is Harfager or Fair-Haired; since it runneth in the family to be sea-kings, and brave on the ocean.

And he, mounting the ship, cried aloud, 'Where are they ?'

Then the Englishman replied, 'I know not whom ye seek,—lo, they are not here !'

Then he, seeing MASON a little apart, cried, 'Lo ! here he is.'

And MASON, hearing this, turned to the color of ashes; his knees smote together; he became even as a boiled turkey-cock; there was no soul left in him.

Yea, even his collar wilted, and the stock of his heart went down ninety-five per cent.

Howbeit he said, with Slidell, 'We will not go save we be forced.'

'Then,' replied FAIRFAX, 'I shall take you by force.'

So they held a council together, and resolved to go.

But their wives and little ones they sent on to Europe, and gave instructions to poor EUSTIS,

Bidding him go in when it should rain, and be sure and put up his umbrella if he had one.

Likewise to bear certain documents promptly and speedily to the kings and princes;

Which WILKES hearing, he speedily smashed, taking poor EUSTIS with the papers.

This was the end of the Council of Trent. It was not that great council of the name, but a very small one, and which came to nothing — small potatoes, and few in a hill. *Selah!*

CHAPTER VII.

Now it had come to pass years before, and was on record,

That MASON, having been asked to visit Boston,

Replied, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you that I will not set foot therein again save as an ambassador to that land.'

Now these things were remembered against him, and printed in all the papers, even in the Boston papers printed they them.

And they bare him into prison, with SLIDELL, and poor EUSTIS was he borne of them.

And they seemed extremely wamble-cropt and chop-fallen; their feathers shone not, even their sickle-feathers drooped in the dust, and their combs were white.

And they seemed as unclean men caught in their unrighteousness, who had been sold uncommonly cheap, with nary buyer.

And they took from them the gold which they had stolen afore-time from UNCLE SAM, even the bills upon the Hebrews did they yield up. Howbeit, they received a receipt for them.

And they asked much, 'How shall we feed, and may we have servants?' and wished to live pleasantly; yet, when at Richmond, SLIDELL had reviled the Yankee prisoners sorely, and counseled harsh treatment.

Then went they into the jug, and were allotted each man his bunk in the prison-house.

And the word went forth to hang all pirates and robbers on the sea, even as it had been spoken sternly by OLD ABE, of Washington;

Saying, string them up in short order.

And if they of Secessia hang the brave CORCORAN and his friends,

Then, as the LORD liveth, SLIDELL and MASON shall pull hemp; even on the gallows shall they hang like thieves and murderers — the land hath sworn it. *SELAH!*

'SOUND on the Goose Question.'

Who is there among our readers who has not heard that phrase? It has now for some years been transferred from one political topic to another, until its flavor of novelty is well-nigh gone. But whence the expression? An antiquarian would probably hint at the geese whose sound saved Rome. The great goose question of the Reformation was the burning of one HUSS, whose name in English signifieth Goose, for which reason he is said to have exclaimed to his tormentors 'Now ye indeed roast a goose, but, lo! after me there will come a swan whom ye can not roast,' which was strangely fulfilled in LUTHER, whose name—slightly varied—signifies in Bohemian a swan. But, reader, 'an it please you,' here is the original and 'Simon Pure' explanation, as furnished by a correspondent:—

'Are you right on the goose question?' But do you know the origin of the phrase? It was told to me, at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, when I was there in "Fremont's time," anno 1856. Alas! the fates deal hardly with Fremont. C. and F., now a satellite of C., helped to slaughter him once before in Pennsylvania—sold him out to Know-Nothings. Hope they haven't now in Missouri pitched him over to be succeeded by Do-Nothings. But to the story. Harrisburg has wide, clean, brick sidewalks. Many of the poorer sort there kept geese years ago, and sold or ate their progeny in the days of November and December—the "*embers* of the dying year." Jenkins was up for constable. The question whether geese should run at large was started. The Harrisburg geese made at times bad work on the clean sidewalks, as do their exemplars, spitting on the *pave* of Broadway. A delegation of the geese-owners waited on Jenkins. Seeing that they had many votes, he declared himself in favor of the geese running at large. The better sort of people, who were in favor of clean sidewalks, hearing of this, set up an opposition candidate, who avowed himself opposed to having the sidewalks fouled by these errant fowls. The canvass waxed warm; a third candidate took the field; he put himself in the hands of an astute "trainer" for the political fray. We don't know whether or not this was before the

day when Mr. Cameron counseled in politics at Harrisburg, but his Mentor bid this new candidate, when the delegations applied for his views on the all-absorbing issues, to say nothing himself, but to refer to him, the Mentor aforesaid. And when the delegations accordingly came to Mentor to find the position of the third candidate, he said to each, with unction, "You will find my friend sound on the goose question." Third candidate was elected. His story got wind, and from that day till Bull Run all the politicians of the land have striven likewise to be 'sound on the goose question.'

Therefore let us be duly thankful that the time hath come when it shall no longer advantage a man to say, 'Lo! I am sound,' or—as PRINCE ALBERT was reported to reply constantly to his royal consort during the early years of their marriage—"I dinks joost as *you* dinks,"—since in these days vigorous *acts* and not quibbling words are the only coin which shall pass current in politics.

NEVER was there an institution which required such constant repairing as 'the great Southern system.' One of the latest and most terrible leaks discovered is that of the danger to be apprehended from an influx of vile Yankee immigrants after the North shall have been conquered. Unless this is prevented, say the Charleston papers, who dictate pretty independently to the whole of Dixie, we shall have sacrificed in vain our blood and treasure, since nothing is more evident than that at no distant day the Northern men among us will be fully able to control our elections. Therefore it is proposed that no Northern man ever be allowed the right of naturalization in the South.

But as even Southern injustice has not as yet the insolence to restrict this precious prohibition to 'Yankees,' it is sequentially proposed that with the exception of those foreigners now in the South, no person, not a (white) native, shall ever, after this war, be allowed the rights of citizenship in the C. S. A. There has not been, that we are aware, any opposition to this hospitable proposition, but,

on the contrary, it has been most largely circulated and approved of.

It must be admitted that the South is in one thing at least praiseworthy. It is consistent—to say nothing of being thoroughly in earnest. To exclude all poor white immigrants from civil, and consequently social privileges, is perfectly in keeping with its long expressed contempt for mudsills. It legislates for F. F.'s, and for them alone. It wants no Irish, no Germans, no foreign element of any description between itself and the negro. It will make unto itself a China within a wall of cotton-bales, and be sublimely magnificent within itself.

But what of the Border, or, as GEO. SAUNDERS aptly called them, the Tobacco States? (By the by, where is now that eminent rejected of the C. S. A.?) The Patent Office Report for 1852 spoke as follows of Fairfax County, Virginia, where thousands of acres of land have become exhausted through slave labor, abandoned as worthless, and reduced to a wilderness:—

'These lands have been purchased by Northern emigrants, the large tracts divided and subdivided and cleared of pines, and neat farm-houses and barns, with smiling fields of grain and grass in the season, salute the delighted gaze of the beholder. Ten years ago it was a mooted question whether Fairfax lands could be made productive, and if so, would they pay the cost? This problem has been satisfactorily solved by many, and in consequence of the above altered state of things, school-houses and churches have doubled in number.'

But school-houses and churches are not what the C. S. A. want. 'Let us alone with your Yankee contrivances. "Smiling fields indeed!"—we want no smiling among us save the "smiles" of old Monongahela or Bourbon. The fiery Southern heart does not condescend to smile. "Neat farm-houses!" They may do for your Northern serfs—we'll none of them.' Verily the C. S. A. is a stupendous power, which, according to the development of its own avowed principles, must necessarily become greater as

it is more and more limited to fewer persons. In due time these will be reduced to hundreds, those in time to scores, until, finally, all Southerndom shall be merged in one individual quintessentialy concentrated exponent of Cottandom, who must needs be, perforce, so intensely respectable and so sublimely aristocratic that Northern eye may not see nor Northern heart feel the magnitude of his superiority, or pierce the gloom wherein he shall sit, 'a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.'

FIVE of the present Cabinet, with Secretary CAMERON at their head, have expressed themselves fairly and fully in favor of Emancipation,—foreseeing its inevitable realization, and, we presume, the necessity of 'managing' it betimes. Only Messrs. SEWARD and BATES hang timidly behind, waiting for stronger manifestations, ere they hang out their flags. Meanwhile, from the rural districts of the East and West come thousand-fold indications that the great 'working majority' of Northern free-men—the same who elected LINCOLN and urged on the war in thunder-tones and lightning acts—are sternly determined to press the great measure, and purify this country for once and forever of its great bitterness. It is a foregone conclusion.

'If you would know what your neighbors think of you,' says an old proverb, 'quarrel with them.' It has not been necessary of late to quarrel with England to ascertain *her* opinion of us, as expressed by her editors, writers, and men of the highest standing. Our war with the South has brought it out abundantly, and the result is a great dislike of everything American, save cotton! We are not of those who would at this time say too much on the subject,—every expression of Anglophobia is just now nuts to the C. S. A., who would dearly relish a war between us and the mother country,—but we may point to

the significant fact recently laid in a laconic letter by 'Railway TRAIN,' that while everything is done in England to preserve a 'strict neutrality,' as regards the North, and while the most vexatious hinderances are placed in the way of exporting aught which may aid us,—much *gratuitous* pains being taken to prevent any material aid to the Federal government,—vessels are allowed to load openly with all contraband of war, even to arms and ammunition, for the avowed purpose of supplying the South. This is not mere *rumor*—it has been amply confirmed for months.

Very well, gentlemen; very well, indeed. We may remember all your kindness and the depth of your zealous abolition philanthropy. '*Haud immemor.*' But you are reasoning on false grounds. You forget that it is almost as important for you to sell your manufactures to America as to get cotton from it. And articles in the *Times*, and speeches from your first statesmen, show that you really believe the enormous fib so generally current, that the South consumes the very great majority of all our imports. 'The South is where the North makes all its money—the South does everything.'

Do not believe it. The entire South consumes only about one sixth or seventh of all imports, and contributes no greater proportion to the wealth of the North. But the North, with a very little sacrifice, can free itself almost entirely from dependence on your manufactures, and if, in homely parlance, you 'give us any more of your impudence,' she will—will most decidedly. There is even a stronger king than Cotton here; we may call him King Market. Let King Market once lay hands on you, and whereas you were before only broken, *then* you will be ground to powder.

OVER many a home since the last New Year, Death has cast the shadow, which may grow dimmer with time, or change to other hues, but which never entirely departs. But now he comes with strange,

unwonted form, for he comes from the battle-field as well as the far-off home of fever, or the icy lair of consumption, and those left behind know only of the departed that he died for honor.

'My brother! oh, my brother!' Such a cry arose not long ago in a family, for one of the best and bravest whom this country has ever known. And more than one has brought back from the war a sorrowful narrative of a long farewell inclosed in as brief and touching words as those of the following lyric:—

LINES.

I.

My brother, take my hand;
The darkness covers me,
And now I fly to thee;
O, hear my call!

II.

My brother, take my hand;
Weary, and sick, and faint,
To thee I make complaint,
Who art my all.

III.

My brother, take my hand;
Though pale it is and thin,
The same blood flows within
That is in thine.

IV.

My brother, take my hand;
It's all I have to give;
O, let me, while I live,
Press it to thine.

V.

My brother, take my hand;
And with the hand receive
The blessing which I leave,
Before I die.

VI.

My brother, take my hand;
And when at last you come,
I will receive you home,—
The home on high.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio sends us the following:—

'It is a good thing for a weak brother to have faith; and some one to rely on is to such an especial blessing. Squire BULLARD was wont to find such a prop in his friend Deacon PARRISH, who, he firmly believed, "knew everything."

'Near by the Squire lived a graceless old

infidel named MYERS, who was wont to entangle his simple neighbors in arguments sadly vexing to their orthodoxy. On one occasion he devoted an hour to prove to BULLARD that there was no future after death.

" Well," exclaimed Squire B——, " you kin talk jest as much as ye please. Free speech is permitted; but I don't believe ye. I tell you what, MYERS, the soul is immortal; I'll bet five dollars on it, and leave it to Deacon PARRISH!"'

This is indeed believing in human power; and yet who would laugh through his heart at it? For it is this same *belief* in other men, mere mortals like ourselves, in hero-worship, which led man through the stormy ages of old on to the lighter and brighter time, when we see afar the promised time when great ideas shall rule instead of great men, and heroism yield to sincere, unselfish ministry. Great was the final lesson of Friar BACON's head — ' Time will be.'

THE failure of the great Southern Confederacy to secure recognition in Europe will doubtless provoke sad strains from the bards of that unfortunate 'empire.' Nor less to be pitied are those who have put their trust in contracts and become the 'victims of misplaced confidence.' The following brace of parodies sets forth the sorrows of either side with touching pathos.

THE UNIVERSAL COTTON GIN.

HE journeyed all creation through,
A peddler's wagon trotting in;
A haggard man, of sallow hue,
Upon his nose the goggles blue,
And in his cart a model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

His seedy garb was sad to view—
Hard seemed the strait he'd gotten in;
He plainly couldn't boast a *sou*,
And meanly fared on water-gruel,
el, or had swallowed whole a U—
niversal nigger-cotton gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

To all he met — Turk, Christian, Jew —
He meekly said, 'I'm not in tin;

In fact I'm in a serious stew,
And therefore offer unto you,
At half its worth, my model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

' As sure as four is two and two,
It rules the world we're plotting in;
It made and ruined Yankee Doo—
dle, stuck to him like Cooper's glue,
And so to you would stick this U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

Now Johnny Bull the peddler knew,
And thus replied with not a grin:
' Hi loves your 'gin' like London brew—
ed ale, but loathes the hinstitu—
tion vitch propels your model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

' Hi knows such coves as you a few,
And, zur, just now, hi'm not in tin;
Hi tells you vot, great Yankee Doo—
dle might hincline to put me through
Hi if he should buy your model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

Then spake smooth Monsieur *Parlez-vous*,
Whose gilded throne was got in sin,—
(As was he too, if tales are true):
' I does not vant your modal U—
(He sounds a V for W)
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

' A negar in de fence I view—
Your grand machine he's rotting in;
I smells him now, he stinketh! *w-h-e-w*—
Give me a good tobacco chew,
And you may keeps your modal U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

The peddler then sloped quickly to
The land he was begotten in;
With woeeful visage, feelings blue,
He sadly questioned what to do,
When none would buy his model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

From out his pocket then he drew
A rag that *blood* was clotting in;
It had a field of heavenly blue,
Was flecked with stars — the very few
That glimmered on his model U—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin—
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

He gazed long on its tarnished hue,
And mourned the fix he'd gotten in;
Then filled his eyes with contrite dew,
As in its folds his nose he blew,
And thus addressed his model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

'Thou crownless king, thy days are few;
The world thou art forgotten in;
Ere thou dost die, thy life review,
Repent thy crimes, thy wrongs undo,
Give freedom to the dusky crew
Whose blood now stains the model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin!'

A SORROWFUL DIALOGUE.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY axe-grinder! whither are you going?
Sad is your visage, sadder far your raiment,
Rimless your hat, your coat has got a hole in't,
So have your trowsers!

Seedy axe-grinder! little know the great ones,
Who buy fat jobs, and steal the public lucre,
What times befall the poverty-stricken devils
Who grind their axes!

Tell me, axe-grinder, how you came so seedy?
Did some great man ungratefully entreat you?
Was it FERNANDO, first king of our Gotham,
Or the Collector?

Or did some evil WEED set you to burning
The Cataline, and pocket all the plunder;
Or did the patriot BEN engulf your little
All in a lottery?

Tell me, axe-grinder! 'tell me how you cum
so,'
'Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall the moment you have told your
Pitiful story.'

AXE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! mine is sad to tell, sir;
The gratitude of great men drove me down-
ward,
Reduced me to these shoddy coat and trowsers
So sad and seedy!

Listen! while I disclose the secrets of the
Mansion which standeth on Broadway, where
strangers
Are taken in and done for at two dollars
And a half per diem.

There congregate Lord THURLOW, ALEXAN-
DER
The Wonder of the World, and they who pull
the
Wool o'er the eyelids of the veteran Com-
Missary-general.

And there, while they within did manufacture
The ways and means to 'work' this foul
rebellion,
I kept the door without, and turned the grind-
stone
Which ground their axes.

And daily to their private closet came one
Called ORSAMUS, of fame in all the churches,
Whose savory name smells sweetly to all
lovers
Of public plunder.

'Twas queer the ex-(tra) congress man resorted
There; strange they were to all invisible when
His oily visage, like a magic lantern,
Lit the apartment.

It were a Matter-son or father might take
A note of; so I questioned of the key-hole,
And, lo! they would bestow warm raiment on
our
Suffering soldiers.

I deemed the subject worthy of attention,
The more so as a very fat commission
Would be gained by it, so as almoner I
Tendered my service.

I looked for thanks; when, lo! they gave me
none, sir,
But, calling eavesdroppers ungodly sinners,
Applied their patent-leathers to my tender
Unmentionables.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

They served you right; take wholesome warn-
ing by it,
Leave state affairs to those who live upon 'em;
Should not the ox that treadeth in the corn-
crib
Eat of the hoe-cakes?

How noble such care for our shivering heroes!
Who would not gladly perish for his country
When, for his sake, her great men stoop so
low as
The shoddy business!

THE Germans have a fine *Spinn-lied*, or
song of spinning; so, too, have the jolly
Flemish dames. And a poetical corre-
spondent of ours seems determined that
few and far between as the old-fashioned
spinners are in this country, the race
shall not entirely disappear without tak-
ing a song with them, and a quaint,
pleasant lesson. Dear reader, to the
CONTINENTAL's way of thinking, there
is something very winning in the thought

of that 'great holiday,' when, free from all task, we shall play merrily evermore 'out-of-doors,' in eternal light, over infinite realms of beauty.

SPINNING.

Dearest mother, let me go;
I am tired of this spinning, yet the whizzing
wheel goes round,
Till my brain is dull and dizzy with its cease-
less, humming sound.
I can hear a little blue-bird, chirping sweetly
in yon tree;
And he would not stay there, mother, if he
were not calling me.

Oh! in pity, let me go:
I have spun the flaxen thread, until my aching
fingers drop;
And my weary feet will falter, though the
whizzing wheel should stop.
I can see the sunny meadow where the gayest
flowers grow;
And I long to weave a garland;— dearest
mother, let me go.

Nay, be patient, eager child;
Summer smiles beyond the doorway, but stern
poverty is here;
We must give her faithful service, if her
frown we would not fear.
Spin on cheerly, little daughter, till your need-
ful task is done,
Then go forth with bird and blossom, at the
setting of the sun.

Wait thou, also, troubled soul;
Thou mayst look beyond the river, where
the white-robed angels stand;
Hear the faint, celestial music, wafted from
the summer land;
But thou cans't not leave thy labor;— when
thy thread is duly spun,
Thou shalt flee on flashing pinions, at the
setting of the sun.

THE times have been hard, reader, our friend, yet all merriment has not entirely died out, and there is still the sweet voice of music to be heard in the land. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and many minor cities, the Benedictine ULLMANN hath been ubiquitously about, operating most vigorously, while the philosophic and courteous GOSCHE hath not been far distant. And they heralded HINKLEY, and BORCHARD, and KELLOGG, and all the other sweet swans of

song; they drew after them the gems of the opera; there was selling of *Libretti*, (and in Boston, 'los-an-gers'); there was the donning of scarlet and blue striped cloaks, gay coiffures and butterflying fans; there was flirting, and fun, and gentle gayety in the New York Academy, and with the Boston Academies it was not otherwise, only that among the latter the Saxon predominateth, and the dark-eyed, music-loving children of Israel, who so abound in most opera audiences, are very rare.

What we intended to do, O reader, was to give the biography of BENEDICT ULLMANN. Lo! here it cometh:—

Vita Sancti Benedicti.

ULLMANN is about three thousand years old.

The New York *Herald* once called him Mephistopheles. He is not Mephistopheles, however, but the same thing, which is ULLMANN. He is a spirit bearing human form. Don't forget.

King SOLOMON sat beneath the golden pavilion one afternoon, playing silver melodies on a gold harp. Up went the notes—the spirits of the Sephiroth bore them—even up to a premium, and the very angels stopped sewing on their white robes to hear the ravishing melody.

By his side sat the Queen of Sheba, counting out her money.

Suddenly, there was a strange vibration, a marvelous tone. The queen paused. The king smiled. The angels went on with their sewing. (According to Rabbi ABAR-BANEL, they were knitting. This created a schism between the schools of Cracow and Cordova, which lasted four centuries.)

'Why smilest thou, Oh SOLOMON?'

'I smiled, my dear queen, because you and I became, just now, unwittingly, the parents of a strange being.'

'Why, SOLOMON—how you talk!' exclaimed the Q. of S.

'Yea, for the ring of thy gold, oh my Queen, and the last chord-tone from my harp mingled in mystical unity and made a sound unheard before on earth. And the spirit of that sound, which is of money and of music, is the spirit whereof I spoke.'

Then the queen marveled greatly at the wisdom of SOLOMON, and gave him a shekel. The king rung it on the table and touched

his harp. Again the strange tone thrilled out loud.

'There he goes!' quoth SOLOMON. 'My blessing on him. And therefore the sprite is called Blessed to this day, which in Latin is *Benedict*.

Thus was ULLMANN born, who was the first who ever sold music; and, whereas as before his time music was only iron or silver, after he took it up it became golden — very fine, and rather expensive. Howbeit, he loved music as well as money, and gave the people their money's worth, and many a jolly opera and fine tenor did he bring out: yea, had it been possible he would have engaged DON JUAN TENORIO himself, so that Don Giovanni might have been produced as perfectly as possible — the Don Giovanity of vanities.

Apropos of music, there is among the novelties of the season a French 'operetta,' entitled '*Les Noces de Jeannette*,' in which a very peculiar bridegroom distinguishes himself, like Christopher Strap in 'Pleasant Neighbors,' by smashing the furniture. This recalls something which we heard narrated in the opera *oyer* the other evening.

Some years ago, in Paris, there was a very good comedian who prided himself on being perfectly 'classic.' To be classic in France is to be elegantly conventional. No actress can be really *kissed* according to classic rules; the lips must be faintly smacked about three feet from her shoulder. Wills are classically written by a flourish of the pen, and classical banqueters never pretend to eat.

Now there was a humorous scene which greatly depended on much breakage of furniture; and to this scene our actor, in the opinion of the manager, did not do justice. Rolling over one tea-cup did *not*, according to the latter, constitute a grand smash.

The actor became irritated. '*Pa'r're-bleu!*' he exclaimed, 'you SHALL have a grand smash then, if you must, and no mistake.'

The scene begun. There was a tea-table, and the irate performer gave one kick, and sent the whole concern crash-

ing into the pit. There was a roar of applause.

('Ah! this is something like,' said the manager, rubbing his hands.)

The chairs were next attacked and broken into the completest kindling-wood, as by a madman. The manager began to look grave.

There were two tables left, a piano, and a closet. The actor stepped behind the scenes and reappeared with an axe. Bang! went the timber — crack — splinter —

'Stop!' roared the manager.

'Go on!' 'bravo!' 'go on!' roared the audience.

The stage was cleared, but the scenery still remained. And into the scenery went the actor 'like mad.' Planks and canvas came tumbling down; the manager called his assistants; the house was delirious with joy. The manager rushed on the stage; the actor kicked him over into the orchestra, and seizing the prompter's box, hurled it crashing after.

We do not know how matters were arranged, but we believe that the manager never tried afterwards to convert a classic actor to the romantic school.

THE shade of Bishop BERKLEY would rejoice, could it read at this late date such a tribute to the merit of the once famed tar water, which he invented. But a solemn feeling steals over our heart when we remember that the hand which penned these lines now lies cold in death, and that the shades of the idealist and the poet may ere this have joined in the spirit land.

TAR WATER.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

From the granite of the North,
Leapt this pure libation forth,
Cold as the rocks that restrained it;
From the glowing Southern pine,
Oozed this dark napthalian wine,
Warm as the hearts that contained it;
In a beaker they combine
In a nectar as divine
As the vintage of the Rhine,
While I pledge those friends of mine

Who are nearest, who are dearest in affection.
 I have filled it to the brim;
 Not a tear could ride its rim;
 Not a fleck of sorrow dim
 The flashing smiles that swim
 In the crystal which restores their recollection.

Floating on the pitchy wine,
 Comes an odor of the brine,
 Half suggesting solemn surges of the sea;
 A sailor in the shrouds,
 Furling sail amid the clouds;
 Noisy breakers singing dirges on the lee,
 To those friends upon the main,
 Who have ventured once again,
 In the realm which cleaves in twain
 Loving hearts, that fill with pain
 When the storm proclaims the terrors of December.
 I will clink the beaded edge
 Of the beaker, while I pledge
 Safety over surf and sedge,
 Foaming round the sunken ledge,
 In the track of all the loved ones we remember.

And through Carolinian woods, -
 Ever muffled in the hoods
 Of their fir-trees' aromatic evergreen,
 I can hear the mellow stops,
 Ever swaying in their tops,
 To the playing of an organist unseen.
 And the breezes bring the balm
 Of the solitude and psalm,
 From that indolence of calm,
 In the land of pine and palm,
 Over hills, and over rivers and savannas,
 Till my feelings undergo
 All their mortal overthrow,
 In celestial strains which flow,
 In a song of peace below,
 From those regions where archangels sing
 hosannas.

A FRIEND who has roamed in his time over the deserts and slept in Bedawee tents; one to whom the East is as a second mother, and in whose faith the Koran is necessary to really put the finishing touch to a true gentleman, sends us the following eccentric proverbs from the Arabic.

Words of Wisdom.

'A well is not to be filled with dew.'

There speaks the Arab, choice of water as of wine.

'May a deadly disease love you and Allah hate you!'

Uncle Toby, who would not have had the heart to curse a dog so, would have

found the Excommunication of Ernulphus quite outdone in the desert, where cursing is perfected.

'He lays goose eggs, and expects young turkeys.'

'The dream of the cat is about mice.'

Meaning, as we say, that what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh. *Æsop* has dramatized this proverb in a pretty fable.

'The people went away; the baboons remained.'

'A rose fell to the lot of a monkey.'

Or, as the Latins said, '*Asinus ad Lyram*' — 'A gold ring in a sow's ear.'

'God bless him who pays visits, and short ones at that.'

'The husband of two parrots—a neck between two sticks.'

'I asked him about his father. "My uncle's name is SHAYB," he replied.'

'They wanted a keeper for the pigeon-house, and gave the keys to the cat.'

'Filth fell upon dirt. "Welcome! my friend," said he.'

'Scarcer than fly-brains.'

'Gain upon dirt rather than loss upon musk.'

Musk plays a great part in the East. Even the porters in Cairo bear bags of it and are scented by it.

'When the monkey reigns, dance before him.'

This slavish proverb is thoroughly Oriental.

'They met a monkey defiling the mosque. "Dost thou not fear," quoth they, "lest God may metamorphose thee?" "I should," quoth he, "if I thought he would change me into a gazelle."

'He fled from the rain and sat down under the water-sprout.'

Or, as we say, out of the frying-pan into the fire.

DIVERS and sundry 'screeds' which we had hoped to lay on this present 'Editor's Table,' are unavoidably postponed until the February number, when they will make their 'positively first and last appearance.' Hoping that our own first appearance may not be without your approbation, we conclude, wishing you, reader, once more — very sincerely — the happiest of 'happy New Years.'

THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. I.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—NO. II.

OUR WAR AND OUR WANT.

CAN this great republic of our forefathers exist with slavery in it?

Whether we like or dislike the question, it must be answered. As the war stands, we have gone too far to retreat. It clamors for a brave and manly solution. Let us see if we can, laying aside all prejudices, all dislikes whatever, discover an honest course, simply with a view to preserve the Union and insure its future prosperity. Let us avoid all foregone conclusions, all extraneous issues, adhering strictly to the one great need of the hour—how to conquer the foe, reëstablish the Union, and do this in a manner most consonant with our future national prosperity.

It is manifest enough that in a continent destined at no distant day to contain its hundred millions, the question whether these shall form one great nation or a collection of smaller states is one of fearful importance. He who belongs to a *great* nation is thereby great of himself. He has the right to be proud, and will work out his life more proudly and vigorously and freely than the dweller in a corner-country. Do those men ever *reflect*, who talk so glibly of this government as too large, and as one which must inevitably be sundered, to what a degradation they calmly look for-

ward! No; Union,—come what may,—now and ever. Greatness is to every brave man a *necessity*. Out on the craven and base-hearted who aspire to being less than the co-rulers of a continent. See how vile and mean are those men who in the South have lost all national pride in a small-minded provincial attachment to a State, who love their local county better still, and concentrate their real political interests in the feudal government of a plantation. Shall *we* be as such,—*we*, the men who hold the destinies of a hemisphere within our grasp? Never,—God help us,—never!

On the basis of free labor we are pressing onward over the mighty West. Two great questions now require grappling with. The one is, whether slavery shall henceforth be tolerated; the other, whether we shall strengthen this great government of the Union so as to preserve it in future from the criminal intrigues of would-be seceding, ambitious men of no principle. Now is the time to decide.

We must not be blind to a great opportunity which may be lost, of forever quelling a foul nuisance which would, if neglected *now*, live forever. Do we not see, feel, and understand what sort of *white men* are developed by slavery,

and do we intend to keep up such a race among us? *Do we want all this work to do over again* every ten or five years or all the time? For a quarter of a century, slavery and nothing else has kept us in a growing fever, and now that it has reached a crisis the question is whether we shall calm down the patient with cool rose-water. In the crisis comes a physician who knows the constitution of his patient, and proposes searching remedies and a thorough cure,—and, lo! the old nurse cries out that he is interfering and acting unwisely, though he is quite as willing to adopt her cooling present solace as she.

If we had walked over the war-course last spring without opposition,—if we had conquered the South, would we have put an end to this trouble? Does any one believe that we would? This is not now a question of the right to hold slaves, or the wrong of so doing. All of that old abolition jargon went out and died with the present aspect of the war. So far as nine-tenths of the North ever cared, or do now care, slaves might have hoed away down in Dixie, until supplanted, as they have been in the North, by the irrepressible advance of manufactures and small farms, or by free labor. ‘Keep your slaves and hold your tongues’ was, and would be now, our utterance. But they would not hold their tongues. It was ‘rule or ruin’ with them. And if, as it seems, a man can not hold slaves without being arrogant and unjust to others, we must take his slaves away.

And why is not this the proper time to urge emancipation? Divested of all deceitful and evasive turns, the question reduces itself to this,—are we to definitely conquer the enemy once and for all, the great enemy Oligarchy, by taking out its very heart? or are we to keep up this strife with slaveholders forever? It is a great and hard thing to do, this crushing the difficulty, but we must either do it or be done for. In a few months ‘the tax-gatherer will be around.’ If anybody has read the report of the Secretary of the Treasury without a

grave sensation, he is very fortunate. How would such reports please us annually for many years? So long as there exists in the Union a body of men disowning allegiance to it, puffed up in pride, loathing and scorning the name of free labor, especially as the ally of capital, just so long will the tax-gatherer be around,—and with a larger bill than ever.

To such an extent is this arrogance carried of urging utter silence at present on the subject of slavery, that one might almost question whether the right of free speech or thought is to be left at all, save to those who have determined on a certain course of conduct. When it is remembered that those who wish to definitely conclude this great national trouble are in the great majority, we stand amazed at the presumption which forbids them to utter a word. One may almost distrust his senses to hear it so brazenly urged that because he happens to think that our fighting and victories may go hand in hand with a measure which is to prevent future war, he is ‘opposed to the Administration,’ is ‘a selfish traitor thinking of nothing but the Nigger,’ and altogether a stumbling-block and an untimely meddler. If he protest that he cares no more for the welfare of the Negro than for that of the man in the moon, he is still reviled as an ‘abolitionist.’ If he insist that emancipation will end the war, his ‘conservative’ foe becomes pathetic over his indifference as to what is to become of the four millions of ‘poor blacks.’ And, in short, when he urges the great question whether this country is to tolerate slavery or no, he is met with trivial fribbling side-issues, every one of which should vanish like foam before the determined will and onward march of a great, *free* people.

Now let every friend of the Union boldly assume that *so far as the settlement of this question is concerned he does not care one straw for the Negro.* Leave the Negro out altogether. Let him sink or swim, so far as this difficulty goes. Men have tried for thirty years

to appeal to humanity, without success, for the Negro, and now let us try some other expedient. Let us regard him not as a man and a brother, but as 'a miserable nigger,' if you please, and a nuisance. But whatever he be, if the effect of owning such creatures is to make the owner an intolerable fellow, seditious and insolent, it becomes pretty clear that such ownership should be put an end to. If Mr. Smith can not have a horse without riding over his neighbor, it is quite time that Smith were unhorsed, no matter how honestly he may have acquired the animal. And if the Smiths, father and sons, threaten to keep their horse in spite of law,—nay, and breed up a race of horses from him, whereon to rough-ride everybody who goes afoot,—then it becomes still more imperative that the Smith family cease cavaliering it altogether.

There is yet another point which the staunch Union-lover must keep in view. In pushing on the war with heart and soul, we inevitably render slaveholding at any rate a most precarious institution, and one likely to be broken up altogether. Seeing this, many unreflectingly ask, 'Why then meddle with it?' But it *must* be considered in some way, and provided for as the war advances, or we shall find ourselves in such an imbroglio as history never saw the like of. He who cuts down a tree must take forethought how it may fall, or he will perchance find himself crushed. He who in a tremendous conflagration would blow up a block of houses with powder, must, even amid the riot and roar, so manage the explosion that lives be not wantonly lost. We must clear the chips away as our work advances. The matter in hand is the war—if you choose, nothing but the war. But pushing on singly and simply at *the war* implies *some* wisdom and a certain regard to the future and to consequences. The mere abolitionist of the old school, who regards the Constitution as a league with death and a covenant with hell, may, if he pleases, see in the war only an opportunity to wreak vengeance on the South and free the black. But the

'emancipationist' sees this in a very different light. He sees that we are *not* fighting for the Negro, or out of hatred to anybody. He knows that we are fighting to restore the Union, and that this is the first great thought, to be carried out at all hazards. But he feels that this carrying out involves some action at the same time on the great trouble which first caused the war, and which, if neglected, will prolong the war forever. He feels that the future of the greatest republic in existence depends on settling this question now and forever, and that if it be left to the chances of war to settle itself, there is imminent danger that even a victory may not prevent a disruption of the Union. For, disguise it as we may, there is a vast and uncontrollable body at the North who hate slavery, and pity the black, and these men will not be silent or inactive. Did the election of Abraham Lincoln involve nothing of this? We know that it did. Will this 'extreme left,' this radical party, keep quiet and do nothing? Why, they are the most fiercely active men on our continent. Let him who would prevent this battle degenerating into a furious strife between radical abolition and its opponents weigh this matter well. There are fearful elements at work, which may be neutralized, if we who fight for the *Union* will be wise betimes, and remove the bone of contention.

Above all, let every man bear in mind that, even as the war stands, something *must* be done to regulate and settle the Negro question. After what has been already effected in the border States and South Carolina, it would be impossible to leave the Negro and his owner in such an undefined relation as now exists. And yet this very fact—one of the strongest which can be alleged to prove the necessity of legislation and order—is cited to prove that the matter will settle itself. Take, for instance, the following from the correspondence of a daily cotemporary:—

THE ARMY SPOILING THE SLAVES.—Whatever may be the policy of the government in regard to the status of the slaves, one thing is

certain, that wherever our army goes, it will most effectually spoil all the slaves and render them worthless to their masters. This will be the necessary result, and we think it perfectly useless to disturb the administration and distract the minds of the people with the everlasting discussion of this topic. Soon our army will be in Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana, and the soldiers will carry with their successful arms an element of liberty that will infuse itself into every slave in those States. The only hope for the South, if, indeed, it has not passed away, is to throw down their arms and submit unconditionally to the government.

That is to say, we are to free the slave, only we must not say so! Rather than take a bold, manly stand, avow what we are actually doing, and adopt a measure which would at once conciliate and harmonize the whole North, we are to suffer a tremendous disorder to spring up and make mischief without end! Can we never get over this silly dread of worn-out political abuse and grapple fairly with the truth? Are we really so much afraid of being falsely called abolitionists and negro-lovers that we can not act and think like *men!* Here we are frightened at *names*, dilly-dallying and quarreling over idle words, when a tremendous crisis calls for acts. But this can not last forever. Something must be done right speedily for the myriad of blacks whom we shall soon have on our hands. Barracooning contrabands by thousands may do for the present, but how as to the morrow? Let it be repeated again and again, that they who argue against touching the Negro question *at present* are putting off from day to day an evil which becomes terrible as it is delayed. It *can not* be let alone. Already those in power at Washington are terrified at its extent, but fear to act, owing to 'abolition,' while all the time the foul old political ties and intrigues are gathering closely about. Let us cut the knot betimes, act bravely and manfully, and settle the difficulty ere it settles us. Something must be done, and that right early.

But what is to become of the freed blacks? Again and again does this preposterous bugbear rise up to prove, by

the terror which it excites, the vast ignorance of the subject which prevails in this country, and the small amount of deliberate reasoning generally bestowed on matters of the most vital importance. Reader, if you would answer it, go to facts. You have probably all your life accepted as true the statement that the black when free promptly becomes an idle, worthless vagabond. You have believed that a *majority* of the free blacks in the North are good for nothing. Now I tell you calmly and deliberately, and challenging inquiry, that *this is not true*. Admitting that about one-fifth of them are so, you have but a weak argument. As for the forlorn, unacclimated exiles in Canada, where there is no demand for the labor which they are peculiarly fit to render, they are not a case in point. The black servants, cooks, barbers, white-washers, carpet-beaters and grooms of Baltimore and Philadelphia, which form the four-fifths majority of free blacks in those cities, are not idle vagabonds. Above all, reader, I beg of you to read the dispassionate and calmly written *Cotton Kingdom* of Frederick Law Olmstead, recently published by Mason Brothers, of New York. You will there find the fact set forth by closest observation that the negroes in part are indeed lazy vagabonds, but that the majority, when allowed to work for themselves, and when free, *do work*, and that right steadily. In the Virginia tobacco factories slaves can earn on an average as much money for themselves, in the 'over hours' allowed them, as the manufacturer pays their owner for their services during the day. There are cases in which slaves, hired for one hundred dollars a year, have made for themselves three hundred.*

But the vagabond surplus,—the minority? Is it possible that with Union

*'If the slaves be emancipated, what with their own natural ability and such aids and appliances as the government and 20,000,000 of people in the North can furnish, I do not believe but that they will get employment, and pay, and, of course, subsistence.'—HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

or disunion before us we can hesitate as to taking on this incumbrance? In a hard-working land vagabonds must die off,—'tis a hard case, but the emergency for the white men of this and a coming age is much harder. After all, there are only some fifteen hundred or two thousand lazy free negroes in New York city,—the climate, we are told, is too severe for them,—and this among well-nigh a million of inhabitants. We think it would be possible to find one single alderman in that city who has wasted as much capital, and injured the commonwealth quite as much, in one year, as all the negroes there put together, during the same time. It would be absurd to imagine that the emancipation of every negro in America to-morrow would add one million idlers and vagabonds to our population. *But what if it did?* Would their destiny or injury to us be of such tremendous importance that we need for it peril our welfare as a nation? The standing armies of Germany absorb about one-fifth of the entire capital of the land. Better one million of negative negroes than a million of positive soldiers!

There was never yet in history a time when such a glorious future offered itself to a nation as that which is now within our grasp. In its greatness and splendor it is beyond all description. The great problem of Republicanism—the question of human progress—has reached its last trial. If we keep this mighty nation one and inseparable, we shall have answered it forever; if not, why then those who revile man as vile and irreclaimably degraded may raise their

paeans of triumph; the black spectres of antique tyrants may clap their hands gleefully in the land of accursed shadows, and hell hold high carnival, for, verily, it would seem as if they had triumphed, and that hope were a lie.

But who are they who dare accuse us of wishing to weaken the administration and impede its course? Bring the question to light! If there be one thing more than another which those who demand emancipation desire, it is that the central government should be *strengthened*—aye, strengthened as it has never been before; so that, in future, there can be no return of secession. We have never been a republic—only an aggregate of smaller republics. If we *had* been one, the first movement toward disunion would have hurled the traitors urging it to the dust. Aye, strengthen the government; and let its first manifestation of strength and will be the settling of the negro question. Give the administration as full power as you please—the more the better; it is only conferring strength on the people. There is no danger that the men of the North will ever lose a shadow of individual rights. They are too powerful.

And now let the freemen of America speak, and the work will be done. A great day is at hand; hasten it. The hour which sees this Union re-united will witness the most glorious triumph of humanity,—the greatest step towards realizing the social aim of Christianity, and of Him who died for all,—the recognition of the rights of every one. Onward!

BROWN'S LECTURE TOUR.

I.—HOW HE CAME TO DO IT.

My last speculation had proved a failure. I was left with a stock of fifty impracticable washing-machines on my hands, and a cash capital of forty-four cents. With the furniture of my room, these constituted my total assets. I had an unsettled account of forty dollars with Messrs. Roller & Ems, printers, for washing-machine circulars, cards, etc.; and—

Rap, rap, rap!

[Enter boy.]

'Mr. Peck says as how you'll please call around to his office and settle up this afternoon, sure.'

[Exit boy.]

New York, Nov. 30, 1859.

Mr. GREEN D. BROWN,

* To JOHN PECK, Dr.

To Rent of Room to date \$9 00

Rec'd Pay't,

I came to the emphatic conclusion that I was 'hard up.'

I kept bachelor's hall in Franklin Street, in apartments not altogether sumptuous, yet sufficiently so for my purposes,—to wit, to sit in and to sleep in; and inasmuch as I took my meals amid the gilded splendors of the big saloon on the corner of Broadway, I was not disposed to reproach myself with squalor. Yet the articles of furniture in my room were so far removed, separately or in the aggregate, from anything like the superfluous, that when I calmly deliberated what to part with, there was nothing which struck me as a luxury or a comfort as distinct from a necessary of life. I took a second mental inventory: two common chairs, a table, a mirror, a rocking-chair, a bed, a lounge, and a single picture on the wall.

I declare, thought I, here's nothing to spare.

But things were getting to a crisis. I must 'make a raise,' somehow. Bor-

row? Ah, certainly—where was the benevolent moneyed individual? My credit had gone with my cash; both were sunk in the washing-machines.

I lighted my pipe, and surveyed my household goods once more.

There was the picture: couldn't I do without that?

Possibly. But that picture I had had—let me see—fifteen, yes, sixteen years. That picture was a third prize for excellence in declamation, presented me at the school exhibition in — Street, when I was twelve years old. That was in 1843, and here, on the first of December, 1859, I sat deliberately meditating its sale for paltry bread and butter!

No, no; I'd go hungry a little longer, before I'd part with that old relic—remembrancer of the proudest day of my life. What a pity I hadn't permitted that day to give a direction to my life, instead of turning my attention to the paltry expedients for money-making followed by the common herd! I might have been an accomplished orator by this time, capable of drawing crowds and pocketing a thousand a month, or so. But my tastes had run in other channels since the day when I took that prize.

Still, when I thought of it deliberately, I made bold to believe there was that yet in me which could meet the expectant eyes of audiences nor quail before them.

A thought struck me! Was not here an 'opening' for an enterprising young man? Was not the lecture-season at hand? Did not lecturers get from ten to two hundred dollars per night? Couldn't I talk off a lecture with the best of them, perhaps? Well, perhaps I could, and perhaps not, but if I wouldn't try it on, I hoped I might be blessed—that was all.

I thought proper, after having reached this conclusion, to calculate my wealth in the way of preliminary requisites to suc-

cess. By preliminary requisites to success, I mean those which lead to the securing of invitations to lecture. I flattered myself that all matters consequent to this point in my career would very readily turn themselves to my advantage. The preliminary requisites were as follows: —

1. *Notoriety.* I could boast of nothing in this line. I had no reputation whatever. I had never written a line for publication.

When I had satisfied myself that I lacked this grand requisite, I turned my attention to the subject again only to find that No. 1 was quite alone in its glory. It was the Alpha and Omega of the preliminary requisites. I should never be able to get a solitary invitation.

Here I was for a moment disheartened; but, persevering in my newly-assumed part of literary philosopher, I proceeded to the consideration of the consequent requisites: —

1. *Literary ability.* To say the truth, my literary abilities had hitherto been kept in the background. I was glad they were now going to come forward. For present purposes, it was sufficient that the Astor Library was handy, and that I could string words together respectably.

2. *Oratorical ability.* As already indicated, I was conscious of no mean alloy of the Demosthenic gold tempering the baser metal of my general composition. My voice was deep and strong.

3. *Facial brass.* I felt brazen enough to set up a bell-foundry on my personal curve. My cheeks were of that metal-line description that never knew a blush, before an audience of one or many.

4. *Personal appearance.* I consulted my mirror on that point. It showed me a young man of only twenty-eight, and tall and shapely proportions; a well-dressed young man, with light-colored hair, prominent nose, and heavy red beard and moustache. I twisted the latter institution undecidedly, and ventured the belief that by shaving myself clean and bridging my nose with a pair of black-bowed spectacles I could pass muster.

The result total was satisfactory. I resolved to disregard the preliminary

respecting invitations, and to make a modest effort of my own to secure an audience, by going into the country, and advertising myself in proper form. I commenced the work of writing a lecture forthwith; and in a few days I had ready what I deemed a rather superior production.

II.—HOW HE PROCEEDED TO DO IT.

I gave up my lodgings in town, sold all my salable possessions, settled up with my landlord, paid my printers in the usual way (i. e., with promises), and, supplied with a satchel-full of hand-bills (from a rival establishment), started for the country. My ticket was for Sidon — a place I knew nothing whatever about; the only circumstance of a positive character connected with it was, that it was the farthest point from New York which I could reach by the Rattle and Smash Railroad for the net amount of funds in my pocket. I stepped into the streets of Sidon with a light heart, and looked out on the scene of my contemplated triumph. I made up my mind at once that if ancient Sidon was no more of a place than modern Sidon, it couldn't lay claim to being much of a town. The houses, including shops and stores, would not exceed one hundred. I walked to the tavern, and delivered my satchel to the custody of a rough-looking animal, whom I subsequently found to be landlord, hostler, bar-tender, table-waiter, and general manager-at-all-work. He was a very uninviting subject; but, being myself courteously inclined, and having also a brisk eye to business, I inquired if there was a public hall or lecture-room in the place.

'I've got a dance-hall up-stairs. Be you a showman?'

I said I was a lecturer by profession, and asked if churches were ever used for such purposes in Sidon.

'Never heard of any. 'Ain't got no church. Be you goin' to lecter?'

I replied that I thought some of it, and inquired if it was common to use his hall for lectures.

'Wal, Sidon ain't much of a place for

shows anyhow. When they is any, I git 'em in, if they ain't got no tent o' their own.'

I would look at the hall.

We went up a rickety stairway, into a dingy room. The plaster had fallen from the ceiling in several places, and the room had a mouldy smell. There was a platform at one end, where the musicians sat when saltatory *fêtes* were held, and on this I mounted to 'take a view.' I didn't feel called upon to admire the hall in audible terms; but as I stood there an inspiring scene arose before my mental vision — a scene of up-turned faces, each representing the sum of fifteen cents, that being the regular swindle for getting into shows round here, the landlord said. I struck a bargain for the hall, at once — a bargain by which I was to have it for two dollars if I didn't do very well, or five dollars if I had a regular big crowd; bill-stickers and doorkeeper included, free.

In the evening, I went to the village post-office, which was merely a corner of the village store, and inquired if there was a letter there for Professor Green D. Brown. I knew very well there was not, of course, but I had the not unexpected pleasure of seeing the postmaster's eyes dilate inquiringly, so that I felt called upon to say: —

'I am a stranger, sir, in Sidon, at present, but I hope to enjoy the honor

of making the acquaintance of a large number of your intelligent citizens during my brief stay with you. I propose lecturing in this village to-morrow evening, on a historical, or perhaps I should say biographical, subject.'

The postmaster, who appeared like an intelligent gentleman, said he was glad to see me, and glad to hear I was going to lecture; and he shook hands with me cordially. The store contained about half the adult population of the village, lounging about the warm stove, talking and dozing; and the postmaster introduced me to Squire Johnson, and Dr. Tomson, and Mr. Dickson, and Mr. Dobson and Mr. Potkins, who, five, constituted the upper ten of Sidon. With these gentlemen I held a very entertaining conversation, during which I remember I was struck with the extreme deference paid to my opinion, and the extreme contempt manifested for the opinions of each other. They all agreed, however, that my visit would be likely to prove of the greatest importance to Sidon in a literary and educational point of view.

I returned to the hotel, and retired with heart elate.

In the morning, it was with emotions of a peculiarly pleasurable nature that I observed, profusely plastered on posts and fences, the announcement, in goodly capitals: —

LECTURE !!

PROF. G. D. BROWN,

OF NEW YORK CITY,

WILL LECTURE THIS EVENING, DECEMBER 14,

IN JONES'S HALL, SIDON,

AT 7 O'CLOCK.

SUBJECT: 'EURIPIDES, THE ATHENIAN POET.'

ADMISSION 15 CENTS. DOORS OPEN AT 6 O'CLOCK.

The critical reader may experience a desire to propound to me a question: — 'Professor of what?'

Now I profess honesty, as an abstract principle — being, perhaps the conscientious reader will think, more of a profes-

sor than a practicer herein. But the truth is, in the present mendicant state of the word 'Professor,' I conceived I had a perfect right and title to it, by virtue of my poverty, and so appropriated it for the behoof and advantage of Number One. Which explanation, it is hoped, will do.

Friday passed in cultivating still farther the acquaintance of the previous evening, and receiving the most cordial assurances of interest on their part in my visit and its object. I was candidly (and I thought kindly) informed by my good friends, not to get my expectations too high, as a very large house could scarcely, they feared, be expected; but I deemed an audience of even no more than fifty or seventy-five a fair beginning,—a very fair beginning,—and had no fears.

I retired to my room at five o'clock, and remained locked in, with my lecture before me, oblivious of all external affairs, until a few minutes past seven, when I concluded my audience had gathered. I then smoothed my hair, adjusted my spectacles, took my MS. in my hand, and proceeded to the lecture-room. The door-keeper was fast asleep, and the long wicks of the tallow candles were flaring wildly and dimly on a scene of emptiness. Not an auditor was present!

I descended to the bar-room. It was full of loungers, smoking, dozing, and drinking. Without entering, I hastened across the way to the post-office. There was the courteous postmaster, engaged in a sleepy talk with Squire Johnson and Dr. Tomson and Mr. Dickson and Mr. Dobson and Mr. Potkins, who sat precisely as they sat the evening previous.

I returned to the hotel and called out the landlord.

'There's no audience, I perceive,' said I.

'Wal, I didn't cal'late much of anybody'd go in. They gen'ally go over to Tyre when they want shows. Tyre's quite a town. You'd do better over thar; 's on'y seven mile over to Tyre.'

I explained my position to the landlord at once, and threw myself on his mercy. I told him I had no money, but would walk over to Tyre that very even-

ing, rather than task his hospitality longer. After making a little money in Tyre, I would return to Sidon and settle his little bill. To which the generous-hearted fellow responded,—

'Yas, I think likely; but ye see I'm some on gettin' my pay outen these show chaps that go round. I reckon that thar satchel o'yourn's got the wuth o'my bill in it. I'll hold on to it till ye git back, ye know.'

Remonstrance was in vain. I found that my sharp landlord had entered my room while I was looking in at the post-office door, and had taken my carpet-bag, with everything I had, even my overcoat, and stowed all in a cupboard under the bar, under lock and key. He would not so much as allow me a clean shirt; and I started for Tyre, wishing from the bottom of my heart that the inhuman landlord might engage in a washing-machine speculation, and involve with himself Mr. Potkins and Mr. Dobson and Mr. Dickson and Dr. Tomson and Squire Johnson.

I reached Tyre at ten o'clock, and found that I had not been deceived respecting its size. It was quite a large village, with well laid out streets, handsome residences, two large hotels, and three or four churches. I took this inventory of the principal objects in Tyre with considerable more anxiety than I had ever supposed it possible for me to entertain concerning any country town in Christendom. I was interested in the prosperity of Tyre. I sincerely hoped that the hard times had not entered its quiet and beautiful streets. The streets certainly were both quiet and beautiful, as I looked upon them in the clear moonlight of ten o'clock at night, an hour when honest people in the country are, for the most part, asleep. I entered the handsomest of the hotels, and registered my name in a bran-new book on the clerk's counter.

Name.	Residence.	Destination.
<i>Prof. D. G. Brown,</i>	<i>N. Y. City.</i>	<i>Lecture in Tyre.</i>

'Beautiful evening, sir,' said the clerk, who was also the landlord, but not also the bar-tender and the hostler.

' You are right, sir,' said I; ' it is truly a lovely evening. I have rarely seen moonlight so beautiful. Indeed, such were the beauties of the evening, that I have positively been tempted so far as to walk over here from Sidon this evening, leaving my baggage to follow me in the morning.'

' Ah ! lectured in Sidon perhaps ? '

' Well, ah ! um ! yes ; that is, I intend to do so, but unforeseen circumstances induced me to relinquish that purpose. Sidon is very small.'

' Yes, sir, small place. Never heard of a lecture, or any kind of a performance, there before. Fact is, they're a hard set over to Sidon, and the place is better known by the name of Sodom around here.'

I felt much encouraged at hearing this ; for, to tell the truth, my cogitations as I tramped over the rough road between Tyre and Sidon had been anything but cheerful. This was a realization of my fond dreams of a ten-to-fifty-dollars-a-night lecture tour, such as I had hardly anticipated, and as I drew nigh unto Tyre I had been thinking whether I had not better try to get a situation as a farm-hand or dry-goods clerk before my troubles should have crushed me and driven me to suicide.

But the landlord cheered me. Tyre was a model town. Tyre had a newspaper, and Tyre patronized literary entertainments. There was a good hall in Tyre, and the Tyrians had filled it to overflowing last winter when Chapin spoke there. I went to bed under the benignant influence of my cheerful host, and dreamed of lecturing to an audience of many thousands in a hall a trifle larger than the Academy of Music, and with every nook and corner crowded with enthusiastic listeners, whose joy culminated with my peroration into such a tumult of delight that they rushed upon the stage and hoisted me on their shoulders amid cheers so boisterous that they awoke me. I found I had left my bed and mounted into a window, with the intention, doubtless, of stepping into the

street and concluding my career at once, lest an anti-climax should be my fate.

In the morning, I called on the editor of the newspaper.

I desire to recommend my reader to subscribe at once to *The Tyre Times*, and thus aid to sustain the paper of a gentleman and a scholar, who was, as editors usually are, a plain-spoken, sensible man, conscious of the presence of talent in his sanctum, by ' sympathetic attraction.' The editor of the *Times* looked into the circumstances of my case with an experienced and kindly eye, and then said to me, —

' My dear sir, you can not succeed here with a lecture. We have had several in our village within a few years, but never one which ' paid,' unless it was one on phrenology, or physiology, or psychology, and plentifully spiced with humor of the coarsest sort. If you want to make money in Tyre, you'll take my advice and get a two-headed calf, a learned pig, or a band of nigger minstrels. Any of these things will answer your purpose, if you want money ; but if you have ambition to gratify, if you want to lecture for the sake of lecturing, that's a different thing. At all events, you shall have my good wishes, and I'll do all I can to get you a house. But it won't pay.'

The reader knows that if I had not been a fool I would have understood and heeded a statement so plain as this, made by an editor. But then, if I hadn't been a fool, you know I should never have started on a lecture tour at all. So, being a fool, I had bills printed, hired a hall (at ten dollars), and was duly announced to lecture in Tyre on the coming Tuesday evening. The same afternoon, *The Tyre Times* appeared, and its editorial column contained the following notice, which I read with great interest, it being my first appearance in any periodical : —

LECTURE AT GRECIAN HALL.—We take pleasure in announcing that Prof. GREEN D. BROWN, of New York city, will favor the citizens of Tyre with a lecture on Tuesday evening

next. From what we know of the gentleman, we are satisfied our citizens will not regret attending the lecture. We trust he may not be met with an audience so small as lectures have heretofore drawn out in Tyre. The apathy of our citizens in these matters, we have before stated, is disgraceful. Let there be a good turn-out.

But there was not a good turn-out. The receipts were two dollars and a half. The proprietor of the hall consented to take the receipts for his pay, and I returned to the hotel to muse over my unhappy fortunes.

The landlord took occasion the next morning, as I was passing out of the house, to remind me that my baggage had not arrived.

'No,' said I, 'but, as I soon leave Tyre, I shan't need it.'

The landlord looked at my dirty collar and bosom as if he doubted either my sanity or my decency, and remarked that perhaps I knew his rules compelled him to present the bills of strangers semi-weekly.

'O, yes! that's all right,' said I; 'I'll see you when I come back from the printing-office.'

I noticed that mine host stood watching to see that I entered the printing-office safely.

The editor remarked, after I had told him all the experience narrated here, commencing with the washing-machines,—

'It's a bad case, and I don't admire your experience at all, to speak candidly; but I have a little idea of my own to work out, and you can help me do it, perhaps.

In the first place, though, I want to know whether you intend to continue in this line of business, — eh?'

'Not I,' was my fervent reply; 'I'm satisfied to leave lecturing to those who have a reputation, and to earn my bread and butter in a, for me, more legitimate way. But what is it you have in view?'

'Come and see me this evening, when I am at leisure, and I'll tell you what my enterprise is. Meantime, will you sell me your lecture? I can't afford to pay much for it, but I'll agree to settle your hotel bill if you'll part with it. Not that I think it's worth it, but you need to be helped somehow right away.'

I jumped at the chance, and thanked my friend heartily. He asked if I would please go and send the landlord to him, and I retired to perform that errand.

I was punctual to my appointment in the evening, and listened to the project my editorial angel had in view; a plan by which he proposed to inflict a lesson on the negligent Tyrians, and at the same time replenish my purse. He explained to me the part I was to perform in this enterprise, and I found I could enter heartily into the spirit of it. We shook hands in the best of humors, and parted that evening understanding each other perfectly.

III. — HE MAKES A HIT IN TYRE.

The next day, the entire jobbing facilities of the *Times* office were brought into requisition, and toward evening a mammoth bill was posted around the town, which read as follows:—

M O N S . B E L I T Z ' S
CELEBRATED AND MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION,
THE GREAT TRAVELING HUMBUG!
The most wonderful entertainment, whether
C A N I N E , P R I S T I N E , O R Q U I N I N E ,
ever brought before the astonished Public's visual organs!!!

The *avant courier* of this monster troupe has the honor of announcing to the ladies and gentlemen of Tyre, that Mons. BELITZ, accompanied by his entire retinue of attachés and supes, Female Dancers and Dogs, Operatic Vocalists and Vixens, Royal Musicians and Monsters, Ben-

gal Tigers and Time-servers, Magicians and Madmen, Flying Birds, Swimming Fishes, Walking Cats and Dogs, Crawling Reptiles, and various other extraordinary and impossible arrangements, the like of which never before appeared in Bog county, until the arrival of the present occasion, to wit:—

AT GRECIAN HALL, TYRE,

On Saturday Evening, December 22, 1859.

LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT! □

M O N S . B E L I T Z ,

the celebrated Magician from Egypt, performer general to

T H E G R A N D F O O F O O ,

and professor of the Black Art to all the crowned heads of the Cannibal Islands and Ham Sandwichlands!!

M A D E M O I S E L L E H E L I O T R O P E ,

the charming Danseuse from all the city theatres, but most recently from the Imperial *Deutscher Volks Garten*, Liverpool, Ireland!

S I G N O R S T R A W S T E K O W S K I ,

the celebrated Demagogue and Snake-eater, whose unrivaled feat with a living *Gryllus*, whose fangs have never been extracted, fills thousands with awe and delight!

Y A N K E E S H O C K W I G ,

the mirth-splitting and side-provoking delineator of down-east horse peculiarities. Must be appreciated to be seen.

H E R R B A L A M S A S S ,

the distinguished Vocalist from Italy, whose lower notes, as recently discovered by the celebrated examination before the Council of Trent, reach so far below the *epigastrium* as to be utterly inaudible to the most acute auricular organs!

B R U D D E R G E O R G E A N D A U N T Y C L A W S O N ,

the never-to-be-sufficiently-equalled delineators of Ethiopian eccentricities, whose performances during the winter of 1869 delighted overflowing houses in the Cape Cod Lunatic Asylum for 4000 consecutive nights.

B E N J A M I N B O L T , Esq.,

the justly-celebrated trumpeter from the splendid orchestral band attached to Marnum's Buseum, New York city, for the past fifty years!

F A N T A D I M O F A N T O D I M U S ,

the graceful and efficient master of ceremonies, whose efforts have been awarded by the entire available population of Blackwell's Island, in a series of resolutions of the most pathetic description!

↔ ↔ ↔ ↔ ↔

Owing to future engagements, the stay of this troupe in Tyre will be

P O S I T I V E L Y F O R O N E N I G H T O N L Y ,

when the Programme will be specified in small bills of the evening.

Admittance, 25 cents. Doors open at 6; Master of Ceremonies makes his bow at 7.

PROF. BROWN D. GREEN, AGENT.

Against the advice of the editor of the *Times*, I dispatched an agent over to Sidon, with a supply of blanked bills from the same form, with instructions to arrange for a similar 'sell' on the following Monday evening in that charming village.

I was sufficiently busy during the interval that lay between this and Saturday

evening in rehearsing my part for the entertainment thus advertised. I was not entirely free from doubts of the success of a 'take-in' so palpable and ridiculous, and even if a house-full of numbskulls *should* gather, I deemed the experiment a dangerous one for me; but my editorial friend took the risk, remarking that he had calculated his chances, and

knew what he was about. Nevertheless, it was not without some trepidation that I entered Grecian Hall by the private door, at a little before seven o'clock, and laid my hat behind the temporary curtain that had been erected for the accommodation of the great Humbug Troupe. Applying my eye to a chink in the cloth, I perceived that the hall was crowded to suffocation. My editorial friend sat in a prominent position near the stage, and the audience was manifesting those signs of impatience which seem to be equally orthodox among the news-boys in the pit of the old Bowery Theatre and the coarse young rustics who go to 'shows' in the back villages of ruraldom. I tinkled a bell. The uproar grew quiet. I drew aside my curtain, and made my bow, amid the silent wonderment of my auditors. Then I said:—

'Ladies and gentlemen: You now see before you the redoubtable Fantadimo Fantodimus, master of ceremonies for the Great Humbug Troupe. You also see before you, ladies and gentlemen, Mons. Belitz, the renowned magician, Mademoiselle Heliotrope, the graceful danseuse, Signor Strawstekowski, Herr Balamass; and, in short, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the sum and substance of the Great Humbug Troupe, as it exists in all its original splendor. We salute you!

'My friends, you were drawn here tonight by the extravagantly worded and outlandish representations of a poster which promised you only one single thing, namely, that you should behold a Great Traveling Humbug. Nothing could be more honest, though some things might be more straightforward. Force of circumstances compels me this evening to represent the Great Traveling Humbug you came to see. I am this evening the greatest of humbugs. I travel. A week ago, I traveled into this village with the laudable intention of giving you a sensible lecture on EURIPIDES, a historical personage of whom some of you may have heard. I traveled over to this hall on the evening of my lecture, and spoke to a beggarly array of empty seats. To-mor-

row morning, I intend to travel to church in your beautiful village, repent of my sins, and on Monday travel home to New York, where I shall at once take measures to rid myself of the title I wear this evening, by earning my bread in the old-fashioned way, by the sweat of my brow.

'Humbug, ladies and gentlemen, is a pill not at all disagreeable to take, when gilded carefully. My pill has been prepared by the hand of a novice, and you have swallowed it with your eyes open. May it benefit you!'

Symptoms of a disturbance immediately became manifest, when my editorial angel arose and spread his wings over the troubled audience.

'People of Tyre,' said he, 'the exhibition of the Great Humbug Troupe is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting and least objectionable that ever appeared in our village. It remains for us to make it instructive. I propose that we give three cheers for our brave entertainer,—hip, hip,

'Hurrah! HURRAH! HURRAH!'

Like young thunder the last cheer arose; and my bacon was saved!

The receipts placed me in possession of fifty dollars, after defraying all expenses in Tyre and settling my bill and recovering my satchel from Sidon—which I did by a messenger the same evening after the lecture. My editorial friend advised me now to stop at Sidon only long enough to take the first train home, leaving the Sidonites to discover the sell without expense. But I scouted the idea. I was flushed with the success of the previous evening (a success mainly due, as the sagacious reader knows, to the editor of the *Times* and his corps of confidants distributed at intervals over the hall); I was chagrined at the turn my original enterprise had taken, but determined to carry it out 'to the death,' and, more than all, I was burning to revenge myself on the perfidious postmaster of Sidon, and Dr. Tomson and Squire Johnson and Mr. Dickson and Mr. Dobson and Mr. Potkins. And on Monday evening I faced an audience in Jones's

Hall, Sidon, prominent among whom I noticed the principal objects of my ire.

**IV.—HE DON'T MAKE A HIT IN SIDON,
THOUGH SOME PERSON IN THE AU-
DIENCE DOES.**

No time for contemplation was left on my hands, however; for as soon as I had articulated the words ‘ladies and gentlemen,’ an offensive missile hit me between my eyes, exploded, and deluged me with an odor in comparison with which that of Limberger cheese would be mere geranium. I was betrayed. Tyre had sent over a detachment of spies, and the Sidonites were armed. I briskly dodged several companion eggs whose foulness was permitted to adorn the walls of Jones’s Hall behind me, and then undertook to escape. Simultaneously with the explosion of the first shot, a howl had burst from the audience, which boded no

good for any prospects of comfort and profit I might entertain. Escaping on my part became no joke; and I beg the reader to believe that my chagrin was quite overwhelmed in the all-impressive desire to protect myself from total annihilation. In my subsequent gratitude at having accomplished this feat, I overlooked the little discomforts of an eye in mourning, a broken finger, and garments perfumed throughout in defiance of *la mode*.

At present, I am engaged in a business which I deem far more respectable and lucrative than lecturing, to wit, explaining the merits and advantages of a patent needle-threader to interested crowds on Broadway. Here my oratorical abilities are advantageously displayed, my audiences are attentive, and my profits are good.

[*Exit Brown.*]

THE WATCHWORD.

‘TRUST in the Lord, and keep your powder dry !’
 So cried stout OLIVER in the storm, before
 That redder rain on bloody Marston Moor,
 Which whelmed the flower of English chivalry.
 Repeat the watchword when the sullen sky
 Stoops with its weight of terror, while the roar
 Of the far thunder deepens, and no more
 God’s gracious sunshine greets the lifted eye !
 Not Faith alone, but Faith with Action armed,
 Shall win the battle, when the anointed host
 Wars with the alien armies, and, unharmed,
 Snatch victory from a field where all seemed lost.
 Front Death and Danger with a level eye ;
 Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry !

TINTS AND TONES OF PARIS.

It is a curious test of national character to compare the prevalent impressions of one country in regard to another whereof the natural and historical description is quite diverse: and in the case of France and England, there are so many and so constantly renewed incongruities, that we must discriminate between the effect of immediate political jealousy, in such estimates, and the normal and natural bias of instinct and taste. To an American, especially, who may be supposed to occupy a comparatively disinterested position between the two, this mutual criticism is an endless source of amusement. In conversation, at the theatre, on the way from Calais or Dover to either capital, at a Paris *café*, or a London club-house, he hears these ebullitions of prejudice and partiality, of self-love or generous appreciation, and finds therein an endless illustration of national character as well as of human nature. But perhaps the literature of the two countries most emphatically displays their respective points of view and tone of feeling. While a popular French author sums up the elements of life in England as being *la vie de famille, la politique, et les affaires*,—‘domestic life, politics, and business,’—he complacently infers that *le fond du caractère Anglais*, ‘the basis of the English character,’ is nothing more nor less than *le manque de bonheur*—‘a want of anything like happiness.’ An English thinker, on the other hand, finds in the very language of France the evidence of superficial emotion and unaspiring, irreverent intelligence. ‘How exactly,’ writes Julius Harn, ‘do *esprit* and *spirituel* express what the French deem the highest glory of the human mind! A large part of their literature is *mousseux*; and whatever is so, soon grows flat. Our national quality is *sense*, which may, perhaps, betray a tendency to materialism; but which, at all events, comprehends a greater body of thought, that has settled

down and become substantiated in maxims.* How far a Frenchman is from appreciating this distinction, as unfavorable to his own race, we can realize from the following estimate of the historical evil which an admired modern writer considers that race has suffered from the English, and from the character of the latter as recognized by another equally a favorite:—

‘Iniquitous England,’ writes a popular novelist, ‘the vile executioner of all in which France most exulted, murdered grace in Marie Stuart, as it did inspiration in Jeanne d’Arc, and genius in Napoleon;’—‘a race,’ says another, ‘gifted with a national feeling which well-nigh approaches superstition, yet which has chosen the whole world for its country. The gravity of *these beings*, accidentally brought together and isolated by mere interest, their life of mechanical activity, and of labor without relaxation as without life, all interest, yet freeze you at the same time.’ ‘The Englishman has made unto himself a language appropriate to his placid manners and silent habits. This language is a murmur interrupted by subdued hisses,’—‘*un murmure entre-coupé de sifflements doux*.’

The gregarious hotel life in America commends itself to the time-saving habits of a busy race; but the love of speciality in France modifies this advantage: in our inns a stated price covers all demands except for wine; here each separate necessity is a specific charge—the sheet of writing paper, the cake of soap, and the candle figure among the innumerable items of the bill. Thus an infinite subdivision makes all business tedious, involving so many distinct processes and needless conditions; at every step we realize of how much less comparative value is time in the Old World. On the other hand, the rigid system that governs municipal life, the means adopted to ren-

* Guesses at Truth.

der all public institutions both accessible and attractive, claim perpetually the gratitude of artists, students, and philosophers. A programme of exploration may be arranged at will, yielding a complete insight, and, when achieved, such has been the order, communicativeness and facility, that we have a more distinct and reliable idea of the whole circle of observation than it is possible to obtain elsewhere. We are continually reminded of Buffon's maxim : '*la genie est la patience.*' A curious illustration of this systematic habit of the French occurred at Constantinople, during the Crimean war, where they immediately numbered the houses and named the streets, to the discomfiture of the passive Turks—one of whom, in his wonder at the mechanical superiority of these Frank allies, asked a soldier if the high fur cap on his head would come off. The *concierge* beneath each *porte cochère*, the social distinction which makes each *café* and restaurant the nucleus of a particular class, the organized provision for all exigencies of human life in Paris, illustrate the same trait on a larger and more useful scale. If we survey the institutions and the monuments with care, and refer to their origin, associations and purposes, the historical and economical national facts are revealed with the utmost clearness and unity. The old Bastile represented, in its gloomy stolidity, the whole tragedy of the Revolution; and St. Genevieve combines the holy memories of the early church with that of the first French kings; the site of a *fosse commune* attests the valor of republican martyrs; the Champs Elysées are the popular earthly fields of a French paradise. One *café* is famed for the beauty of its mistress, another for the great chess-players who make it a resort; one is the daily rendezvous of the liberals, another of royalists, one of military men, another of artists; they flourish and fade with dynasties, and are respectively the favorites of provincials and citizens, gourmands and traders, men of letters and men of state.* The *Monte de Piété* acquaints

us with the vicissitudes and expedients of fortune; the *Hôtel Dieu* is a temple of ancient charity; the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvées* startles us with the astounding fact that half the children born in Paris are illegitimate; and the Morgue yields no less appalling statistics of suicide. In Vernet's studio we feel the predominance of military taste and education in France; in the *Ecole Polytechnique*, the policy by which her youth are bred to serve their country; at the manufactories of the Gobelins and Sevres china, we perceive how naturally the mechanical genius of the race finds development in pottery and fabrics instead of ships and machines, as across the Channel and beyond the ocean; and in the self-possession, knowledge of affairs, and variety of occupation of the middle class of women, we see why they have no occasion to advocate their rights and complain of the inequality of the sexes.

All large cities furnish daily material for tragedy, and life there, keenly observed and aptly narrated, proves continually how much more strange is truth than fiction; but the impressive manners and melo-dramatic taste of the people, as well as their intricate police system, bring out more vividly these latent points of interest, as a reference to the *Causes Célèbres* and the Memoirs of Vidocq illustrate. A friend of mine, returning from a trip to Lyons, became acquainted in the rail-car with an English gentleman, and when they reached the station, just before midnight, the two left for their hotels in the same cab. After a short drive, the vehicle suddenly came to a halt, the cabman sprang to the ground, and his passengers were left to surmise the occasion of their abrupt abandonment: presently a crowd collected, a shout was raised, and they learned that a valise had been stolen from the top of the carriage, and its owner had set off in pursuit of the thief. He ran with great swiftness, doubled corners, sprang over obstacles, and was in a fair way to dis-

rants,' says a Parisian philosopher, 'ont été pour moi une source intarissable de surprises, de découvertes, et de révélations sur l'humanité.'

* 'Mes habitudes de dîner chez les restaura-

tance his pursuer, when a soldier thrust out his foot and tripped up the fugitive, who was taken to the nearest police station. Confronted with the owner of the valise, he declared it was his own property, placed by mistake on the wrong cab. The official authorized to settle the difficulty not being present, my friend and his companion were informed they must leave the article in dispute, and the case itself, until the following morning, when a hearing would be had before one of the courts. On reaching their destination, the gentlemen parted with the understanding that they would dine together at a certain restaurant the next day. The appointed hour came, but not the Englishman; and my friend's appetite and patience were keen set, when, after an hour's delay, the truant made his appearance, looking pale, *triste* and exhausted. He soon explained the cause of his detention. He had gone to the police court to prove and regain his valise, and found at the bar a young man of genteel address and remarkable beauty; his costume was in the latest fashion, though somewhat soiled and torn from his fall and rough handling the previous night; but his countenance was intelligent and refined, and his bearing that of a gentleman. Upon a table lay the valise and the contents of the prisoner's pockets, among them a large penknife; he held convulsively to the rail and kept his eyes cast down; the judge had taken his seat, and a crowd of idlers and gens d'armes filled the room. The claimant immediately satisfied the court that the valise belonged to him by mentioning several articles it contained and producing the key. In the mean time the accused, earnestly watching the entrance, started and turned pale and red by turns as a beautiful girl, in the dress of a prosperous grisette, pushed her way into the crowd, stood on tiptoe, and exchanged glances with the prisoner. The latter, when asked his name, replied, 'I have brought disgrace enough upon it already,' and, seizing the penknife, thrust it into his heart, and fell dead. He was the descendant of a noble house in one of the southern provinces, and came to Paris

as a medical student, and, through a devoted attachment to his mistress, whose costly tastes soon drained his purse, was induced to steal the trunks of travelers as they left the railway stations at night. In his apartment was found a large wardrobe; and a month's purloining was thus summarily expiated. Similar incidents occur elsewhere, but the details, when the scene is laid in Paris, are more picturesque and dramatic.

Two instances which I heard related will illustrate this same dramatic significance in the municipal system. After an *émeute*, the *chef* of police in a certain *arrondissement*, while engaged in superintending the removal of corpses from a barricade, noticed the body of a female whose delicate hands and finely-wrought robe were so alien to the scene as to excite suspicion. He ordered it to be placed in a separate apartment for examination. A more careful inspection confirmed his surmise that this was the body of no amazonian whose warlike zeal or accidental presence in such an affray could explain its discovery. There was no trace whereby the remains could be identified except a geranium leaf that was found imbedded in her long and disheveled tresses. This was given to a celebrated botanist, with orders to learn, if possible, from what plant it had been taken. The man of science visited all the houses of the neighborhood, and critically examined every specimen of the shrub he could find. At length, in the elegant library of a young abbé, he not only discovered one of the species, but, by means of a powerful microscope, detected the very branch whence the leaf had been nipped. By dexterous management the *chef*, thus scientifically put on the track, brought home the charge to the priest, who confessed the murder of the young lady in a fit of jealousy, and, by depositing her body, at night, amid the dead of humbler lineage, who had fallen in the revolutionary strife, thought to conceal all knowledge of his crime.

The lessee of an extensive 'hotel' had reason to believe that a child had entered

and left the world in one of his tenants' apartments, without the cognizance of a human being except the mother; and, aware, as a landlord in Paris should be, of his responsibility to the municipal government, he communicated his suspicions to the authorities. The rooms were searched, the charge denied, and no proof elicited to warrant further action; and here the matter would have ended in any other country. But the police agent entrusted with the inquiry raked over the contents of a pigsty in the courtyard, and discovered a square inch of thin bone, which he exhibited to an anatomist, who pronounced it a fragment of a new-born infant's skull; the hogs were instantly killed, the contents of their stomachs examined, and small portions of the body found. The question then arose whether the child was born alive; pieces of the lungs were placed in a basin of water, and the fact that they floated on its surface proved, beyond a doubt, that the child had breathed; the crime of infanticide was then charged upon the unhappy mother, who, appalled by this evidence of her guilt, confessed.

In the gray of the dawn a watchful observer may behold the two extremes of Paris life ominously hinted;—a cloaked figure stealthily dropping a swathed effigy of humanity, just ‘sent into this breathing world,’ in the rotary cradle of the asylum for *enfants trouvés*, and a cart full of the corpses of the poor, driven into the yard of a hospital for dissection.

Summoned one evening at dusk to the sick chamber of a countryman, I realized the shadows of life in Paris. From the dazzling Boulevard the cab soon wound through dim thoroughfares, up a deserted acclivity, to a gloomy porch. A cold mist was falling, and I heard the bell sound through a vaulted arch with desolate echoes. When the massive door opened, a lamp suspended from a chain revealed a paved *entresol* and broad staircase; there was something prison-like even in the patrician dimensions of the edifice; the light flickered at every gust. Ascending, I pulled a *cordon bleu*, and was admitted into the apartment. It consisted

of four places or rooms, the furniture of which was in the neatest French style, both of wood and tapestry; but the fireplace was narrow, and so ill-constructed that while the heat ascended the chimney the smoke entered the room. A nurse, with one of those keen, self-possessed faces and that efficient manner so often encountered in Paris, ushered me to the invalid's presence. He was a fair specimen of a philosophic bachelor inured to the life of the French metropolis; everything about him was in good taste, from the model of the lamp to the cover of the arm-chair; and yet an indescribable cheerlessness pervaded his elegant lodging. The last play of Scribe, the day's *Journal des Débats*, a bouquet, and a Bohemian glass, were on the marble table at his side. His languid eye brightened and his feverish hand tightened convulsively over mine; years had elapsed since he left our native town; he had drunk of the cup of pleasure, and cultivated the resources of literature and science in this their great centre; but now, in the hour of physical weakness, the yearning for domestic and home scenes filled his heart; and his mind reacted from the blandishments of a luxurious materialism and a refined egotism of life. It was like falling back upon the normal conditions of existence thus to behold the ‘ills that flesh is heir to’ in the midst of a city where such rich outward provision for human activity and enjoyment fills the senses. Excessive civilization has its morbid tendencies, and great refinement in one direction is paralleled by an equal degree of savagery in another. There is an absolute relation between the facilities for pleasure and the frequency of suicide. Of all places in the world, Paris is the most desolate to an invalid stranger. The custom of living there in lodgings isolates the visitor; the occupants of the dwelling are not alive to the claims of neighborhood; with his landlord he has only a business and formal connection; thus thrown upon himself, without the nerve or the spirits for external amusement, few situations are more forlorn. The Parisian French are intensely cal-

culating and selfish; illness and grief are so alien to their tastes that, to the best of their ability, they ignore and abjure them. As long as health permits, out-of-door life or companionship solaces that within; the stranger may be enchanted; but when confined to his apartment and dependent on chance visitors or hireling services, he longs for a land where domestic life and household comfort are better cultivated and understood.

The stranger's funeral is peculiarly sad everywhere, but in Paris its melancholy is enhanced by the interference of foreign usages. Over the dead as well as the living the municipal authorities claim instant power, and the bereaved must submit to their time and arrangements in depositing the mortal remains of the loved in the grave. The black scarfs and chapeaux of the undertakers and their prescriptive orders were strangely dissonant to the group of Americans collected at the obsequies of a young countryman, and seemed incongruous when associated with the simple Protestant ceremonial performed in another tongue. Under the direction of those sable officials we entered the mourning coaches and followed the plumed hearse. It is an impressive custom—one of the humanities of the Catholic—to lift the hat at the sight of such a procession; such an act, performed like this by prince and beggar in the crowded street, so gay, busy, self-absorbed, bears affecting witness to the common vicissitudes and instincts of mankind. The dead leaves strewed the avenue of Pere la Chaise, and the bare trees creaked in the gale as we threaded sarcophagi, tablets, and railied cenotaphs; in the distance, smoke-canopied, stretched the vast city; around were countless effigies of the dead of every rank, from the plain slab of the undistinguished citizen to the wreathed obelisk of the hero, from the ancient monument of Abelard and Heloise to the broken turf on the new grave of poverty only designated by a wooden cross; gray clouds flitted along the zenith, and a pale streak of light defined the wide horizon; Paris with its frivolity, temples, business, pleasures, trophies and teeming

life, sent up a confused and low murmur in the distance; only the wind was audible among the tombs. Never had the beautiful Church of England services appeared to me so grand and pathetic as when here read over the coffin of one who had died in exile, and with only a few of his countrymen, most of them unacquainted even with his features, to attend his burial.

However a change of government may interfere with a Parisian's freedom of speech and pen, the autocrat is yet to appear who dares place an interdict on his culinary aptitudes. The science of dining in Paris has, notwithstanding, its new mysteries; and in order to be abreast of the times, it is wise, instead of drawing on past experience, to take counsel of a friend who holds the present clue to the labyrinth of bills of fare and fair bills. The little cabinet of my favorite restaurant, sacred to the initiated, had the same marble table, cheerful outlook, pictured ceiling and breezy curtains,—the same look of elegant snugness; but, when we had seated ourselves in garrulous conclave over the *carte*, it was to the member of our party whose knowledge was of the latest acquisition that we submitted the choice of a repast; and as he discoursed of the mysterious excellences of *cotellettes à la Victoria*, *rissolles à la Orleans*, *pâtés de fois gras à la Bonaparte*, *paupicettes de veau à la Demidoff*, *truffes à la Perigord*, etc., we realized that the same incongruous blending of associations, the same zest for glory and dramatic instinct, ruled the world of cookery as of letters, and that, with all the political vicissitudes since our last dinner in Paris, her prandial distinction had progressed.

From the restaurant to the theatre, is, in Paris, a most natural transition; and the play and players of the day will be found far more closely representative of the social tone, the political creed, the artistic tastes of the hour, than elsewhere. The drama, for instance, in vogue not long since at the Vaudeville Theatre in the Place de la Bourse, is one we can scarcely imagine successful in another

city, at least to such a degree. It was *Les Filles de Marbre*; and this is the plot. The opening scene is at Athens, in the studio of Phidias. It is the day after that on which Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail; and, exulting in the effect produced by that exploit, he enters with the rich Gorgias, who has ordered and paid Phidias in advance for statues of his three friends, Laïs, Phryné, and Aspasia. He finds Phidias unwilling to part with the statues, on which he has worked so long and ardently till, like Pygmalion of old, he has fallen in love with his own creation; he will not even allow Gorgias to see them, and the latter departs swearing vengeance. Diogenes enters, and a satirical brisk dialogue ensues, at the end of which Phidias draws aside a curtain and shows his work to Diogenes, who, stoic as he is, can not refrain from an exclamation of delight. The group is admirably arranged on the stage, and the effect is very fine as Theä, a young slave, holds back the drapery from the group while the moon illuminates it with a soft light. At this moment an approaching tumult is heard. Theä drops the curtain, and Gorgias with his friends, heated with Cyprus wine, enters, accompanied by the 'myrmidons of the law.' He again demands the statues, for which Phidias has already received his gold. Phidias expostulates, then entreats,—no, Gorgias will have his statues. At this, Theä, who had long loved Phidias, unknown to him, hardly noticed, never requited, throws herself at Gorgias's feet and cries, 'Take me, sell me; I am young and strong, but leave Phidias his statues.' Gorgias says, 'Who are you? Poor creature, you are not worth over fifty drachmas! Away! Guards, do your duty! Slaves, seize the statues.' Then Diogenes, hitherto half asleep on a mat in the corner, cries, 'Stop, Gorgias! You always profess justice, strict justice. Why don't you ask with whom of you the statues will prefer to stay?' A shout of laughter from his jolly companions makes Gorgias accede to this droll proposal. 'So be it!' cries he; and Diogenes draws aside the curtain, and holds up his lantern,

which, with a strong French reflector, throws a powerful light on the upper part of the group, with a fine and startling effect. The group represents Aspasia seated, with a scroll and stylus, Laïs leaning over her, and Phryné at her feet looking up, all draped, artistically *posed*, and the three beautiful girls that perform the parts look as like marble as possible.

'Now, Phidias,' cries Diogenes, 'come, what have you to say to your marble girls?'

'Laïs, Aspasia, Phryné, I am Phidias. You owe me your existence, and I love you; you know it, and that I am poor.'

'That's a bad argument, Phidias,' says Diogenes.

'I am poor, and have nothing but you. Stay by him to whom you owe your glory and your immortality!'

The statues remain immovable.

Gorgias addresses them: 'I am Gorgias, the rich Athenian; I alone am as rich as all the kings of Asia, and I offer you a palace paved with gold. Aspasia, Laïs, Phryné, which of us do you choose?'

The statues turn their heads and smile faintly on Gorgias, who starts and stands as if petrified. The Athenians look horror-struck. Phidias covers his face with his hands, and, uttering a cry, falls to the ground. A soft and enervating strain of music fills the air.

'By all the gods!' cries Gorgias, 'I believe the statues moved their lips as if to smile upon me.'

'I know you by that smile, O girls of marble,' says Diogenes,—'courtesans of the past, courtesans of the future!' and he returns to his mat.

At this moment Theä's voice is heard in the far distance, singing a few mystical, mournful bars of music, and the curtain falls.

This is the 'argument,'—the other four acts work it out.

The next act opens in a restaurant of to-day in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. A young artist lives there, and falls desperately in love with an actress, for whom he leaves his art, his mother, and his betrothed, is ruined in purse, and

returns at last, heart-broken, to his old home, to die ; the actress all the while sees his despair with indifference, and proves herself therefore a ‘*fille de marbre*.’

In another recent piece, we are told that a ‘procession of nuns, dressed in white, sing a lay at midnight. In the intervals, a chorus of frogs in the neighboring swamp croak the refrain in unison. Sax, the great brass-founder, who made the Last Trumpets for the ‘Wandering Jew,’ and the instruments for the Band of the Guides, is engaged upon the frog-pipes required. The illusion will be heightened by characteristic scenery and mephitic exhalations. M. Sax visited the pool in the Bois de Boulogne, known as the *Marée d'Auteuil*, and brought back many useful ideas in reference to the quadruped with whose vocal powers he desired to become acquainted. The frog voices will be a series of eight, representing a full octave.’

The Provincial, at Paris, is a standard theme for playwrights; what the Scotch were to Johnson, Lamb, and Sidney Smith, is the native of Provence or Brittany to the comic writers of the metropolis,—a nucleus for wit and an occasion for practical jokes. One of the late pieces, called ‘My Uncle,’ turned upon the devices of a wild youth to obtain money from his simple-hearted relative in the country. For months a pretended love affair, a marriage, and the birth of an heir, elicited remittances, which were expended upon banquets, at which a bevy of gay students applauded the ingenuity of their entertainer. At last the uncle comes to town, and it becomes quite a study to carry on the game, which yields occasion for innumerable salient contrasts between rustic simplicity and city acumen. A diagnosis of the provincial’s ways in Paris, like every form of life there, has been given by a shrewd observer, who mentions among other signs that the novice may be recognized by the fact that he keeps his toothpick after dinner and carries it to the theatre.

I found that marvelous actress, Rachel, before her visit to America, much attenuated ; indeed, she resembled a bundle

of nerves electrified with vitality ; her bleached skin, thin arms, large, scintillating eyes, and that indescribable something which marks the Jewish physiognomy, gave her a weird, sibyl-like appearance, as of one wasted by long vigils. There was in her glance and action the spasmotic inspiration observable in Malibran towards the close of her career. The play was Racine’s *Andromache*, and the depth and energy of Hermione’s emotions were illustrated by a sudden transition of tone, a working of the features, that a painter might study forever, and a gesture, bearing, look and utterance which were the consummation of histrionic art ; yet so exclusively was this the case, that admiration never lost itself in sympathy ; it was the perfection of acting, not of nature ; it won and chained the scrutinizing mind, but failed to sway the heart ; it lacked the magnetic element ; and while the critic was baffled in the attempt to pick a flaw, and the elocutionist in raptures at the sublime possibilities of his art, it was Rachel, not Hermione, the genius of the performer, not the reality of the character, that won the earnest attention, and woke the constant plaudits.*

That over-consciousness which belongs to the French nature, so evident in their ‘Confessions,’ their oratory, their manners, their conversation, and their life,

* The very description of her enthusiastic admirers suggests that such were the original traits and the special character of Rachel. At first we are told by the patron who earliest recognized her genius, ‘a delirious popularity surrounded the young *tragedienne*, and with her the antique tragedy which she had revived.’ How different from the original relation of Kemble, Kean, or Siddons to the Shaksperian drama ! Then the manner in which she prepared herself for artistic triumph is equally suggestive of the artificial and the conventional : ‘Elle se drape,’ we are told, ‘avec un art merveilleux ; au théâtre elle fait preuve d’études intelligentes de la statuaire antique.’ It was in the external form rather than by sympathetic emotion that she wooed the tragic muse. Véron compares her to Thiers. ‘C’est la même netteté de vues, la même ardeur, les mêmes ruses vigoureuses, la même fécondité d’expédients, la même tableau philosophique que ne la comprend ni la vengeance ni les haines, qui se contente de négocier avec les inimités, d’apaiser les rancunes et de conquérir toutes les influences, toutes les amitiés qui peuvent devenir utiles.’

and which is the great reason of their want of persistence and self-dependence in political affairs, modifies their ideal representations on the stage as well as in literature. The process described so philosophically by Coleridge, to lose ‘self in an idea dearer than self,’ is the condition of all greatness. It sublimated the life of Washington, and made it unique in the annals of nations; it enabled Shakspeare to incarnate the elements of humanity in dramatic creations, and Kean to reproduce them on the stage; it is the grand law of the highest achievements in statesmanship, in letters, and in art, without which they fall short of wide significance and enduring vitality.

Although thus destitute of great central principles, nowhere is human life more enriched by minor philosophy; it may be a fate, a routine, a drudgery, and an accident in other parts of the world, but in Paris it is or can easily be made an art. The science of substitution, the law of compensation, nowhere more obviously triumphs; taste cheaply gratified atones for limited destinies; manners yield a charm, which, for the time, renders us oblivious of age; tact proves as good a resource as learning, wit as beauty, cheerfulness as fortune. The *boudoir*, by means of chintz, gauze, and human vivacity, is as prolific of fine talk and good company as the drawing-room. A bunch of violets or a box of mignonnette suggests to sensitive imaginations the whole cornucopia of Flora. Perhaps the eclectic provision for enjoyment in the French capital was never more apparent than during the sojourn of the allied armies there after the battle of Waterloo. It was as good as a play illustrative of national manners and taste, to note how Russian, German, Cossack, and English, hussar, diplomat, and general, found the dish, the pastime, and the observance each most coveted, when that vast city was like a bivouac of the soldiers of Europe.

The communicative habit and social tendency of life, under every aspect, in Paris, often promotes success by making individuals famous,—a process far easier

of achievement there than in any other metropolis. A poor fellow who opened a *café*, and had so little patronage as at the end of his first quarter to be on the verge of bankruptcy, resorted, one day, to the expedient of firing a heavily-charged musket in the midst of his neat but unfrequented saloon. The report instantly brought half a score of policemen, two gens d’armes, and a crowd of idlers, to the spot; curiosity was on tiptoe to hear of a murder, a suicide, or an infernal machine; strange rumors began to spread from the crowd within to the street; and a long investigation was held on the premises. Meantime people wanted refreshments, which the hitherto indolent waiters of the *café* supplied; the place was found to be quite snug and tasteful, and the proprietor quite a lion; thenceforth his credit was established in the neighborhood, and a regular set of customers liberally sustained his enterprise. Dr. Véron informs us that, after waiting six weeks for a patient, upon first commencing practice, he had the good fortune to stop the bleeding nose of a *concierge*, in his vicinity, which had resisted all the usual appliances; the news of his exploit was soon noised abroad, its merit exaggerated, and he was astonished to receive six or seven patients a day, attracted by his sudden reputation. Unfortunately, however, one day an old lady, of much consideration in that *quartier*, requested him to bleed her; she was so fat that he made two or three unsuccessful attempts to open a vein, when she rose indignantly and pronounced him an *imbecile*,—a judgment which was so quickly adopted by the gossips, that in less than a week he sank into his original obscurity.

Another speciality of Parisian life occurred in the person of an old man, who came hither in youth, and while pursuing his studies received news of the loss of his fortune,—a pittance only remained; and so enamored had he become of the means of study and the monastic freedom here possible for the poor dreamer, that, hiring a cheap and obscure lodging, he remained a voluntary exile, unallured by the attractions of American enterprise,

which soon revived the broken fortunes of his brothers. A more benign cosmopolite or meek disciple of learning it would be difficult to find; unlike his restless countrymen, he had acquired the art of living in the present;—the experience of a looker-on in Paris was to him more satisfactory than that of a participant in the executive zeal of home.

Such instances form a pleasing contrast to the outward gayety we habitually associate with Paris. It boasts a world of patient labor. Emile Souvestre has drawn some faithful and charming pictures of these scenes, wherein philosophy and cheerfulness illumine the haunts of modest toil. In England and America only artists of great merit enjoy consideration; but in Paris the pursuit itself insures countenance and sympathy, which in themselves yield vast encouragement. There are more odd characters ensconced in the nooks of this capital than anywhere else in Europe;—men who have become unconsciously metropolitan friars—living in celibate dens, haunting libraries and gardens, subsisting on a bare competence, and working out some darling theory or speculative problem; lonely in the midst of a crowd, and content in their self-imposed round of frugality and investigation.

I found the dissatisfied spirit of a young artist, whom I had known in America, here completely soothed; instead of feeling himself overpowered by the commercial spirit of his own country, one of a neglected minority, striving in vain to excite interest in a vocation too profitless for a community absorbed in trade, politics, and fashion, he now experienced the advantage of a recognized class, and the excitement of a fraternity in art; his life, studies, aims were those of hundreds as limited in their circumstances and as ideal in their aspirations; galleries, studios, lectures, models, criticism, illustrious men, noble examples, friendly words and true companionship, made his daily life, independent of its achievements, one of self-respect, of growing knowledge, and assured satisfaction. Without some pursuit thus enlisting the higher powers and

justifying, as it were, the independent career of a resident, it is astonishing how the crust of selfishness gathers over the heart in Paris; the habit of living with an exclusive view to personal enjoyment, where the arrangements of life are so favorable, becomes at last engrossing; and a soulless machine, with no instincts but those of self-gratification, is often the result, especially if no ties of kindred mitigate the hardihood of epicurism.

We soon learn to echo Rochefoucauld's words as he entered Mazarin's carriage,—‘everything happens in France;’ and, like Goethe, cast ourselves on the waves of accident with a more than Quixotic presage,—if not of actual adventure, at least of adventurous observation; for it is a realm where Fashion, the capricious tyrant of modern civilization, has her birth, where the ‘*vieille femme remplissait une mission importante et tutulaire pour tous les âges*;’ where the *raconteur* exists not less in society than in literature; the elysium of the scholar, the nucleus of opinion, the arena of pleasure, and the head-quarters of experiment, scientific, political, artistic, and social.

Imagine a disciplined mind alive to the lessons of the past and yet with sympathy for casual impressions, free, intent and reflective,—and Paris becomes a museum of the world. Such a visitor wanders about the French capital with the zest of a philosopher; he warms at the frequent spectacle of enjoyable old age, notwithstanding the hecatombs left at Moscow and Waterloo, Sebastopol and Magenta; he reads on the dome of the Invalides the names of a hundred battle-fields; muses on the proximity of the lofty and time-stained Cathedral, and the little book-stall, where poor students linger in the sun; detects a government spy in the loquacious son of Crispin who acts as porter at his lodgings; pulls the *cordon bleu* at a dear author's oaken door on the *quatrième étage* in a social mood, and recalls Wellington's marquee on the Boulevard Italien, in the midst of the gay throng; notes the dexterity of a peripatetic shoebblack at his work; loves to sup in one of the restaurants of the

Palais Royal, because there Dr. Franklin was entertained by the Duke of Orleans; remembers, at the church of St. Genevieve, that Abelard once lectured on its site; and, gazing on the beautiful ware in one of the cabinets of the Louvre, muses of the holy patience of Palissy. By the handsome quays and bridges of the Seine, he tries to realize that once only an islet covered with mud hovels met the wanderer's view. He smiles at the abundance of fancy names, some chosen for their romantic sound, and others for the renowned associations, which are attached to vocalist, shop, and mouchoir. He separates, in his thought, the incongruous emblems around him at this moment,—tricolor and cresent, St. George and the Lilies, 'God save the Queen' and High Mass, banners that have floated over adverse armies since the crusades,—amicably folded over the corpse of a

French veteran! Nor are character and manners less suggestive to such an observer; if an American, he beholds with astonishment, after all he has heard of the proverbial courtesy of the French, women habitually yield the wall to men, and stops with ill-disguised impatience, on returning from an afternoon's ride, to have his carriage examined at the gate; contrasts the degraded state of the lower orders with the general urbanity and quietness of demeanor and the stern sway of political rule; marks the little crucifix and cup of holy water at the head of the peasant's bed, and the diamond cross on the lace kerchief of the kneeling empress; recognizes the force of character, the self-dependence, the mental hardihood of the women, the business method displayed in their exercise of sentiment, and the exquisite mixture in their proceedings of tact, calculation, and geniality.

THE TRUE BASIS.

NEVER at any stage of American history was there such a crisis of ideas as at present, and never was there such urgent necessity of setting promptly, vigorously and clearly before the people the great and new principles which this crisis is bringing to life. So vast are the issues involved, so tremendous their inevitable consequences, that we acquit of exaggeration the statesman who, in comparing even the gradual unfolding of the mighty past with this our present, exclaimed, 'Now is the first of the world's progress.*'

The reader is doubtless perfectly familiar with the fact that in the battle between the North and the South two opposite principles are involved,—the same which have been at the bottom of all wars for freedom, from the beginning of time. The one party believes that

one portion of society must flourish at the expense of another part, of a permanently sunken class; while the other holds that history proves that the lot of all persons in a commonwealth is capable of being gradually ameliorated, and that in any case it is our sacred duty to legislate for the poor, on this basis, by allowing them equal rights, and making every exertion to extend the best blessings of education to them, and open to every man, without distinction, every avenue of employment for which he is qualified.

The Northern party, or that of equal rights and free labor, like their predecessors, hold many ideas which coming years will see realized, for—as has always been the case in these contests—science and learning are always on the liberal side. By a strange accident, for the first time almost in history, the Republican

* Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

party is for once in its constituted rights, on its own ground, while the feudal or conservative wing form the aggressors. As of old, too, the Southern conservatives are enforcing theories once the property of their foes, who have now advanced to broader, nobler, and more gloriously liberal views.

For instance, the men of the South believe that labor and capital are still antagonisms. Now it is true enough that they *once* were, and that when the *people* in different ages first began to rebel against their hereditary tyrants, the workman was only a serf to his capitalist employer. That was the age when demagogues flourished by setting ‘the poor’ against ‘the rich.’ A painful, sickening series of wars it was, ending too often by labor’s killing itself with its adversary. Then, a foul, false ‘democracy’ was evolved, which was virtually a rank aristocracy, not of nobility, but of those who could wheedle the poor into supporting them. Such was the history of nearly all ‘radicalism’ and ‘democracy’ from the days of Cleon and Alcibiades down to the present time.

But the enormous developments of science and of industry have of late years opened newer and broader views to the world. As capital has progressed in its action it is seen that at every step labor is becoming—slowly, but surely, as Heaven’s law—identified with it. The harmony of interests is now no longer a vague Fourieristic notion,—for nothing is plainer than that the more the operative becomes interested in the success of the enterprise which employs him, the better is it for him and it. And all *work* in it—the owner and the employee. But then, we are told that ‘the owner gets the profits.’ Does he? Sum up the companies and capitalists who have failed during the past decade,—compare what they have lost with what they have paid their workmen, and then see who have really pocketed the money, and whether on the whole the capitalists have been more than properly repaid for their risks, and wear and tear of *brains*. To be sure we are as yet far from having real-

ized a regularly arranged harmony of interests. But I see that here, even in this New England, there is nothing which the great and most intelligent capitalists desire more than this harmony, or a system in which every man’s brains and labor shall be properly and abundantly remunerated, since they see (as all must see who reflect) that the nearer we approach such practical adjustment of forces, the less liable will they be to fail. And the world, as it has reflected that labor has flourished among barren rocks, covering them with smiling villages, under the fostering care of capital, when fertile Southern lands are a wilderness for want of this harmony between it and capital, has concluded that the old battle between rich and poor was a folly. The obscure hamlets of New England, which have within thirty years become beautiful towns, with lyceums, libraries, and schools, are the most striking examples on earth of the arrant folly of this gabble of ‘capital as opposed to labor.’ In the South, however, the old theory is held as firmly as in the days when John Randolph prophesied Northern insurrections of starving factory-slaves against manufacturing lords, and—as President Lincoln recently intimated in his Message—the effort is there being made to formally enslave labor to capital. That is to say, the South not only adheres to the obsolete theory that labor is a foe to capital, but proposes to subdue it to the latter. The progress of free labor in the North is, however, a constantly increasing proof that labor *is* capital.

Let the reader carefully digest this statement, and regard it not as an abstraction of political economy, but as setting forth a vital truth intimately allied to our closest interests, and to a future involving the most serious emergencies. We are at a crisis which demands a new influx of political thought and new principles. Our Revolution, with its Constitution, was such an epoch; so too was the old strife between Federalism and Democracy, in which both sides contended for what were their rights. Since those days we have gone further, and the pres-

ent struggle, precipitated by the madness and folly of the South, sees those who understand the great and glorious question of free labor with its affinities to capital, endeavoring to prepare the way for a grand coming North American Union, in which poor and rich hand in hand shall press on, extending civilization, and crushing to the ground all obsolete demagogueism, corruption, and folly.

It is time that the word ‘radical’ were expunged from our political dictionary. Under the old system of warfare men were regarded as being divided into the ‘poor,’ who were ‘out’ of capital, and the rich, who were ‘in.’ The progress of good, honest, unflinching *labor* is causing men to look higher than these old limitations. We want no ‘outs’ or ‘ins’—in this country every man should be ‘in,’ given heart and soul to honest industry. And no man or woman who can *work* is without capital, for every such person is a capital in self. When politics are devoted, as they must be, to extending education and protecting industry, we shall hear no more of these absurd quarrels between the ‘conservative’ and ‘radical’ elements.

When the government shall have triumphed in this great struggle,—when the South, with its obsolete theories of the supremacy of capital over labor, shall have yielded to the great advancing truth of the age,—when free labor, rendered freer and nobler than ever, shall rule all powerful from ocean to ocean, then we shall see this great American republic restored to its original strength and beauty, progressing in the path laid down by our Revolutionary forefathers, and stripped of the cruel impediments which have clogged its course for years, proving to the world the great assertion of all time, that man is capable of self-government. It is this which lies before us,—neither a gloomy ‘conservative’ prospect of old-fashioned unchangeability, and still less the gorgeous but preposterous dreams of Fourierite or other socialist; but simply the healthy future of a hard-working country, in which every impediment shall be removed from free labor and its every right respected. And to bring this to pass there is but one first step required. Push on the war, support the Administration, triumph at any risk or cost, and then make of this America one great free land. Freedom! *In hoc signo vinces.*

THE BLACK FLAG.

You wish that slavers once again
 May freely darken every sea,
 Nor think that honor takes a stain
 From what the world calls piracy;
 And now your press in thunder tones
 Calls for the Black Flag in each street—
 O, add to it a skull and bones,
 And let the banner be complete.

THE ACTRESS WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

AFTER a few moments he arose, and, staggering towards me, grasped my hand and shook it violently, stuttering out, ‘Evelyn Afton is an angel—that is, your wife, I mean, would have made a greater actress than Mrs. Siddons. Sefton’s a rascal—d—d rascal. You see, Mr. Bell, I’m not what I was once. The cursed liquor—that’s what made me this. John Foster once held his head as high as anybody. Want, sir, absolute want, brought me from my “high estate”—*id est*, liquor. Cursed liquor made me poor, and poverty made me mean.’ He continued for some time in a broken strain, interrupted by hiccoughs and sobs, exhibiting in his demeanor the remains of former brilliancy, but now everything impaired—voice, manner, eyesight and intellect—by excessive indulgence.

The result of my conference was learning that Foster had been the agent of Sefton in a conspiracy against my wife. Foster had of late years made a precarious livelihood by occasional engagement on the stages, and a few weeks since had strayed to this city. Being well known to Sefton, the latter had promised him ample provision if he would feign illness, induce my wife to visit him from motives of charity, and subsequently, when called upon for testimony, allege that her visits were the renewal of an old licentious intimacy. To these disgraceful propositions Foster’s degradation acceded, though in his better moments he contemned his employer and himself.

‘What,’ I meditated, ‘can be Sefton’s design? Can it be to compel my wife to his passion through threats of destroying her reputation?’ I smiled as I thought of the futility of such a scheme, for Evelyn would treat with the most scornful defiance any attempt at coercion, although resistance would sacrifice not only her honor but her life. But

this can not be his real object, else why would he have advised a divorce? I have it. He is really infatuated with her, and desires to free her from my possession that she may come into his—knowing his ability to clear her character, should it appear contaminated, but reckoning chiefly on its preservation by my own delicacy from any public stain.

Foster informed me that he always made Sefton aware of my wife’s visits,—as she appointed the evenings for them,—and that Sefton attended the interviews, concealed in the next room. I therefore arranged with Foster to inform Sefton that she would be present the next evening, and then took my leave, Foster repeating again and again, ‘Sefton’s a rascal—Mrs. Bell’s an angel. Only want, absolute want, made me undertake this. Yes, sir,—I assure you,—want.’

In pursuance of the arrangement, I visited Foster the next evening, arriving before Sefton, and going into the next apartment. Sefton soon after entered and engaged in a conversation with Foster, which fully corroborated the information I had previously obtained. During its progress I entered upon them. Sefton was amazed, and struck with a consciousness of discovered guilt.

‘I am now fully aware,’ I said, ‘Mr. Sefton, of your cause for interest in my affairs, and of the manner in which you have evinced it.’

He had by a violent effort recovered his equanimity, and said, —‘Prevarication or denial I suppose to be useless. You have probably outbid me for the confidence of this miserable villain. What do you propose to do?’

‘Were we both young,’ I replied, ‘there would be only one answer to that question. It would be necessary to have recourse to a duel. As it is, I am too old a man to be indulged leniently by the

public in such a proceeding. Moreover, I am conscientiously averse to initiating it. Besides, it will not be permissible in this case to drag my wife's name into any publicity. My only alternative, therefore, is to remain content with the private discovery of your rascality, and hereafter to forbid you any association with what pertains to me or my affairs.'

'I will obviate all your objections,' he replied. 'I will assume the initiative, and attribute your acceptance of a challenge to such causes as will excuse you to the public. Some story may easily be devised which will cover the real motives for our proceeding.'

'Now,' I meditated, 'I have the clue to the mystery. Relying properly on my wife's pride, and (alas!) her probable want of regard for me, this man was convinced that she would not relate his attempt upon her, and that I should never therefore be able to trace his connection with the conspiracy. My opportune knowledge has counteracted his designs. Evidently he has determined to possess Evelyn in marriage, since he can in no other way. Therefore he suggested the divorce; and now, being an excellent shot (while unaware of my own skill), he counts on removing me by death—thus destroying all proof of his villainy, and at the same time all obstacles in his path to her. Well, I am not called on to meet him, but I will take this hazard, as well as every other, for her.'

I signified my assent to his proposals, and there, on the scene of his detected iniquity, we calmly discussed the necessary arrangements.

The next day, in pursuance of them, we met as by accident in the most frequented hotel, and, after the usual salutations, engaged in conversation, handling various papers, as if transacting a negotiation of some kind. Gradually we warmed and our tones became louder, until finally he exclaimed, 'It is false, Mr. Bell! Entirely false! I never made any such representation.'

'Perhaps,' I answered mildly, 'you mean to intimate that I am mistaken,

and would not charge me, as your words imply, with wilful falsehood.'

'You must make your own application, sir,' he rejoined. 'I say your statement is false—so false that a mere mistake can scarcely be considered responsible for it.'

'Such a reiteration of your insult,' I said, 'leaves me no redress except by force. As you gave the first offense, I return it to your keeping.' So saying, I struck him.

By-standers, who had been attracted around, now seized us, and there was, of course, much excitement and confusion.

'This is a simple matter of private business, gentlemen,' said Mr. Sefton, 'and its settlement will take place elsewhere.'

'Yes, gentlemen,' I added, 'your interference now is not required, and hereafter will be of no avail.' So we separated.

I proceeded to my place of business and retired to my secret chamber, giving orders to admit no one to me (lest I should be disturbed by the officiousness of friends seeking to 'arrange' matters), but to send up any letters. Soon a formal challenge arrived, to which I despatched a formal answer. At the hour of closing business I sought my chief clerk, whom I knew to be a sporting man, and briefly informed him of the anticipated duel, which was appointed for an early hour the next morning, the weapons pistols, and the place a short distance from the city, and engaged him to act as my second.

I occupied the evening in the necessary preparations of my affairs for the contingency of a fatal issue. Near midnight I went to my residence, and in the seclusion of my sleeping chamber passed an hour in a tumultuous variety of thought. I had briefly written, for Evelyn's perusal, a history of my life as connected with her, and a true version of the circumstances leading to the duel. 'If I fall'—I sadly thought—'will she appreciate my self-offering? Shall I leave her a legacy of sorrow, if my death under these circumstances would grieve her? No! I will die as I have thus far

lived—making no expression of the love which sways my soul.' I tore my letter into fragments and burned them. Passing silently into her chamber,—the first time I had entered it for long months,—I kneeled at her bedside and sobbed. By the dim light I could trace the marks of grief—cold, heart-consuming grief—on her beautiful features—marks which in the day-time resolute pride effaced; as the furrows in the rocks of the sea-shore are seen at ebb-tide, but are concealed when the waters bound at their flood. Slowly and cautiously I approached my lips to hers, and lightly touched them. She stirred, and I sank to the floor. Her sleep being but lightly disturbed, I glided like a ghost from the chamber, and with a heart-rending groan threw myself on my bed and forced forgetfulness and slumber.

All parties were on the field at the appointed hour, and the preliminaries were quickly arranged. There was in Sefton's countenance the expression of deliberate criminality, encouraged by the expectation of an easy triumph. Immediately upon the word, he fired. The ball grazed my breast, tore from my shirt-front a pin, and, glancing off, fell into a creek which partly encircled the ground. Had he been a moment less precipitate in his determination to ensure my death, the slight movement I would have made in raising my arm to fire would probably have changed my position sufficiently to have received the bullet. My shot followed immediately upon his. He was seen to stagger, but declared himself unhurt, and demanded a second shot. The pistols were prepared and delivered. I noticed that Sefton received his with the left hand. We were again placed, and just as the word was being given, he fell to the ground. On examination it appeared that at the first fire my ball had struck immediately in front of the arm and shattered the clavicle, thence passing—in one of the freaks peculiar to bullets—immediately beneath the flesh, half round the body, lodging under the opposite shoulder. He had fainted from the wound.

Of course the duel was ended. Sefton was confined to his house for weeks, and on recovering removed to Texas, where in a few months afterward he died from *mania a potu*.

On returning home, I found that the tidings of my difficulty with Sefton, and its anticipated consequences, had been communicated to my wife. She met me in the hall, her eyes flashing, but her manner evincing more tenderness than I had ever before witnessed in it. 'Is this true, Mr. Bell?' she asked, 'that public rumor has informed me? Have you had a quarrel with Mr. Sefton? Have you fought with him?'

'It is true, my dear,' I replied. 'I have just returned from a duel.'

'Are you injured? Tell me,' she exclaimed, passionately.

'Not in the least,' I replied, 'but desperately—hungry.'

'And he?'

'I believe he is quite severely wounded. He was carried from the field insensible.'

'Thank God,' she exclaimed.

I knew it was on her lips to tell me that I had been drawn into a conflict by a villain, who had met his just deserts, but I forestalled all explanations by demanding my breakfast, and after her first emotions had subsided, merely gave her a matter-of-fact account of our pretended quarrel, and of the duel.

But I laid up in my heart, as a sweet episode in my desolate life, the anxiety she had manifested for my safety.

Public conversation and the newspapers were for a time employed on the duel, but fortunately the truth was not suggested in the remotest degree.

I provided liberally for Foster, and sent him from the city. Where he now is I know not. He had informed Evelyn, by a letter, that, his health having improved, he designed to remove.

I had long since learned Frank's early history, and, through persons to whose patronage I had commended him, and who had visited his studio at Florence, was well acquainted with all his proceedings. My charity towards him was producing ample fruits.

A few months after the duel, Evelyn and I were making a tour in Europe.

At a comparatively early hour on the morning after our arrival in Florence, we proceeded, without previous announcement, to visit Frank's studio. Being ushered into an antechamber of the rather luxurious range of apartments, which, as I was aware, he occupied, in company with several other bachelors, I merely sent him word that a gentleman and lady had called to see his works, the servant informing us that he was at breakfast. Of this our own ears received a sufficient evidence, for, from an adjacent apartment, we heard not only the rattle of table service in industrious requisition, but conversation and laughter, which proved that the bachelors were jolly over their meal. Indeed, their mutual rallying was not altogether of the most delicate kind, and several favorite signoritas were allude to with various degrees of insinuation. In all this, Frank, whose voice I could well distinguish (its echoes had never left my ear), and which I was satisfied, from Evelyn's peculiar expression, that she also recognized, bore a prominent part. Evelyn was astonished. Frank soon appeared, looking the least like the imaginative and love-vitalized artist possible, and entirely like the gay young dog I knew he had become. The confused character of their greetings may be conceived. But of this I professed to be entirely uncognizant, and, after a hasty visit to the studio, gave Frank an invitation to dinner on the succeeding day, and we departed.

The money with which I had liberally supplied Frank had induced him to enter with a youthful zest into the pleasures of life, and his dream of love for Evelyn had attenuated into a mere memory. He was now a successful and courted artist. I was possessed of another fact in reference to him—that he was very much domesticated in an American family residing in the city, one of whose young lady members was greatly disposed, much to Frank's satisfaction, to recompense to him whatever sub-

tractions from his fund of love had previously been wasted on Evelyn. Access to this family had been secured to Frank on my recommendation, given before they left America. I conveyed Evelyn to their residence, and, after also inviting them to our proposed dinner, we returned to our temporary home.

I was careful not to intrude on Evelyn during the evening, leaving her alone to struggle with the melancholy which I knew the incidents of the day must induce.

Frank arrived early the next day. Evelyn's presence had evidently renewed the power of his former feelings. Indeed, had opportunity offered, he was prepared to give way to them, but I was careful that none should be afforded. When our other guests arrived he was thrown into unexpected confusion. The conflict between the past and the present love—the ideal and the real—the shadow and the substance—the memory and the actual—was painful, yet ridiculous to look upon. I calmly watched, without giving any symptom of observation, the results of my strategy, and never did a chess-player more rejoice over the issue of a hard-fought contest. Evelyn, as I perceived, soon discovered all the circumstances, and I could trace the conflict of passions in her bosom—the revulsion at Frank's infidelity, yet the spontaneous acknowledgment of her heart that he had acted wisely. She was also reflecting, I was confident, on the weakness that constrained him to abandon the worship of her image,—however vain and unsatisfactory it might be,—and to elevate on the altar of his affections such a goddess as supplied her place. For the young female in whose service Frank was enrolled was a plump, merry and matter-of-fact girl, destitute of genius, though possessing all the qualities which adapt woman to fulfill the duties of the domestic relations.

My time for a final demonstration had now arrived. In the despair of her abandonment, Evelyn must either welcome me as her deliverer, or she must perish

in her pride. Death alone could sever us—death alone furnished me a remedy for the deprivation of her love.

In one of the large, gloomy apartments of the dilapidated palace we occupied, I sat alone as the twilight was gathering. My pistol case was on the table at my side. I rang the bell, and directed the servant who answered it to desire Evelyn's presence, and bring lights. She soon appeared—cold, passive, incurious, yet beneath this I could see the confined struggle of passion.

I remarked on her looks as peculiar, and expressed a fear that she was unwell. No, she assured me, her health was as usual. Perhaps, then, she did not find her stay in Florence agreeable. Perfectly so. She had no desire to go or to remain, except as I had arranged in the programme of our tour. But, I urged, she seemed dejected. Something must have occurred to depress her mind. Not at all. She was unaware that her humor was different from ordinary.

'Indeed, Evelyn,' said I, 'there is deception in this, and I insist on an explanation.'

She looked surprised, but did not yet comprehend my purport; so answered, in a proper, wife-like manner, that my anxiety had deceived me—that in all respects her feelings, and, so far as she knew, her appearance, differed not from what they had been.

'Well, then,' said I, 'your feelings and appearance must be changed. I will tolerate them no longer.'

Her features evinced the greatest astonishment. 'You are inexplicable,' she said. 'May I beg to know your meaning?'

'Know it? You shall, and you shall conform yourself to it. Resistance will be vain, for (displaying the pistols) I have the means of coercion.'

She thought I was mad, and rose on the impulse to summon help.

'Do not stir a step,' I said, aiming a pistol at her, 'or it will be your last.' She stopped, without exhibiting the least

symptom of fear, but simply because she saw that to proceed would be useless.

'Ha! ha! Evelyn,' said I, forcing an imitation of incoherent laughter, 'I am but trifling with you. I am not mad. I sought but to rouse some passion in you—either of fear or of anger. But, alas! I have not sufficient power over you even for that. Sit down. I have something to relate. When I have ended, these pistols may be useful for one or both of us. But you do not fear them. I have long known that life was too valueless to you for fear of losing it to make any impression.'

She saw that something unusual was impending—what she did not fully understand, but calmly took her seat to await it. At this moment a servant knocked and entered with a letter. I mechanically opened it and read. It was an announcement from my partners that my inattention to the business had involved us all in ruin. The clerk to whom I had entrusted it (the sporting character before mentioned) had defaulted and fled. He had contracted large debts in the name of the firm, and gambled away all the accessible funds. The ruin was supposed to be irretrievable, and with many bitter reproaches I was summoned to return with speed to extricate affairs, and make such reparation as I could.

The letter filled me with almost demoniacal joy. I was ruined, and for her sake. I gloated over the thought.

'These weapons will now be useless,' said I. 'Place them on the shelf beside you. This letter will answer in their stead.'

She obeyed me, and I then related the information I had received. 'This ruin comes upon me through you.' She thought I was about to make a vulgar complaint of extravagance, and for once flushed with anger. 'Remain entirely quiet,' I said. 'Hear me, but do not interrupt by word or gesture. You do not yet understand me.'

Then I entered on all the particulars of my life; recounted my passion for

her ; told how in my mad infatuation I had bargained for her ; how in my selfish exultation I had assumed all the freedoms of love, never stopping to question my right to exercise them ; how I was aroused from my stupid content by accidentally witnessing her interview with Frank. I related the feelings this excited within me ; how for the first time I learned the miserable and contemptible part I had acted ; how I then understood the sorrow of her life ; how I would have crushed out my love and given her to Frank, had there been any practicable way ; how, knowing that the only chance for happiness to both was in mutual love, I had determined to gain hers by every act of devotion ; how I sought to give her the only relation to Frank she could properly bear — his benefactress. I told her of my secret studies, designed to fit me for companionship with her ; of my withdrawing with her into the wilderness, that her grief might be alleviated in the inspiring presence of uncontaminated nature ; of my expenditures to gratify her wishes and tastes. I narrated the incidents which preceded the duel, and informed her that I was perfectly acquainted with Sefton's object in seeking an encounter with me ; that I gratified him because willing to undertake every hazard for her sake. Finally, I avowed my knowledge of all the disappointment her heart had experienced by Frank's inconstancy. 'I know you feel, to-night,' I said, 'that existence is an imposture — worse than the meanest jugglery. So do I. The only thing that can render it a reality is love. I intended to say to you, let us end it. For two years, I have borne the mask of a hypocrite that I might thus tell you of my idolatry, and say give me love or die. This letter necessitates a change of purpose. I welcome it as announcing that my sacrifice is complete — inadequate in comparison with the one you made in uniting yourself to me, but all that I have to give. It is requisite that I must yet live to do others justice — to provide for our children ; although they have been valueless to me since I knew that their souls were not

links between ours. But you I release. Before dawn I shall be on my return. The provision for your future, thank heaven, no demands of justice can infringe. Hereafter know me not as your husband, but as one who wronged you, devoted his all to reparation, and failed.'

I rose — weak and tottering — and passed to the door. I caught but a glimpse of her face. There was in it, and particularly in her eyes, — which, perhaps, on account of her dramatic cultivation, had the faculty of concentrating in a wonderful manner the most powerful as well as the most indefinable expressions, — a peculiar light, which then I did not understand, but afterwards, oh, too well. Fool, fool, that I was, after all my anxious scrutiny of her moods through two years of intensest agony, not to understand this one. The alchemist, who wasted his life in vigils over his crucible, but stood uncognizant of the gold when it gleamed lustrosly before him, was not more a dolt. Thrice afterward I beheld that light in her glorious eyes. To my spiritual sight I can ever recall it. When you asked me her history, those orbs of beauty beamed out upon me with that same fascinating light.

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I went immediately to America. My ruin was entire. I had greatly embarrassed my fortune in wild extravagances for Evelyn, and the remainder I surrendered to my partners. Their criminations were somewhat assuaged, and our partnership relations being dissolved, the business was reorganized, and I was engaged in a humble clerical capacity. Moody and taciturn, I was regarded simply as the ordinary victim of a recklessly spendthrift wife, and was ridiculed and pitied as such. What cared I for ridicule or pity ?

A letter came from Evelyn, stating that she designed resuming her profession, and would appear immediately in London. Sometime in the Spring I should hear from her again.

Accompanying the letter was a formal legal surrender of such property as she possessed by my gift or otherwise, and a

demand that I should apply it to cancel my obligations. She would hereafter, she said, provide for herself. Except a small reservation for the benefit of the children, I complied with her direction. No mandate of hers would I disobey.

So existence dragged on. I resided in a humble dwelling with my two children. Their presence did not soothe me,—their infantile affection made no appeal to my heart,—but their dependence claimed my care. Memories of Evelyn alone possessed me. I secured full files of London papers, and watched for notices of her appearance. At last they came. A new star, the papers said, had suddenly appeared, unheralded, in the theatrical firmament, and rapidly culminated in the zenith. She was understood to be an American lady, formerly an actress, who had returned to the stage on account of domestic difficulties. Some papers intimated that her husband was a brute, who had forsaken her; others, that by a series of mischances she had been compelled to the stage to support a husband and numerous dependent relations. Lengthy criticisms on her various performances were inserted, most of them stuffed with the pseudo-taste and finical ostentation of knowledge prevalent in that department of newspaper literature, but all according her the most exalted merit. The tragedies involving the intense domestic affections were those she had selected for her *roles*. Romeo and Juliet, Evadne, Douglas, Venice Preserved, and others of that class, were mentioned. The critics, however, devoted their most enthusiastic encomiums to her performance of Imogen in Shakspeare's Cymbeline, a version of which, it seems, she had herself adapted. The reproduction of this piece, which had vanished from the modern *repertoire*, attracted marked attention. Her rendering of 'Imogen' was pronounced superb.

The papers also made passing allusions to her personal beauty. Soon paragraphs appeared concerning the attentions of Lord A—— and the Earl of B—— to her; of the infatuation of certain mem-

bers of the various diplomatic corps. Young men of fashion were reported as throwing to her bouquets containing diamonds; others sent horses and carriages to her residence, with requests for her acceptance. One paper alluded maliciously to the fact that a certain antiquated nobleman had given her a New Year's present of *bon bons*, every 'sugared particle' being folded in a five-pound Bank of England note. The paper added some rough witticism, and informed the nobleman that his 'assiduities' would be ineffectual, saying that 'the lady, with true Yankee shrewdness, accepts all offerings at her shrine, but confers no favors in return.'

So the season wore away until the Spring had again come around. I saw an announcement in a New York paper that Evelyn Afton (her maiden name), who had recently acquired such a brilliant reputation in London, etc., would perform during a short engagement at the Park Theatre. The next morning saw me on the route to New York. I placed myself in an obscure corner of the theatre. The curtain rose. There was a brief absence of all consciousness, and then *she* came upon the stage. The play was Cymbeline. I know nothing of what transpired, save that when she rendered the words,—

‘Oh for a horse with wings,’—
that light again appeared in her eyes.

The performance ended, and a man, feeling himself old and weary, passed into the streets, and wandered through them till morning, wondering if he had not in some way been connected with the brilliant being he had seen; it seemed to him that once there had been some entwining of their fates, but the recollection of it came like the indistinct memory of a half-impressed dream,—as if it had been in some previous condition of existence, and the consciousness of it had lingered through a subsequent metapsychosis.

I was sitting solitary in an apartment of the humble dwelling which I occupied, poring in a slow, melancholy memory

over my past life, and questioning myself when Evelyn would fulfil the promise of again informing me of her intentions. My mood was scarcely disturbed by a knock at the outer door, which was responded to by the maid who had charge of my children, and the next instant I was thrilled almost to stupefaction by seeing Evelyn enter the room.

'I've come! I've come!' she cried, in wild eagerness. 'Have you not expected me? I'm home—home once more. Dearest—lover—husband—I'm here, never to leave you!'

I only gasped forth—'Evelyn!' I knew not but it was an illusion.

Then she threw herself upon me, and covered me with kisses, uttered a volume of passionate endearments, entwined her arms about me in all tender embraces. I reasoned with myself that it was a dream, and would not stir lest it should dissolve.

She stood above me, and again I saw that light in her eyes. Then for the first time I understood its import. Oh! the strange, deep, glorious light of love and resolute devotion.

I rose falteringly, and asked in feeble accents,—'Is it you, Evelyn? Have you indeed come?'

'Yes, yes, *your* Evelyn at last,—come to your arms and your heart. Your own Evelyn, so long unworthy of you. *Will* you receive me?'

I but threw my arms around her, and sank down with her on my breast. Nature exhausted itself in the intensity of that embrace. Language was denied to emotion. For some moments she lay like a child, nestling to my heart, then suddenly started up and disappeared in the hall. Again I thought it was a dream, and that it had fled. She reappeared, bearing a small casket, which in a quick, frantic sort of way she thrust on the table, opened and pulled out gold pieces, jewels and bank notes, flinging them down, some on the table and some on the floor, exclaiming, 'See, you ruined yourself for me, and I have come to repay you. Look, all these *your* Evelyn brings to testify to her love. The chil-

dren!' she exclaimed, as she threw out the last contents,—'where are they? Come, show me.' She seized the lamp, and, grasping my arm, dragged me in my half-bewildered state to the next apartment, where the infants lay sleeping. She flung herself eagerly but tenderly upon them, and devoured them with kisses. 'Now you will love them, for *my* sake,' she said; and, for the first time since discovering that she loved me not, I bestowed upon them a voluntary paternal caress—I bowed over them and gently kissed their foreheads. Her love for them had restored them to my heart.

Then again, with her wild, impetuous manner, she led me back to the other room. I sat upon the sofa and drew her to my breast. She lay passive a moment, then started up and paced the floor, with rapid utterances, broken with half sobs and half laughter. She returned to me, and again repeated this, till finally interrupted with a violent fit of coughing, occasioned, as I supposed, by excitement.

'Be calm, Evelyn,' I said. 'Come and lie in my arms. This joy is too great for me to realize. I must feel you on my bosom to convince me that I am not deceived.'

So she repos'd in my arms, and with broken sobs, the intervals of which gradually increased, she finally slept. A lethargy also fell upon me, which endured how long I know not. As I returned to wakefulness, I shuddered with a cold thrill, such as one might feel on suddenly finding himself in the presence of a spirit; for I heard what was of more terrible meaning to me than any other sound. The rest of the precious sleeper at my side was disturbed frequently by a short, husky cough, followed by a low moan as of dull pain. Well I knew the prediction conveyed by those sounds. Long watchings by the bedside of a slowly-dying mother had made me fearfully familiar with them. Through the lingering hours of that night I sat listening to them with an agonized ear, and in my bitterness I almost cursed

Heaven for providing the doom I anticipated.

At the first glimpse of morning I bore her carefully to the side of the sleeping children, and, after replacing in the casket its contents, sped to the house of the physician whom I have previously mentioned, and, leaving word for immediate attendance, hastened back, and resumed my watch. Oh! in the dawn how pallid and sunken the features which I had so often seen flushed and full with the animation of life and genius! Evelyn woke and smiled peacefully on me, but lay as if still exhausted with weariness. The physician came. He was already aware that my wife had been engaged in her profession, though ignorant of the objects which had induced her to it. I informed him of my apprehensions. Conducting him to Evelyn, I excused his presence by stating my fear that she might require his advice after her excitement and fatigue. With skillful caution he observed her, and in conversation elicited the statement that some months since she had been ill from exposure. She had recovered, she said, and was entirely well, except that occasionally slight exertion prostrated her. Even while she spoke the monitor was continually making itself heard.

I drew him to the other apartment, and in a hoarse whisper said,—‘Well, your verdict;—but I know it already from your countenance.’

‘If you were wealthy,’ he replied—
‘Wealthy! I am rich—rich,’ I interrupted him. ‘Look!’ (with this I opened the casket, and run my fingers through the glittering contents, like a miser through his coin.) ‘Tell me what wealth can do, and these shall do it. To gain these she has imperiled life. Let them restore it if they can.’

I saw suspicion on his countenance. ‘It is false,’ I exclaimed, ‘false! I tell you she is as pure as heaven. It was for me that she earned all these.’ And I dashed them on the floor and ground them under my feet.

He seized me and was weeping. ‘You are mad,’ he said. ‘I believe you. Now I understand all. Do not delay. Take her to Italy, and may Heaven preserve her to you.’

In a week’s time we were on our voyage, accompanied by the children and the physician—the latter professing to Evelyn that he desired to make the tour of Europe. My own apology for the voyage was a wish to complete the tour previously interrupted.

The passage was long and tedious. Before reaching our destination my hopes of Evelyn’s recovery had vanished. Her demeanor was so gentle, childlike and affectionate, my heart was wrung with anguish. I could not break her sweet serenity by disclosing the fate which was impending. She seemed to have reached a period of the most holy and perfect satisfaction. All the suppressed bitterness of former years—all the earnest resolution of the later time—had vanished, and she rested happy in the enjoyment of our mutual love. This quiet assisted the process of destruction. Had there been something to rouse her old energy, I am confident she would have made a desperate, perhaps successful, struggle for life. But I could not force myself to excite it by a warning against the insidious destroyer.

On our arrival she was in a deplorable condition of weakness. She imputed this debility to the voyage. Day by day I saw the flame of life dwindling, but she was unsuspecting, and only wondered that her recovery was so slow. Once, as she was watching, in a half-reclining position, the setting sun, and talking of the happy days to come, I could contain myself no longer, but burst forth into a frenzy of sobbing.

‘Evelyn,’ I said, ‘you are dying. You know it not, but, oh God, it is true. You are dying before me, and I can not save you. Perhaps it is too late for you to save yourself.’

At first she supposed that my emotion was only the undue result of anxiety for her, but as I grew calmer, and told her

more precisely my meaning, and the causes of my fears, she said, with something of her old firmness,—

'If this be true, let me become fully convinced. Call in Dr. ——, and leave me alone with him. I have not thought of dying, but should have known that my present happiness was too exquisite to last.'

I sent in the doctor, and he told her all. What passed between us, on my return, is too sacred for relation. It is enough that the bitterness of that hour filled all the capacity of the human heart for anguish and despair. Afterwards we became more reconciled to the dispositions of Heaven.

The history of her gradual decline need not be related—the hopes, the suspense, the disappointments—the reviving indications of health, the increasing symptoms of fatal disease—the flush and brilliancy as of exuberant vitality—the fading of all the hues of life—all the vicissitudes of the unrelenting progress of decay—one after another, resolving themselves into the lineaments of death.

It was indeed too late.

Frank still remained in Florence, but had discarded the society of his bachelor friends for that of the young lady previously mentioned, who was now entitled to call him husband.

Soon after our arrival I called upon him, announced Evelyn's illness, with its hopeless character. The young man was shocked. He had never thought of disease or death in connection with Evelyn. Who could? Besides, I could read in his face a horror mixed with thankfulness at the escape, as his memory recalled the madness which would have urged to guilt, her who was about to leave the scenes of earthly passion. I invited him to return with me. He did so, and I left him alone with Evelyn. I knew that his presence would now give her no shock.

What passed between them I never

heard; but it was not beyond conjecture. The method of his regard for her subsequently, fully revealed it. It was the most lofty and refined feeling of which humanity is capable—the worship of the artist—the friendship of the man.

Well,—the last scene arrived. We knew that the time had come. It was, as she had hoped, at sunset. She gazed long at the changing splendors of the western sky. 'Such,' she said, 'is death. Life merely revolves away from us, but the soul still shines the same upon another sphere. The faith that invests death with terror is a false one. We pass from one world to another—drop one style of existence for a higher. We enter on a life in which may be realized all which here we have vainly sought for. The soul-longings shall all be there fulfilled. Come soon—all of you. I shall be waiting you. There love and friendship—unsullied and unruffled—without passion or misconception—will give perpetual happiness.'

And so she passed away. This is the tenth anniversary of her death. We bore hither all that was left of her to us, and Frank's chisel has marked her resting place. Her children are beside her, and I wait impatiently the time when I may enter with them on that existence where the budding affections of earth shall blossom into immortal enjoyment.

As Mr. Bell ceased his narrative, I pressed his hand, and without words departed.

About noon next day the rumor circulated through the streets that he was dead. I hastened to his house, and learned that it was true. He had been found at a late hour of the morning lying on his bed, dressed as I had left him. Physicians made an examination of the corpse, and attributed the cause to apoplexy. I did not lament him, for I knew his spirit was in the embrace of the loved ones who went before him.

SELF-RELIANCE.

WHEN the eaglets' tender wings are feathered
The old eagles crowd them from the nest;
Down they flutter till their plumes have gathered
Strength to lift them to the granite crest
Of the hills their eldest sires possessed.

When the one cub of the lordly lions
Strikes the earth and shakes his bristling mane,
Forth they lash him, though he growl defiance,
O'er the sand-waste to pursue his gain,—
Shaggy Nimrod of the desert plain!

Still the eagles watch out from the eyrie
On the mountains, their young heirs to screen;
The old lions on the hot sand-prairie,—
If some peril track their cub,—unseen,
Stealthier than the Bedouin, glide between.

So the noblest of earth's creatures noble
Are cast forth to find their way alone,
So our manhood, in its day of trouble,
Is but crowded from the sheltering zone
And broad love-wings, to achieve its throne.

We are left to battle, not forsaken,
Watched in secret by our awful Sire;
Left to conquer, lest our spirits weaken,
And forget to wrestle and aspire,
Finding all things prompter than desire.

He hath hid the everlasting presence
Of his Godhead from the world he made,
Veiled his incomcommunicable essence
In thick darkness of thick clouds arrayed,
On our bold search flashing through the shade.

We are gods in veritable seeming
When we struggle for our vacant thrones,
But are earthlings beyond God's redeeming
While we lean, and creep, and beg in moans,
And base kneeling cramps our knitted bones.

Strength is given us, and a field for labor,
 Boundless vigor and a boundless field ;
 Not to eat the harvests of our neighbor,
 But our own fate's reaping-hook to wield —
 Gathering only what our lands may yield ;

If perchance it may be wheat or darnel,
 Bitter herbs to medicine a wrong,
 Stinging thistles round a haunted charnel,
 Or rich wines to make us glad and strong, —
 Fitting fruits that to each mood belong.

While such power and scope to us are given,
 Who shall bind us to the triumph-car
 Of some victor soul, before us driven,
 Earlier hero in the work and war,
 Him to mimic, humbly and afar ?

No ! we will not stoop, and fawn and follow ;
 There are victories for our hands to win,
 Rocks to rive, and stubborn glebes to mellow,
 Outward trials leagued to foes within ;
 Earth and self to purify from sin.

No ! our spirits shall not cringe and grovel,
 Stooping lowly to a low thought's door,
 As if Heaven were straitened to a hovel,
 All its star-worlds set to rise no more,
 And our genius had no wings to soar.

Truths bequeathed us are for lures to action ;
 Not for grave-stones fane and altar stand,
 Tempting men to wait the resurrection
 Of old prophets from their sunsets grand, —
 Rather mile-stones towards the Promised Land.

Gird your mantles and bind on your sandals,
 Each man marching by his own birth-star ;
 God will crown us when those glimmering candles
 Swell to suns as forth we track them far, —
 Suns that bear our throne and victory-bannered car !

THE HUGUENOT FAMILIES IN AMERICA.

THE celebrated ‘Edict of Nantes’ was, to speak accurately, a new confirmation of former treaties between the French government and the Protestants, or *Huguenots*—in fact, a royal act of indemnity for all past offences. The verdicts against the ‘*Reformed*’ were annulled and erased from the rolls of the Superior Courts, and to them unlimited liberty of conscience was recognized as a right. This important and solemn Edict marked for France the close of the Middle Ages, and the true commencement of modern times; it was sealed with the great seal of green wax, to testify its irrevocable and perpetual character. In signing this great document, Henry IV. completely triumphed over the usages of the Middle Ages, and the illustrious monarch wished nothing less than to grant to the ‘*Reformed*’ all the civil and religious rights which had been refused them by their enemies. For the first time France raised itself above religious parties. Still, a state policy so new could not fail to excite the clamors of the more violent, and the hatred of factions. The sovereign, however, remained firm. ‘I have enacted the Edict,’ said Henry to the Parliament of Paris,—‘I wish it to be observed. My will must serve as the reason why. I am king. I speak to you as king. I will be obeyed.’ To the clergy he said, ‘My predecessors have given you good words, but I, with my gray jacket,—I will give you good deeds. I am all gray on the outside, but I’m all gold within.’ Praise to those noble sentiments, peace was maintained in the realm; the honor of which alone belongs to Henry IV.

In the first half of the seventeenth century, there could be counted in France more than eight hundred Reformed churches, with sixty-two Conferences. Such was the prosperity and powerful organization of the Protestant party until the fall of La Rochelle, which was em-

phatically called the citadel of ‘the Reformation.’ This misfortune terminated the religious wars of France. The Huguenots, now excluded from the employment of the civil service and the court, became the industrial arms of the kingdom. They cultivated the fine lands of the Cevennes, the vineyards of Guienne, the cloths of Caen. In their hands were almost entirely the maritime trade of Normandy, with the silks and taffetas of Lyons, and, from even the testimony of their enemies, they combined with industry, frugality, integrity all those commercial virtues, which were hallowed by earnest love of religion and a constant fear of God. The vast plains which they owned in Bearn waved with bounteous harvests. Languedoc, so long devastated by civil wars, was raised from ruin by their untiring industry. In the diocese of Nimes was the valley of Vannage, renowned for its rich vegetation. Here the Huguenots had more than sixty churches or ‘temples,’ and they called this region ‘Little Canaan.’ Esperon, a lofty summit of the Cevennes, filled with sparkling springs and delicious wild flowers, was known as ‘Hort-dieu,’ the garden of the Lord.

The Protestant party in France did not confine themselves to manufactures and commerce, but entered largely into the liberal pursuits. Many of the ‘*Reformed*’ distinguished themselves as physicians, advocates and writers, contributing largely to the literary glory of the age of Louis XIV. In all the principal cities of the kingdom, the Huguenots maintained colleges, the most flourishing of which were those at Orange, Caen, Bergerac and Nimes, etc. etc. To the Huguenot gentlemen, in the reign of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., France was indebted for her most brilliant victories. Marshal Rantzau, brave and devoted, received no less than sixty wounds, lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, his heart alone remaining untouched, amidst his many

battles. Need we add the names of Turenne, one of the greatest tacticians of his day, with Schomberg, who, in the language of Madame de Sévigné, ‘was a hero also,’ or glorious Duquesne, the conqueror of De Ruyter? He beat the Spaniards and English by sea, bombarded Genoa and Algiers, spreading terror among the bold corsairs of the Barbary States; the Moslemin termed him ‘The old French captain who had wedded the sea, and whom the angel of death had forgotten.’ All these were illustrious leaders, with crowds of distinguished officers, and belonged to the Reformed religion. Wonderful and strange to relate, in the midst of all this national happiness and prosperity, the kingdom of France was again to appear before the world as the persecutor of her best citizens, the destroyer of her own vital interests. The Edict of Nantes was revoked on 22d October, 1685. It is not our purpose to name the causes of this suicidal policy, as they are indelibly written on the pages of our world’s history, nor shall we point to the well-known provisions of this insane and bloody act. In a word, Protestant worship was abolished throughout France, under the penalty of arrest, with the confiscation of goods. Huguenot ministers were to quit the kingdom in a fortnight. Protestant schools were closed, and the laity were forbidden to follow their clergy, under severe and fatal penalties. All the strict laws concerning heretics were again renewed. But, in spite of all these enactments, dangers and opposition, the Huguenots began to leave France by thousands.

Many entreated the court, but in vain, for permission to withdraw themselves from France. This favor was only granted to the Marshal de Schomberg and the Marquis de Rucigny, on condition of their retiring to Portugal and England. Admiral Duquesne, then aged eighty, was strongly urged by the king to change his religion. ‘During sixty years,’ said the old hero, showing his gray hairs, ‘I have rendered unto Cæsar the things which I owe to Cæsar; permit me now, sire, to render unto God the thing which I owe

to God.’ He was permitted to end his days in his native land. The provisions of the Edict were carried out with inflexible rigor. In the month of June, 1686, more than six hundred of the Reformed could be counted in the galleys at Marseilles, and nearly as many in those of Toulon, and the most of them condemned by the decision of a single marshal (de Mortieval). Fortunately for the refugees, the guards along the coast did not at all times faithfully execute the royal orders, but often aided the escape of the fugitives. Nor were the land frontiers more faithfully guarded. In our day, it is impossible to state the correct numbers of the Protestant emigration. Assuming that one hundred thousand Protestants were distributed among twenty millions of Roman Catholics, we think it safe to calculate that from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand, during fifteen years, expatriated themselves from France. Sismondi estimates their number at three or four hundred thousand. Reaching London, Amsterdam or Berlin, the refugees were received with open purses and arms, and England, America, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Holland, all profited by this wholesale proscription of Frenchmen. All agree that these Protestant emigrants were among the bravest, the most industrious, loyal and pious in the kingdom of France, and that they carried with them the arts by which they had enriched their own land, and abundantly repaid the hospitality of those countries which afforded them that asylum denied them in their own.

The influence which the Huguenot refugees especially exerted upon trade and manufactures in those countries where they settled, was very striking and lasting. England and Holland, of all other nations, owe gratitude to the Protestants of France for the various branches of industry introduced by them, and which have greatly contributed in making their ‘merchants princes,’ and their ‘traffickers the honorable of the earth.’ We refer to these nations par-

ticularly, because they are so intimately connected with the colonization of our own favored land. The Huguenot refugees in England introduced the silk factories in Spitalfields, using looms like those of Lyons and of Tours. They also commenced the manufacture of fine linen, calicoes, sail-cloth, tapestries, and paper, most of which had before been imported from France. It has been estimated that these refugees thus brought into Great Britain a trade which deprived France of an annual income of nearly ten millions of dollars. Science, arms, jurisprudence and literature, were also advanced by their arrival. The *first* newspaper in Ireland was published by the Pastor Droz, a refugee, who also founded a library in Dublin. Thelluson (Lord Redlesham), a brave soldier in the Peninsular war, General Ligonier, General Prevost of the British army, Sir Samuel Romilly, Majendie, Bishop of Chester, Henry Layard, the excavator of Nineveh, all are the descendants of the French Huguenots. Saurin secured the reputation of his powerful eloquence at the Hague; but in the French Church, Threadneedle street, London, he reached the summit of his splendid pulpit eloquence. Most of the Huguenots who fled to England for an asylum were natives of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, and Guienne. Their numbers at the revocation may be calculated at eighty thousand. Hume estimates them at fifty thousand, another writer at seventy thousand, but we believe these calculations are too low. In 1676, the communicants of the Protestant French Church at Canterbury reached not less than twenty-five hundred. Of all the services of the Huguenots to England, none was more important than the energetic support to the Prince of Orange against James II. The Prince employed no less than seven hundred and thirty-six French officers, brave men who had been learned to conquer under the banner of Turenne and Condi. Schomberg was the hero at the battle of Boyne. One of his standards bore a BIBLE, supported on three swords, with the motto — ‘*Ie maintiendray.*’ The

gallant old man, now eighty-two years of age, fell mortally wounded, but triumphing, and with his dying eyes he saw the soldiers of James vanquished, and dispersed in headlong flight. Ruoigny, in the same battle, received a mortal wound, and, covered with blood, before the advancing French refugee regiments, cheered them on, crying, ‘Onward, my lads, to glory! onward to glory!’

In England, the French Protestants long remained as a distinct people, preserving in a good degree a nationality of their own, but in the lapse of years this disappeared. One hardly knows in our day where to find a genuine Saxon, — ‘pure English undefiled,’ — for the Huguenot blood circulates beneath many a well-known patronymic. Who would imagine that anything French could be traced in the colorless names of White and Black, or the authoritative ones of King and Masters? Still it is a well-known fact that such names, at the close of the last century, delighted in the designations of Leblanck (White), Lenoir (Black), Loiseau (Bird), Lejeune (Young), Le Tonnelier (Cooper), Lemaitre (Master), Leroy (King). These names were thus translated into good strong Saxon, the owners becoming one with the English in feeling, language, and religion. Holland, too, glorious Protestant Holland! the fatherland of American myriads, welcomed the fugitive Huguenots. From the beginning of the Middle Ages that noble land had been a hospitable home for the persecuted from all parts of Europe. During the last twenty years of the seventeenth century, the French emigration into that country became a political event. Amsterdam granted to all citizenship, with freemen’s privilege of trade, and exemption of taxes for three years; and all the other towns of that nation rivalled each other in the same liberal and Christian spirit. In the single year of the revocation, more than two hundred and fifty Huguenot preachers reached the free soil of the United Provinces. Pensions were allowed to them, the married receiving four hundred florins, those in celibacy two hun-

dred. The Prince of Orange attached two French preachers to his person, with many French officers to his army against James II.—thanks to the generous Princess of Orange, who selected several Huguenot dames as ladies of honor. One house at Harlaem was exclusively reserved for young ladies of noble birth. At the Hague, an ancient convent of preaching monks was changed into an asylum for the persecuted ladies. Of all lands which received the refugees, none witnessed such crowds as the Republic of Holland; and hence Boyle called it '*the grand arch of the refugees.*' No documents exactly compute their number; one author calculates it at fifty-five thousand, and another, in 1686, at nearly seventy-five thousand souls. In the Dutch Republic and Germany, as was the result in England, the Huguenots exercised a most powerful influence on politics, literature, war, and religion, and industry and commerce. Holland, contrary to the general expectation, outlived the invasion of 1672, the Prince of Orange fortunately checking the designs of Louis XIV. Refugee soldiers had powerfully contributed to the triumph of his cause in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and then they followed him, with valor, in the war against Louis XIV., which compelled that monarch to sue for peace.

Literary men and preachers obtained repose and liberty in that land, with consideration and honor. Amsterdam alone received sixteen banished refugee ministers; and more than two hundred spread themselves through all the towns of the United Provinces. Very eloquent French pastors filled the pulpits of the Hague, Rotterdam, Leyden, and Harlaem. Their most brilliant orator was James Saurin. Abbadié, hearing him for the first time, exclaimed, 'Is this a man or an angel, who is speaking to us?' Let us dwell a moment upon the character of this wonderful man. By the elevation of his thoughts and brilliancy of imagination, his luminous expositions, purity of style, with vigor of expression, he produced the most profound impression on the refugees and others who

crowded to hear his varied eloquence. What charmed them most was the union in his style of Genevese zeal and earnestness with southern ardor, and especially those solemn prayers, with which he loved to close his discourses. Saurin displayed in these petitions strains of supplication which up to this time among the Hollanders had never been observed in any other preacher.

All the branches of human learning were advanced in Holland by the Protestant Frenchmen. Here no fetters on genius, no secret censorship or persecution, existed. The boldest democratic theories, with the most daring philosophic systems, were freely discussed, and the refugees promoted this spirit of investigation. They also increased the commerce and manufactures and agriculture of the Netherlands, and rendered Amsterdam one of the most famous cities of the world. Like the ancient city of Tyre, which the prophet named the 'perfection of beauty,' her merchant princes traded with all islands and nations. Macpherson, in his Annals of Commerce, estimates the annual loss to France, caused by the refugees establishing themselves in England and Holland, was not less than 3,582,000 pounds sterling, or about ninety millions of francs. Until the close of the eighteenth century, the descendants of the Huguenots in Holland were united among themselves, by intermarriage and the bonds of mutual sympathies. But in time a fusion with the Dutch became inevitable. Then, in Holland, as was the case with England and Germany, many refugees, abjuring their nationality, changed their French names into Dutch. The Leblancs called themselves De Witt,—the Deschamps, Van de Velde,—the Dubois, Van den Bosch,—the Chevaliers, Ruyter,—the Legrands, De Groot, etc. etc. With the change of names, Huguenot churches began to disappear, so that out of sixty-two which could be counted among the seven provinces in 1688, eleven only now remain,—among them those at Hague, Amsterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, Rotterdam, and Groningen. These are the last monuments of

the Huguenot emigration to Holland, and a certain number of families preserve some sentiment of nationality, who consider themselves honored by their French, noble, Protestant origin, while at the same time they are united by patriotic affection to their newly adopted country.

This rapid chapter of the expulsion of the ‘Huguenots,’ or ‘Protestants,’ or ‘Refugees,’ from their native land, with their settlement in England and Hol-

land, seem necessary for a better understanding of our subject. Thence, they emigrated to America, and it is our object to collect something concerning their origin and descendants among us. The Huguenots of America is a volume which still remains fully and correctly to be written. This is a period when increased attention and study are directed to historical subjects, and we gladly will contribute what mite we may possess to the important object.

THE BLACK WITCH.

‘A WITCH,’ according to my nurse’s account, ‘must be a haggard old woman, living in a little rotten cottage under a hill by a wood-side, and must be frequently spinning by the door; she must have a black cat, two or three broom-sticks, and must be herself of so dry a nature, that if you fling her into a river she will not sink: so hard then is her fate, that, if she is to undergo the trial, if she does not drown she must be burnt, as many have been within the memory of man.’

ROUND ABOUT OUR COAL FIRE.

In a bustling New England village there lived, not many years ago, a poor, infirm, deformed little old woman, who was known to the middle-aged people living there and thereabout as ‘Aunt Hannah.’ The younger members of the little community had added another and very odious title to the ‘Aunt’—they called her ‘Aunt Hannah, the Black Witch.’ Not that she was of negro blood. Her pale, pinched and patient face was white as the face of a corpse; so, also, was her thin hair, combed smoothly down under the plain cap she always wore. Very white indeed she was, as to face, and hair, and cap, but otherwise she was all and always black, especially so as regarded an ugly pair of gloves, which were

never removed from her hands, so far as the youngsters were aware, and which added to the fearfully mysterious aspect of those members. Exactly what they covered, the children never knew, but they saw that one hideous glove enclosed something like a gigantic, withered bird’s claw, while within the other there musts have been a repulsive and horrid knob, without proper form, and lacking any remotest attempt at thumb and fingers.

These shapeless members, forever covered from the world, wrought fearful images in the minds of the children, and their youthful imaginations conjured up all sorts of uses to which such strange members might be applied. Upon one point they were agreed. There was no doubt in any little head among them that Aunt Hannah had at some time sold herself to Satan, and that he had placed this deformity upon her as a mark of ownership. Then she had a humped back, poor woman, the result of the cruel weight of many weary years; and she leaned upon an old-fashioned staff with a curved and crutch-like handle; and her bleared eyes were bent forever on the ground; and her thin lips twitched convulsively, and she muttered to herself as she crawled about the village

streets; and it was said by those who knew, that she was nearly a hundred years of age. So the youngsters called her the ‘Black Witch,’ and sometimes hooted after her in the streets, or hobbed on before her with bowed heads and ridiculous affectation of infirmity. Thanks to her evil name, none of them ever ventured to actually assault the poor old creature, and their taunts she bore with patient meekness, going ever quietly upon her accustomed, peaceful way.

The older villagers regarded her with a pity that was half pity and half disgust. Those fearful hands they never could forget, nor the bowed figure, nor the strange working of the lips. Therefore, they held her in a sort of dreading, but still her lonely life, and her patient, uncomplaining spirit, moved their hearts. Then a vague tradition—nothing more, for neither kith nor kin had ancient Hannah—a vague tradition said that she had once been very beautiful; that when she was in her fresh and lovely youth, some strange misfortune had fallen upon her, and that she had worn since then—most innocently—the mark of a direful tragedy. One lady, old, nearly, as Aunt Hannah, but upon whom there had never fallen any blight of poverty or wrong, loved the poor creature well, and she only, of all the inhabitants of the village, frequently entered the cottage where the ‘Black Witch’ dwelt. This lady, it was said, had known her when both were young, and carried forever locked in her heart the story of that saddened youth. None called good Mrs. Marjoram a witch. *Her* face was clear, her smile bright, her eyes sparkling, and she bore her years with an upright and cheerful carriage.

The little, one-storyed house where Aunt Hannah dwelt was situated in a hollow just out of the village, in the shadow of a grove of tangled hemlocks and pines. It consisted of two rooms only, with an unfinished attic overhead; and before her door the poor old soul might be seen any pleasant day, sitting meekly in the sun. She could neither knit nor sew as other old women do, but

she sat there waiting patiently for the time when her kind Father should call her home, to lose forever the blackness that clung to her in this weary world.

She did not live here entirely alone, for, true to the universal reputation of witches, she kept, not one cat only, but several; all black cats, too. It was the only fancy she indulged in, the only luxury she allowed herself, and it was sad that this harmless freak should cost her so many taunts. Sometimes the boys tried to kill her cats, aided in the murderous attempt by the village dogs, but no dog ever came back scatheless from those sharp and spiteful claws. Hence the boys were certain as to the witchcraft, and ‘knew’ that these savage animals were true imps of Satan.

This weak and defenceless creature, living thus apart from human companionship, was supported on a small annuity, paid her quarterly by a very honest company, that would have been ruined with many such venerable clients. On pleasant days she crept about the town to do her meagre marketing, or crawled to the paupers’ pew in the old brick meeting-house. During the warm summer weather her scant life was somewhat cheered, and a faint attempt at joyousness sometimes winked in her old eyes, but with the winter’s cold came the cruel cramps and rheumatism, the sleepless nights and painful days. Then Mrs. Marjoram frequently drove to her door, carrying medicines and nourishing food,—over and above all, bringing cheerful words and a warm and hearty smile.

One winter Mrs. Marjoram was taken ill, and, being so very old, her life was despaired of. During this sickness there came a great fall of snow, piling up four or five feet on the level, and driving and drifting into the hollows, so that for several days the less frequented roads in that part of the country were impassible. And now, when Mrs. Marjoram, but for her own sad plight, would have thought of poor Aunt Hannah, there was no one enough interested to give her loneliness a moment’s consideration, till, one morning, one street lad cried out suddenly to

another that Aunt Hannah must be buried alive !

Buried *alive* ? The men, suddenly summoned from their business or their leisure, hardly thought *that* possible in the deep hollow, filled nearly to the level with heavily packed and frozen snow.

Men walked out on the firm crust till they were directly over the spot where, full twenty feet below, stood Aunt Hannah's little house. And they shook their heads mournfully at the sickening thought of what *must* lie below them.

It was a good day's work for twenty men to open a gradually descending way to the lonely house,—a good day's work ; so that when they reached the door—finding it locked inside—they sent back to the village for lanterns and candles before bursting it in.

The sight that startled and horrified them after they had forced the door, they never liked to speak of. The sounds from the furious, spitting and snarling cats they never forgot.

Her disfigured and mutilated remains were decently interred, and when the spring-time carried away the snow, they leveled the house with the ground. But, though they buried her out of their sight and pulled down the rotten cottage she had inhabited for so many weary years, the fearful memory of her evil name and dreadful end remained, and nearly all the village came to regard her as, in very truth, a witch.

Only Mrs. Marjoram took from the cottage with pious love an ancient and much-thumbed book, on whose fly-leaf was written 'Jason Fletcher, His Bible.' Then, having no longer any reason to conceal the early history of the deceased, she related to the village gossips—as a warning against trusting too fully to evil appearances—the following

STORY OF POOR HANNAH LEE.

A long time ago—before the middle of the last century, in fact—there dwelt in one of the most flourishing towns in Western Massachusetts a family of Puritan extraction named Fletcher. Straitest among the strict, John Cotton Fletcher-

er and his wife Mehitabel held all lightness of conduct or gamesomeness of speech as sin most devoutly to be prayed and striven against, and not only 'kept' the ten commandments with pious zeal, but, for the better serving of the Lord, invented an eleventh, which read 'Laugh not at all.' *Holy days* they knew, in number during the year fifty-four, namely, the fifty-two 'Sabbaths' and the governor's Fast and Thanksgiving days; *holidays* they held in utter abhorrence, deeming Christmas, especially, an invention of the devil. On 'work-days' they worked ; on 'Sabbath-days' they attended the preaching of the word ; otherwise, on the Lord's day, doing nothing save to eat and drink what was absolutely necessary to keep them from faintness. They lived to praise the Lord, and they must eat to live. But no cooking or other labor was done on that day, and if the old horse was saddled to carry them to meeting it was because that was a work of necessity. On Fast and Thanksgiving days—because they were peculiarly of Puritan origin—there was an especial effort at godliness, and woe, then, to any profaning youngster who dared to shout or play within sound or sight of Deacon Fletcher's premises. Every Saturday night, at sunset, all tools for men and playthings for children were put away, to be disturbed no more till sunset on Sunday. All papers, books, knitting-work, sewing, were disposed of 'out of the way.' It was necessary to milk the cows, feed the pigs, and saddle the horse, but that was all the work that was allowed. As to any jest on any holy day, that was, beyond all other things, most abhorrent to their ideas of Christian duty. Life with them was a continued strife against sin, cheered only by the hope of casting off all earthly trammels at last, to enter upon one long, never-ending Sabbath. And their Sabbath of idleness was more dreary than their 'week-day' of work.

Yet were they an humble, honest, and upright pair, walking purely before God according to the light they had, and so highly respected and honored in the

community, that the fiat of the minister himself—and in those days the minister's word was 'law and gospel' in the smaller New England villages—was hardly more potent than that of Deacon Fletcher.

To this couple was born one son, and one only. Much as they mourned when they saw their neighbors adding almost yearly to their groups of olive branches, the Lord in his wisdom vouchsafed to them only this one child, and they bowed meekly to the providence and tried to be content. Why his father named the boy 'Jason,' no one could rightly tell; perhaps because the fleece of his flocks had been truly fleece of gold to him; at all events, thus was the child named, and in the strict rule of this Christian couple was Jason reared.

It would be sad as well as useless to tell of the dreary winter-Sundays in the cold meeting-house (it was thought a wicked weakness to have a fire in a church then) through which he shivered and froze; of the fearful sitting in the corner after the two-hours sermons and the thirty-minutes prayers were done; of the utter absence of all cheerful themes or thoughts on the holy days which they so straitly remembered to keep; of the visions of sudden death, and the bottomless pit thereafter, which haunted the child through long nights; of the sighing for green fields and the singing of birds, on some summer Sundays, when the sun was warm and the sky was fair; and the clapping of the old-fashioned wooden seats, as the congregation rose to pray or praise, was sweeter music than the blacksmith made who 'led the singing' through his nose. It would be a dreary task to follow the boy through all this youthful misery, and so I will let it pass. Doubtless all these things brought forth their fruits when his day of freedom came. He was a large-framed, full-blooded boy, with more than the usual allowance of animal spirits. But his father was larger framed and tougher, and in his occasional contests with his son victory naturally perched upon his banners, so that the boy's spirit (which re-

belled alway against the iron rule of the household), if not broken down, was certainly so far kept under that it rarely showed itself. It was a slumbering volcano, ready, when it reached its strength, to pour out burning lava of passion and evil-doing.

Thus the boy grew up almost to manhood, with very few rays of sunshine cast over his early path to look back upon when he should reach the middle eminence of life. And the gloom of the present cheerless and austere way caused him to look forward with the more rapture to that time, when, with his twenty-first birth-day, should come the power to do as he pleased with himself: with his hours of labor and of ease, with his Sabbath-days and his work-days.

A little before the time when his majority was to come and set him partially free—for then, according to the good old Puritan custom, he would have his 'freedom-suit,' and probably a few hundred dollars and a horse, and might remain with his father or go elsewhere—there fell across Jason's path a sweet gleam of golden sunshine, such as he had never known before, nor ever dreamed of. When he was in his twenty-first year, his father, the Deacon,—being urged thereto by the failing health of his overtasked wife,—adopted as half daughter, half serving maid, a beautiful and friendless girl, who might otherwise have gone to ruin. Her name was plain Hannah Lee. No name can be imagined too liquid, sweet and voluptuous in its sound to typify her loveliness. It was not strange, therefore, that she had not been long in the house before Jason Fletcher, hitherto deprived of much cheerful female society, felt stealing over him a new and strange excitement of mingled joy and wonder. It is trite and tame to say that for him there came new flowers in all the fields and by all the road-sides, and a hitherto unknown fragrance in the balmy air; rosier colors to the sun-set, softer tints to the yellow gray east at dawn, brighter sparkle to the brooks, breezier glories to the mountain-tops; but, doubtless, this was strictly true, as

it has been many times before and since to many other men, but scarce ever accompanied by so great and complete a change.

His father might have expected it, and his mother have reckoned upon it, but no thought of love in connection with their quiet and awkward son ever entered into their minds, and so they put this sweet creature into the youth's way, not reflecting that only one result — on his side, at least — could follow.

They kept no watch upon the pair, and knew not of the many meetings, accidental, apparently, even to themselves, that took place between the innocent youth and girl. It needs no reading of light books to make a successful lover, nor grace, nor elegant carriage; and Nature points the way to the most modest and untrained wooer. So, without a word having been spoken on the subject, nor any caress exchanged, except, perhaps, an occasional momentarily clasped hand, or the necessary and proper contact, when Hannah rode, sometimes, behind Jason on the pillion (one arm around him to keep her in her seat), they became lovers, and none the less so that they had given no verbal or labial utterance to their loves.

And the summer flew by on wings of the fleetest, and Jason's twenty-first birth-day approached.

It fell this year upon a Sunday. The family had 'been to meeting' all the day as usual, no reference being made to the fact that the youth was now 'free.' (His father had said to him, as they milked the cows on Saturday night, 'We will put by your "Freedom Day" till Monday.') But all day Jason had walked, and thought, and eaten, and drunk, not to the glory of the Lord, as his father and mother piously believed *they* did, but to the glory of himself — no longer a child, but a man!

It lacked a full half hour to sunset, and there was no cooler resting place than beneath the shade of a thick-leaved grape-vine that overspread a stunted pear tree some little distance in the rear of the house.

Hannah, with her natural love for pleasant things and places, had induced Jason, some time before, to make a seat for her in this charming spot. It was quite out of sight from the house, and the little bower the vine made could be entered only from one side. In this bower Hannah sat this sunny afternoon, wondering if it would change Jason very much to be a boy no longer, and devoutly praying in the depths of her pure little heart that it would not.

She sat, half sadly, and not very distinctly, dreaming over this problem, when the shade was deepened, and, looking up, she was aware that Jason stood at the entrance to the arbor. Her heart stopped beating for half a moment, and she felt quite faint and sick. Then she said, with a smile, half sad, half jocose, 'You are a *man* now, Jason, are you not?'

There was room for two on the seat, and she moved a little toward the further end as she spoke.

'I am a man to-day, Hannah,' he said. 'Father wants to keep me boy till to-morrow, because this is the Lord's day, and I suppose it is wicked to be a man on Sunday. To-morrow I shall go away from here, and not come back for a long, long time.' His voice trembled, and sounded very cold and sad.

Hannah put her two elbows on her knees, rested her face in her hands, and uttered a little, low, wailing cry, most painful to hear.

Then Jason seated himself beside her, put his arms about her, and, raising her gently up, kissed her on the cheek. He had never before kissed any woman save his mother.

'When I come back,' he said, 'I will marry you, if you love me, and then we will always live together.'

The little maid dried her eyes, and a look sweet and calm, such as, perhaps, the angels wear, stole over her innocent face.

'Oh, do you love me so? Will you?' she said.

'So help me God, I will,' he said.

Then she put her arms about his neck,

and lifting up her innocent face to his, gave him her heart in one long kiss.

(Just then a light foot, passing toward the house from a neighbor's, paused at the arbor door, all unknown to those within, and little Martha Hopkins, the neighbor's daughter and Hannah's special pet, looked in upon them for a moment. Then she sped quickly to Deacon Fletcher's house, and burst, all excitement, into the kitchen.)

'Will you wait for me, Hannah, darling,' said Jason, 'all the time it may take me to get ready for a wife, and never love any other man, nor let any other man love you? Never forget me, for years and years, perhaps, till I come back for you? Will you always remember that we love each other, and that you are to be my wife?'

'I will wait for you, dear, if I wait till I die,' she answered.

He folded her yet more closely to his breast.

While they held each other thus, forgetting all else in the world, his father burst, furious and terrible, into the arbor!

He seized them with a strong and cruel grasp, and tore them pitilessly asunder.

'Go into the house, boy,' he cried, 'and leave this!—

'Stop!' shouted Jason, springing to his feet, his face as white as death and his eyes flashing—'Stop! Do not call her any name but a good name! I would not bear it if you were twenty times my father!'

The old man stood transfixed.

'She is as good as you or as my mother, and will go to heaven as well as you when she dies,' he continued passionately; 'as well as any of us; as well as the minister! What did you come here for? Haven't you driven my life almost to death ever since I can remember; and isn't that enough, but you must come here and kill my darling, my dear, my love?'

He knelt where she lay on the ground.

'Hear the boy,' cried the father, in a rage equally terrible and far less no-

ble. 'Hear the boy go on about the baggage!'

The boy still knelt, unheeding anything save the senseless form beside him.

'Wasn't it enough that you should wanton with a young woman in this style, but you must do it on the holy Sabbath day?' the old man continued. 'Mother,' he cried, jerking the words over his shoulder at his wife, who stood behind him, 'do you bring such profligates as this into the world, to disgrace a pious man's fame and bring his house to sorrow? Let him go forth—my oldest and youngest born, and eat husks with the swine; he shall have no portion, and there shall be no fatted calf killed when he returns!'

Still the youth knelt, and now his head had fallen upon the prostrate body, and he was covering her cold hand with kisses.

'Look here, young man,' the father cried, 'leave go that girl's hand and come into the house; as true as there's a God in Israel I'll teach you what a stout rawhide is made of!'

Just at this juncture neighbor Hopkins and his wife, warned by quick-flying little Martha that something terrible was going on at Deacon Fletcher's, appeared, hurrying towards the spot.

Peter Hopkins was considered a somewhat ungodly but a very just man, and while the Deacon most highly disapproved of his spiritual state, and doubted that he and 'vital piety' were strangers, he still respected Peter's rugged honesty and directness of purpose, and ranked him foremost among the 'world's people.' He was a man of powerful frame and strong impulses, and when his feelings were aroused he stood in awe of no man, high or low. When he forced his way into the arbor, therefore, the Deacon paused in his invective and made no remonstrance.

Peter Hopkins at once put the worst construction on the scene before him. He saw in the son of Deacon Fletcher only a seducer, in poor Hannah Lee only a victim, and his blood rose to boiling heat. Without pausing to ask any

question, grasping at one guess, as he supposed, the whole sad history, he seized Jason by the collar, and, lifting him up, dashed him violently down again, the boy's head striking a corner of the bench as he fell.

Then he took the girl tenderly up and faced about upon the father, actually foaming with wrath.

'This comes of psalm singing,' he cried. 'Clear the way there!' and he bore the still unconscious maiden toward his own house.

Then a sudden and strange revulsion came over Deacon Fletcher. For the first time, perhaps, in twenty-one years, the father's heart triumphed over the Deacon's prejudices. As he saw his son — his only son — lying pale and bleeding on the ground, all recollection of his offense, all thought of sinfulness or godlessness in connection with his conduct, vanished, and he only considered whether this pride of his, this strong and beautiful son, were to die there, or to live and bless him. He stooped, sobbing, over the boy, reconciled, at last, to humanity, and conscious of a strong human love.

Not more tenderly was poor Hannah Lee borne to the house of Peter Hopkins than the father carried the son he had only just received into his own dwelling. There were no thoughts of husks now, but only a sorrowful joy that one so long dead to him was at length alive, that a new heart, full of human instincts, had found birth within his bosom. But mingled with this joy was the fear that he had only, at length, possessed his son to lose him.

While Jason Fletcher lay tossing, week after week, through the fever that followed the scene of violence in the arbor, poor Hannah went sadly but patiently about the light duties that farmer Hopkins and his wife allowed her to perform.

Thoroughly convinced, through his wife's communications with Hannah, of the innocence of the pair, Peter Hopkins had gone to Deacon Fletcher and remonstrated with him on his outrageous conduct.

'Your son is a fine lad,' he said, 'and

Hannah is fit to be queen anywhere; and if you don't give her a fitting out when he's well enough to marry her, hang me if I won't! I owe the boy something for the ill trick I played him in my hot-headedness, and he shall have it, too! Say, now, that they shall be man and wife!'

Deacon Fletcher astonished the hot-hearted man beyond measure by quietly telling him that, God willing, his dear son should marry Hannah as soon as the visitation that now kept him on a bed of raving illness was taken away. He added meekly that he hoped God would forgive him if he had abused the trust placed in him, and, misled by a vanity of holiness, had done his son great wrong, these many years.

'Give us your hand, Deacon,' cried the delighted pleader; 'you are a good man, if you *are* a Deacon, and that's more'n I'd have said a week ago! You *have* hurt that boy, and no mistake! You've either beaten the spirit all out of him, or you have shut up a devil in him that'll break out one o' these days, worse'n them that went into the pigs that we read about! But 'tain't too late to mend, an' if a stitch in time *does* save nine, it's better to take the *nine* stitches than to wait till they are ninety times nine. You've got to be a thousand times kinder to the boy than you would if you hadn't been so hard on him all his life.'

It was agreed that while the fever held its course nothing should be said to poor Hannah, and so the two men parted — warm friends for the first time in their lives.

And poor Hannah Lee went drooping-ly and patiently about her duties, asking quietly from day to day as to the health of Jason, and telling no soul how her heart seemed breaking within her, and how all the future looked to her like a dreary waste.

Mrs. Hopkins threw out gentle hints that the Deacon might relent, and that if he did the wish that was ever in Hannah's heart might be realized. But the poor child paid little heed to her sugges-

tions, a foreshadowing of some direful calamity constantly enfolding and saddening her. Still she kept bravely and quietly about her duties, and it was only when she was alone in her chamber at night that she gave way to the terrible wofulness that oppressed her, and prayed, and wept, and wrestled with her sorrow.

And this sweet and lovely creature was the same pious and patient soul who was afterwards taunted by rude village boys, and pointed at as one who had sold herself to Satan.

One night she had cried herself asleep, and lay in an unquiet and fitful slumber. As she thought of him alway by day, so now in her dreams the image of Jason Fletcher was fantastically and singularly busy. It seemed to her that she stood upon an eminence overlooking a peaceful valley of that charming sort only to be seen in dreams. Afar off, and still, in some strange way, very near, she beheld the youth of her love, who reclined upon a bank beside a quiet stream. Everything was at rest. The soft moonbeams — for, in her dream, evening rested on the valley — bathed all the prospect in a cool effulgence. There was no sound, save only that sweet music of never-sleeping nature which is forever heard within all her broad domain. Still the dreamer felt that there was something direful and most to be dreaded that threatened to invade and mar the heavenly peacefulness. She felt it coming, and fearfully awaited its approach. And she had not long to wait. For presently there appeared, flying between the calm moonlight and the figure, and casting a doleful shadow over his form, a scaly and dreadful dragon, like those we read of that devastated whole countries in the old, old times. This hideous beast breathed fire and smoke from its horrid nostrils as it flew, and it flapped its fearful way downwards to scorch and destroy the figure recumbent by the stream.

Just when it was stooping upon its unconscious victim, a heavy scale, beaten from its side by the bat-like wings, fell

upon the night-mare stricken sleeper's breast, and she awoke.

The moon was shining peacefully into the room, and she found upon the bed a black cat that had leaped in through the low window. It was a gentle and loving animal, that had made friends with her upon her first arrival, and it had already coiled itself up on the bed with a gentle purring.

Everything was most quiet and calm as she lay gazing out through the window; still the dreadful memory of her dream weighed upon and oppressed her. She arose and leaned out into the cool night air. So leaning, she could see Deacon Fletcher's house, standing bare and brown in the moonlight only a few rods distant. She could gaze, with what pleasure or sorrow she might, at the windows of the room where poor Jason lay tossing with the fever.

She gazes earnestly thitherward, and her breath comes thick and short, while her heart seems rising into her throat. For she sees, gathered thick and dun above the house, a dense, undulating and ever-increasing shadow, that threatens to obscure the low-floating moon! There is no wind, and it rises slowly but steadily! Deacon Fletcher's house is on fire!

Her shrill cries, uttered in wild and rapid succession, aroused the household of Peter Hopkins to the fact that there was fire somewhere — fire, that most terrible fiend to awake before in the dead of night. As for Hannah, it was but an instant's work for her to throw on a little clothing and spring from the low window into the yard. Then she ran, with what trembling speed she might, towards the burning house.

The smoke still rose sombre and heavy from the roof, and about one of the chimneys little tongues of flame leaped up as she approached. She could hear a fierce crackling, too, of that spiteful sort made by the burning of dry wood. The house was all of wood, and old, and it was evidently thoroughly afire within.

She realized this as she hurried up to it. In the brief seconds of her crossing

the field and leaping a small stream that ran near the house, she thought of Jason, so noble, so self-denying, so persecuted, so beautiful, lying there in his little upper room, powerless from the fever, and doomed to die a dreadful death. She thought of him, weak and helpless, with no strength even to shrink from the flames that should lap over him and lick him to death with their fiery tongues. All this as she sped across the field and leaped the stream.

Reaching the house, she glanced upward, and could perceive the light of the flames already showing itself through the upper front windows, next the room where slept the Deacon and his wife. Fortunately Jason's room was in the rear. Then she remembered that an old nurse from the village watched with him, and she called fiercely on her name, but with no response.

As she had approached the house, the nearest outer door was that facing the road, immediately over which the fire was evidently about to break out, and this door she tried, finding it fast. Then she remembered a side entrance, through an old wood-shed, that was seldom locked, and she immediately made her way to it.

Meanwhile the fire was busy with the dry wood-work of the house, and though there was no wind, it spread with fearful rapidity. Already the flames had burst out through the roof in two or three places, and in the front of the house they were cruelly curling and creeping about the eaves. They seemed confined, however, to the upper portion of the building, and therein she had hope.

As she had anticipated, she found the side door unfastened, and she made her way rapidly to the foot of the back stairway. When she opened the door to ascend, a thick, black smoke rushed down, almost overpowering her. The opening of the door seemed to aid the fire, too, and there was a sort of explosive eagerness in the new start it took as it now crackled and roared above her. Then she recognized in the sickening

smoke a smell of burning feathers, and she felt faint and weak as she thought that it might be *his* bed that was on fire.

This was only for an instant. Staggering backward before the cloud of smoke, with outstretched, groping hands, like one suddenly struck blind, an 'instinct,' or what you please to call it, struck her, and she tore off her flannel petticoat, wrapping it about her head and shoulders. Then, holding her hands over mouth and nose, she rushed desperately up the stairs.

No one, unless he has been through such a smoke, can conceive of the trials she had to undergo in mounting those stairs. No one can fancy, except from the recollection of such an experience, how the fierce heat beat her back when she reached the upper hall. The walls were not yet fully on fire, but great tongues of flame curled along the ceiling, and hot blasts swept across her path.

She knew his room. It was but a step to it, and the door opened easily. The nurse was fast asleep, so fast that poor Hannah's warning cry, as she stumbled in, hardly aroused her. On the bed lay Jason, so thin, so white, so corpse-like, she would hardly have known him. In the fierce strength of her despair it was no task to lift that emaciated body, but, ah! how to get out of the house with it? For when she turned she saw that the hall was now wholly on fire.

But she did not hesitate. Wrapping him quickly and tenderly in a blanket taken from the bed, she rushed out into the flames.

Meanwhile Peter Hopkins and his 'hired man' had been aroused by Hannah's first screams, and had hurriedly scrambled on a portion of their clothing and rushed out. They had been in time — running quickly across the field — to see Hannah disappear behind the house. Neither of them supposed for an instant that she had entered it.

Trying the front door, and finding it fast, Peter uplifted his stout foot and kicked it crashing in, but he found it impossible to enter by the breach he

had made. The front stair-way was all in flames, and the fierce heat drove him hopelessly back. Then they ran around to the rear. By this time the entire upper portion of the building seemed to be one mass of fire and smoke, and now they could hear shrill and terrible shrieks, evidently proceeding from the suddenly awakened inmates. They ran to the kitchen door and burst it in.

As they did so there rushed towards them from the foot of the kitchen stairs some horrible, blazing, and unnatural shape, that came stumbling but swiftly forward. With it came smoke and flame and a horrible sound of stifled moans.

At the approach of this strange and unsightly object they sprang back amazed, and it passed them headlong into the open air; passed them and *dropped apart*, as it were, into the stream before the door.

For many years thereafter the slumbers of Farmer Hopkins were disturbed by visions of what he saw when the two two parts of that terrible apparition were taken from the water.

There lay Hannah Lee, no longer beautiful and fresh as the morning, but blackened, crisped, scorched and shrunken, with all her wealth of silken hair burned to ashes, with all her clear loveliness of complexion gone forever. And there lay Jason Fletcher, unburned,—so carefully had she covered him as she fled,—but senseless, and to all appearance a corpse.

Thus Hannah Lee went through fire and water, even unto worse than death, for the sake of him she loved. And verily she had her reward.

When the sun rose, there only remained a black and ugly pit to mark the place where Deacon Fletcher's house had stood.

And of all its inmates, only Jason—carefully watched and tended at the house of Peter Hopkins—was left to tell the tale of that night's tragedy. And he, poor fellow, had no tale to tell, the delirium of fever having been upon him all the night. It was very doubtful if

he would recover,—more than doubtful. Not one in a thousand could do so, with such an exposure at the critical period of his sickness.

Even more tenderly, with even more anxiety, did all in the country round minister to poor Hannah Lee. The story of her love, of her bravery, of her heroic self-abnegation, spread throughout all those parts, and there was no end to what was done for her by neighbors and friends. So widely did her fame spread, that people from thirty, forty, and even fifty miles away came to see her, or sent messages, or money, or delicacies to comfort her.

What *could* be done for them was done, and they both lived.

When Jason Fletcher arose from his sick bed, he arose another man than the Jason Fletcher who was thrown down in the arbor by Farmer Hopkins. He went sick, a dependent, simple, good-hearted, though impatient boy, worn out by the constraints of twenty years, but capable of future cultivation and improvement; he arose from his sickness a moody, cross-grained, dogged and impatient man, whose only memories were tinged red with wrong, and made bitter by thought of what he had endured. It was little matter to him that all his father's broad acres were now his own—the thought of the horrible death his parents had died only suggested a question in his mind, whether it were not a 'judgment' on them: they having lived to persecute him too long already. Through all the vista of his past life he saw only gloom and shadows, and no ray of brightness cheered the retrospective glance.

No ray? Yes, there was *one*. He saw a fair young girl, loving and innocent, whose sweet face scarce ever left his thoughts. She reigned where father and mother held no sway; and she made, with the sunshine of her love, a clear heaven for him even in the purgatory of the past. So he lay, slowly gathering strength, dreaming about her. And presently they told him—gently as might be—how she had saved him.

And they nearly killed him in the telling.

When he was well enough to be about, it was strange that they would not allow him to see her. She was still very ill, they said, and the doctor, a reasonable man enough usually, utterly refused him admission to her chamber. He fretted at this, and as he gained strength he 'went wrong.'

Mingled with the memory of his old privations was a full assurance of his present liberty. He was of age, and he owned, by right, all the extensive property the Deacon, his father, had so laboriously amassed. During all his boyhood he had never had a shilling, at any one time, that he could call his own; now hundreds of pounds stood ready at his bidding, and he proceeded very speedily to spend them. During all his boyhood he had been cut off from the amusements common to the youth of that day; now he launched out into the most extravagant pleasures his money could procure. Money was nothing, for he had it in plenty; character was nothing, for he had none to lose; only love remained to him of all the good things he might have held, and love lay bleeding while he was denied access to Hannah. Love lay bleeding, and he turned for comfort to the wine-cup, and raised Bacchus to the place Cupid should have occupied.

Alas for Jason Fletcher!

Weeks rolled on and passed into months, and still he was refused speech with, or right of, Hannah. And he chafed at the denial. Had she not risked everything to save his life? And he could not even thank her!

At length, being unable to find further excuse wherewith to put him off, they one day told him he could see his love. They endeavored to prepare him by hints and suggestions as to the probable consequences of the trial she had passed through, but all that they could say or he imagine had not prepared him for the fearful sight.

Poor Hannah Lee! This scarred, deformed and helpless body, without proper hands—oh! white hands, how

well he remembered them!—without comeliness of form or feature, was all that was left of the once glorious creature, whose heaven-given beauty had ensnared his fresh and untutored heart! Poor Hannah Lee!

The rough youth, loving her yet, but repelled by the horrible aspect she presented, fell sobbing upon his knees and buried his face in the bed-clothing. He spoke no word, but the tumultuous throes of his agony shook the room as he knelt beside her. And from the bed arose a wail more terrible in its utter, eternal sorrowfulness than had ever fallen upon the ears of those present. It was the wail of a soul recognizing for the first time that the loveliness of life had passed away forever.

They mingled their cries thus for a little time, and then Jason arose and staggered from the room. He would have spoken, but the dreadful sorrow rose up and choked him. All the memories of the past were linked with youth and beauty. He could not speak to the blight before him, as to his love and his life, and so, with blind and lumbering footsteps, he toiled heavily from the house.

The fires of the Revolution had broken forth and swept over New England, burning out like stubble the little loyalty to the crown left in men's hearts.

At the battle of Bunker Hill Jason Fletcher fought like a tiger. Last among the latest, he clubbed his musket, and was driven slowly backward from the slight redoubt.

He was heard of at White Plains, at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and always with marvelous mention of courage and prowess. Then he was promoted from the ranks, and was mentioned as 'Lieutenant Fletcher.' Then there were rumors of some dishonor that had sullied the brightness of his fame; and then it came to be hinted about that in all the rank and file of the patriot army there was no one so utterly dissolute and drunken as he. And then came news of his ignominiously quitting the service, and a cloud dropped down

about him, and no word, good or bad, came home from the castaway any more.

Meanwhile poor Hannah Lee languished upon her bed of suffering, but did not die. And finally, when spring after spring had spread new verdure over the rough hills among which she dwelt, she got, by little and little, to venturing out into the village streets. And when they saw her bowed form and her ugly, misshapen hands, the village children, knowing her history, forbore to sneer at or taunt her. All the village loved the unfortunate creature, and all the village strove together to do her kindness.

One man in the town—a cousin of Jason the wanderer—was supposed to hold communication with him. This man notified Hannah one day that a safe life annuity had been purchased for her, and thereafter she lived at the house of Farmer Hopkins, not as a loved dependent, but as a cherished and faithful friend. Thus freed from the bitter sting of helpless poverty, Hannah sank resignedly into a quiet and honorable life.

At length, one warm summer day, when Jason Fletcher should have been about forty years of age, there strayed into the village a blind mendicant, with a dog for guide, and a wooden leg rudely fastened to one stiff stump. This stranger, white-headed and with the care-lines of many years on his sadly furrowed face, sought out poor Hannah Lee, and told her that he had, by the grace of God, come back, at last, to die. Leading him with gentle counsels to that Mercy Seat where none ever seek in vain, poor Hannah saw him bend with contrite and humble spirit, and seek the forgiveness needed to atone for many years of sin. Patient and penitent he passed a few quiet years, and then she followed to the tomb the earthly remains of him for whom she had sacrificed a life.

And this being done, she removed to a distant town, where Martha Hopkins, now kind Mrs. Marjoram, dwelt.

And many years afterwards Mrs. Marjoram told her story, as a lesson that men should never judge a living soul by its outward habiliments.

FREEDOM'S STARS.

From Everglades to Dismal Swamp
 Rose on the hot and trembling air
 Cloud after cloud, in dark array,
 Enfolding from their serpent lair
 The starry flag that guards the free :—
 One after one its stars grew dim,
 Heaven given to shine on Liberty.

But swifter than the lightning's gleam
 Flashed out the spears of Northern-light,
 And with the north wind's saving wings,
 The cloud-host, vanquished, took to flight.
 Then in her white-winged radiance there
 The angel Freedom conquering came,
 Relit once more her brilliant stars,
 To burn with an eternal flame.

ON THE PLAINS.

THE PLAINS is the current designation of the region stretching westward from Missouri — or rather from the western settlements of Kansas and Nebraska — to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. Part of it is included under the vague designation of ‘the Great American Desert;’ but that title is applicable to a far larger area westward than eastward of the Rocky Mountains. The Great Basin, whereof Salt Lake is the lowest point, and the Valley of the Colorado, which skirts it on the east, are mainly sterile from drouth or other causes — not one acre in each hundred of their surface being arable without irrigation, and not one in ten capable of being made productive by irrigation. Arid, naked, or thinly shrub-covered mountains traverse and chequer those deep yet elevated valleys, wherein few savages or even wild animals of any size or value were ever able to find subsistence. Probably that of the Colorado is, as a whole, the most sterile and forbidding of any valley of equal size on earth, unless it be that of one of the usually frozen rivers in or near the Arctic circle. Even Mormon energy, industry, frugality and subservience to sacerdotal despotism, barely suffice to wrench a rude, coarse living from those narrow belts and patches of less niggard soil which skirt those infrequent lakes and scanty streams of the Great Basin which are susceptible of irrigation; mines alone (and they must be rich ones) can ever render populous the extensive country which is interposed between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada.

The Plains differ radically from their western counterpoise. They have no mountains, and very few considerable hills; they are not rocky: in fact, they are rendered all but worthless by their destitution of rock. In Kansas, a few ridges, mainly (I believe) of lime, rise to the surface; beyond these, and near the

west line of the new State, stretches a thin-soiled, rolling sandstone district, perhaps forty miles wide; then comes the Buffalo range, formerly covering the entire valley of the Mississippi, and even stretching fitfully beyond the Rocky Mountains, but now shrunk to a strip hardly more than one hundred and fifty miles in width, but extending north and south from Texas into the British territory which embosoms the Red River of the North. Better soil than that of the Buffalo region west of Kansas is rarely found, though the scarcity of wood, and the unfitness of the little that skirts the longer and more abiding streams for any use but that of fuel, must be a great drawback to settlement and cultivation. The coarse, short, hearty grass that carpets most of this region, and which is allowed to attain its full growth only in the valleys of the Chugwater and a few other streams which have their course mainly within or very near the Rocky Mountains, and which the Buffalo no longer visit, seems worthy at least of trial by the farmers and shepherds of our older States. Its ability to resist drouth and overcropping and hard usage generally must be great, and I judge that many lawns and pastures would be improved by it. That it has merely held its ground for ages, in defiance of the crushing tread and close feeding of the enormous herds of the Plains, proves it a plant of signal hardihood and tenacity of life; while the favor with which it is regarded by passing teams and herds combines with its evident abundance of nutriment to render its intrinsic value unquestionable.

The green traveler or emigrant in early summer has traversed, since he crossed the Missouri, five hundred miles of almost uniformly arable soil, most of it richly grassed, with belts of timber skirting its moderately copious and not unfrequent water-courses, and he very naturally concludes ‘the American Desert’ a

misnomer, or at best a gross exaggeration. But, from the moment of leaving the Buffaloes behind him, the country begins to *shoal*, as a sailor might say, growing rapidly sterile, treeless, and all but grassless. The scanty forage that is still visible is confined to the immediate banks or often submerged intervalles of streams, though a little sometimes lingers in hollows or ravines where the drifted snows of winter evidently lay melting slowly till late in the spring. By-and-by the streams disappear, or are plainly on the point of vanishing; of living wood there is none, and only experienced plainsmen know where to look for the fragments of dead trees which still linger on the banks of a few slender or dried-up brooks, whence sweeping fires or other destructive agencies long since eradicated all growing timber. The last living, or, indeed, standing tree you passed was a stunted, shabby specimen of the unlovely Cotton-wood, rooted in naked sand beside a water-course, and shielded from prairie-fires by the high, precipitous bank; for, scanty as is the herbage of the desert, the fierce winds which sweep over it will yet, especially in late spring or early summer, drive a fire (which has obtained a start in some fairly grassed vale or nook) through its dead, tinder-like remains. How far human improvidence and recklessness—especially that of our own destructive Caucasian race—has contributed to denude the Plains of the little wood that thinly dotted their surface at a period not very remote, I can not pretend to decide; but it is very evident that there are far fewer trees now standing than there were even one century ago.

Of rocks rising above or nearing the surface, the Plains are all but destitute; hence their eminent lack first of wood, then of moisture. Your foot will scarcely strike a pebble from Lawrence to Denver; and the very few rocky terraces or perpendicular ridges you encounter appear to be a concrete of sand and clay, hardened to stone by the persistent, petrifying action of wind and rain. Of other rock, save the

sandstone ridges already noticed, there is none: hence the rivers, though running swiftly, are never broken by falls; hence the prairie-fires are nowhere arrested by swamps or marshes; hence the forests, if this region was ever generally wooded, have been gradually swept away and devoured, until none remain. In fact, from the river bottoms of the lower Kansas to those of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, there is no swamp, though two or three miry meadows of inconsiderable size, near the South Pass, known as ‘Ice Springs’ and ‘Pacific Springs,’ are of a somewhat swampy character. Beside these, there is nothing approximating the natural meadows of New England, the fenny, oozy flats of nearly all inhabited countries. Bilious fevers find no aliment in the dry, pure breezes of this elevated region; but this exemption is dearly bought by the absence of lakes, of woods, of summer rains, and unfailing streams.

Vast, rarely-trodden forests are wild and lonely: the cit who plunges into one, a stranger to its ways, is awed by its gloom, its silence, its restricted range of vision, its stifled winds, and its generally forbidding aspect. He may talk bravely and even blithely to his companions, but his ease and gayety are unnatural: Leatherstocking is at home in the forest, but Pelham is not, and can not be. On the better portion of the Plains—say in the heart of the Buffalo region—it is otherwise: though you are hundreds of miles from a human habitation other than a rude mail-station tent or ruder Indian lodge, the country wears a subdued, placid aspect; you rise a gentle slope of two or three miles, and look down the opposite incline or ‘divide,’ and up the counterpart of that you have just traversed, seeing nothing but these gentle, wave-like undulations of the surface to limit your gaze, which contemplates at once some fifty to eighty square miles of unfenced, treeless, but green and close-cropped pasturage; and it is hard to realize that you are out of the pale of civilization, hundreds of

miles from a decent dwelling-house, and that the innumerable cattle moving and grazing before you—so countless that they seem thickly to cover half the district swept by your vision—are not domestic and heritable—the collected herds of some great grazing county, impelled from Texas or New Mexico to help subdue some distant Oregon. It seems a sad waste to see so much good live-stock ranging to no purpose and dying to no profit: for the roving, migrating whites who cross the Plains slaughter the buffalo in mere wantonness, leaving scores of carcasses to rot where they fell, perhaps taking the tongue and the hump for food, but oftener content with mere wanton destruction. The Indian, to whom the buffalo is food, clothing, and lodging (for his tent, as well as his few if not scanty habiliments, is formed of buffalo-skins stretched over lodge-poles), justly complains of this shameful improvidence and cruelty. Were he to deal thus with an emigrant's herd, he would be shot without mercy; why, then, should whites decimate his without excuse?

Beyond the Buffalo region the Plains are bleak, monotonous, and solitary. The Antelope, who would be a deer if his legs were shorter and his body not so stout, is the redeeming feature of the well-grassed plains next to Kansas, and which recur under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains; but he is an animal of too much sense to remain in the scantily grassed desert which separates the buffalo range from the latter. There the lean Wolf strolls and hunts and starves; there the petty Prairie-Wolf, a thoroughly contemptible beast, picks up such a dirty living as he may; while the sprightly, amusing little Prairie-Dog, who is a rather short-legged gray squirrel, with a funny little yelp and a troglodyte habitation, lives in villages or cities of from five hundred to five thousand dens, each (or most of them) tenanted in common with him by a harmless little Owl and a Rattlesnake of questionable amiability. The Owl sits by the mouth of the hole till driven away

by your approach, when he follows his confrere's example by diving; the Rattlesnake stays usually below, to give any prowling, thieving prairie-wolf, or other carnivorous intruder, the worst of the bargain, should he attempt to dig out the architect of this subterranean abode. But for this nice little family arrangement, the last prairie-dog would long since have been unearthed and eaten. As it is, the rattlesnake gets a den for nothing, while the prairie-dog sleeps securely under the guardianship of his poison-tongued confederate. The owl, I presume, either pays *his* scot by hunting mice and insects for the general account, or by keeping watch against all felonious approaches. Even man does not care to dig out such a nest, and prefers to drown out the inmates by pouring in pail after pail of water till they have to put in an appearance above ground. The only defense against this is to construct a prairie-dog town as far as possible from water, and this is carefully attended to. I heard on the Plains of one being drowned out by a sudden and overwhelming flood; but of the hundreds I passed, not one was located where this seemed possible.

Absence of rock in place—that is, of ridges or strata of rock rising through the soil above or nearly to the surface—has determined the character not only of the Plains but of much of the roll of the great rivers east and south of them. Even at the very base of the Rocky Mountains, the Chugwater shows a milky though rapid current, while the North Platte brings a considerable amount of earthy sediment from the heart of that Alpine region. After fairly entering upon the Plains, every stream begins to burrow and to wash, growing more and more turbid, until it is lost in ‘Big Muddy,’ the most opaque and sedimentary of all great rivers. I suspect that all the other rivers of this continent convey in the aggregate less earthy matter to the ocean than the Missouri pours into the previously transparent Mississippi, thenceforth an unfailing testimony that evil company corrupts and defiles. Louis-

iana is the spoil of the Plains, which have in process of time been denuded to an average depth of not less than fifty and perhaps to that of two or three hundred feet. I passed hills along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains where this process is less complete and more active than is usual,—hills which are the remaining vestiges of a former average level of the plain adjacent, and which have happened to wear away so steeply and sharply that very little vegetation ever finds support on their sides, which every rain is still abrading. At a single point only do I remember a phenomenon presented by some other mountain bases,—that of a water-course (dry perhaps half the year, but evidently a heady torrent at times), which had gradually built up a bed and banks of boulders, pebbles and gravel, washed down from a higher portion of its headlong course, so that its current, when it had a current, was considerably above the general surface on either side of it. Away from the mountains, however, boulders or loose stones of any size are rarely seen in the beds of even the largest and deepest channeled streams, which are usually swift, but never broken by a fall, because never down to the subjacent rock in place, assuming that such rock must be.

In the rare instances of rocky banks skirting the immediate valley of a stream, the seeming rock is evidently a modern concrete of clay and the usual sand or gravel composing the soil,—a concrete slowly formed by the action of sun and rain and wind, on a bank left nearly or quite perpendicular by the wearing action of the stream. In the neighborhood of Cheyenne Pass,—say for a distance of fifty to a hundred miles S. S. W. of Laramie,—this effect is exhibited on the grandest scale in repeated instances, and in two or three cases for an extent of miles. Along either bank of the Chugwater, at distances of twenty to forty miles, above its junction with the Laramie affluent of the North Platte, stretch perpendicular rocky terraces, thirty to forty feet high, looking, from a moderate distance, as regular and as arti-

ficial as the façade of any row of city edifices. I did not see ‘Chimney Rock,’ farther down the Platte; but I presume that this, too, is a relic of what was once the average level of the adjacent country, from which all around has been gradually washed away, while this ‘spared monument’ has been hardened by exposure and the action of the elements from earth to enduring rock—a gigantic natural adobe.

The Plains attest God’s wisdom in usually providing surface-rock in generous abundance as the only reliable conservative force against the insidious waste and wear of earth by water. Storms, rills, and rivers are constantly at work to carry off the soil of every island and continent, and lose it in the depths of seas and oceans. Rock in place impedes this tendency, by arresting the headlong course of streams, and depositing in their stiller depths the spoils that the current was hastening away; still more by the formation of swamps and marshes, which arrest the sweep of fires, and so protect the youth and growth of trees and forests. An uninhabited, moderately-rolling or nearly flat country, wherein no ridges of stubborn rock gave protection to fire-repelling marshes, would gradually be swept of trees by fires, and converted into prairie or desert.

Life on the Plains—the life of white men, by courtesy termed civilized—is a rough and rugged matter. I can not concur with J. B. Ficklin, long a mail-agent ranging from St. Joseph to Salt Lake (now, I regret to say, a quartermaster in the rebel army), who holds that a man going on the Plains should never wash his face till he comes off again; but water is used there for purposes of ablution with a frugality not fully justified by its scarcity. A ‘biled shirt’ lasts a good while. I noted some in use which the dry, fine dust of that region must have been weeks in bringing to the rigidity and clayey yellow or tobacco-stain hue which they unchangeably wore during the days that I enjoyed the society of the wearers. Pilot-bread, a year or so baked, and ever since subject-

ed to the indurating influences of an atmosphere intensely dry, is not particularly succulent or savory food, and I did not find it improved by some minutes' immersion in the frying-pan of hot lard from which our rations of pork had just been turned out; but others of more experience liked it much. The pork of the Plains is generally poor, composed of the lightly-salted and half-smoked sides of shotes who had evidently little personal knowledge of corn. The coffee I did not drink; but, in the absence of milk, and often of sugar also, and in view of its manufacture by the rudest and rawest of masculine cooks, I judge that the temptation to excessive indulgence in this beverage was not irresistible. Most of the water of the Plains, unlike that of the Great Basin, is pretty good; but as you near the Rocky Mountains, 'alkali' becomes a terror to man and beast.

The present Buffalo range will, doubtless, in time, be covered with civilized herdsmen and their stock; but beyond that to the fairly watered and timbered vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, settlers will be few and far between for

many generations. What the Plains universally need is a plant that defies intense protracted drouth, and will propagate itself rapidly and widely by the aid of winds and streams alone. I do not know that the Canada thistle could be made to serve a good purpose here, but I suspect it might. Let the plains be well covered by some such deep-rooting, drouth-defying plant, and the most of their soil would be gradually arrested, the quality of that which remains, meliorated, and other plants encouraged and enabled to attain maturity under its protection. Shrubs would follow, then trees; until the region would become once more, as I doubt not it already has been, hospitable and inviting to man. At present, I can only commend it as very healthful, with a cooling, non-putrefying atmosphere; and, while I advise no man to take lodgings under the open sky, still, I say that if one must sleep with the blue arch for his counterpane and the stars for its embellishments, I know no other region where an out-door roll in a Mackinaw blanket for a night's rest is less perilous or more comfortable.

SEVEN DEVILS:

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ONCE upon a time—see the Arabian Nights Entertainments—as the Caliph Haroun Alraschid—blessed be his memory!—walked, disguised, as was his wont, through the streets of Bagdad, he observed a young man lashing furiously a beautiful, snow-white mare to the very verge of cruelty. Coming every day to the same place, and finding the spectacle repeated, the curiosity of the humane Caliph was excited to learn the cause of such treatment. Mr. Rarey had not yet been born; but the Arab knows, and always has

known, how to subdue and to control his steed with equal skill, without resort to severity. The explanation of this afterwards appears in that wonderful book.

One Sidi Norman having married, as the custom was, without ever having seen his bride, was agreeably surprised, when the veil was removed, at finding her dazzlingly beautiful. He enfolded her in his arms with joy unspeakable, and so the honeymoon began. Short dream of bliss; she became capricious at once, and seven devils at least seemed to

have nestled in her lovely bosom. Sid was touchy himself, and not the man to bear with such humors. Every day she sat at his bountiful board, and, instead of partaking the food which he set before her, she would daintily and mincingly pick out a few grains of rice with the point of a bodkin. Sid asked her what she meant by such conduct, and whether his table was not well supplied. To this she deigned no reply. When she ate no rice, she would choke down a few crumbs of bread, not enough for a sparrow. His indignation was aroused, but his curiosity also. He looked daggers; but he was a still man, kept his counsel to himself, and set himself to study out the solution of this problem.

One night, when his wife stole away from his side,—she thought he was asleep, did she?—he followed her with the stealthiness of a cat; and, oh horrible! tracked her steps to a graveyard, where she began to cut and carve; and he then discovered, to his great loathing, that he had been married to a ghoul!

Amina came home after a good feast. Sid was snoring away, apparently in the profound depths of sleep, hiding away from any Caudle lectures. He was about as sound asleep as a weasel. Breakfast passed off most charmingly without a word said by any one; and he walked round to the khan to scrutinize some figs.

'How does the lady?' said Ben Haddad, sarcastically.

'Very well indeed, I thank you,' replied Sid.

The dinner-bell rang, down they sat, and out came the bodkin. It did not, however, 'his quietus make.'

'My dear,' he said, smothering up his Arabian fury, 'do you not like this bill of fare, or does the sight of me take away your taste for food? Could you obtain a better meal even at the Bagdad St. Nicholas?'

No answer.

'All well,' said he; 'I suppose that this food is not so toothsome to you as dead men's flesh!'

Thunder and furies! A more dreadful domestic scene was never beheld. The lovely Amina turned black in the face, her eyes bulged out of her head, she foamed at the mouth, and, seizing a goblet of water, dashed it into the face of the unfortunate man.

'Take that,' said she, 'and learn to mind your own business.' Whereupon he became a dog, and a miserable dog at that.

Many adventures he then had. For full particulars, see the Arabian Nights. He used to fight for a bone, or lick up a mouthful from a gutter. He had not the spirit to prick up his ears, or to wag or curl up his tail, if he had one—for, shortly after his transformation, the end of it was wedged into a door by his wife, and he was cur-tailed.

Happy is he who gets into trouble by necromancy, who can get out of it by the same. The devil rarely bolts and unbolts his door for his own guests. He is not wont to say, 'Walk in, my friend,' and afterward, 'Good-by.' But it so turned out in the case of Sid Norman, because he had not been knowingly bewitched; and Mrs. Amina Ghoul Sid Norman learned to respect the motto, *Cave canem!*

While his canine sufferings lasted, he fell in with various masters, and nosed about to see if he could substitute reason for instinct, and get established on two legs again. He looked up wistfully into the faces of passers-by, as if to say, 'I am not a dog, but the man for whom a large reward has been offered.' On one occasion, seeing Amina come from a shop where she had just purchased a Cashmere shawl of great size and value, he set his teeth like a steel trap, and made a grab at her ankles. But she recognized him on all fours, with a diabolical grin, and fetching him a kick with her little foot, caused him to yelp most pitifully. Running under a little cart which stood in the way, he skinned his teeth, and growled to himself, 'By the prophet, but I can almost love her again; she distinguished herself by that kick, which was aimed with infinite

tact; it went right to the spot, and struck me like a discharge from a catapult, drove all the wind out of me, and left an absolute vacuum, as if a stomach-pump had sucked me out. Yap—yow—eaow—yeaow—yap—snif—xquiz;’ and, after a good deal of panting and distress, he at last yawned so wide as nearly to dislocate his jaws, sneezed once or twice, and then trotted off on three legs, with his half a tail tucked up underneath, and lay down disconsolate in an ash-hole.

‘Oh, how distressing it is,’ said he, ‘to be bewitched by a bad woman! It metamorphoses one entirely. He loses all semblance to his former self, parts with all his reason, no more walks upright, and bids philosophy adieu. One drop from the cup of her incantations, and the gossamer net-work which she threw about him is changed into prison-bars, her silken chain into links of forged iron; strong will is dwindle, and he who on some ‘heaven-kissing hill’ stood up to gaze upon the stars, is fit to grovel in a sty. Miserable dog! Bow-wow, bow-wow!’

One day, as the story proceeds, Sid’s master was offered a base coin in his shop, when this ‘learned dog’ at once put his foot upon it, and in fact put his foot in the bargain.

‘Ah, indeed!’ said a Bagdad lady, who stood by; ‘that’s no dog, or, if he is, the Caliph ought to have him.’ So, snapping her fingers slyly as she went out, he followed her.

‘Daughter,’ said she to the fair Xarifa, who was working embroidery, ‘I have brought the baker’s famous dog that can distinguish money. There is some sorcery about it.—You have once walked on two legs,’ said she, looking down upon the fawning animal, ‘have you not? If so, wag your tail.’

Sid thumped the floor most furiously with the stump of it, whereupon she poured liquid into a phial, threw it into his face, and he stood up once more a man,—Sid Norman, lost and saved by a woman, his eyes beaming one moment with the tenderest gratitude, but on the

next flashing with the most deadly revenge. Heaven and hell, the one with its joyous sunshine, the other with its lurid lights, appeared to struggle and mix up their flashes on Sid Norman’s countenance, till gratitude, that rarest grace, was quenched, and hell triumphed.

‘Than all the nectar ever served in golden cups and brewed by houries in Mahomet’s paradise, revenge is sweetest,’ he murmured to himself.

‘Stay,’ said Xarifa, who divined his thoughts; ‘you will transform yourself back again. There will be no transmigration of soul for you, if you are lost by your own sorcery. Let dogs delight to bark and bite.’

‘Hold your tongue, Xarifa,’ said the mother, who was not so amiable. ‘The man shall have revenge. Since he has trotted about so long on all fours, he must be paid for it. It is not revenge, it is sheer justice.’

‘True as the Koran,’ exclaimed Sid Norman, who was becoming infatuate again, and would have fallen down at the knees of this new charmer and worshiped her. The fact is, that he was too easily transformed, and submitted too quickly to the latest magic; otherwise he would have always walked erect, instead of wearing fur on his back, and a tail at the end of it. A coat of tar and feathers would have been a mere circumstance compared with such an indignity. Well, it was the fault, perhaps it should rather be called the misfortune, of character.

‘Sidi Norman,’ said the lady, fixing upon him an amorous glance, ‘you shall not only have revenge, but the richest kind of it. You have a bone to pick with your wife. She was brought up in the same school of magic that I was, hence I hate her. She has the secret of the same rouge, and concocts the same potions and love-filters; but she shall smart for it. Excellent man! injured husband! Monopolize to yourself all the whip-cords of Bagdad.’

Sid Norman kneeled and kissed her hand. Xarifa looked up from her embroidery and frowned.

The benefactress withdrew to consult her books, but returned presently.

'Your wife,' she said, 'has gone out shopping, also to leave some cards, to fulfil an engagement with the French minister, and to engage a band of music for an entertainment at which Prince Schearazade is expected to be present. Wait patiently for her return, then confront her boldly, upbraid her, toss this liquor in her eyes, and then you shall see what you shall see.'

Sid Norman went to his late home, which was in the West End, the Fifth Avenue of Bagdad. He opened the door, but silence prevailed. 'Costly silks, and many extravagant and superfluous things, lay strewn about. He sat down in a rocking-chair and gazed at a full-length portrait of the Haroun Alraschid.

About noon the lady came in, with six shop clerks after her, bearing packages, tossed off her head-dress, and flung herself inanimately on the sofa.

'Ahem,' grunted Sid Norman, who was concealed in the shadow of an alcove.

Amina looked up. Furies! what an appalling rencontre! She looked as pale as the corpses which she adored; she would have shrieked, but had no more voice than a ghost; she would have fled, but was riveted as with the gaze of a basilisk.

'Dear,' said Sid Norman, with an uxorious smile, 'what ails you? Has the fast of Kamazan begun? Hardly yet, for this looks more like the carnival. How much gave you for this Cashmere, my love?'

A great sculptor was Sid Norman, for, without lifting a hand, or using any other tool than a keen eye and a sharp tongue, he had wrought out before him, carved as in cold marble, the statue of a beautiful, bad woman. Such is genius. Such is conscience!

'Mrs. Amina Sidi Ghoul Norman,' proceeded the husband, giving his wife time to relax a little from her rigor, 'is dinner ready? We want nothing but a little rice. Set on only two plates, a

knife and fork for me, and a *bodkin* for you, if you please, madam.'

(*A symptom of hysterics, checked by a nightmare inability of action.*)

'Have you nothing to say? Is thy servant a dog? Why have you wrought this deviltry? Take that.'

Therewith he flung some liquid in her face, and the late fashionable lady of Bagdad became a mare. Sid seized a cow-skin, and laid on with a will.

'You may now cut up as many capers as you please,' said he, reining her in with a bit and bridle, and cutting her with the whip until the blood rolled. 'To-morrow you may go to grass in the graveyard.'

Every day he made a practice of lashing her around the square, if possible, to get the devil out of her. When the Caliph Haroun Alraschid learned the true cause of such conduct, he remarked that it was punishment enough to be transformed into a beast; and, while the stripes should be remitted, still he would not have the woman to assume her own shape again, as she would be a dangerous person in his good city of Bagdad.

The moral of this tale of sorcery, which is equal to any in *Æsop's Fables*, may be drawn from a posthumous letter which was found among the papers of Sidi Norman, and is as follows:—

TO BEN HADAD, SON OF BEN HADAD.

'You, who stand upon the verge of youth,—for that is the age, and there is the realm, of genii, fairies, and wild enchantments,—learn wisdom from the said story of Sidi Norman.'

'I was brought up to respect the laws of God and the prophet. When I came to marriageable age, and, "unseen, unseen," was induced to espouse the veiled Amina, it was, as we say in Bagdad, like "buying a pig in a poke," although rumor greatly magnified her charms, and a secret inclination prompted me. I longed eagerly for the wedding-day; and when her face was revealed to conjugal eyes, methought

that Mahomet had sent down a houri from his paradise. Yet I found out, to my cost, that a little knowledge of a woman is worse than ignorance, and that the blinding light of beauty hides the truth more than the thick veil of darkness. Oh, her bosom was white as the snows of Lebanon, and her eyes were like those of the dear gazelle. Cheeks had she as red as the Damascus rose, and a halo encircled her like that of the moon. Her smiles were sunshine, her lips dropped honey. I thought I saw upon her shoulders the cropping out of angelic wings. I sought out the carpets of Persia for the soft touch of her tiny feet, and hired all the lutes of Bagdad to be strung in praise of my beloved. I sent plum-cake to the newspapers, and placed a costly fee in the hand of the priest. Oh, blissful moments! But I purchased hell with them, for she began to lead me a dog's life. She had no taste for home, no appetite for healthful food; she ran me into debt, hated my friends, loved my enemies, and changed her soft looks into daggers to stab me with. Her bloom became blight; her lips oozed out poison, and she dabbed in corrupt things. I tracked her footsteps from my sacred couch as they led to the very brink of the grave.

'O, my son, beware of your partner in the dance of life; for, as Mahomet used

to say, in his jocular moods, 'those who will dance must pay the fiddler.' To be tied, forever, for better, for worse, to such a —— as Amina Ghoul, is to be transformed in one's whole nature. It is the transmigration of a soul from amiability to peevishness, from activity to discouragement, from love to hate, and from high-souled sentiment to the dog-kennel of humility. Go thou, and don't do likewise.

'Woe is me! Who takes one wrong step, gets out of it by another; and so I went on from enchantment to enchantment, and fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. If I stood erect, and no longer groveled, if I was not any more a beast, I became like the devils which possessed them. So did I scourge and lash the object of my hatred with feelings of the deadliest revenge.'

'Oh, my Ben Hadad, presume not from my ultimate escape. If I have ceased to snap and snarl and growl,—if I now, in the decline of life, pursue the even tenor of my way,—if I have been redeemed from snares, and learned even to forgive my enemies, it is because the fair Xarifa represented my better nature, and that has triumphed because I took counsel of her. Farewell, my son, and, in the pilgrimage of life, reflect upon the dear-bought experience of

SIDI NORMAN.'

• WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH US? •

'WHAT will we do with you, if God
Should give you over to our hands,
To pass in turn beneath the rod,
And wear at last the captive's bands?
'What will we do?' Our very best
To make of each a glorious State,
Worthy to match with North and West,—
Free, vigorous, beautiful and great!
As God doth live, as Truth is true,
We swear we'll do all this to you.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A LATE *National Review* asserts with true English shrewdness that American literature is yet to be born,—that it has scarcely a substantive existence. ‘Its best works,’ says this modern Scaliger, ‘are scarcely more than a promise of excellence; the precursors of an advent; shadows cast before, and, like most shadows, they are too vague and ill-defined, too fluctuating and easily distorted into grotesque forms, to enable us to discriminate accurately the shape from which they are flung. . . . The truth is, that American literature, apart from that of England, has no separate existence. . . . The United States have yet to sign their intellectual Declaration of Independence: they are mentally still only a province of this country.’ With a gallantry too characteristic to be startling, a discernment that does all honor to his taste, and a coolness highly creditable to his equatorial regions of discussion, the critic continues by assuring his readers that Washington Irving was not an American. He admits that by an accident, for which he is not responsible, this beloved scholar, writer and gentleman claimed our country as his birthplace, and even, perhaps, had a ‘full appetite to this place of his kindly ingendure,’ but informs us he was an undeniable contemporary of Addison and Steele, a veritable member of the Kit-Cat Club. We may reasonably anticipate that the next investigation of this penetrative ethnologist may result in the appropriation to us of that fossil of nineteenth-century literature, Martin Farquhar Tupper, an intellectual *quid pro quo*, which will doubtless be received gratefully by a public already supposed to be lamenting the unexpected loss of its co-nationality with Irving.

What species of giant the watchful affection of Motherland awaits in a literature whose unfledged bantlings are Cooper, Emerson, Holmes, Motley and Lowell, our imagination does not attempt

to depict. We venture, however, to predict that the *National Review* will not be called upon to stand sponsor for the bairn, whose advent it so pleasantly announces, and for whose christening should be erected a cathedral more vast than St. Peter’s, a temple rarer than that of Baalbec. But while our sensitive cousin across the water would pin us down to a *credo* as absurd as that of Tertullian, and hedge us in with the adamantine wall of his own lordly fiat, let us, who fondly hope we have a literature, whose principal defect—a defect to which the one infallible remedy is daily applied by the winged mower—is youth, inquire into its leading characteristics, seeing if haply we may descry the elements of a golden maturity.

It has been asserted that we are a gloomy people; it is currently reported that the Hippocrene in which of old the Heliconian muses bathed their soft skins, is now fed only with their tears; that instead of branches of luxuriant olive, these maidens, now older grown and wise, present to their devout adorers twigs of suggestive birch and thorny staves, by whose aid these mournful priests wander gloomily up and down the rugged steeps of the past. We have begun to believe that our writers are afflicted with a sort of myopia that shuts out effectually sky and star and sea, and sees only the pebbles and thistles by the dusty roadside. Truly, the prospect is at first disheartening. The great Byron, who wept in faultless metre, and whose aristocratic maledictions flow in graceful waves that caress where they mean to stifle, has so poisoned our ‘well of English undefiled,’ that wise men now drink from it warily, and only after repeated filterings and skillful analyses by the Boerhaeves of the press. And Poe, who, with all the great poet’s faults, possessed none of his few genial features, has painted the fatal skull and cross-bones upon our banners,

that should own only the oriflamme. Yet it is Poe whom the English critic honors as exceeding all our authors in intensity, and approaching more nearly to genius than they all.

Now may St. Loy defend us! At the proposition of Poe's intensity we do not demur. All of us who have shrieked in infancy at the charnel-house novelettes of imprudent nurses, shivered in childhood at the mysterious abbeys and concealed tombs of Anne Radcliffe, or rushed in horror from the apparition of the dead father of the Archivarius of Hoffman, tumbling his wicked son down stairs in the midst of the onyx quarrel, will willingly and with trembling fidelity bear witness to the intensity of Poe. He was indeed our Frankenstein (of whom many prototypes do abound), wandering in the Cimmerian regions of thought, the graveyards of the mind, and veiling his monstrous creations with the filmy drapery of rhyme and the mists of a perverted reason. In his sad world eternal night reigns and the sun is never seen.

'Tristis Eriinnys,

Prætulit infastus sanguinolenta faces,
by whose red light awed audiences see
the fruit of his labors.

But what right has he to a place in our van, who never asked our sympathy, whose every effort was but to widen the gulf between him and his fellow-man, whose sword was never drawn in defence of the right? Genius! The very word is instinct with nobility and heartiness. Genius clasps hands with true souls everywhere: it wakes the chord of brotherhood in rude hearts in hovels, and quickens the pulses under the purple and ermine of palaces. It has a smile for childhood and a reverent tone for white-haired age. Its clasp takes in the frail flower bending from slender stems and the stars in their courses. There is laughter in its soul, and a huge banquet-table there to which all are welcome. And to us, on its borders, come the summer-breath of Pæstum roses and the aroma of the rich red wine of Valdepeñas; and there toasts are given to the past and to the future, for genius knows no

nation nor any age. It sparkles along the current of history, and under its warm smile deserts blossom like the rose.

And Poe? With a mind neither well balanced nor unprejudiced, and an imagination that mistook the distorted fantasies of a fevered brain for the pure impulses of some mysterious muse, and gave the reins to coursers that even Phaeton would have feared to trust, he can only excite our pity where he desires our admiration. *Qui non dat quod amat, non accipit ille quod optat*, was an inscription on an old chequer-board of the times of Henry II. And what did Poe *love*? Truth shrugs her shoulders, but forbears to answer,—Himself. His were the vagaries of genius without its large-hearted charities; its nice discrimination without its honesty of purpose; its startling originality without its harmonious proportions; its inevitable errors without its persevering energies. He acknowledged no principle; he was actuated by no high aim; he even busied himself—as so many of the unfortunate great have done—with no chimera. From a mind so highly cultured, an organization so finely strung, we expected the rarest blossoms, the divinest melodies. The flowers lie before us, mere buds, from which the green calyx of immaturity has not yet curled, and in whose cold heart the perfume is not born; the melodies vibrate around us, matchless in mechanism, wondrous in miraculous accord, but as destitute of the *soul* of harmony as the score of Beethoven's sonata in A flat to unlearned eyes. If his analyses and criticisms are keen and graceful, they are unreliable and contradictory, for he was often influenced by private piques, and unpardonable egotism, and the opinions of those whose favor he courted. He was Byron without Byron's wonderful perceptions of nature, Byron's consciousness of the good.

And is it from a genius like this that our literature has taken its tone? Heaven forbid! Wee Apollos there may be, 'the little Crichtons of the hour,' who twist about their brows the cypress sprays that have fallen from this perverted poet's

wreath, and fancy themselves crowned with the laurel of a nation's applause. But these men are not types of our literature. The truly great mind is never molded by the idol of a day, a clique, a sect. Pure-hearted and strong the man must be whose hands take hold of the palaces of the world's heart, who grasps the spirit of the coming time. Errors may be forgiven, vices may be forgotten, where only a noble aim has influenced, as a true creative genius gleamed.

But larger constellations have appeared in our literary sky, that burn with undimmed lustre even beside that great morning star that rose above the horizon of the Middle Ages. Historians we have, with all of Chaucer's truthfulness and luxuriance of expression, and poets with his fresh tendernesses, his flashing thoughts, and exquisite simplicity of heart. And perhaps, if we inquire for the distinguishing features of our literature, we shall discover them to be the strength and cheerfulness so pre-eminently the characteristics of Chaucer, which we have so long been accustomed to deny to ourselves. Observe the stately but flowing periods of Motley; his polished courtliness of style, the warm but not exaggerated coloring of his descriptions, the firm but never ungraceful outlines of his sketches of character that mark him the Michael Angelo among historians. In his brilliant imagery, his splendid scholarship, his fine analytical power, he is not surpassed by Macaulay, while he far exceeds him in impartiality, —that diamond of the historian,—and in his keen comprehension of the great motive-principles of the age which he describes. Neither are Prescott, Bancroft, or Irving inferior to Gibbon, Hume, or Robertson.

And over and through our poetry blow fresh and inspiring the winds from our own vast prairies. Those names, few, but honorable, that have become as household words among us, are gilded, not with the doubtful lustre of a moonlit sentimentality, but with the real gold of day-dawn. If they are few, let it be remembered that we are now but first feeling

our manhood, trying our thews and sinews, and must needs stop to wonder a little at the gradual development of our unsuspected powers. The most of our great men have been but stalwart mechanics, busied with the machinery of government, using intellect as a lever to raise ponderous wheels, whereon our chariot may run to Eldorado. We have a right to be proud of our poets; their verses are the throbs of our American heart. And if we do but peer into their labyrinth of graceful windings and reach their Chrimhilde Rose-garden, we shall find it begirt with the strong, fighting men of humor. This element lurks under many a musical strophe and crowns many a regal verse. And yet in real humorous poetry we have been sadly deficient. Only of late years have the constant lions by the gate begun to rouse from their strong slumber, to shake their tawny manes, and rumble out a warning of their future prowess.

Nor is it strange that we, who were scarcely an organized people, should have lacked this great witness to the vitality and stability of a race. The features of a national character must be marked and prominent, and a strong sense of a national individuality be developed, before that last, best faculty of man is aroused, and leaps forth to maturity in verse. The one magnificent trait of true humorous poetry is, that in its very nature it is incapable of trivialities. It must grasp as its key-note some vast truth, must grapple with some great injustice, must hurl its lances at some wide-spread prejudice, or toy with the tangles of some mighty Nereä's hair. Undines and satyrs, cupids and merry fauns, may spring laughing from under the artist's hand, but it is from the unyielding marble that these slender children of his mirthful hours are carved. It was not in her infancy that Rome produced her Juvenal. Martial and Plautus caricatured the passions of humanity after Carthage had been destroyed and Julius Cæsar had made of his tomb a city of palaces. Aristophanes wrote when Greece had her Parthenon and had boasted her Pericles.

France had given birth to Richelieu when Molière assumed the sack, and England had sustained the Reformation and conquered the land of the Cid when Butler, with his satires, shaking church and state, appeared before her king. So with America. It was not until wrongs were to be redressed, and unworthy ambitions to be checked, that the voice of LOWELL's scornful laughter was heard in the land, piercing, with its keen cadences and mirth-provoking rhyme, the policy of government and the ghostly armor of many a spectral faith and ism.

True, we had the famous 'Hasty Pudding' of Joel Barlow, the 'Terrible Tractoration' of Fessenden, and Hal-leck's 'Fanny,' but these were mere *jeux*, gallant little histories, over which we laughed and *voila le tout!* And our Astolfo, Holmes, flying by on his winged horse, sends down now and then

‘His arrowes an elle long
With pecocke well ydight,’

which we gather, and our fair dames weave into brilliant fans that flutter and snap in many a gay assembly, and whose myriad eyes of blue and purple smile with irresistible mirthfulness into the most hostile countenances. Still Holmes apparently likes best the unrestrained freedom of prose. His genius delights in periods finished after its own heart,—pyramidal, trapezoidian, isoscelesian, rhomboidal. But Lowell's genius is infinitely pliable, accommodating itself without hesitation to the arbitrary requirements of the Sieur Spondee, and laughing in the face of the halting Dactyl. His Birdofredom could, we doubt not, sail majestically in the clouds of a stately hexameter, make the aristocratic Alexandrine cry for quarter, and excel the old Trouveurs in the *Rime équivoquée*. From the quiet esteem which his early poems and essays had won for him, he leaped at once into the high tide of popularity, and down its stream

‘Went sailing with vast celerity,’

with the 'Biglow Papers' for his sail. This work electrified the public. It pierced the crust of refinement and in-

telligence, and roused the latent laughter of its heart. Even newsboys chuckled with delight over its caustic hits at the powers that were, against which, with the characteristic precocity of Young America, each had his private individual spite; while they found in its peculiar phraseology a mine of fun. Patriots rejoiced that one vigilant thinker dared stand guard over our national honor, with the two-edged sword of satire in his hand. Men in authority, at whom the shafts of its scathing rebukes were leveled, writhed on their cushions of state, while, in sheer deference to his originality and humor, they laughed with the crowd at—themselves. And in sooth it was a goodly sight, the young scholar, who had hitherto only dabbled delicately with the treasures of poetry, whose name was a very synonym for elegance and the repose of a genial dignity, whom we suspected of no keen outlooks into the practical world of to-day,—to see this man suddenly flashing into the dusty arena, with indignation rustling through his veins and breathing more flame

‘Than ten fire-kings could swallow,’
scorching with his burning words, which an imitable carelessness made doubly effective, the willful absurdities of government and the palpable wrongs of society, to question which had seemed before almost a heresy. But Lowell's humor was the chrism, snatching together parallels whose apparent inequalities, yet real justice, were powerfully convincing. He never sought the inconsistencies of his subject, they flocked to meet him uninvited. And his infinite cheerfulness, his freedom, even in his most daring onslaughts, from ill-nature, these were the influences meet,

‘That bowed our hearts like barley bending.’

Scarcely did we know our knight in his new armor. Off with the hauberk and visor, down with the glittering shield of his mediæval crusade, and, lo! with his hand on the plow and his eyes on the fair fields of his own New England, our country boy sings his *Ave Aquila!* while other men are rubbing the sunbeams of

of the new-born day into their sleepy eyes.

And it was not alone in our own country that this newly developed phase of our poet's genius was acknowledged and applauded. Says a British Review, with an admiration whose reservations are unfortunately too just to be disputed: 'All at once we have a batch of small satirists,—Mr. Bailey at their head,—in England, and one really powerful satirist in America, namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" we most gladly welcome as being not only the best volume of satires since the Anti-Jacobin, but also the first work of real and efficient poetical genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature from time to time, and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been for the present utterly and apparently hopelessly beaten by a Yankee in one important department of poetry. In the United States, social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized country. The "peculiar domestic institution," the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the charlatanism which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist, which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell. We do not pretend to affirm that the evils of European society may not be as great in their own way as those which affect the credit of the United States, with the exception, of course, of slavery, which makes American freedom deservedly the laughing-stock of the world; but what we do say is, that the evils in point have a boldness and simplicity which our more sophisticated follies have not, and that a hundred years hence Mr. Lowell's Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one.'

The predictions of the English reviewer are fulfilled already. The prescribed century has not elapsed, and in a decade the 'Yankee satires' are comprehended as perhaps even their author

failed to comprehend as he created them. There is something positively startling and uncanny in his prophetic insight into the passions that have attained their majority in this present year of grace,—passions that,

'Like aconite, where'er they spread, they kill.'

He does not approach with the old show of superstitious reverence the altar of our vaunted destiny, where men have sung their *in-secula-seculorum*, while pagans at the chancel rail have been distributing to infidel hordes the relics of their holiest saints, and threatening the very fane itself with fire. Mere words will never strike him dumb. He does not bow to the shadow of Justice or kneel with the ignorant and unsuspicuous at the shrine of every plausible Madonna by the roadside. Hear him on the constitutional pillars that heaven and earth are now moved to keep in place, and let us commiserate what must now be the distracting dread of Increse D. O'Phace, Esquire, lest some Samson in blind revenge entomb himself in the ruins of the Constitution.

'Wy, all o' them grand constitootional pillers,
Our four fathers fetched with 'em over the
billers,
Them pillers the people so soundly hev slept
on,
Wile to slav'ry, invasion an' debt they were
swept on,
Wile our destiny higher an' higher kep mountin'
(Though I guess folks 'll stare wen she hands
her account in).
Ef members in this way go kickin' agin 'em,
They wont hev so much ez a feather left in em.'

Not less wonderful than his penetration into political affairs is Lowell's command of the pure Yankee dialect. His knowledge of it is perfect; he elevates it to the dignity of a distinct tongue, having its own peculiar etymology, and only adopting the current rules of prosody in tender consideration for its thousands of English readers. There is, however, we are tolerably assured, a certain class of critics who venture to lament that this laughter-inspiring muse should have descended from the sunny Parnassus of its own vernacular to the meads below, where disport the unlearned and unin-

spired, the mere kids and lambs of its celestial audience: a generous absurdity, at which the very Devil of Delphos might have demurred. These are the dapper gentlemen, who, tripping gayly along to the blasts and tinklings of Lanner's Waltzes, would judge every man's intellect by the measure of their own. Know, oh dwarfed descendants of Procrustes, that the quality of humor is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven; and if, after patient blending with grains of intolerance and egotism, in the mortar of your minds, it seems to you but that poisonous foam that of old sorcerers drew, by their incantations, from the moon, we can only smile with Voltaire at your 'foolish ingenuities,' and recommend to you a new career. 'Go pype in an ivy lese,' Monsieur Mustard-seed, or 'blow the bukkes' horne.'

It is no trifling merit in a work of so extraordinary a character that the original programme should have been so perfectly carried out. The poet never relaxes, even into a Corinthian elegance of allusion; his metaphors are always fresh and ungarnished; they no more shine with the polish of the court than do those of Panurge. In fact, there is a flavor of the camp about them, a pleasant suspicion, and more than a suspicion, of life in the open air, the fresh smell of the up-turned earth, the odor of clover blossoms. The poet is walking in the *fresco*, and the sharp winds cut a pathway across every page. Equally remarkable and pervaded by a most delightful personality are the editorial lucubrations of the Rev. Homer Wilbur. The very lustre of the midnight oil shines upon their glittering fragments of philosophy, admirably twisted to suit the requirements of an eminently unphilosophical age; moral axioms from heathen writers applied judiciously to the immoral actions of Christian doers; distorted shadows of a monstrous political economy, and dispassionate and highly commendable views '*de propagandā fide*.' Like Johnson,

'He forced Latinisms into his line,
Like raw undrilled recruits.'

that have yet done immense service in his conflicts with the enemy. This pedantry, so inimitable, is unequaled even by the most weighty pages of the 'Pseudo-doxia Epidemica' of Sir Thomas Browne. That it should prove obnoxious to some critics only testifies to its perfection and their own incapacity for enjoyment. If a man does not relish the caviare and truffles at a dinner, he does not question the wisdom of his Lucullus in providing them; the fault is in his own palate, not in the judgment of his host. The aggrieved individuals, who are either too weak or too indolent to scale the numberless peaks of Lowell's genius, may comfort themselves with the reflection that the treasures of their minds will never be tesselated into the mosaic of any satirist's fancy, for in them can abound only emptiness and cobwebs—as saith the Staphyla of Plautus:—

'Nam hic apud nos nihil est aliud qua sti
furiibus,
Ita inanis sunt oppletæ atque araneæ.'

Caricatures have never been disdained by the greatest minds. They were rather the healthful diversion of their leisure hours. Even the stern and rugged-natured artist, Annibale Caracci, was famous for his humorous inventions, and the good Leonardo da Vinci esteemed them as most useful exercises. We all remember the group of the Laocoön that Titian sketched with apes, and those whole humorous poems in lines found in Herculaneum, where Anchises and Æneas are represented with the heads of apes and pigs. Lessing even tells us in his Laocoön that in Thebes the rage for these *caricatura* was so great that a law was passed forbidding the production of any work conflicting with the severe and absolute laws of beauty.

In quite another vein, yet transfused with the same irrepressible mirth, we have Lowell's 'Fable for Critics,' which, with its 'preliminary notes and few candid remarks to the reader,' is a literary curiosity whose parallel we have not in any work by an American author. It is all one merry outburst of youth and health, and music and poetry, with the spice of

a criticism so rare and genial, that one could almost court dissection at his hands, for the mere exquisitely epicurean bliss of an artistic euthanasia. It is genius on a frolic, coqueting with all the Graces, and unearthing men long since become gnomes,

'In that country

Where are neither stars nor meadows,'

to join in his merry carousing. They float on floods of Chian and moor their barks under 'hills of spice.' What golden wine of inspiration has our poet drunk, whose flush is on his brow and its fire in his veins? For every sentence of this poem is aglow with vigor and life and power;

'Its feeldes have een and its woodes have eeres.'

And if he sometimes stumbles over a metre or lets his private friendships and preferences run away with his cool discretion and judgment, why, *bonus dormitat Homerus*, let us, like the miser Euclio, be thankful for the good the gods vouchsafe us. Taken in themselves and without regard to their poetical surroundings, no more comprehensive, faithful, concise portraiture of our authors have ever been produced. They unite in the highest degree candor and justice, and there is withal a tone so kindly and a wit so pure, that we almost believe him to be describing a community of brothers affiliated by the close ties of deep mutual appreciation. He flings his diamonds of learning upon the page, and we recognize the scholar whom no extravagance in knowledge can make bankrupt. We seem to have come by rare chance upon one of those wardrobes of the early kings, wherein are all savory treasures,—the rose and violet colored sugars of Alexandria, sweet almonds, and sharp-toothed ginger. We pardon his puns, indeed we believe them to be inevitable, the flash of the percussion cap, the sparks of electricity, St. Elmo's stars, phosphorescent gleams, playing over the restless ocean of his fruitful imagination. And we are persuaded that if the venerable Democritus (who was uncanonized only because the

Holy See was still wavering, an anomalous body, in *Weissnichtwo*, and who existed forty days on the mere sight of bread and honey) had been regaled with the piquant delicacies of Lowell's picture of a Critic, he might have continued unto this present. It is a satire so pleasantly constructed, so full of palpable hits at the 'musty dogmas' of the day, so rich in mirthful allusion, and with such a generously insinuated tribute to the true and earnest-hearted critic, that we know not which most to admire, the sketch, or the soul whence it emanated. The following description of a 'regular heavy reviewer' is complete:

'And here I must say he wrote excellent articles
On the Hebraic points, or the force of Greek particles,
They filled up the space nothing else was prepared for;
And nobody read that which nobody cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe erudition;
He could gauge the old books by the new set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased very old fools.
But give him a new book fresh out of the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass or chart,—
His blunders aspired to the rank of an art;
For his lore was engraff, something foreign that grew in him,
Exhausting the sap of the native and true in him,
So that when a man came with a soul that was new in him,
Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old granite,
New and old at their birth, like Le Verrier's planet,
Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must create
In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,
Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,
To compute their own judge and assign him his place,
Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,
And reporting each circumstance just as he found it,
Without the least malice—his record would be
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
Which, supping on Wordsworth, should print, for our sakes,
Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes,
Or, borne by an Arab guide, venture to render a General view of the ruins of Denderah.'

He draws with a few strokes of his magical charcoal a sharp silhouette of Brownson upon the wall of our waiting curiosity, fills in his sketch of Parker with a whole wilderness of classical shades, disposes of Willis with a kiss and a blow, gives pages of sharp pleasantries to Emerson, pays a graceful tribute to Whittier, and Hawthorne,—

'His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not
granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
So to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.'

Turning backward from these evidences of Lowell's ripening powers to his early poems, astonishment at his versatility is the first emotion produced. It is hard to believe that the 'Biglow Papers' slid from under the hand that wrote the 'Prometheus' and the 'Legend of Brittany.' His genius flashes upon us like a certain flamboyant style of poetic architecture—the flowing, flame-like curves of his humor blending happily with the Gothic cusps of veneration for the old, with quaint ivy-leaves, green and still rustling under the wind and rain, springing easily out of its severer lines. What resistless magic is there in the fingers whose touch upon the same rich banks of keys, summons solemn, vibrant peals as of Beethoven's grandest fugues, endless harmonies as of the deep seas, and the light and graceful fantasies of Rossini, which are as the glad sunshine upon their waves. Truly the poet's gift is a divine and an awful one. His heart must needs be proud and humble too, who is claimed as nearer of kin than a brother by myriads of stranger souls, each, perhaps, owning its separate creed, and in whose unspoken prayers his name is ever present. In his 'Conversations on some of the old Poets,' we discover the alembic through which his crude opinions, his glowing impulses, his

exquisitely minute discrimination were distilled;—the old poets, to whom the heart turns ever lovingly as to the wide west at eve. They were the nursing mothers of his intellectual infancy, and it is probably to his reverent but not blind esteem for them, his earnest study of them, not merely as poets, but as men, citizens, and friends, that much of the buoyancy and vigor of his poetry is to be attributed. The 'Conversations' themselves are alive with that enthusiasm and sympathetic inquiry that disproves the false saying of the Parisian Aspasia of Landor—'Poets are soon too old for mutual love.' They are the warm photographs of feeling as it bubbles from a burning heart; sometimes burned over-deep, with a leaning to fanaticism, but with so much of the generosity and justice of maturity in their decisions that these necessary errors of an ardent youth are overlooked, and the more as they have disappeared almost entirely from the productions of later years. He betrays in his quick conception of an author's mood and meaning a delicacy so extreme, an organization so nervously alive to beauties and discords, and a religious sentiment so cultured to the last degree of feeling, that we dread lest we shall encounter the weakness, morbidity or bigotry that naturally results from the contact of such a soul with the passions of everyday life, recalling the oft-quoted '*Medio in fonte leporum*',—

'In the bowl where pleasures swim,
The bitter rises to the brim,
And roses from the veriest brake
May press the temples till they ache.'

But among the roses of his criticisms we look in vain for thorns. In style, it is true, these essays are halting and unequal. His adoption of the colloquial form for the expression of opinion to the public has never seemed to us remarkably felicitous, in spite of its venerable precedents. Where his imagery becomes lofty and his flow of thought should be continuous, we are indignant at its sudden arrest, and involuntarily devote the intruder to a temporary bungalow in Timbuctoo.

It is refreshing to lose the moony Tennysonian sensuousness which induced, with Lowell's vigorous imagination, the blank artificiality of style which was visible in several of his early poems. There was a tendency, too, to the Byzantine liberty of gilding the bronze of our common words, a palpable longing after the *ississimus* of Latin adjectives, of whose softness our muscular and variegated language will not admit. Mr. Lowell's Sonnets, too, we could wish unwritten, not from any defect in their construction, but from a fancied want of congeniality between their character and his own. In spite of its Italian origin, the sonnet always seems to demand the severest classical outlines, both in spirit and expression, calm and steadfastly flowing without ripples or waves, a poem cut in the marble of stately cadences that imprison some vast and divine thought. Lowell is too elastic, impulsive, for a sonneteer. But considered apart from our peculiar ideas of the sonnet, the following is full of a very tender beauty:—

'I ask not for those thoughts that sudden leap
From being's sea, like the isle-seeming Kraken,
With whose great rise the ocean all is shaken,
And a heart-tremble quivers through the deep ;
Give me that growth which some perchance
deem sleep,
Wherewith the steadfast coral-stems uprise,
Which by the toil of gathering energies
Their upward way into clear sunshine keep,
Until, by Heaven's sweetest influences,
Slowly and slowly spreads a speck of green
Into a pleasant island in the seas,
Where, 'mid tall palms, the cave-roofed home
is seen,
And wearied men shall sit at sunset's hour,
Hearing the leaves and loving God's dear
power.'

And what could be more滴ingly quaint than his song to 'Violets,' which breathes so gentle and real a sympathy with its subject, that we almost imagine it was written in those early times when men communed with Nature in her own audible language. It is even more beautiful than Herrick's

'Why do ye weep, sweet babe? Can tears
Sack grief in you, who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?'

We give but a fragment of the *Violet*.

'Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night is beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?
Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored, like the sky above
On which thou lookest ever.—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?'

And there are touches of what we are wont to call dear, womanly feeling, as when the 'Forlorn,' out in the bitter cold,

'Hears a woman's voice within
Singing sweet words her childhood knew,
And years of misery and sin
Furl off and leave her heaven blue.'

The 'Changeling' alone would sustain a reputation. It seems always like the plaintive but sweet warble of some unknown bird rising from the midst of tall water-rushes in the day's dim dawning. A wonderful melody as of Mrs. Browning's best efforts pervades every verse, priceless and rare as some old intaglio. But when we come to his 'Odes to the Past and the Future,' the full power of poesy unfolds before us. Their images are not the impalpable spectres of a poet's dream, but symbols hardened into marble by his skill, and informed with the fire of life by his genius.

'Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the past!
There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast;
There all is hushed and breathless,
Save when some image of old error falls,
Earth worshiped once as deathless.'

Was ever picture of silence more effective and complete? We can see the desolate quiet of the vast arched halls, left undisturbed by centuries, and as the moldering statue totters forward from its niche, we feel a faith has fallen which was once the heaven of nations, and the awful tumult is audible as a voice from the drear kingdom of death. And the hymn to the Future, with all the

joyful Titian hues of its opening strophes, the glowing fervor of its deep yearning, swelling through ‘golden-winged dreams’ of the ‘Land of Promise’:—

‘To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile
Thou blesseth her, and she forgets her bands,
And her old woe-worn face a little while
Grows young and noble: unto thee the Oppressor
Looks and is dumb with awe;
The eternal law
Which makes the crime its own blindfold dresser,
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom
From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading.’

We pass by the ‘Legend of Brittany,’ which, as a mere artistic study of light and shade in words, is worthy an extended notice. Its fine polish and refinement of feeling remind us of Spencer’s silver verses, frosted here and there with the old fret-work of his lovable affectations. But we pause at the ‘Prometheus,’ honestly believing that no poem made up of so many excellences was ever written in America. Its defects are not of conception, but in an occasional carelessness of execution—a gasp in the rhythm; and when we consider its richness and majesty, when we feel its resistless grasp upon the heart, we could pardon it if its great pearls were strung on straws or its diamonds hidden in a sand-hill of sentimentality. But never was poem freer from morbidness: it repels the sickly pallor of our modern stereotyped sorrow, and is made up only of a grief that is regal—more—divine. If any place by its side the Prometheus of Æschylus and appeal to the unapproachable dignity of their model, we can only say that we hold these two poems distinct as the East is from the West, only between them springs boldly the blue arch of a universal humanity that suffered and enjoyed as now when the earth was young. But it must not be forgotten that the Greek lived when with men was born a boundless sympathy for, and pride in, their gods; that what are now to us but the wonderful dreams of a primeval poesy, shadowing mighty truths, were to the ancients

living influences that molded their lives. And if it be urged that already faith must have grown dim in so great a mind as that of Æschylus, then indeed we wonder not at the marvels of magnificent despair, the death-in-life of a godlike suffering which reach in his ‘Prometheus Chained’ a height of sublimity we may scarcely hope to see approached in modern times, for the mind that created it stood in a light shallop, drifting away from the old landmarks of a worn-out creed into the dark, unknown night of doubt and speculation. But the Prometheus of Lowell is not the god-man writhing in an awful conflict with his slavery but begun. His heart

‘For ages hath been empty of all joy,
Except to brood upon its silent hope,
As o’er its hope of day the sky doth now.’

The defiant pride and scornful dignity that raised him above our sympathy in Æschylus, are tempered by Lowell with a human longing for comfort that, in its mighty woe, might melt adamant, or draw from the watchful heavens

‘Mild-eyed Astarte, his best comforter,
With her pale smile of sad benignity.’

Chained to the rock in utter loneliness he lies. Long since the ‘crisped smiles’ of the waves and the ‘swift-winged winds’ had ceased to listen to his call.

‘Year after year will pass away and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dark summer clouds,
Which I have watched so often darkening o’er
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,
But, with still swiftness lessening on and on,
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
A sacrifice for man.’

‘A sacrifice for man.’ The theme has won a high significance with time. One more passage, and we are done—a passage which rivals Shakespeare in its startling vividness, as it whispers with awful power close to our ears. All night had the prisoned god heard voices,—

‘Deeper yet
The deep, low breathings of the silence grew
• • • • •
And then toward me came
A shape as of a woman; very pale
It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;

A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
And a sharp chill, as if a dank night-fog
Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt.
And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,
A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
And saw the red morn, through the heavy mist,
Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds
merged
Into the rising surges of the pines,
Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt
loins
Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,

Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
All day and night to high Olympus soars,
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove !

Mr. Lowell is no fine dreamer, no enthusiast in the filmy questions of some cloud-land of poetry: the sword of power is in his hand, and the stern teachings of Right and Justice ring through his heart. To such men, Destiny looks for her unfolding. Woe to them, if upon their silence, inaction or irresolution in these great days, the steadfast gaze of her high expectation falls unheeded.

RESURGAMUS.

Go where the sunlight brightly falls,
Through tangled grass too thick to wave ;
Where silence, save the cricket's calls,
Reigns o'er a patriot's grave ;
And you shall see Faith's violets spring
From whence his soul on heavenward wing
Rose to the realms where heroes dwell :
Heroes who for their country fell ;
Heroes for whom our bosoms swell ;
Heroes in battle slain.
God of the just ! they are not dead, —
Those who have erst for freedom bled ; —
Their every deed has boldly said
We all shall rise again.

A patriot's deeds can never die, —
Time's noblest heritage are they, —
Though countless aeons pass them by,
They rise at last to day.
The spirits of our fathers rise
Triumphant through the starry skies ;
And we may hear their choral song, —
The firm in faith, the noble throng, —
It bids us crush a deadly wrong,
Wrought by red-handed Cain.
AND WE SHALL CONQUER ! for the Right
Goes onward with resistless might :
His hand shall win for us the fight.
WE, too, shall rise again !

AMONG THE PINES.

My last article left the reader in the door-way of the Colonel's mansion. Before entering, we will linger there awhile and survey the outside of the premises.

The house stands where two roads meet, and, unlike most planters' dwellings, is located in full view of the highway. It is a rambling, disjointed structure, thrown together with no regard to architectural rules, and yet there is a kind of rude harmony in its very irregularities that has a pleasing effect. The main edifice, with a frontage of nearly eighty feet, is only one and a half stories high, and is overshadowed by a broad projecting roof, which somehow, though in a very natural way, drops down at the eaves, and forms the covering of a piazza, twenty feet in width, and extending across the entire front of the house. At its south-easterly angle, the roof is truncated, and made again to form a covering for the piazza, which there extends along a line of irregular buildings for sixty yards. A portion of the verandah on this side being enclosed, forms a bowling-alley and smoking-room, two essential appendages to a planter's residence. The whole structure is covered with yellow-pine weather boarding, which in some former age was covered with paint of a grayish brown color. This, in many places, has peeled off and allowed the sap to ooze from the pine, leaving every here and there large blotches on the surface, which somewhat resemble the 'warts' I have seen on the trunks of old trees.

The house is encircled by grand, old pines, whose tall, upright stems, soaring eighty and ninety feet in the air, make the low hamlet seem lower by the contrast. They have stood there for centuries, their rough, shaggy coats buttoned close to their chins, and their long, green locks waving in the wind; but man has thrust his long knife into their veins, and their life-blood is fast oozing away.

With the exception of the negro huts,

which are scattered at irregular intervals through the woods in the rear of the mansion, there is not a human habitation within an hour's ride; but such a cosey, inviting, hospitable atmosphere surrounds the whole place, that a stranger does not realize he has happened upon it in a wilderness.

The interior of the dwelling is in keeping with the exterior, though in the drawing-rooms, where rich furniture and fine paintings actually lumber the apartments, there is evident the lack of a nice perception of the 'fitness of things,' and over the whole hangs a 'dusty air,' which reminds one that the Milesian Bridget does not 'flourish' in South Carolina.

I was met in the entrance-way by a tall, fine-looking woman, to whom the Colonel introduced me as follows:—

'Mr. K——, this is Madam ——, my housekeeper; she will try to make you forget that Mrs. J—— is absent.'

After a few customary courtesies were exchanged, I was shown to a dressing-room, and with the aid of 'Jim,' a razor, and one of the Colonel's shirts,— all of mine having undergone a drenching,— soon made a tolerably presentable appearance. The negro then conducted me to the breakfast-room, where I found the family assembled.

It consisted, besides the housekeeper, of a tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired personage, with a low brow, a blear eye and a sneaking look, the Overseer of the plantation; and of a well-mannered, intelligent lad,— with the peculiarly erect carriage and uncommon blending of good-natured ease and dignity which distinguished my host,— who was introduced to me as the housekeeper's son.

Madam P——, who presided over the 'tea things,' was a person of perhaps thirty-five, but a rich olive complexion, enlivened by a delicate red-tint, and relieved by thick masses of black hair, made her appear to a casual observer several

years younger. Her face showed vestiges of great beauty, which time, and, perhaps, care, had mellowed but not obliterated, while her conversation indicated high cultivation. She had evidently mingled in refined society in this country and in Europe, and it was a strange freak of fortune that reduced her to a menial condition in the family of a backwoods planter.

After some general conversation, the Colonel remarked that his wife and daughter would pass the winter in Charleston.

'And do you remain on the plantation?' I inquired.

'Oh yes, I am needed here,' he replied; 'but Madam's son is with my family.'

'Madam's son!' I exclaimed in astonishment, forgetting in my surprise that the lady was present.

'Yes, sir,' she remarked, 'my oldest boy is twenty.'

'Excuse me, Madam; I forgot that in your climate one never grows old.'

'There you are wrong, sir; I'm sure I feel old when I think how soon my boys will be men.'

'Not old yet, Alice,' said the Colonel, in a singularly familiar tone; 'you seem to me no older than when you were fifteen.'

'You have been long acquainted,' I remarked, not knowing exactly what to say.

'Oh yes,' replied my host, 'we were children together.'

'Your Southern country, Madam, affords a fine field for young men of enterprise.'

'My eldest son resides in Germany,' replied the lady. 'He expects to make that country his home. He would have passed his examination at Heidelberg this autumn had not circumstances called him here.'

'You are widely separated,' I replied.

'Yes, sir; his father thinks it best, and I suppose it is. Thomas, here, is to return with his brother, and I may live to see neither of them again.'

My curiosity was naturally much excited to learn more, but nothing further

being volunteered, and the conversation turning to other topics, I left the table with it unsatisfied.

After enjoying a quiet hour with the Colonel in the smoking-room, he invited me to join him in a ride over the plantation. I gladly assented, and 'Jim' shortly announced the horses were ready. That darky, who invariably attended his master when the latter proceeded from home, accompanied us. As we were mounting I bethought me of Scip, and asked Jim where he was.

'He'm gwine to gwo, massa. He want to say good-by to you.'

It seemed madness for Scip to start on a journey of seventy miles without rest, so I requested the Colonel to let him remain till the next day. He cheerfully assented, and sent Jim to find him. While waiting for the darky, I spoke of how faithfully he had served me during my journey.

'He's a splendid nigger,' replied the Colonel; 'worth his weight in gold. If affairs were more settled I would buy him.'

'But Colonel A—— tells me he is too intelligent. He objects to "knowing" niggers.'

'I do not,' replied my host, 'if they are honest, and I would trust Scip with uncounted gold. Look at him,' he continued, as the negro approached; 'were flesh and bones ever better put together?'

The darky was a fine specimen of sable humanity, and I readily understood why the practiced eye of the Colonel appreciated his physical developments.

'Scip,' I said, 'you must not think of going to-day; the Colonel will be glad to let you remain until you are fully rested.'

'Tank you, massa, tank you bery much, but de ole man will spec me, and I orter gwo.'

'Oh, never mind old ——,' said the Colonel, 'I'll take care of him.'

'Tank you, Cunnel, den I'll stay har till de mornin.'

Taking a by-path which led through the forest in the rear of the mansion, we

soon reached a small stream, and, following its course for a short distance, came upon a turpentine distillery, which the Colonel explained to me was one of three that prepared the product of his plantation for market, and provided for his family of two hundred souls.

It was enclosed, or rather roofed, by a rude structure of rough boards, open at the sides, and sustained on a number of pine poles about thirty feet in height, and bore a strong resemblance to the usual covering of a New England haystack.

Three stout negro men, divested of all clothing excepting a pair of coarse gray trowsers and a red shirt,—it was a raw, cold, wintry day,—and with cotton bandanas bound about their heads, were ‘tending the still.’ The foreman stood on a raised platform level with its top, but as we approached very quietly seated himself on a turpentine barrel which a moment before he had rolled over the mouth of the boiler. Another negro was below, feeding the fire with ‘light wood,’ and a third was tending the trough by which the liquid resin found its way into the semi-circle of rough barrels intended for its reception.

‘Hello, Junius, what in creation are you doing there?’ asked the Colonel, as we approached, of the negro on the turpentine barrel.

‘Holein’ her down, Cunnel; de ole ting got a mine to blow up dis mornin’; Ise got dis barrl up har to hole her down.’

‘Why, you everlasting nigger, if the top leaks you’ll be blown to eternity in half a second.’

‘Reckon not, massa; de barrl and me kin hole her. We’ll take de risk.’

‘Perhaps you will,’ said the Colonel, laughing, ‘but I won’t. Nigger property isn’t of much account, but you’re too good a darky, June, to be sent to the devil for a charge of turpentine.’

‘Tank you, massa, but you dun kno’ dis ole ting like I do. You cudn’t blow her up nohow; Ise tried her afore dis way.’

‘Don’t you do it again; now mind; if you do I’ll make a white man of you.’

(This I suppose referred to a process of flaying with a switch; though the switch is generally thought to *redden*, not *whiten*, the darky.)

The negro did not seem at all alarmed, for he showed his ivories in a broad grin as he replied, ‘Jess as you say, massa; you’s de boss in dis shanty.’

Directing the fire to be raked out, and the still to stand unused until it was repaired, the Colonel turned his horse to go, when he observed that the third negro was shoeless, and his feet chapped and swollen with the cold. ‘Jake,’ he said, ‘where are your shoes?’

‘Wored out, massa.’

‘Worn out! Why haven’t you been to me?’

‘Cause, massa, I know’d you’d jaw; you tolle me I wears ‘em out mighty fass.’

‘Well, you do, that’s a fact; but go to Madam and get a pair; and you, June, you’ve been a decent nigger, you can ask for a dress for Rosey. How is little June?’

‘Mighty pore, massa; de ma’am war dar lass night and dis mornin’, and she reckun’d he’s gwine to gwo sartain.’

‘Sorry to hear that,’ said the Colonel. ‘I’ll go and see him. Don’t feel badly, June,’ he continued, for the tears welled up to the eyes of the black man as he spoke of his child; ‘we all must die.’

‘I knows dat, massa, but it am hard to hab em gwo.’

‘Yes, it is, June, but we may save him.’

‘Ef you cud, massa! Oh, ef you cud!’ and the poor darky covered his face with his great hands and sobbed like a child.

We rode on to another ‘still,’ and there dismounting, the Colonel explained to me the process of gathering and manufacturing turpentine. The trees are ‘boxed’ and ‘tapped’ early in the year, while the frost is still in the ground. ‘Boxing’ is the process of scooping a cavity in the trunk of the tree by means of a peculiarly shaped axe, made for the purpose; ‘tapping’ is scarifying the rind of the wood above the boxes. This is never done until the trees have

been worked one season, but it is then repeated year after year, till on many plantations they present the marks of twenty and frequently thirty annual 'tappings,' and are often denuded of bark for a distance of thirty feet from the ground. The necessity for this annual tapping arises from the fact that the scar on the trunk heals at the end of a season, and the sap will no longer run from it; a fresh wound is therefore made each spring. The sap flows down the scarified surface and collects in the boxes, which are emptied six or eight times in a year, according to the length of the season. This is the process of 'dipping,' and it is done with a tin or iron vessel constructed to fit the cavity in the tree.

The turpentine gathered from the newly boxed or virgin tree is very valuable, on account of its producing a peculiarly clear and white rosin, which is used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap, and by 'Rosin the Bow,' and commands, ordinarily, nearly five times the price of the common article. When barreled, the turpentine is frequently sent to market in its crude state, but more often is distilled on the plantation, the gatherers generally possessing means sufficient to own a still.

In the process of distilling, the crude turpentine is 'dumped' into the boiler through an opening in the top,—the same as that on which we saw Junius composedly seated,—water is then poured upon it, the aperture made tight by screwing down the cover and packing it with clay, a fire built underneath, and when the heat reaches several hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the process of manufacture begins. The volatile and more valuable part of the turpentine, by the action of the heat, rises as vapor, then condensing flows off through a pipe in the top of the still, and comes out spirits of turpentine, while the heavier portion finds vent at a lower aperture, and comes out rosin.

No article of commerce is so liable to waste and leakage as turpentine. The spirits can only be preserved in tin cans, or in thoroughly seasoned oak barrels,

made tight by a coating of glue on the inner side. Though the material for these barrels exists at the South in luxuriant abundance, they are all procured from the North, and the closing of the Southern ports has now entirely cut off the supply; for while the turpentine farmer may improvise coopers, he can by no process give the oak timber the seasoning which is needed to render the barrel spirit-tight. Hence it is certain that a large portion of the last crop of turpentine must have gone to waste. When it is remembered that the one State of North Carolina exports annually nearly twenty millions in value of this product, and employs fully three-fourths of its negroes in its production, it will be seen how dearly the South is paying for the mad freak of secession. Putting out of view his actual loss of produce, how does the turpentine farmer feed and employ his negroes? and, pressed as these blacks inevitably are by both hunger and idleness, those prolific breeders of sedition, what will keep them quiet?

'What effect would secession have on your business?' I asked the Colonel, after a while.

'A favorable one. I should ship my crop direct to Liverpool and London, instead of selling it to New York middlemen.'

'But is not the larger portion of the turpentine crop consumed at the North?'

'Oh, yes. We should have to deal with the Yankees anyhow, but we should do as little with them as possible.'

'Suppose the Yanks object to your setting up by yourselves, and put your ports under lock and key?'

'They won't do that, and if they did England would break the blockade.'

'We might rap John Bull over the knuckles in that event,' I replied.

'Well, suppose you did, what then?'

'Merely, England would not have a ship in six months to carry your cotton. A war with her would ruin the shipping trade of the North. Our marine would seek employment at privateering, and soon sweep every British merchant ship from the ocean. We could afford to give .

up ten years' trade with you, and have to put down secession by force, for the sake of a year's brush with John Bull.'

'But, my good friend, where would the British navy be all the while?'

'Asleep. The English haven't a steamer that can catch a Brookhaven schooner. The last war proved that vessels of war are no match for privateers.'

'Well, well! but the Yankees won't fight.'

'Suppose they do. Suppose they shut up your ports, and leave you with your cotton and turpentine unsold? You raise scarcely anything else—what would you eat?'

'We would turn our cotton-fields into corn and wheat. Turpentine-makers, of course, would suffer.'

'Then why are not *you* a Union man?'

'My friend, I have two hundred mouths to feed. I depend on the sale of my crop to give them food. If our ports are closed, I can not do it,—they will starve, and I be ruined. But sooner than submit to the domination of the cursed Yankees, I will see my negroes starving and my child a beggar.'

At this point in the conversation we arrived at the negro shanty where the sick child was. Dismounting, the Colonel and I entered.

The cabin was almost a counterpart of the 'Mills House,' described in my previous paper, but it had a plank flooring, and was scrupulously neat and clean. The logs were stripped of bark, and whitewashed. A bright, cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and an air of rude comfort pervaded the whole interior. On a low bed in the farther corner of the room lay the sick child. He was a boy of about twelve years, and evidently in the last stages of consumption. By his side, bending over him as if to catch his almost inaudible words, sat a tidy, youthful-looking colored woman, his mother, and the wife of the negro we had met at the 'still.' Playing on the floor, was a younger child, perhaps five years old, but while the faces of the mother and the sick lad were of the hue of charcoal, *his* skin, by a process well understood at the

South, had been bleached to a bright yellow.

The woman took no notice of our entrance, but the little fellow ran to the Colonel and caught hold of the skirts of his coat in a free-and-easy way, saying, 'Ole massa, you got suffin' for Dickey?'

'No, you little nig,' replied the Colonel, patting his woolly head as I might have done a white child's, 'Dickey isn't a good boy.'

'Yas, I is,' said the little darky; 'you'se ugly ole massa, to gib nuffin' to Dickey.'

Aroused by the Colonel's voice, the woman turned towards us. Her eyes were swollen and her face bore traces of deep emotion.

'Oh massa!' she said, 'de chile am dyin'! It'm all along ob his workin' in de swamp,—no *man* orter work dar, let alone a chile like dis.'

'Do you think he is dying, Rosey?' asked the Colonel, approaching the bedside.

'Shore, massa, he'm gwine fass. Look at 'em.'

The boy had dwindled to a skeleton, and the skin lay on his face in crumpled folds, like a mask of black crape. His eyes were fixed, and he was evidently going.

'Don't you know massa, my boy?' said the Colonel, taking his hand tenderly in his.

The child's lips slightly moved, but I could hear no sound. The Colonel put his ear down to him for a moment, then, turning to me, said,—

'He is dying. Will you be so good as to step to the house and ask Madam P—— here, and please tell Jim to go for Junius and the old man.'

I returned in a short while with the lady, but found the boy's father and 'the old man'—the darky preacher of the plantation—there before us. The preacher was a venerable old negro, much bowed by years, and with thin wool as white as snow. When we entered he was bending over the dying boy, but shortly turning to my host, said,—

'Massa, de blessed Lord am callin' for de chile,—shall we pray?'

The Colonel nodded assent, and we all, blacks and whites, knelt down on the floor, while the old preacher made a short, heart-touching prayer. It was a simple, humble acknowledgment of the dependence of the creature on the Creator,—of His right to give and to take away, and was uttered in a free, conversational tone, as if long communion with his Maker had placed the old negro on a footing of friendly familiarity with Him, and given the black slave the right to talk with the Deity as one man talks with another.

As we rose from our knees my host said to me, ‘It is my duty to stay here, but I will not detain you. Jim will show you over the plantation. I will join you at the house when this is over.’ The scene was a painful one, and I gladly availed myself of the Colonel’s suggestion.

Mounting our horses, Jim and I rode off to the negro house where Scip was staying.

Scip was not at the cabin, and the old negro woman told us he had been away for several hours.

‘Reckon he’ll be ’way all day, sar,’ said Jim, as we turned our horses to go.

‘He ought to be resting against the ride of to-morrow. Where has he gone?’

‘Dunno, sar, but reckon he’m gwine to fine Sam.’

‘Sam? Oh, he’s the runaway the Colonel has advertised.’

‘Yas, sar, he’m ’way now more’n a monfh.’

‘How can Scip find him?’

‘Dunno, sar. Scipio know most ebery ting,—reckon he’ll track him. He know him well, and Sam’ll cum back ef he say he orter.’

‘Where do you think Sam is?’

‘P’raps in the swamp.’

‘Where is the swamp?’

‘Bout ten mile from har.’

‘Oh, yes! the shingles are cut there. I should think a runaway would be discovered where so many men are at work.’

‘No, massa, dar’m places dar whar de ole debil cudn’t fine him, nor de dogs nudder.’

‘I thought the bloodhounds would track a man anywhere.’

‘Not tru de water, massa; dey lose de scent in de swamp.’

‘But how can a negro live there,—how get food?’

‘De darkies work dar and dey take ‘em nuff.’

‘Then the other negroes often know where the runaways are; don’t they sometimes betray them?’

‘Neber, massa; a darky neber tells on anoder. De Cunnel had a boy in dat swamp once, good many years.’

‘Is it possible? Did he come back?’

‘No, he died dar. Sum ob de hands found him dead one mornin’ in de hut whar he lib’d, and dey buried him dar.’

‘Why did Sam run away?’

‘Cause de Oberseer flog him. He use him bery hard, massa.’

‘What had Sam done?’

‘Nuffin’, massa.’

‘Then why was he flogged? Did the Colonel know it?’

‘Oh, yas; Moye cum de possum ober de Cunnel, and make him b’lieve Sam war bad. De Cunnel dunno de hull ob dat story.’

‘Why didn’t you tell him? The Colonel trusts you.’

‘Twudn’t hab dun no good; de Cunnel wud hab flogged *me* for tellin’ on a wite man. Nigga’s word ain’t ob no account.’

‘What is the story about Sam?’

‘You won’t tell dat I tolle you, massa?’

‘No, but I’ll tell the Colonel the truth.’

‘Wal den, sar, you see Sam’s wife am bery good-lookin’, her skin’s most wite, —her mudder war a mulatter, her fader a wite man,—she lub’d Sam ‘bout as well as de winmin ginraly lub dar husbands,’ (Jim was a bachelor, and his observation of plantation morals had given him but little faith in the sex), ‘but most ob ‘em, ef dey’m married or no, tink dey must smile on de wite men, so Jule she smiled on de Oberseer,—so Sam tought,—and it made him bery jealous. He war sort o’ sassy, and de Oberseer strung him up and flog him bery hard. Den Sam took to de swamp, but he didn’t know whar to gwo, and de dogs tracked him; he’d ha’ got ’way dough ef de Oberseer hadn’t shot

him; den he cudn't run. Den Moye flogged him till he war 'most dead, and arter dat chained him up in de ole cabin and gabe him 'most nuffin' to eat. De Cunnel war gwine to take Sam to Charles'on and sell him, but sumhow he got a file and sawed fru de chain and got 'way in de night to de 'still.' When de Oberseer cum dar in de mornin', Sam jump on him and 'most kill him. He'd hab sent him whar dar ain't no niggas ef Junius hadn't a holed him. *I'd* a let de ole debil gwo.'

'Junius, then, is a friend of the Overseer.'

'No, sar; *he* hain't no friends, 'cep de debil; but June am a good nigga, and he said 'twarn't right to kill ole Moye so sudden, for den dar'd be no chance for de Lord forgibin' him.'

'Then Sam got away again?'

'O yas; nary one but darkies war round, and dey wouldn't hole him. Ef dey'd cotched him den, dey'd hung him, shore.'

'Why hung him?'

'Cause he'd struck a wite man; it'm shore death to do dat.'

'Do you think Scip will bring him back?'

'Yas; 'cause he 'm gwine to tell massa de hull story. De Cunnel will b'lieve Scipio ef he *am* brack. Sam'll know dat, and he'll come back. De Cunnel'll make de State too hot to hole ole Moye, when he fine him out.'

'Does Sam's wife "smile" on the Overseer now?'

'No; she see de trubble she bring on Sam, and she bery sorry. She won't look at a wite man now.'

During the conversation above recorded, we had ridden for several miles over the western half of the plantation, and were then again near the house. My limbs being decidedly stiff and sore from the effects of the previous day's journey, I decided to alight and rest at the house until the hour for dinner.

I mentioned my jaded condition to Jim, who said,—

'Dat's right, massa; come in de house.

I'll cure de rumaties; I knows how to fix dem.'

Fastening the horses at the door, Jim accompanied me to my sleeping-room, where he lighted a pile of pine knots, and in a moment the fire blazed up on the hearth and sent a cheerful glow through the apartment; then, saying he would return after stabling the horses, the darky left me.

I took off my boots, drew the sofa near the fire, and stretched myself at full length upon it. If ever mortal was tired, 'I reckon' I was. It seemed as if every joint and bone in my body had lost the power of motion, and sharp, acute pains danced along my nerves, as I have seen lightning play along the telegraph wires. My entire system had the toothache.

Jim soon returned, bearing in one hand a decanter of 'Otard,' and in the other a mug of hot water and a crash towel.

'I'se got de stuff dat'll fix de rumaties, massa.'

'Thank you, Jim; a glass will do me good. Where did you get it?' I asked, thinking it strange the Colonel should leave his brandy-bottle within reach of the darkies, who have an universal weakness for spirits.

'Oh, I keeps de keys; de Cunnel himself hab to come to me wen he want suffin' to warm hisself.'

It was the fact; Jim had exclusive charge of the wine-cellar; in short, was butler, barber, porter, footman, and body-servant, all combined.

'Now, massa, you lay right whar you is, and I'll make you ober new in less dan no time.'

And he did; but I emptied the brandy-bottle. Lest my temperance friends should be horror-stricken, I will mention, however, that I took the fluid by external absorption. For all rheumatic sufferers, I would prescribe, hot brandy in plentiful doses, a coarse towel, and an active Southern darky, and if on the first application the patient is not cured, the fault will not be the nig-

ger's. Out of mercy to the chivalry, I hope our government, in saving the Union, will not annihilate the order of body-servants. They are the only perfect institution in the Southern country, and, so far as I have seen, about the only one worth saving.

The dinner-bell sounded a short while after Jim had finished the scrubbing operation, and I went to the table with an appetite I had not felt for a week. My whole system seemed rejuvenated, and I am not sure that I should, at that moment, have declined a wrestling match with Heenan himself.

I found at dinner only the Overseer and the young son of Madam P——, the Colonel and the lady being still at the cabin of the dying boy. The dinner, though a queer mixture of viands, would not have disgraced, except, perhaps, in the cooking, the best of our Northern hotels. Venison, bacon, wild fowl, hominy, poultry, corn-bread, French 'made-dishes,' and Southern 'common doin's,' with wines and brandies of the choicest brands, were placed on the table together.

'Dis, massa,' said Jim, 'am de raaal juice; it hab ben in de cellar eber since de house war built. Massa tole me to gib you some, wid him compliment's.'

Passing it to my companions, we drank the Colonel's health in as fine wine as I ever tasted.

I had taken an instinctive dislike to the Overseer at the breakfast-table, and my aversion was not lessened by learning his treatment of Sam; curiosity to learn what manner of man he was, however, led me, towards the close of our meal, to 'draw him out,' as follows:—

'What is the political sentiment, sir, of this section of the State?'

'Wal, I reckon most of the folks 'bout har' is Union; they're from the "old North," and gin'rally pore trash.'

'I have heard that the majority of the turpentine getters are enterprising men and good citizens,—more enterprising, even, than the cotton and rice planters.'

'Wal, they is enterprisin', 'cause they don't keer for nuthin' 'cep' money.'

'The man who is absorbed in money-getting is generally a quiet citizen.'

'P'raps that's so. But I think a man shu'd hev a soul suthin' 'bove dollars. Them folks will take any sort o' sarce from the Yankees, ef they only buy thar truck.'

'What do you suffer from the Yankees?'

'Suffer from the Yankees? Don't they steal our niggers, and hain't they 'lected an ab'lishener for President?'

'I've been at the North lately, but I am not aware that is so.'

'So! it's damnable so, sir. I knows it. We don't mean to stand it eny longer.'

'What will you do?'

'We'll secede, and then give 'em h—l, ef they want it!'

'Will it not be necessary to agree among yourselves before you do that? I met a turpentine farmer below here who openly declared that he is friendly to abolishing slavery. He thinks the masters can make more money by hiring than by owning the negroes.'

'Yes, that's the talk of them North County* fellers, who've squatted round har. We'll hang every mother's son on 'em, by G—.'

'I wouldn't do that: in a free coun-

* The 'North Counties' are the north-eastern portion of North Carolina, and include the towns of Washington and Newberne. They are an old turpentine region, and the trees are nearly exhausted. The finer virgin forests of South Carolina, and other cotton States, have tempted many of these farmers to emigrate thither, within the past ten years, and they now own nearly all the trees that are worked in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. They generally have few slaves of their own, their hands being hired of wealthier men in their native districts. The 'hiring' is an annual operation, and is done at Christmas time, when the negroes are frequently allowed to go home. They treat the darkies well, give them an allowance of meat (salt pork or beef), as much corn as they can eat, and a gill of whisky daily. No class of men at the South are so industrious, energetic, and enterprising. Though not so well informed, they have many of the traits of our New England farmers; in fact, are frequently called 'North Carolina Yankees.' It was these people the Overseer proposed to hang. The reader will doubtless think that 'hanging was not good enough for them.'

try every man has a right to his opinions.'

'Not to sech opinions as them. A man may think, but he mustn't think onraasonable.'

'I don't know, but it seems to me reasonable, that if the negroes cost these farmers now one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and they could hire them, if free, for a hundred, that they would make by abolition.'

'Ab'lish'n! By G—, sir, ye ain't an ab'lishener, is ye?' exclaimed the fellow, in an excited tone, bringing his hand down on the table in a way that set the crockery a-dancing.

'Come, come, my friend,' I replied, in a mild tone, and as unruffled as a basin of water that has been out of a December night; 'you'll knock off the dinner things, and I'm not quite through.'

'Wal, sir, I've heerd yer from the North, and I'd like to know if yer an ab'lishener.'

'My dear sir, you surprise me. You certainly can't expect a modest man like me to speak of himself.'

'Ye can speak of what ye d—please,
but ye can't talk ab'lish'n har, by G—,'
he said, again applying his hand to the
table, till the plates and saucers jumped
up, performed several jigs, then several
reels, and then rolled over in graceful
somersaults to the floor.

At this juncture, the Colonel and Madam P—— entered.

Observing the fall in his crockery, and the general confusion of things, the Colonel quietly asked, 'What's to pay ?'

I said nothing, but burst into a fit of laughter at the awkward fix the Overseer was in. That gentleman also said nothing, but looked as if he would like to find vent through a rat-hole or a window-pane. Jim, however, who stood at the back of my chair, gave *his* eloquent thoughts utterance, very much as follows:—

'Moye hab 'sulted Massa K——, Cunnel, awful bad. He hab swore a blue streak at him, and called him a d—ab'lishener, jess 'cause Massa K—— wudn't get mad and sass him back. He

hab disgrace your hosspital, Cunnel,
wuss dan a nigga.'

The Colonel turned white with rage, and, striding up to the Overseer, seized him by the throat, yelling, rather than speaking, these words: 'You d— — — — — — , have you dared to insult a guest in my house?'

'I didn't mean to "sult him,"' faltered out the Overseer, his voice running through an entire octave, and changing with the varying pressure of the Colonel's fingers on his throat; 'but he said he war an ab'lshener.'

'No matter what he said,' replied the Colonel; 'he is my guest, and in my house he shall say what he pleases, by G—. Apologize to him, or I'll send you to h—in a second.'

The fellow turned cringingly to me, and ground out something like this, every word seeming to give him the toothache :—

'I meant no offence, sar; I hope ye'll excuse me.'

This satisfied me, but, before I could make a reply, the Colonel again seized him by the throat, and yelled, —

'None of your sulkiness; get on your knees, you d— white-livered hound, and ask the gentleman's pardon like a man.'

The fellow then fell on his knees, and got out, with less effort than before,—

'I 'umbly ax yer pardon, sar, very
'umbly, indeed.'

'I am satisfied, sir,' I replied. 'I bear you no ill-will.'

'Now go,' said the Colonel; 'and in future, take your meals in the kitchen. I have none but gentlemen at my table.'

The fellow went. As soon as he had closed the door, the Colonel said to me,—

'Now, my dear friend, I hope you will pardon me for this occurrence. I sincerely regret you have been insulted in my house.'

'Don't speak of it, my dear sir; the fellow is ignorant, and really thinks I am an abolitionist. It was his zeal in politics that led to his warmth. I blame him very little,' I replied.

'But he lied, Massa K——,' chimed in Jim, very warmly; 'you neber said you war an ab'lishener.'

'You know what *they* are, don't you, Jim?' said the Colonel, laughing, and taking no notice of Jim's breach of decorum in wedging his black ideas into a white conversation.

'Yas, I does dat,' said the darky, grinning.

'Jim,' said the Colonel, 'you're a prince of a nigger, but you talk too much; ask me for something to-day, and I reckon you'll get it; but go now, and tell Chloe (the cook) to get us some dinner.'

The darky left, and, excusing myself, I soon followed suit.

I went to my room, laid down on the lounge, and soon fell asleep. It was nearly five o'clock when a slight noise in the apartment awoke me, and, looking up, I saw the Colonel quietly seated by the fire, smoking a cigar. His feet were elevated above his head, and he appeared absorbed in no very pleasant reflections.

'How is the sick boy, Colonel?' I asked.

'It's all over with him, my friend. He died easy; but 'twas very painful to me, for I feel I have done him wrong.'

'How so?'

'I was away all summer, and that cursed Moye sent him to the swamp to tote for the shinglers. It killed him.'

'Then you are not to blame,' I replied.

'I wish I could feel so.'

The Colonel remained with me till supper-time, evidently much depressed by the events of the morning, which had affected him more than I could have conceived possible. I endeavored, by cheerful conversation, and by directing his mind to other topics, to cheer him, and in a measure succeeded.

While we were seated at the supper-table, the black cook entered from the kitchen,—a one-story shanty, detached from and in the rear of the house,—and, with a face expressive of every conceivable emotion a negro can feel,—joy, sor-

row, wonder, and fear all combined,—exclaimed, 'O massa, massa! dear massa! Sam, O Sam!'

'Sam,' said the Colonel; 'what about Sam?'

'Why, he hab—dear, dear massa, don't yer, don't yer hurt him—he hab come back!'

If a bombshell had fallen in the room, a greater sensation could not have been produced. Every individual arose from the table, and the Colonel, striding up and down the apartment, exclaimed,—

'Is he mad? The everlasting fool! Why in h— has he come back?'

'Oh, don't ye hurt him, massa,' said the black cook, wringing her hands. 'Sam hab ben bad, bery bad, but he won't be so no more.'

'Stop your noise, aunty,' said the Colonel, but with no harshness in his tone. 'I shall do what I think right.'

'Send for him, David,' said Madam P——; 'let us hear what he has to say. He would not come back if he meant to be ugly.'

'Send for him, Alice!' replied my host. 'He's prouder than Lucifer, and would send me word to come to him. I will go. Will you accompany me, Mr. K——? You'll hear what a runaway nigger thinks of slavery: Sam has the gift of speech, and uses it regardless of persons.'

'Yes, sir, I'll go with pleasure.'

Supper being over, we went. It was about an hour after nightfall when we emerged from the door of the mansion and took our way to the negro quarters. The full moon had risen half way above the horizon, and the dark pines cast their shadows around the little collection of negro huts, which straggled about through the woods for the distance of a third of a mile. It was dark, but I could distinguish the figure of a man striding along at a rapid pace a few hundred yards in advance of us.

'Isn't that Moye?' I asked the Colonel, directing his attention to the receding figure.

'I reckon so; that's his gait. He's had a lesson to-day that'll do him good.'

'I don't like that man's looks,' I replied, carelessly; 'but I've heard of singed cats.'

'He is a sneaking d—l,' said the Colonel; 'but he's very valuable to me. I never had an overseer who got so much work out of the hands.'

'Is he cruel to them?'

'Yes, I reckon he is; but a nigger is like a dog,—you must flog him to make him like you.'

'I judge your niggers haven't been flogged into liking Moye,' I replied.

'Why, have you heard any of them speak of him?'

'Yes; though, of course, I've made no effort to draw gossip from them. I had to hear.'

'O yes; I know; there's no end to their gabble; niggers will talk. But what have you heard?'

'That Moye is to blame in this affair of Sam, and that you don't know the whole story.'

'What is the whole story?' asked the Colonel, stopping short in the road; 'tell me before I see Sam.'

I then told him what Jim had recounted to me. He heard me through attentively, then laughingly exclaimed,—

'Is that all! Lord bless you; he didn't seduce her. There's no seducing these women; with them it's a thing of course. It was Sam's d— high blood that made the trouble. His father was the proudest man in Virginia, and Sam is as like him as a nigger can be like a white man.'

'No matter what the blood is, it seems to me such an injury justifies revenge.'

'Pshaw, my good fellow, you don't know these people. I'll stake my plantation against a glass of whisky there's not a virtuous woman with a drop of black blood in her veins in all South Carolina. They prefer the white men; their husbands know it, and take it as a matter of course.'

We had here reached the negro cabin. It was one of the more remote of the collection, and stood deep in the woods, an enormous pine growing up directly beside the doorway. In all respects it

was like the other huts on the plantation. A bright fire lit up its interior, and through the crevices in the logs we saw, as we approached, a scene that made us pause involuntarily, when within a few rods of the house. The mulatto man, whose clothes were torn and smeared with swamp mud, stood near the fire. On a small pine table near him lay a large carving-knife, which glittered in the blaze, as if recently sharpened. His wife was seated on the side of the low bed at his back, weeping. She was two or three shades lighter than the man, and had the peculiar brown, kinky hair, straight, flat nose, and speckled, gray eyes which mark the metif. Tottling on the floor at the feet of the man, and caressing his knees, was a child of perhaps two years.

As we neared the house, we heard the voice of the Overseer issuing from the doorway on the other side of the pine-tree.

'Come out, ye black rascal.'

'Come in, you wite hound, ef you dar,' responded the negro, laying his hand on the carving-knife.

'Come out, I till ye; I sha'n't ax ye agin.'

'I'll hab nuffin' to do wid you. G'way and send your massa har,' replied the mulatto man, turning his face away with a lordly, contemptuous gesture, that spoke him a true descendant of Pocahontas. This movement exposed his left side to the doorway, outside of which, hidden from us by the tree, stood the Overseer.

'Come away, Moye,' said the Colonel, advancing with me toward the door; 'I'll speak to him.'

Before all of the words had escaped the Colonel's lips, a streak of fire flashed from where the Overseer stood, and took the direction of the negro. One long, wild shriek,—one quick, convulsive bound in the air,—and Sam fell lifeless to the floor, the dark life-stream pouring from his side. The little child also fell with him, and its greasy-grayish shirt was dyed with its father's blood. Moye, at the distance of ten feet, had dis-

charged the two barrels of a heavily-loaded shot-gun directly through the negro's heart.

'You incarnate son of h—,' yelled the Colonel, as he sprang on the Overseer, bore him to the ground, and wrenched the shot-gun from his hand. Clubbing the weapon, he raised it to brain him. The movement occupied but a second; the gun was descending, and in another instant Moye would have met Sam in eternity, had not a brawny arm caught the Colonel's, and, winding itself around his body, pinned his limbs to his side so that motion was impossible. The woman, half frantic with excitement, thrust open the door when her husband fell, and the light which came through it revealed the face of the new-comer. But his voice, which rang out on the night air as clear as a bugle, had there been no light, would have betrayed him. It was Scip. Spurning the prostrate Overseer with his foot, he shouted,—

'Run, you wite debil, run for your life!'

'Let me go, you black scoundrel,' shrieked the Colonel, wild with rage.

'When he'm out ob reach, you'd kill him,' replied the negro, as cool as if he was doing an ordinary thing.

'I'll kill you, you black — hound, if you don't let me go,' again screamed the Colonel, struggling violently in the negro's grasp, and literally foaming at the mouth.

'I shan't lef you gwo, Cunnel, till you 'gree not to do dat.'

The Colonel was a stout, athletic man, in the very prime of life, and his rage gave him more than his ordinary strength, but Scip held him as I might have held a child.

'Here, Jim,' shouted the Colonel to his body-servant, who just then emerged from among the trees, 'rouse the plantation—shoot this d— nigger.'

'Dar ain't one on 'em wud touch him, massa. He'd send *me* to de hot place wid one fist.'

'You ungrateful dog,' groaned his master. 'Mr. K——, will you stand by and see me handcuffed by a miserable slave?'

'The black means well, my friend; he has saved you from murder. Say he is safe, and I'll answer for his being away in an hour.'

The Colonel made one more ineffectual attempt to free himself from the vice-like grip of the negro, then relaxed his efforts, and, gathering his broken breath, said, 'You're safe now, but if you're found within ten miles of my plantation by sunrise, by G— you're a dead man.'

The negro relinquished his hold, and, without saying a word, walked slowly away.

'Jim, you d— rascal,' said the Colonel to that courageous darky, who was skulking off, 'raise every nigger on the plantation, catch Moye, or I'll flog you within an inch of your life.'

'I'll do dat, Cunnel; I'll kotch de ole debil, ef he's dis side de hot place.'

His words were echoed by about twenty other darkies, who, attracted by the noise of the fracas, had gathered within a safe distance of the cabin. They went off with Jim, to raise the other plantation hands, and inaugurate the hunt.

'If that d— nigger hadn't held me, I'd had Moye in h— by this time,' said the Colonel to me, still livid with excitement.

'The law will deal with him. The negro has saved you from murder, my friend.'

'The law be d—; it's too good for such a — hound; and that the d— nigger should have dared to hold me,— by G—, he'll rue it.'

He then turned, exhausted with the recent struggle, and, with a weak, uncertain step, entered the cabin. Kneeling down by the dead body of the negro, he attempted to raise it; but his strength was gone. Motioning to me to aid him, we placed the corpse on the bed. Tearing open the clothing, we wiped away the still flowing blood, and saw the terrible wound which had sent the negro to his account. It was sickening to look on, and I turned to go.

The negro woman, who was weeping and wringing her hands, now ap-

proached the bed, and, in a voice nearly choked with sobs, said,—

‘Massa, oh massa, I done it! it’s me dat killed him!’

‘I know you did, you d———. Get out of my sight.’

‘Oh, massa,’ sobbed the woman, falling on her knees, ‘I’s so sorry; oh, for-gib me!’

‘Go to —, you — — —, that’s the place for you,’ said the Colonel, striking the kneeling woman with his foot, and felling her to the floor.

Unwilling to see or hear more, I left the master with the slave. A quarter

of a mile through the woods brought me to the cabin of the old negress where Scip lodged. I rapped at the door, and was admitted by the old woman. Scip, nearly asleep, was lying on a pile of blankets in the corner.

‘Are you mad?’ I said to him. ‘The Colonel is frantic with rage, and swears he will kill you. You must be off at once.

‘No, no, massa; neber fear; I knows him. He’d keep his word, ef he loss his life by it. I’m gwine afore sunrise; till den I’m safe.’

Of the remainder of that night, more hereafter.

MR. SEWARD'S PUBLISHED DIPLOMACY.

WITH the executive capacity and marked forensic versatility of William Henry Seward whilst Governor and Senator of the Empire State, the great public have long been familiar. That public are now for the first time practically discussing his diplomatic statesmanship. A world of spectators or auditors witness or listen to the debate, and are eager to pronounce favorable judgment, because so much of national honor is now entrusted to him. Our national history discloses no crisis of domestic or foreign affairs so momentous as the present one. The most remarkable chapter in that history will be made up from the complications of this crisis, and from the disasters to or the successes of our national fame. Hence to himself and to his friends, more than to the watchful public even, Mr. Seward's course attracts an interest which may attend upon the very climacteric excellence of his statesman-career during a quarter-century.

Much, that remains obscure or is merely speculative when these pages at the holiday season undergo magazine preparation, will have been unfolded or ex-

plained at the hour in which they may be read. The national firmament, which at the Christmas season displayed the star of war and not of peace, may at midwinter display the raging comet; or that star of war may have had a speedy setting, to the mutual joy of two nations who only one year ago played the role of Host and Guest, whilst the young royal son of one government rendered peaceful homage at the tomb of the oldest Father of the other nation.

Hence, it is not the province of this paper to indulge in speculations regarding the future of Mr. Seward's diplomacy; — only to collect a few facts and critical suggestions respecting the diplomatic labors of Secretary Seward since his accession to honor, with some interesting references to our British complications which have passed under his supervision.

Fortunately for the enlightenment of the somewhat prejudiced audience who listen to our American discussion, there appeared simultaneously with the publications of British prints the governmental volume of papers relating to foreign affairs which usually accompanies a

President's Message. It is not commonly printed for many months after reception by Congress. But the sagacity of Mr. Seward caused its typographical preparation in advance of presidential use. It therefore becomes an antidote to the heated poison of the Palmerston or Derby prints, which emulate in seizing the last national outrage for party purposes. And its inspection enables the great public, after perusing what Secretary Seward has written during the past troublous half year, to acquire a calm reliance upon his skill in navigating our glorious ship of state over the more troublous waters of the next half year.

The most cursory inspection of this volume must put to shame those Washington news-mongers, who from March to December pictured the Secretary as locked up in his office, in order to merely shun office-seekers, or as idling his time at reviews and sham-fights. The collection demonstrates, that his logic, persuasion, and rhetorical excellence have in diplomatic composition maintained their previous excellences in other public utterances; and that his physical capacity for labor, and his mental sympathy with any post of duty, have been as effective, surrounded by the dogs of war, as they were when tasked amid the peaceful herds of men. The maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, is suspended by the edicts of diplomacy!

Mr. Seward entered the State Department March the fifth (according to reliable Washington gossip), before breakfast, and was instantly at work. He found upon his table, with the ink scarcely dry, the draft of a (February 28th) circular from his predecessor, Mr. Black (now U. S. Supreme Court reporter), addressed to all the ministers of the United States. That circular very briefly recited the leading facts of the disunion movement, and instructed the ministers to employ all means to prevent a recognition of the confederate States. The document in question is dated at the very time when President Lincoln was perfecting his inaugural; and why its imperative and necessary commands were delayed until that late

hour, is something for Mr. Buchanan to explain in that volume of memoirs which he is said to be preparing at the falling House of Lancaster.

From the dates of Mr. Seward's circulars, it is evident that he devoted small time to official 'house-warming' or 'cleaning up.' Some time, no doubt, was passed in consulting the indexes to the foreign affairs of the past eventful four months, and in making himself master of the situation. His first act is to transmit to all the (Buchanan) subordinates abroad copies of the President's Message, accompanying it with a score of terse and sparkling paragraphs regarding the rebellion; yet, in those few paragraphs, demonstrating the illusory and ephemeral advantages which foreign nations would derive from any connection they might form with any 'dissatisfied or discontented portion, State, or section of the Union.' In this connection, he refers to the 'governments' of J. Davis, Esq., as 'those States of this Union in whose name a provisional government has been announced;—which is the happiest description yet in print.

There is apparently a fortnight's interregnum, during which a procession of would-be consuls and ministers marches from the State Department to the Senate chamber to receive the *accolade* of diplomacy. The Minister to Prussia, Mr. Judd, first finds gazette, and on March 22d the Secretary prepares for him instructions suitable to the crisis. There are 'stars' affixed to the published extracts, showing *cetera desunt*, matters of *secret* moment perchance! And here we may fitly remark, that whilst the labors of the diplomatist which came before the public for inspection display his industry, it is certain that quite as voluminous, perhaps more, must be the unpublished and secret dispatches. 'The note which thanked Prince Gortchacow through M. De Stoeckl was reprehensibly brief,' the leading gazettes said; *but are they sure nothing else was prepared and transmitted, of which the public must remain uncertain?* Are they ready to assert that Russia has become

a convert to an open diplomacy? Or does she still feel most complimented with ciphers and mystery?

So early as the date of the Judd dispatch, the text of the Lincoln administration appears. 'Owing to the very peculiar structure of our federal government, and the equally singular character and habits of the American people, this government *not only wisely, but necessarily, hesitates to resort to coercion and compulsion to secure a return of the disaffected portion of the people to their customary allegiance.* The Union was formed upon popular consent, and must always practically stand on the same basis. The temporary causes of alienation must pass away; *there must needs be disasters and disappointments resulting from the exercise of unlawful authority by the revolutionists,* while happily it is certain that there is a general and profound sentiment of loyalty pervading the public mind throughout the United States. While it is the intention of the President to maintain the sovereignty and rightful authority of the Union everywhere, with firmness as well as discretion, he at the same time relies with great confidence on the salutary working of the agencies I have mentioned to restore the harmony and union of the States. But to this end, it is of the greatest importance that the disaffected States shall not succeed in obtaining favor or recognition from foreign nations.'

Two months prior to this, and on the Senate floor, Mr. Seward had said, 'taking care always that speaking goes before voting, voting goes before giving money, and all go before a battle, which I should regard as hazardous and dangerous; and therefore the last, as it would be the most painful measure to be resorted to for the salvation of the Union.'

A day or two succeeding the Judd dispatch, Mr. Seward writes for Minister Sanford (about to leave for Belgium) instructions; commingling views upon non-recognition with considerations respecting tariff modifications. In these appears a sentence kindred to those just quoted—'The President, confident of the

ultimate ascendancy of law, order, and the Union, through the deliberate action of the people in constitutional forms,' etc.

From those diplomatic suggestions, which are accordant with *European* exigencies, Mr. Seward readily turns his attention to Mexican affairs, in a carefully considered and most ably written letter of instructions for Minister Corwin. He touches upon the robberies and murder of citizens, the violation of contracts, and then gracefully withdraws them from immediate attention until the incoming Mexican administration shall have had time to cement its authority and reduce the yet disturbed elements of their society to order and harmony. He avers that the President not only forbids discussion of our difficulties among the foreign powers, but will not allow his ministers '*to invoke even censure against those of our fellow-citizens who have arrayed themselves in opposition to authority.*' He refers to the foreshadowed protectorate in language complimentary to Mexico, yet firm in assurance that the President neither has, nor can ever have, any sympathy with revolutionary designs for Mexico, *in whatever quarter they may arise, or whatever character they may take on.*'

Within one week (and at dates which contradict the prevailing gossip of last April, that Messrs. Adams, Dayton, Burlingame, Schurz and Co. were detained awaiting Mr. Seward's advices) still more elaborate and masterly instructions are given out to these gentlemen. The paper to Mr. Adams will in future years be quoted and referred to as a model history of the rise and progress of the secession enormity. It may be asked, Why are such dispatches and instructions needed? Why such elaborate briefs and compendiums required for gentlemen each of whom may have said, respecting his connection with subject-matter of the Secretary (none more emphatically so than Messrs. Adams and Burlingame), *quorum pars magna fu*i*.* Yet, it must be remembered that diplomacy, like jurisprudence (with its red tape common to both), taketh few things for granted, and constantly maketh records for itself, under the max-

im de non apparentibus non existentibus eadem est ratio; and ever bearth in mind that when *certioraris* to international tribunals are served, the initiatory expositions and the matured results must not be subjected to a pretence of diminution, but be full and complete.

The early dispatch for Mr. Burlingame contains the caustic sentence, ‘Our representatives at Vienna seem generally to have come, after a short residence there, to the conclusion that there was nothing for them to do, and little for them to learn.’ But ‘the President expects that *you* will be diligent in obtaining not only information about political events, but also commercial and even scientific facts, and in reporting them to this department.’

Although the Austrian mantle was soon transferred to the classic shoulders of Mr. Motley,—another honored Bay-state-ian,—the caustic reference to predecessors, and the implied compliment of request, did not at all lose their respective significance.

What a compact statement is contained in the following sentence of the instructions to the representative of foreign affairs at Vienna!—‘The political affairs in Austria present to us the aspect of an ancient and very influential power, oppressed with fiscal embarrassments,—the legacy of long and exhausting wars,—putting forth at one and at the same time efforts for material improvement and still mightier ones to protect its imperfectly combined dominion from dismemberment and disintegration, seriously menaced from without, aided by strong and intense popular passions within.’ A lyceum lecturer might consume an evening over the present political condition of Austria, and yet not convey a more perfect idea thereof than is comprehended by the preceding paragraph!

Mr. Seward in first addressing Mr. Dayton discusses the slavery element of the rebellion, and elucidates more particularly the relations of France to a preserved or a dismembered Union; and evolves this plucky sentence: ‘The President neither expects nor desires any in-

tervention, or even any favor, from the government of France, or any other, in this emergency.’ But a still more spirited paragraph answers a question often asked by the great public, ‘What will be the course of the administration should foreign intervention be given?’ Foreign intervention *would oblige us* to treat those who should yield it as allies of the insurrectionary party, and ‘to carry on the war against them as enemies. The case would not be relieved, but, on the contrary, would only be aggravated, if several European states should combine in that intervention. *The President and the people of the United States deem the Union which would then be at stake, worth all the cost and all the sacrifices of a contest with the world in arms, if such a contest should prove inevitable.*’

In the advices to Mr. Schurz, at Madrid, occurs a most ingenious application of the doctrine of secession to Spanish consideration in respect to Cuba and Castile; to Aragon and the Philippine Islands; as well as a most opportune reference to the proffered commercial confederate advantages. ‘What commerce,’ asks the Secretary, ‘can there be between states whose staples are substantially identical? Sugar can not be exchanged for sugar, nor cotton for cotton.’ And another sentence is deserving remembrance for its truthful sarcasm: ‘It seems the necessity of faction in every country, that whenever it acquires sufficient boldness to inaugurate revolution, it then alike forgets the counsels of prudence, and stifles the instincts of patriotism, and becomes a suitor to foreign courts for aid and assistance to subvert and destroy the most cherished and indispensable institutions of its own.’

Thus, within six weeks succeeding his entrance into the chambers of State, Mr. Seward had mapped out in his own brain a much more comprehensive policy than he had even laboriously and ably outlined upon paper. He had placed himself in magnetico-diplomatic communication with the great courts of Europe; surrounded by place-seekers, dogged by reporters, and paragraphed at by a thou-

sand newspapers, from 'Fundy' to 'Dolores.' And the most remarkable rhetorical feature of these many dispatches is the absence of iteration, notwithstanding they were written upon substantially one text. It is characteristic of them, as of his speeches, that no one interlaces the other; each is complete of itself. Mr. Seward has always possessed that varied fecundity of expression for which Mr. Webster was admired. A gentleman who accompanied him upon his Lincoln-election tour from Auburn to Kansas, remarked, that listening to and recalling all the bye-play, depot speeches, and more elaborate addresses uttered by Mr. Seward during the campaign, he never heard him repeat upon himself, nor even speak twice in the same groove of thought. Neither will any reader discover throughout even these early dispatches a marked haste of thought, or a slovenly word-link in the Saxon rhetoric.

So far, we have alluded only to the instructions prepared before plenipotentiary departure. But the executive axe in the block of foreign affairs having been scoured, and new faces having fully replaced the decapitated heads in foreign diplomatic baskets, circulars, instructions and dispatches daily accumulate, 'treading on each other's heels.' The volume contains *one hundred and forty emanations* from the pen of Secretary Seward. How many more there exist is only known to the Cabinet or the exigencies of secret service. Is not the bare arithmetical announcement sufficient to satisfy the inquirer into Mr. Seward's diplomatic assiduity? If not, will he please to remember as well Mr. Seward's perusals of foreign mails, cabinet meetings, consultation of archives or state papers or precedents, examinations into the relation of domestic events to foreign policy, and the inspection of the sands of peace or war in the respective hour-glasses of his department?

The circulars of Secretaries Black and Seward are promptly answered by Mr. Dallas about a month after the inauguration, and whilst awaiting the arrival of Charles Francis Adams. He said,

among other things, 'English opinion tends rather, I apprehend, to the theory that a peaceful separation may work beneficially for both groups of States, and not injuriously affect the rest of the world. The English can not be expected to appreciate the weakness, discredit, complications and dangers which we instinctively and justly ascribe to disunion.'

In this connection, let us remark, that we recently listened to a very interesting discussion, at the 'Union' club, between an English traveler of high repute, and a warm Unionist, upon the attitude of England. The former seemed as ardent as was the latter disputant in his abhorrence of the Southern traitors; but he constructed a very fair argument for the consistency of England. Taking for his first position, that foreign nations viewed the Jeff Davis movement as a revolution, self-sustained for nearly a year, his second was, that the most enlightened American abolitionists, as well as the most conservative Federalist, coincided in the belief that disunion was ultimate emancipation. Then, acquiescing in the statement of his antagonist, that the English nation had always reprehended American slavery, and desired its speedy overthrow, he inquired what more inconsistency there was in the English nation construing disunion in the same way wherein the American abolitionist and conservative Unionist did, as the inevitable promotion of slavery's overthrow? When it was rejoined that the cancer of slavery had eaten away many bonds of Union, and promoted secession, the English disputant demanded whether the war aimed at rebuking slavery in a practical way, or by strengthening it as a locally constitutional institution? When the question was begged by the assertion that recognition of the Southern confederacy, although granted to be of abolition tendencies, was ungenerous and unfraternal, the position assumed was that nations, like individuals, cherished self-love, and always sought to turn intestine troubles among competitive powers into the channels of home-

aggrandizement; and it was asked whether, should Ireland maintain a provisional government for nearly a year, there would not be found a strong party in the States advocating her recognition?

But Mr. Seward, in replying to Mr. Dallas in a dispatch to Mr. Adams, dismissed all arguments of policy or consistency, and remarked: ‘Her Britannic Majesty’s government is at liberty to choose whether it will retain the friendship of this government, by refusing all aid and comfort to its enemies, now in flagrant rebellion against it, as we think the treaties existing between the two countries require, or whether the government of her Majesty will take the precarious benefits of a different course.’

So early as May 2d, the British Secretary told Mr. Dallas that *an understanding existed between the British and French governments which would lead both to take one and the same course as to recognition.* Mr. Seward comments upon this in one of the most manly letters ever written by an American Secretary. It will be preserved upon the same historic shelf whereon reposes the manuscript of Daniel Webster’s letter to the Chevalier Hulsemann. To Mr. Adams he says, that the communication loses its value because withheld until the knowledge was acquired from other sources, together with the additional fact that other European states are apprized by France and England of the agreement, and *are expected to concur with or follow them in whatever measures they adopt on the subject of recognition!* Great Britain, if intervening, is assured that she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences; and must consider what position she will hold when she shall have lost forever the sympathies and affections of the only nation upon whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim. In making that calculation she will do well to remember that in the controversy she proposes to open, we shall be actuated neither by pride, nor passion, nor cupidity, nor ambition; but we shall stand simply upon the principle of self-preservation, our cause in-

volving the independence of nations and the rights of human nature. These utterances were doubtless, in their book form, perused by the British cabinet during the Christmas holidays.

Taking the pages which close up the word-tilts of the diplomatists at date of November first (and we dare say our Board-of-Brokers readers regret that complete dispatches down to the sailing of the Africa, with that interesting pouch of letters on board, are not to be had at all the book-stores!) we may imagine Messrs. Russell, Adams, Seward and Lyons resolved into a conversational club, and talking as follows from week to week:—

Mr. Adams. It is gratifying to the grandson of the first American Minister at this court to feel that there are now fewer topics of direct difference between the two countries than have, probably, existed at any preceding time; and even these are withdrawn from discussion at St. James, to be treated at Washington. It would have been more gratifying to find that the good will, so recently universally felt at my home for your country, was unequivocally manifested here.

Lord Russell (smiling blandly). To what do you allude?

Mr. Adams. It is with pain that I am compelled to admit that from the day of my arrival I have felt in the proceedings of both houses of Parliament, in the language of her Majesty’s ministers, and in the tone of opinion prevailing in private circles, more of uncertainty about this than I had before thought possible. (*Lord Russell silent and still smiling blandly.*) It is therefore the desire of my government to learn whether it was the intention of her Majesty’s ministers to adopt a policy which would have the effect to widen, if not to make irreparable a breach which I believe yet to be entirely manageable.

Lord Russell. I beg to assure your Excellency there is no such intention. The clearest evidence of this is to be found in the assurance given by me to Mr. Dallas, before your arrival. But you must admit that I hardly can see my way

to bind my government to any specific course, when circumstances beyond our agency render it difficult to tell what might happen.

Mr. Seward (aside). But the future will care for itself. We deal with the 'Now.' 'There is "Yet" in that word "Hereafter,"' Great Britain has already acted on the assumption that the Confederate States (so called) are *de facto* a self-sustaining power. After long forbearance, designed to soothe discontent and avert the need of civil war, the land and naval forces of the United States have been put in motion to repress insurrection. The *true* character of the pretended new state is revealed. It is seen to be a power existing in pronunciamento only. It has obtained no forts that were not betrayed into its hands or seized in breach of trust. It commands not a single port, nor one highway from its pretended capital by land.

Mr. Adams. Her Majesty's proclamation and the language of her ministers in both houses have raised insurgents to the level of a belligerent state.

Lord Russell. I think more stress is laid upon these events than they deserve. It was a necessity to define the course of the government in regard to the participation of the subjects of Great Britain in the impending conflict. The legal officers were consulted. They said war *de facto* existed. Seven States were in open resistance.

Mr. Adams. But your action was very rapid. The new administration had been but sixty days in office. All departments were demoralized. The British government then takes the initiative, and decides practically it is a struggle of two sides, just as the country commenced to develop its power to cope with the rebellion. It considered the South a marine power before it had exhibited a single privateer on the ocean. The Greeks at the time of recognition had 'covered the sea with cruisers.'

Lord Russell (smiling yet more blandly). I cite you the case of the Fillmore government towards Kossuth and Hun-

gary. Was not an agent sent to the latter country with a view to recognition?

Mr. Seward (aside). The proclamation, unmodified and unexplained, leaves us no alternative but to regard the government of Great Britain as questioning our free exercise of all the rights of self-defence guaranteed to us by our Constitution, and the laws of nature and of nations, to suppress insurrection. But now as to the propositions sent, viz. (1.) Privateering abolished. (2.) Neutral flag covers enemy's goods except contraband of war. (3.) Neutral goods safe under enemy's flag, with same exception. (4.) Effective blockades.

Mr. Adams (aside to Mr. Seward). It is to be agreed to, if there be received a written declaration by Great Britain, to accompany the signature of her minister,—'Her Majesty does not intend thereby to undertake any engagement which shall have any bearing, direct or indirect, on the internal differences now prevailing in the United States.'

Mr. Seward (still aside). I am instructed by the President to say it is inadmissible. (1.) It is virtually a new and distinct article incorporated into the projected convention. (2.) The United States must accede to the Declaration of the Congress of Paris on the same terms with other parties, or not at all. (3.) It is not mutual in effect, for it does not provide for a melioration of our obligations in internal differences now prevailing in, or which may hereafter arise in, Great Britain. (4.) It would permit a foreign power for the first time to take cognizance of, and adjust its relations upon, assumed internal and purely domestic differences. (5.) The general parties to the Paris convention can not adopt it as one of universal application.

Lord Russell. Touching the disagreements as to acquiescing in the Paris convention and the proposed modification, I ask to explain the reason of the latter. The United States government regards the confederates as rebels, and their privateersmen as pirates. We regard the

confederates as belligerents. As between us and your government, privateering would be abolished. We would and could have no concurrent convention with the confederate power upon the subject. We would have in good faith to treat the confederate privateersmen as pirates. Yet we acknowledge them belligerents. Powers not a party to the convention may rightfully arm privateers. Hence, instead of an agreement, charges of bad faith and violation of a convention might be brought in the United States against us should we accept the propositions unreservedly.

Mr. Adams. Your Lordship's government adhere to the proposition of modification?

Lord Russell. Such are my instructions.

Mr. Adams. Then, refraining for the present from reviewing our past conversations to ascertain the relative responsibilities of the parties for this failure of these negotiations, I have to inform you that they are for the time being suspended.

• • • • •
Mr. Adams. But your Lordship has many times *unofficially* received the confederate ambassadors, so styled. This has excited uneasiness in my country. It has, indeed, given great dissatisfaction to my government. And, in all frankness and courtesy, I have to add, that any further protraction of this relation can scarcely fail to be viewed by us as hostile in spirit.

Lord Russell. It has been the custom, both here and in France, for a long time back, to receive such persons unofficially. Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and such like, have been allowed unofficial interviews, in order that we might hear what they had to say. But this never implied recognition in their case, any more than in yours!

Mr. Adams. I observe in the newspapers an account of a considerable movement of troops to Canada. In the situation of our governments this will excite attention at home. Are they ordered

with reference to possible difficulties with us?

Lord Russell. Canada has been denuded of troops for some time back. The new movement is regarded, in restoring a part of them, as a proper measure of *precaution* in the present disordered condition of things in the United States. But Mr. Ashmun is in Canada, remonstrating as to alleged breaches of neutrality.

(*Lord Lyons.* I viewed the subject as cause of complaint.

Mr. Seward. And I instantly recalled Mr. Ashmun.)

Mr. Adams. He was in Canada to watch and prevent just such a transaction as the fitting out of a pirate or privateer — the Peerless case.

Lord Russell. Mr. Seward threatened to have the Peerless seized on Lake Ontario.

Mr. Adams. I respectfully doubt your Lordship's information. It was surely an odd way of proceeding to furnish at once the warning in time to provide against its execution !

• • • • •
Mr. Adams. I deeply regret a painful necessity which compels me to make a representation touching the conduct of Consul Bunch at Charleston. A private and opened letter, intercepted on the person of a naturalized American citizen and colonel in the confederate army, — Robert Mure, bearer of dispatches to Great Britain, — disclosed these words: ‘Mr. Bunch, on oath of secrecy, communicated to me that the first step to recognition was taken. *So prepare for active business BY THE FIRST OF JANUARY.*’

Lord Russell. I will without hesitation state to you that, *in pursuance of an agreement between the British and French governments, Mr. Bunch was instructed to communicate to the persons exercising authority in the so-called confederate States, the desire of those governments that certain articles of the declaration of Paris should be observed by them in their hostilities (!)* But regarding the

other statement, I as frankly say, Her Majesty's government have not recognized, and are not prepared to recognize, the so-called confederate States as a separate and independent power.

Mr. Seward (aside to Mr. Adams). The President revokes the exequatur of Consul Bunch, who has not only been the bearer of communications between the insurgents and a foreign government in violation of our laws, but has abused equally the confidence of the two governments by reporting, without the authority of his government, and in violation of their own policy, as well as of our national rights, that the proceeding in which he was engaged was in the nature of a treaty with the insurgents, and the first step toward a recognition by Great Britain of their sovereignty. His whole conduct has been, not that of a friend to this government, nor of a neutral even, but of a partisan of faction and disunion.

Lord Lyons. My government are concerned to find that two British subjects, Mr. Patrick and Mr. Rahming, have been subjected to arbitrary arrest.

Mr. Seward. At the time of arrest it was not known they were British subjects. They have been released.

Lord Lyons. They applied for habeas corpus, and its exercise was refused. Congress has not suspended the writ. Our law officers say that the authority of Congress is necessary to justify this arrest and imprisonment.

Mr. Seward (with suavity, but profound dignity, as if the nation spoke). I have to regret that, after so long an official intercourse between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, it should be necessary now to inform her Majesty's ministers that *all* executive proceedings are of the President. Congress has no executive power or responsibility. The President constitutionally exercises the right of suspending the writ of habeas corpus. This government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown, or the justice of the deference

which her Majesty's government pays to them; nevertheless, the British government will hardly expect that the President will accept *their* explanation of the Constitution of the United States!

Are not the following inferences legitimately to be made from a close and calm study of the published dispatches respecting our foreign relations with Great Britain, and in connection with much that has transpired since their congressional publication?—

1. The British government officers were in some way prepared to expect that the election of Mr. Lincoln would result in an attempted disruption of the Union. The arrival of Governor Pickens in England just before the presidential election, and his arrival in New York, and immediate journey to South Carolina, on the day of that election, may be cited as one of many coincidences—showing that the spirit of Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson, if not their doings and plans, were parodied on the other side of the Atlantic.

2. The British government were not averse to disunion from the outset, and seized every pretext of tariff, or of inaction respecting the rebellion, that it might quibble with the United States authority.

3. The tone of the press, ministry and people was early heard, and echoed by Mr. Dallas to our government. Mr. Seward therefore, at the outset, knew his position, and most opportunely and dignifiedly maintained a bearing all the more noble because it proceeded from a government which had taken arms against a sea of troubles.

4. The British government waited *only* so long as international decency technically warranted before proclaiming an acknowledgment of *civil war* in the United States, and accepting the government of Mr. Davis as an equal belligerent with that of Mr. Lincoln. This was a matured step, and a strong link in a chain of ultimate recognition.

5. The Crown ministers early sought and obtained an understanding with

France for mutual action: an understanding palpably hostile to the United States and tantalizingly acknowledged by open diplomacy.

6. The British ministry construed strictly as against the Washington government, but liberally as toward that of Jeff Davis, in regard to all arising complications.

7. The British government palpably permitted purchases and shipments of contraband articles by Southern emissaries, but exercised the utmost vigilance when the United States agents entered the market for similar purposes.

8. The action of Lord Russell respecting the proposition to abolish privateering was covertly insulting. It asked to interpolate a new condition as between France and England of the one part and the United States of the other; and a condition conceived in a spirit of liberality toward Jeff Davisdom, and promulgated in a meddlesome mood toward the United States government.

9. The tone of Lord Lyons was a more permissible manifestation of British spleen than the higher functionaries at home displayed, yet none the more acrid. This appears in all his letters and dispatches respecting blockade, privateering, the arrest of spies, and the detention of British subjects, or the seizure of prizes. It is especially offensive in the letter to Mr. Seward which drew forth a diplomatic rebuke upon a dictation by English law authority regarding constitutional construction.

10. The correspondence of the State Department was conducted by Mr. Seward (as was well said by the N. Y. *Evening Post*, Dec. 21) with great skill and adroitness. It was also firm in the defense of our national honor and rights. His rhetoric was always measured by the dignified, tasteful, and cautious rules of international intercourse. Its entire tone in correspondence was earnest but restrained, and in style fully equaling his best and most ornate efforts.

What are Mr. Seward's views in the 'Past' respecting England and the emergency of a war with her, is a question

now much mooted. It can be readily answered by reference to a speech made at a St. Patrick's Day dinner whilst he was Governor. 'Gentlemen, the English are in many respects a wise as they are a great and powerful nation. They have obtained an empire and ascendancy such as Rome once enjoyed. As the Tiber once bore, the Thames now bears the tribute of many nations, and the English name is now feared and respected as once the Roman was in every part of the world. England has been alike ambitious and successful. England too is prosperous, and her people are contented and loyal. But contentment and loyalty have not been universal in the provinces and dependencies of the English government. The desolation which has followed English conquest in the East Indies has been lamented throughout the civilized world. Ireland has been deprived of her independence without being admitted to an equality with her sister-island, and discontent has marked the history of her people ever since the conquest. England has not the magnanimity and generosity of the Romans. She derives wealth from her dependencies, but lavishes it upon objects unworthy of herself. She achieves victories with their aid, but appropriates the spoils and trophies exclusively to herself. For centuries she refused to commit trusts to Irishmen, or confer privileges upon them, unless they would abjure the religion of their ancestors.'

Ten years later, in the United States Senate, during the debate upon the Fisheries dispute, Mr. Seward said, after discussing England's financial and commercial position: 'England can not wisely desire nor safely dare a war with the United States. She would find that there would come over us again that dream of conquest of those colonies which broke upon us even in the dawn of the Revolution, when we tendered them an invitation to join their fortunes with ours, and followed it with the sword — that dream which returned again in 1812, when we attempted to subjugate them by force; and that now, when we have ma-

tured the strength to take them, we should find the provinces willingly consenting to captivity. A war about these fisheries would be a war which would result either in the independence of the British Provinces, or in their annexation to the United States. I devoutly pray God that that consummation may come; the sooner the better: but I do not desire it at the cost of war *or of injustice*. I am content to wait for the ripened fruit which must fall. I know the wisdom of England too well to believe that she would hazard shaking that fruit into our hands.'

Another question, now asked, — 'Will Mr. Seward exhaust negotiation?' — may be in like manner answered by himself. In a succeeding debate on the same 'fisheries' controversy, commenting upon negotiation, he said: '*Sir, it is the business of the Secretary of State, and of the government, always to be ready, in my humble judgment, to negotiate under all circumstances, whether there be threats or no threats, whether there be force or no force: but the manner and the spirit and the terms of the negotiation will be varied by the position that the opposing party may occupy.*'

It can not be denied that more cordial relations exist between the President and the Secretary of State than ever any previous administration disclosed: so that when Mr. Seward acts, the government will prove a powerful unit. Indeed, in this connection, history will hereafter write precisely what Mr. Seward, in his speech

on the 'Clayton-Bulwer treaty,' said respecting the Taylor administration: — 'Sir, whatever else may have been the errors or misfortunes of that administration, want of mutual confidence between the Secretary of State and his distinguished chief was not one of them. They stood together firmly, undivided, and inseparable to the last. *Storms of faction from within their own party and from without beset them, and combinations and coalitions in and out of Congress assailed them with a degree of violence that no other administration has ever encountered.* But they never yielded.'

We can not better conclude this paper, while the volumes of Mr. Seward's works are open on the table, than by quoting still again, and asking the reader to apply his own remarks on Secretary of State Webster in the fisheries-war speech, before alluded to: 'I shall enter into no encomium on the Secretary of State; he needs none. I should be incompetent to grasp so great a theme, if it were needed. The Secretary of State! There he is! Behold him, and judge for yourselves. There is his history; there are his ideas; his thoughts spread over every page of your annals for near half a century. *There are his ideas, his thoughts impressed upon and inseparable from the mind of his country and the spirit of the age.* The past is at least secure. The past is enough of itself to guarantee a future of fame unapproachable and inextinguishable.'

TO ENGLAND.

THE Yankee chain you'd gladly split,
And yet begin by heating it!
But when the iron is all aglow,
'Twill closer blend at every blow.
Learn wisdom from a warning word,
Beat not the chain into a sword.

THE HEIR OF ROSETON.

CHAPTER I.

Qui curios simulant, et Bacchanalia vivunt.
Odi Persicos apparatus. HOR.
Indulge Genio: carpamus dulcia. PERS.

ROSETON awoke. A silver clock upon the mantle, so constructed as to represent Guido's 'Hours,' had just struck the hour of eight, accompanying the signal with the festal *la ci darem* of Don Giovanni. This was Roseton's invariable hour of waking, no matter what might be the season, or what might have been his time of retiring. Slightly stirring upon the couch, the night drapery became relaxed, and from his sleeve of Mechlin lace appeared a hand and wrist of unspeakable delicacy, yet of iron strength. Another slight movement, and one saw the upper portions of the form of the late slumberer; 'a graceful composition in one of Nature's happiest moments.' It was indeed difficult properly to estimate either the beauty of his proportions or their amazing strength. The most celebrated sculptors of Europe had made pilgrimages across the sea to refresh their perceptions by gazing upon a figure which, even in the unclassic habiliments of modern dress, caused the Apollo to resemble a plowboy; and the athletes of both hemispheres had, singly, and in pairs, and even in triplets, measured their powers vainly against his unaided arms. To keep ten fifty-sixes in the air for an hour at a time was to him the merest trifle; but the *ennui* of such diversions had long since crept upon him, and only on occasions of the extremest urgency did he exercise any other faculties than those of the will.

In compliance with an effort of the latter nature, his favorite servant now entered the apartment. The Rev. Geo. Langford had but a moment before been deeply engaged in solving the problem of the fourth satellite of Jupiter, when

a sharp, tingling sensation in the rear of his brain convinced him that a master will desired his attendance. The scholar, who thus rose to be the servant of Roseton,—a position that even the president of a Western college might envy, such were its dignities and emoluments,—stood for a moment at the foot of Roseton's couch, and in silence received the silent orders of the day. No words passed, but in an incredibly short space of time Roseton's commands had flashed into the mind of his attendant, and the latter withdrew to reduce them to writing for the benefit of the four masters of the four departments of the House. They in turn methodized them for their forty-eight deputies, and one hundred and ninety-two servants—in addition to the female who came to the house to receive the weekly wash—performed their daily task intelligently and harmoniously.

A bath of atar of roses next received the master of the House of Pont-Noir. This was renewed every hour of the day; for Roseton's fancy indulged the frequent and the casual lavation, and his exacting taste demanded the strictest purity. A careless servant once ventured to leave the bath filled without a change of the fluid, after it had been occupied; but the negligence was at once detected by the master of Pont-Noir, and his weekly allowance of cologne-water was summarily reduced. Upon the ceiling, over the bath, were frescoed, in Titianelli's richest style, the most graceful legends of mythology. Here Theseus toyed with Ariadne; here the infant Mercury furtively enticed the Greecian Short-horns; here Triton blew his seaweed-tangled horn, and troops of ocean-nymphs threw the surface of the deep into 'sparkling commotions of splendor'; here Venus allured Anchises, by sweetly calling him to the leafy tops of Ida; here Deucalion surmounted the

miraculous floods ; and here Pyrrha first instructed wondering men in the knowledge of the existence, beauties and duties of the fairer part of creation. Here, reclining in dreamful ease, and indulging in the perpetual warmth by which the bath confessed the power of unseen caloric agency, Roseton was wont ever to sport with delicious memories, now with rapturous hopes, and at times to compose those elegant sonnets for the New York weekly newspapers, for each one of which a thousand dollars was joyfully given by the delighted proprietors to the poor of the city.

Carefully wiped, and clothed in a morning robe by twelve gentlemanly attendants, each one a scion of the first families of the metropolis, Roseton was borne to the breakfasting apartment. Here, indeed, a scene presented itself, among whose splendors imagination only could safely dwell, and before which the practical and the prosaic mind might well grow comatose or skeptical. Malachite tables of every conceivable shape from the Ural ; carpets to whose texture the shawls of Cashmere had become tributary ; paintings by all the known, and many of the unknown, old masters ; these were only rivaled by chairs of the most undeniably and gorgeous curled maple ; and a beauet of true cherry acknowledged, in common with a Jerome horologe, a Connecticut origin. These incredible adjuncts to luxury were, however, eclipsed by the dazzling glory of a vast pyramid of purest oreide, which at its apex separated into four divisions to the sound of slow music, by forty hidden performers, revealing, as it descended to the floor, an equal number of tables, on which plate, Sévres China, Nankin porcelain, and the emerald glass of New England, rivaled the display of damask, fruits, liqueurs, and delicatest meats. Here smoked a sweetbread, here gleamed a porgy, not yet forty-eight hours caught, and here the strawberry crimsoned the cream that lapped its blushing sides. Here the Arabian berry evolved clouds of perfume ; here Curaçoa glistened from behind its strawy shield ; and here a de-

canter of warranted real French brandy, side by side with a bottle of Stoughton's bitters, suggested that a cocktail might not only be desirable, but possible. But Roseton's eyes gazed languidly upon the spectacle, and the walls of the pyramid again ascending, shut the quadruple banquets from the sight.

A moment elapsed, and they fell once more. A fountain of cool, fragrant distillation threw showers of delight into the atmosphere, under the canopy of which again appeared four luxurious tables. Upon one, tea and toast suggested the agreeable and appropriate remedy for an over-night's dissipation ; upon another, an array of marmalades, icy tongues reduced by ether to a temperature of minus sixty, Finnane haddock, and oaten meal of rarest bolting, indicated and offered to gratify the erratic taste of a Caledonian. Again, upon another, a Strasburg pie displayed its delicious brown, the members of the emerald songster of the fen lay whitely delicate, and accompanying absinthe revealed the knowledge of Gallie preferences. Upon the fourth, smoking and olent Rio, puddings of Indian, cakes composed of one third butter, one third flour, one third saleratus, and the crisp ing bean, surmounted by crimped pork, showed that a Providence Yankee might well find an appropriate entertainment. But again the eyes of Roseton looked vacantly on, and again, amid strains of music, the walls of the pyramid ascended.

A short pause, and they sunk again. Now appeared, as a central figure, an odalisque. In each ivory hand she bore a double fan of exquisite workmanship, on each of which again glistened a delicate and fairy banquet. Here were ultimate quintessences — pines reduced to a drop of honeyed delight ; bananas whose life lay in points of bewildering sweetness ; enormous steamboat puddings compressed within the compass of a thimble, exclusive of the sauce ; chocolates, oceans of which lay in mimic lakes, each of which the bill of a humming-bird might expand ; tongues of most melo-

dious singing birds — the nightingale, the thrush, and the goldfinch ; lambs *en suprême*, each eliminated of earthly particles, and spiritualized in scarcely tangible results. Over all hovered the memories of exquisite beverages, which became realities when you approached, and stole over the sense with insidious deliciousness.

These, too, faded away amid the disregard of their owner, though the odalisque shed floods of tears of disappointment ; and others succeeded, but they tempted Roseton vainly, and a glance at the clock showed that it was now ten o'clock by New Haven time. At this moment the Rev. George Langford experienced another biological sensation ; Roseton had conceived a breakfast.

Repairing to a battery in a recess of his laboratory, Langford attentively studied the ebullitions occasioned by an ultimate dilution and aggregation of the chemicals in the formula HP + O 22. During this time the sensations in his brain successively continued to rack and agonize him ; but, faithful to his mission, he remained immersed in thought until his intellect grasped the key of the problem. Issuing then from the recess, he promulgated the results of his investigation to the four masters of the house. These, with the aid of the forty-eight deputies, executed the inchoate idea, and once more — and finally — the pyramid unfolded. But now a single table appeared, bearing upon its snowy mantle a Yarmouth bloater, and a bottle of Dublin stout. Roseton's eyes lighted up with unaccustomed pleasure, and he gave instant commands for the duplication of the salary of his esteemed attendant-in-chief.

In accordance with the custom of the house, the morning journals now appeared ; and here the fancy of Roseton had therein a living and distinctive character over each. Youths, of perfect beauty, who had, during the three previous hours, diligently studied the sheets in question, passed before him, one by one, dressed in appropriate costume, and each one delivered to him in

mental short-hand the entire contents of the journal which he represented. These were rendered wholly in the Sanscrit tongue, in which Roseton was an adept ; with the exception of the *Tribune*, the language of which, Roseton was accustomed to say, is unique, and incapable of translation. First appeared the representative of the *Herald*, dressed as a jockey ; an irresistible air of assurance accompanied him, and he threw frequent summersaults with inconceivable quickness. Next marched the *Tribune* ; — a youth shrouded in inexplicable garments, and the living centre of a whirlwind of exploding theories. Then stepped the *Times* in rapid succession ; a blooming boy dressed with precision, and delicately balancing himself as he delivered his part. Next appeared the *World*, habited as a theological student, and sorrow for irreparable loss was indicated by a Weed upon his hat. One looked for the embodiment of the *News* in vain, but a Wooden figure, wheeled in silence through the apartment, was thought to convey a mysterious lesson. A martial ghost, wearing upon his head a triple crown, like the vision of Macbeth, yet bravely supporting himself under the three-fold encumbrance, seemed the *Courier* of Wall Street. The pageant passed, but Roseton seemed unsatisfied ; and it soon occurred to him that the deep draughts of secession news, which he had been accustomed to receive each morning from the *Journal of Commerce*, had, on this occasion, failed him. But on further reflection his infallible logic convinced him that the existence of this paper must have ceased at the same time with that of the Southern mails.

It now remained to perform the morning toilet ; and a corps of attendants conveyed Roseton to his dressing-room. Here the lavish wealth of the Pont-Noirs found another appropriate field for its display. The floor was of Carrera marble, curiously tesselated, rising in the centre to the support of a fountain, where water-nymphs breathed forth shattered columns of fragrant spray, whose parabolic curves filled a spacious lake below.

Vases of diamond, emerald and ruby crowded the mantles, each filled with some unknown perfume—the result of Roseton's miraculous chemistry; for in this science Roseton was supreme. In a single day he exhausted the resources of American laboratories, and a short visit to Europe convinced him that henceforth he must be his own instructor. Savants in vain solicited his formulas. 'Why,' he reasoned, 'should I furnish children in science with tools of which they can not comprehend the use?' Delicate tables, chiseled from the humbler gems, were scattered about the chamber; agate, topaz, lapis-lazuli, amethyst, and a smaragdus of miraculous beauty. Chairs of golden wire completed the furniture of this unequalled apartment.

The hangings of the walls were a freak at once of genius and lavishness. They consisted of the bills of the Valley Bank, extravagantly lapped, and of untold denomination. But the ceiling—how shall I describe it? Did you, indeed, look up illimitably into a Hesperian sky, or was this firmament the creation of the painter's art? Nothing flecked the profound, unsearchable, impassive blue. There brooded the primeval heavens, undimmed by earthly vapors, unfathom'd by earthly instruments; forever indescribable by earthly tongues.

Two hundred years before, a Pont-Noir of the Roseton branch accumulated immense wealth from a diamond mine in East Haddam, Connecticut. He was a man of deep and ardent imagination, and uncomprehended by the simple villagers, who irreverently styled him the 'mad Roseton.' He died, and left a singular will. It provided that his estates, money, and jewels, should be realized and invested on interest for the space of two hundred years, by a committee of trustees, consisting of the governors of the six New England States, to be assisted by the fiscal board of Mississippi, whenever such a State should be organized. At the expiration of that time, the avails were to be paid to Roseton, of Pont-Noir, provided but one of

that name should exist; if more were living, the estate was to remain in abeyance until such a condition should be reached. Not undiscerningly had he foreseen the probability that his will would be disputed, and a short time before his death he caused a formal attestation of his sanity to be made by the entire body of clergymen comprising the Middlesex Conference. His mode of proof was simple, consisting only of an original manuscript, refuting the Arminian heresy; but it sufficed, and the will was obeyed. Not unwisely, also, had he calculated upon the energies of population; for, during one hundred and fifty years, the Pont-Noirs spread over both continents. Then they paused, and but two of the race—chosen by lot—were allowed to marry. At the expiration of twenty-five years, a single male of the race, also chosen by lot, married, and became the father of the present Roseton. On the day that Roseton was twenty-four years old, his father summoned him to his apartment. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'the mystical two hundred years expire, and an estate of inconceivable magnitude will vest in the single Roseton—if there be but one. My son, my life is of less consequence than yours, since it is farther spent; but it still has sweetness, and it is the *only* life that I possess. Here are three goblets of wine—one is Scuppernong, the other two are harmless. I will apportion our chances fairly, and will drink two; you shall drink one. The lawyers are at hand to arrange the inquest, and to confer the title-deeds to the estate.' In silence the son consented, and the devoted pair drank off the goblets as proposed, and at once sat down to a banquet prepared for them, and for the legal gentlemen attendant. When the ices came in, the elder Roseton was carried out; and the heir of Pont-Noir, having seen the remains properly bestowed in a place of safety, and a special inquest held, finished the night with the counsellors in the enjoyment of a tempered hilarity, and rose next morning the possessor of wealth so boundless, so unspeakable, that

my brain reels as I endeavor to grasp at even its outlying fragments.

In the hope of presenting some of its details to the reader, I procured, at an enormous expense, a Babbage calculating engine, and during three successive weeks worked it without pause upon the illimitable figures. It then became clogged, and the village Vulcan, whose impartial hand corrects at once the time-pieces and the plowshares of the neighborhood, having knocked the machinery to pieces with a sledge, declared himself incompetent to explain and unable to repair. My results therefore are maimed and imperfect, but I trust they will show that I have not exaggerated the difficulty of the process of reduction and estimation.

The fragmentary portions of the estate, then, are: the entire capital stock of thirty-eight of the Banks of New York city (though here a wise policy has suggested the employment of various respectable names as those of shareholders, in order to protect these institutions from the fury of a mob); all that portion of the metropolis lying between the Twelfth and Twenty-second Avenues, from Canal Street to the suburb of Poughkeepsie, comprising of necessity the water rights and quarries; eighteen thousand millions of bullion specially deposited in the State Bank of Mississippi, to the order of the six New England Governors, trustees; the Pont-Noir mansion on Nultiel Street, surrounded by twenty-five acres of land, the very heart of the best New York residences, and variously estimated from six to eight millions of dollars; the remote but tolerably well known villages of Boston and Philadelphia in their entirety; and one undivided tenth of the stock of the Valley Bank. It was upon the last investment that Roseton chiefly drew for his expenses. 'My fancy,' said he, 'inclines me to convert Boston into an observatory, and Philadelphia into a tea-garden, and nothing but an amiable regard for the comfort of a handful of families prevents at once from carrying such plans into effect. My mansion is of necessity

unproductive; and the Mississippi bullion is greatly needed where it already is. City property is a dreadful nuisance, the taxes are outrageous and the tenants pay poorly; and although the New York Banks announce dividends, yet when you come to look at their actual condition, hum, hum;—is that door shut?—just put your ear a little this way, so; there, I say nothing; there are Banks and Banks; but a building may have two doors, and what goes *out* at one may come *in* again at the other, eh? Mind, I say nothing. So you see, beside the East Haddam diamond mines, which are at present badly worked; and a few South American republics which are chiefly occupied in assassinating their presidents; and a border State or two that usually leave me to provide for their half-yearly coupons;—besides these resources, you see, I have really little else to look to but the Valley Bank.'

While the possessor of this wealth is undergoing his morning toilet, let us attend the steps of his butler in chief, whose duty it was to prepare the eleven-o'clocker with which Roseton was accustomed to fortify himself against the fatigues of the middle part of the day. Passing down a succession of flights of stairs, each one consisting of two hundred and twenty-five steps of the finest ebony, we at last find ourselves in an immense cavern, dimly lighted by the internal fires of the earth, which are here approached and verified. It was, however, left for Roseton to discover that these flames consisted of negative qualities as to caloric; and a project for cooling the streets of Newport by night, in summer, by means of floods of brilliant radiance, every point of which shall surpass the calcium light of the Museum, will soon evince to society that Roseton has not lived in vain. It was indeed a place of rarest temperature, and a sublime sense of personal exaltation thrilled you as you entered. The butler approached an arch, and unlocking a wicker door which was ingeniously contrived to admit air, but to exclude the furtive or the inquisitive hand, threw open to

your inspection the immense wine-cellar within.

Such indeed were the dimensions of the crypt that some little time might elapse before your eye could fully gauge them: but on accustoming yourself to the enlarged mensuration occasioned by the unearthy light, you saw that the cavity in question could not be less than six feet high at the top of the arch, three feet wide, and at least forty-eight inches deep. It was musty, cobwebbed, and encrusted with stalactic nitre, but the spirit of rare old vintages exhaled from its depths, and visionary clusters of purple grapes dangled in every direction. And first your eye lighted upon a half dozen real old India Port, picked up by golden chance at an assignee's sale in Rivington Street. The chalk-mark on the bottles was intended to be cabalistically private, but an acquaintance with the occult dialect of Spanish Zingari convinced you that $\frac{1}{2}$ meant nothing else than that the bottles represented twelve and a half cents each, with three years interest,—a fabulous sum, but lavished in a direction where the pledge of a dukedom had not been irrational, if the object could not have been otherwise accomplished. Next a row of Medoc claimed the enraptured attention; delicately overspread with the dust of years, but flashing through the filmy covering the undeniable blood of the Honduras forest. Here might one well pause and indulge in Clautian memories: the violent remonstrances of Nature against, and her subsequent acquiescence in, the primal draughts of *vin ordinaire*, whether expertly served by a Delmonico, or carelessly decanted by the Hibernian attendant in the gorgeous saloon of a Taylor; next the ascent to St. Julien, Number 2, when haply a friend from the country lingers at the office, and you see no way of escape but an exodus in quest of chicken and green peas; a blushing crimson at the surface and unknown clouds below; then the *De Grave* in delicate flagons, a fit sacrifice to the exquisite tastes of the editor who is to notice your forthcoming volume, or to

the epicurean palate of some surcharged capitalist, into whose custody you are about to negotiate some land-grant bonds. Recovering from these delicious souvenirs, your attention was drawn to the Sauternes, indisputably titled at a Wall Street sale, and priceless. This wine had never yet been tasted, for Roseton was wont to say, 'I only care for vitriol when it is a hundred years old,' and this had only seen the summers of twenty. But a precious odor breathed from the casks, and the corroding capsules confessed the mighty powers that lurked within. Inhaling this odor, you seemed to see the Original White Hermit himself, brooding over his tiny principality of barren rock, and performing miracles with the aid of the imported carboy and the indigenous rill. As the evening gloomed, and twilight fell among the crags, a faint snicker spread upon the air, and in the dim light of the rising moon one might fancy a finger laid to the side of the nose of the holy man. From these reveries, a smart blow on the back, neatly executed by the butler, recalled your active attention to a demijohn of warranted French brandy, and a can of Bourbon certified by the handwriting of Louis Capet himself. Upon the sawdust in the lower niches of the vault lay packages of the finest Hollands, wicker casements of Curaçoa, and the apple-jack of Jersey in gleaming glass. But the eye dwelt finally, and with a crowning wonder and approval, upon an entire basket of the celebrated eleven-dollar Heidsieck champagne, blue label, that lay upon the floor of the crypt.

The acquisition of this treasure was one of those rare good-fortunes by which the life of here and there an individual is illustrated. About a year previous to this, in the dead of night, a mysterious stranger solicited audience of the master of Pont-Noir. Attended by the entire force of the house in complete armor, Roseton granted the interview. The stranger advanced within easy gun-shot, and said:—'The great house of Bosco-bello, Bolaro and Company is in imminent peril. Unless a certain sum can be

raised by two o'clock to-morrow, their acceptances will lie over. These acceptances constitute the entire loan and discount line of thirty-eight of the Banks of this city, for they have latterly made it a rule to take nothing else.' A meaning glance shot from the stranger's eye as he delivered this fearful announcement, but Roseton remained firm, though a cold shiver passed through the frames of his domestics, who were aware how vitally he was interested. 'The pledge of their stock of wine alone,' continued the mysterious visitant, 'will relieve them from their difficulties, and the capitalists then stand ready to carry them forward if they will retire from the Southern trade. Ten hundred nickels is the sum required, and I stand prepared to deliver the security by ten o'clock, A. M. The discount is immense, but the exigencies of the case are weighty.'

A consultation ensued. The bill for the kitchen crockery had just come in, and a set of three-tined forks were badly needed; but Roseton's intellect grasped the necessities of the operation, and the necessary funds were ordered to be advanced; and the pledge, now forever forfeited by the loan clause of the Revised Statutes, lay upon the floor of the vault.

The aged butler delicately lifted a flask from its encampment of straw, and bore it to that section of the apartment where the light was clearest. 'I wonder if the boss would miss it, if we should just smell of this here bottle,' said the faithful servitor. Turning it in his hand, it flashed brilliant rays on every side. Entangled among these played vivid and beautiful pictures, changeable as auroras, yet perfect, during their brief instant of existence, as the imaginations of Raphael, or the transcripts of Claude.

Here then you saw a sunny hill, and troops of vintagers dispersed along its sides, whose outlines wavered in the afternoon heats. But you rapidly outlived this scene, and now the broad plains of Hungary lay before your gaze. Speeding over the contracted domains of the

Tokay, you entered upon the Sarmatian wastes, where the wild vines fought for life with the icy soil and the chill winds of the desert. Uncouth proprietors urged on the unwilling peasants to the acrid press, and rolled out barrels of the 'Rackcheekzi' and the 'Quiteenough-thankzi' vintage, curiously labeled to a New York destination. Soon you beheld Water Street, and long low cellars, where groups of boys cleansed now the clouded flask, and now the imperfectly preserved cork. Now bubbles of the rarest carbonic acid gas flow, in obedience to the powerful machine, in all directions through the glassy prison; and rows of gleaming bottles indicate the activity of the enterprise. Then you saw the dining rooms of the Saint Sycophant and the Cosmopolitan Hotels. Here flew the resounding cork, to be instantly snatched up by the attendant Ethiopian, and scarcely were the champagne flasks emptied before they were reft from the tables with unimpaired labels. At the rear doors, there seemed to wait handcarts, and soon in these the corks, the bottles, and the baskets were carefully bestowed for their down-town journey, and money appeared to pass from hand to hand. Then you saw a sleighing party in the country, and soon a hostel of goodly size. The travelers entered and demanded banquet; and while they masticated the underdone and tendonous Chanticleer, quaffed deeply of the amber vintage of the previous visions. Again you saw morning couches, where lovely woman tore her Valentiniennes night-cap in agonies of headache, and where her ruder partner filled the air with cries for 'soda-water!'

Engaged with these enchanting dreams, the butler made a false step, and the precious package, falling to the floor, was instantly shattered. The fluid trickled away in rivulets, but the ascending odors made amends for the untimely loss, and you felt that it might all be for the best, and haply a bill for medical attendance avoided. But the butler brooded over the scene of the calamity in hopeless despair; and you perceived that it would

be necessary for him deeply to infringe upon his master's stores of cordial before his former serenity might be regained.

It was now after eleven, and Roseton's carriage waited. He entered, simply saying to the footman who lifted him in, 'To Mundus;' and shortly the vehicle stopped before the most palatial mansion in the entire extent of the Fifth Avenue.

I pause a moment before I attempt the portraiture of the young wife of Mundus. Her shadow has indeed flitted once before across these pages (see Chapter Four of the Novel), but the dim outlines of a shadow may be traced by a hand that is powerless to paint the living, breathing figure. The boudoir where she sat was draped with the fairest pinks of the Saxony loom, and the carpet confessed an original Axminster workmanship. With this one, the pattern was created and extinguished, and, though it cost Mundus five thousand dollars, he drew his check for the bill with a smile. The sofas and chairs were of hand-embroidered velvet, representing the delicate adventures of Wilhelm Meister; and the paintings that profusely lined the walls gave form to the warmest scenes of Farquahar's 'gayest' comedies. Bella herself sat near a window, negligently posed, reading the 'Journal of a Summer in the Country,' over which she had now hung for three hours in speechless admiration, breakfastless, and with her slipper-ribbons not yet tied. 'I must see what becomes of Wigwag,' she replied to Mundus, as he called through the door that he was eating all the eggs. 'Thank Heaven,' she finally exclaimed, as he went down into the smoking room, 'that's the last of *him* to-day; and now I shall have this delicious book all to myself, and all myself to this delicious book.'

'That's very prettily turned now,' said a silvery voice; 'nothing could have been prettier,—but you'—

'Oh, you naughty man, is that you already?' said Bella; 'didn't you meet the Bear as you came in?'

'He is in the front basement, sucking his paws,' replied Roseton, for it was in-

deed he, 'and he is trying to do a stupider thing, if possible.'

'What's that?' asked the fair Bella. 'Now don't tire me with any of your nonsense.'

'To read himself,' answered Roseton.

'You alarm me,' exclaimed she; 'it can't be possible that the servants have let him have a looking-glass, contrary to my express instructions!'

'No, no,' said the master of Pont-Noir, 'he is at work over the *World*.'

'The *World*?' said Bella, inquiringly. 'Pray don't give me a headache.'

Roseton leaned over her shoulder, and placed in her lap a miniature Andrews and Stoddard's Lexicon, open at the eight hundredth page. 'You take?' he said: 'Mundus, the *World*.'

'Ah, Percy,' sighed Bella, 'why do you thus unnecessarily fatigue me? Have I not often told you that, faultless as you are in every other department of life, and how I love to dwell upon this fact, still, still, my Percy, your puns, or rather your attempts, are worse than those of a Yale College freshman? You are cruel, indeed you are, thus to disappoint and wound me. Be persuaded by me, and never try again.'

Roseton paused, irresolute—it was a great struggle; but what will not one do for the woman one loves? 'I promise,' said he, at last; and, bending over her, laid a kiss—like an egg—upon her brow. 'This will forever bind me.'

'Thank you, dear Percy,' said Bella; 'and I hope you'll keep your promise better than you did the last one you made about giving up smoking. You're sure you haven't tumbled my collar, and that you wiped the egg off your moustache before you came in; get me the toilet-glass, there's a good boy. You men are so careless, and I shouldn't like it to dry on my forehead.'

Let us approach, and gaze into the mirror. Can one describe that face—the lovely brown eyebrows; the eyes, like a spring sky, just as the light, fleecy clouds are leaving it after a shower; the perfect roses, dipped in milk, of the skin; the lips where good-nature, sprightliness,

and love, lay mingled in ambush; the dewy teeth never quite concealed? It is, indeed, useless to attempt it. And, what is very remarkable, Bella knew it. ‘There, Percy,’ said she, ‘your indiscretion is cleared away, and now upon my word I don’t know which flatters me most, you or the glass.’

‘Why, I haven’t tried yet,’ replied Roseton.

‘That’s only because you know you can’t,’ said she; ‘neither can this poor little mirror. But to think what Mundus said yesterday!’

‘What did he say?’

‘He said—he said—he saw a pretty apple-girl in Wall Street, and I presume the wretch paid her some compliment or other while he was buying her apples, for he appeared very much pleased after he came home, and he hasn’t bestowed a compliment on me since the month after we were married. Ah, fated word! Ah, Percy, Percy!—on that ill-omened day, what caused you to linger? We might even then have retraced our steps, and been—happy.’

‘I was waiting—at the dock—for the news—of the Heenan prize-fight, Bella,’ gasped Roseton, turning away to conceal his emotion, and to assuage the tears that fell from his manly eyes. It is a mournful sight, a strong man, in the morning of life, weeping; but Roseton’s agony might well excuse it. ‘I know it was unpardonable, but my card of invitation had been tampered with, the date altered; and, Bella—my Bella—we were the victims of a base deception!’

‘Oh, yes, my Percy,’ faintly cried Bella, letting the book fall to the ground in her confusion; ‘traitorous wiles, indeed, encompassed us, and the arts of a Mundus were too subtle for my girlish brain. I sometimes fear that my poor frame will sink under the agonies I endure.’

Roseton raised the volume from the floor. ‘I am told,’ said he, ‘that this is a very ingenious work, and that no gentleman’s library is complete without it; but I never read. My days, my nights,

are filled, Bella, with thoughts of you. Yes,’ continued he, seating himself upon the sofa by her side, and passing his arm about her throbbing waist, ‘yes, you are my muse—my only volume. You are the inspiration of the poetical trifles that I send to the weekly newspapers, and which I may say, without vanity, are considered equal to Mrs. Sigourney’s. Without you, life were indeed a dreary void; and without you, I should be dreadfully bored of a morning.’

‘Ah, Percy,’ murmured the fair listener, ‘so could I hear you talk forever.’

‘Bella,’ whispered Roseton, in her fairy ear, ‘could you prepare your mind to entertain the idea of flight with me?’

‘To Staten Island?’ cried she, jumping up and clapping her hands. ‘Oh, let’s go to Staten Island! Mundus can never follow us there, the boats are so dangerous.’

‘But, Bella *mia*,’ said Roseton, in the soft accent of Italy, ‘as the eminent but slightly impractical Hungarian—I refer to Kossuth—said, Staten Island “is lovely, but exposed.” We should not be safe there. Listen; in my house I have prepared a secret chamber, fifty feet square, plentifully supplied with healthful though plain provisions, and furnished with a tolerable degree of comfort. There will we dwell, until the curiosity of Mundus and the whispers of the metropolis are overpast. We will then re-appear in society, and assert our happiness. Bella, *mia* Bella, shall it be so?’

‘Ah, Percy,’ sighed she, leaning back in his arms, ‘let it be just as you say.’

Their lips —

‘Bella,’ said Mundus, leaning over the pair, and fumbling among the vases over the fireplace, ‘is there any stage change on the mantelpiece, or have either you or Roseton got such a thing about you as a sixpence? I have nothing in my pocket but hundred-dollar city bills, and those infernal omnibus drivers make change with Valley Bank notes, which a certain person furnishes them,’— and Mundus fixed his eyes full on the master of Pont-Noir.

'Mr. Roseton,' he continued, 'will you be so kind as to call at my office after the Second Board, to-day? I have matters of importance to discuss with you.' And so saying, the haughty banker strode from the apartment.

Roseton's eyes mechanically followed him. In an instant he turned to Bella. She had fainted upon the sofa. His first impulse was to apply his vinai-grette; but 'no,' he said to himself, 'this will probably last twenty minutes, and do her good. During that time I

can smoke a cigar, and arrange my plans. But stop,'—and here a cold sweat broke out upon him, and a livid paleness overspread his features,—'what did Mundus say about the notes? He refuses them! Strange, strange, indeed! Can it then be that the Valley Bank has bu——?'*

* This is all of this interesting family tale that will appear in this place. The remainder will be published in the *New York Humdrum*; the week after next number of which was issued week before last. Get up early and secure a copy.

OUR DANGER AND ITS CAUSE.

It is certain that when this page comes under the eye of the reader, the relations of the United States, both foreign and domestic, will have been changed materially. At the present moment, however, the condition of the country is unpromising enough; yet not so gloomy as to preclude the hope of a fortunate issue. The sacrifices and sufferings of the people are greater in civil than in foreign wars, and the ultimate advantages and benefits are proportionately large. We speak now of those civil wars which have occurred between people inhabiting the same district of country,—as the civil wars of England. Other contests, as the revolutions of Hungary, Poland, and Ireland even, were not, strictly speaking, civil wars. The parties were of different origin, and had never assimilated in language, customs, or ideas. The struggle was for the reëstablishment of a government which had once existed, and not for the reformation or change of a government that at the moment of the conflict was performing its ordinary functions.

The civil war in America does not belong to either of the classes named. To be sure, in Missouri, Kentucky, and Western Virginia, the contest has been be-

tween the inhabitants of the several localities, aided by forces from the rebel States on the one hand, and forces from the loyal States on the other. But those States, as such, were never committed to the rebellion; and the struggle within their limits has demonstrated the inability of the so-called Confederate States to command the adhesion of Missouri, Kentucky, and Western Virginia by force; but it does not, in the accomplished results, demonstrate the ability of the United States to crush the rebellion. The border States were debatable ground; but the question has been settled in favor of the government so far, at least, as Western Virginia and Missouri are concerned.

In the eleven seceded States there is no apparent difference of opinion among those in authority, or among those accustomed to lead in public affairs. The sentiment of attachment to the old Union has been disappearing rapidly since the secession of South Carolina, until there are now no open avowals of adherence to the government, unless such are made by the mountaineers of Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina. These men are for the present destitute of power. Should our armies penetrate

those regions, the inhabitants may essentially aid in the reëstablishment of the government. Still, for the present, we must regard the eleven States as a unit in the rebellion. Thus we are called to note the anomalous fact that the rebels seek a division between a people who speak the same language, occupy a territory which has no marked lines or features of separation, and who have from the first day of their national existence been represented by the same national government. Hence it is plain, whatever may be the immediate result of the contest, that there can be no permanent peace until the territory claimed as the territory of the United States is again subject to one government. This may be the work of a few months, it may be the work of a few years, or it may be the business of a century. Without the reëstablishment of the government over the whole territory of the Union there can be no peace; and without the reëstablishment of that government there can be no prosperity.

The armies of the rebel States will march to the great lakes, or the armies of the loyal States will march to the gulf of Mexico. We are therefore involved in a war which does not admit of adjustment by negotiation. In a foreign war, peace might be secured by mutual concessions, and preserved by mutual forbearance. In ordinary civil strife the peace of a state or of an empire might be restored by concessions to the disaffected, by a limitation of the privileges of the few, or an extension of the rights of the many. But none of these expedients meet the exigency in which we find ourselves. The rebels demand the overthrow of the government, the division of the territory of the Union, the destruction of the nation. The question is, *Shall this nation longer exist?* And why is the question forced upon us? Is there a difference of language? Not greater than is found in single States. Indeed, Louisiana is the only one of the eleven where any appreciable difference exists, and the number of French in that State is less than the number of Germans in

Pennsylvania. Nor has nature indicated lines of separation like the St. Lawrence and the lakes on the north and the Rocky Mountains on the west. The lines marked by nature—the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi River, and the Alleghanies—cut the line proposed by the confederates transversely, and force the suggestion that each section will be put in possession of three halves of different wholes, instead of a single unit essential to permanent national existence.

Do the products of the industry of the two sections so conflict with each other in domestic or foreign markets as to encourage the idea that by separation the South could gain in this particular? Not in the least. The North has been a large customer for the leading staple of the South, and the South is constantly in need of those articles which the North is fitted to produce. The South complains of the growth of the North, and vainly imagines that by separation its own prosperity would be promoted. The answer to all this is, that there has never been a moment for fifty years when the seceded States had not employment, for all the labor that they could command, in vocations more profitable than any leading industry of the North; and, moreover, every industry of the North has been open to the free competition of the South. Not argument, only statement, is needed to show that by origin, association, language, business, and labor interests, as well as by geographical laws, unity and not diversity is the necessity of our public life. Yet, in defiance of these considerations, the South has undertaken the task of destroying the government. Nor do the rebels assert that the plan of government is essentially defective. The Montgomery constitution is modeled upon that of the United States; though the leaders no longer disguise their purpose to abolish its democratic features and incorporate aristocratic and monarchical provisions. They hope, also, to throw off the restraints of law, bid defiance to the general public sentiment of the world, and reopen the trade in slaves from Africa. It remains to be seen

whether the desire of England for cotton and conquest, and her sympathy with the rebels, will induce her to pander to this inhuman traffic.

It has happened occasionally that a government has so wielded its powers as to contribute, unconsciously, to its own destruction. But our experience furnishes the first instance of a government having been seized by a set of conspirators, and its vast powers used for its own overthrow.

It is now accredited generally that several members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet were conspirators, and that they used the power confided to them for the purpose of destroying the government itself. Hence it appears, whatever the test applied, that the present rebellion is distinguished from all others in the fact that it does not depend upon any of the causes on which national dissensions have been usually based.

The public discontents in Ireland, in their causes, bore a slight analogy to our own. There were existing in that country various systems and customs that were prejudicial to the prosperity of the island. Among these may be mentioned the Encumbered Estates and Absenteeism; and it is worthy of remark that whatever has been done by the British government for the promotion of the prosperity of Ireland, and the pacification of its people, has been by a reformation of the institutions of the country.

Rebels in arms may be overthrown and dispersed by superior force, but the danger of rebellion will continue so long as the disposition to rebel animates the people. This disposition can not be reached by military power merely; the exciting cause must be removed, or, at least, so limited and modified as to impair its influence as a disturbing force in the policy of the country. As we have failed to trace this rebellion to any of the causes that have led to civil disturbances in other countries, it only remains to suggest that cause which in its relations and conditions is peculiar to the United States. All are agreed that *slavery* is the cause of the rebellion. Yet

slavery exists in other countries,—as Brazil, for example,—and thus far without exhibiting its malign influence in conspiracy and rebellion. This is no doubt true; but it should be borne in mind that, in the United States, slavery has power in the government as the basis of representation, and that the slave States are associated in the government with free States. If the institution of slavery had not been a basis of political power, or had all the States maintained slavery, it is probable that the rebellion would never have been organized, or, if organized, it could never have attained its present gigantic proportions.

We have now reached a point where we can see the error of our public national life. The doctrine announced by President Lincoln, while he was only Mr. Lincoln, of Springfield, that the nation must be all free or all slave, was not new with him. The men who framed the constitution acted under the same idea, though they may not have so distinctly expressed the truth. There is, however, abundant circumstantial evidence that they so believed, and that their only hope for the country was based on the then reasonable expectation that slavery would disappear, and that the nation would be all free. It was reserved for modern political alchemists to discover the idea on which the leading politicians have been acting for thirty or forty years, that one half of a nation might believe in the fundamental principle on which the government is based, and the other half deny it, and yet the government go on harmoniously, wielding its powers acceptably and safely to all. This is the error. Our failure is not in the plan of government; the error is not that our fathers supposed that a government could be based and permanently sustained upon slavery and freedom advancing *pari passu*. They indulged in no such delusion. The error is modern. When slavery demanded concessions, and freedom yielded; when slavery suggested compromises, and freedom accepted them; when slavery, unrebuted, claimed equal rights under the constitution, and

freedom acknowledged the justice of the claim,—then came the test whether the government itself should be administered in the service of slavery or in behalf of freedom. Two considerations influenced the slaveholders. First, even should they be permitted to wield the government, they foresaw that its provisions were inadequate to meet the exigencies of slavery. No despotism can be sustained by the voluntary efforts of its subjects. Slavery is a despotism; and as such can only be supported by power independent of that of the slaves themselves, and always sufficient for their control. The slaves were yearly increasing in numbers and gaining in knowledge. These changes indicated the near approach of the time when the slaves of the South would re-enact the scenes of St. Domingo. The plantations of the cotton region are remote from each other, and the proportion of slaves on a single plantation is often as many as fifty for every free person. The sale of negroes from the northern slave States has introduced an element upon the plantations at once intelligent and hostile, and, of course, dangerous. The time must come when the white populations of plantations, districts, or States even, would disappear in a single night. In such a moment of terror and massacre how, and to what extent, would the United States government, acting under the constitution, afford protection, aid, or even secure a barren vengeance? These were grave questions, and admitted only of an unsatisfactory answer at best. The government has power to put down insurrections; but for what good would a body of troops be marched to a scene of desolation and blood a fortnight or a month after the servile outbreak had done its work? These considerations controlled the intelligent minds of the South, and they were driven irresistibly to the conclusion that the government of the United States was insufficient for the institution of slavery, even though the friends of slavery were entrusted with the administration. What hope beyond? They dared to believe that by separation and the establishment of a military slave-

holding oligarchy, to which the public opinion and public policy of the seceded States now tend, they would be able to guard the institution against all tumults from within and all attacks from without. If success were to crown their present undertakings, is it probable that the government contemplated would be strong enough for the task proposed? If Russia could not hold her serfs in bondage, can the South set up a government which can guard, and defend, and secure slavery? Or will a French or English protectorate render that stable which the government of the United States was incompetent to uphold? These questions remain, but the one first suggested is settled:—That the government of the United States, howsoever and by whomsoever administered, constitutionally, is inadequate to meet the exigencies of slavery.

Secondly. The leaders of the rebellion foresaw, a long time since, that slavery had no security that the government would be administered in the interest of that institution. The admission of California, followed by the admission of three other free States, forced the slaveholders into a hopeless minority in the Senate of the United States. The census of 1860 promised to reduce the delegation of the slave States in the House of Representatives. Previous to 1870 other free States were likely to be admitted into the Union; and thus by successive and unavoidable events, the government was sure to pass into the hands of the non-slave States. It would not be just to the South to omit to say that apprehensions there existed that the North would disregard the constitution. These apprehensions were fostered for unholy purposes; and so sealed is the South to the progress of truth, through the domination of the slaveholders over the press and public men, and by the consequent ignorance of the mass of the people, that these misapprehensions have never been removed in any degree by the declarations of Congress or of political parties in the North.

The mind of the South was thus brought logically to two conclusions: First, that

the government of the United States was inadequate to meet the exigencies of slavery, even though it should be administered uniformly by the friends of slavery. Secondly, that the administration of the government would be controlled by the ideas of the free States.

These conclusions would have been sufficiently unwelcome to the Southern leaders, if they had had no purpose or policy beyond the maintenance of slavery where it exists; but they had already determined to extend the institution southward over Mexico and Central America, and they knew full well the necessity of destroying the Union and the government before such an enterprise could be undertaken with any hope of success. Hence they denied the right of the majority to rule unless they ruled in obedience to the will of the minority. Thus the slaveholders came naturally and unavoidably to the denial of the fundamental principle of the government; and, having denied the principle, there remained no reason why they should not undertake the overthrow of the government itself. And thus the conspiracy and the rebellion sprung naturally and unavoidably from the institution of slavery.

Further, slavery is the support of the conspiracy and the rebellion both in Europe and America. However disastrous slavery may be to the mass of the whites, it affords to the governing class the opportunity and means for constant attention to public affairs.

In all our history the North has felt the force of this advantage. As a general thing, a northern member occupies a seat in Congress for one or two terms, and then his place is taken by an untried man. And even during his term of service, his attention is given in part to his private affairs, or to plans and schemes designed to secure a re-election. The Southern member takes his seat with a conscious independence due to the fact that his slaves are making crops upon his plantation, and that his re-election does not depend upon the hot breath of the multitude. He enjoys a long and

independent experience in the public service; and he thus acquires a power to serve his party, his country or his section, which is disproportionate even to his experience. A good deal of the consideration which the South enjoys abroad, and especially in England, is due to the fact that in the South a governing class is recognized, which corresponds to the governing classes wherever an aristocracy or monarchism exists. By a community of ideas the South commands the sympathy, and enjoys the confidence and secret support of the enemies of democracy the world over. Through the political and pecuniary support which the public men of that section have derived from slavery, they have been able to take and maintain social positions at Washington, which, by circumstances, were denied to much the larger number of northern representatives, and thus they have influenced the politics of this country and the opinions of other nations. Consider by how many sympathies and interests England is bound to encourage the policy and promote the fortunes of the South. There is the sympathy of the governing class in England for the governing class in the South, even though they are slaveholders; there is the hostility of the ignorant operatives in their manufacturing towns, who, through exterior influences, have been led to believe that whatever hardships they are brought to endure are caused by the desire of the North to subjugate the South; there is the purpose of English merchants and manufacturers to cripple, or if possible to destroy the manufactures and commerce of the North; and, finally, there is the hope of all classes that by the alienation or separation of the two sections England would derive additional commercial advantages, and that the scheme of here establishing a continental republic would be abandoned, never to be again revived. There is, moreover, a reasonable expectation, founded in the nature of things, and possibly already supported by positive promises and pledges, that England is

to stand in the relation of protector to the confederated States. Nor will she be in the least disturbed by the institution of slavery, if perchance that institution survives the struggle. If she can be secure in the monopoly of the best cotton lands on the globe, if she can be manufacturer and shop-keeper for the South, if she can deprive the North of one half of its legitimate commerce, if she can obtain the control of the gulf of Mexico, of the mouth of the Mississippi, if she can command the line of sea-coast from Galveston to Fortress Monroe or even to Charleston, and thus compel us to make our way to the Pacific by the passes of the Rocky Mountains exclusively, there is no sacrifice of men, or of money, or of principle, or of justice, that would be deemed too great by the English people and government. But what then? Are we to make war upon England because her sympathies and interests run thus with the South? Is it not wiser to consider why it is that the South is sustained by the interests and sympathies of England? If slavery for fifty years had been unknown among us, could there be found a hundred men, within the limits of the United States, who would accept a British protectorate under any circumstances or for any purpose whatever? And is it not therein manifest, that our foreign and domestic perils are alike due to slavery? And shall we not have dealt successfully with all our foreign difficulties when we shall have established the jurisdiction of the United States over the territory claimed by the rebels? But until that happy day arrives, we shall not be relieved for an instant from the danger of a foreign war; and if the rebellion last six months longer, there is no reason to suppose that a foreign war can be averted. When we offer so tempting a prize to nations that wish us ill, can we expect them to put aside the opportunity which we have not the courage and ability to master? We have observed the hot haste of England to recognize the rebels as belligerents; we have seen the flimsy covering of neutrality that she

has thrown over the illegitimate commerce that her citizens have carried on with the South, and from the time, manner, and nature of her demand for the release of Mason and Slidell, we are forced to infer that she will seize every opportunity to bring about an open rupture with the United States. And though Mr. Seward has carried the country successfully through the difficulty of the Trent, we ought to expect the presentation of demands which we can not so readily and justly meet. Indeed, enough is known of the Mexican question to suggest the most serious apprehensions of foreign war on that account.

The necessity for speedily crushing the rebellion is as strong as it was at the moment when Lord Lyons made the demand for the release of the persons taken from the deck of the *Trent*.

Is there any reason, even the slightest, to suppose that by military and naval means alone the rebellion can be crushed by the 19th of April next?

Yet every day's delay gives the confederate States additional strength, and renders them in the estimation of mankind more and more worthy of recognition and independent government. Their recognition will be followed by treaties of friendship and alliance; and those treaties will give strength to the rebels and increase the embarrassments of our own government. It is the necessity of our national life that the settlement of this question should not be much longer postponed.

By some means we must satisfy the world, and that speedily, that the rebellion is a failure. Nor can we much longer tender declarations of what we intend to do, or offer promises as to what we will do, in the face of the great fact that for eight months the capital of the Republic has been in a state of siege. If, in these circumstances of necessity and peril to us, the armies of the rebels be not speedily dispersed, and the leaders of the rebellion rendered desperate, will the government allow the earth to again receive seed from the hand of the slave,

under the dictation of the master, and for the support of the enemies of the constitution and the Union? If there were any probability that the States would return to their allegiance, then indeed we might choose to add to our own burthens rather than interfere with their internal affairs. But there is no hope whatever that the seceded States will return voluntarily to the Union.

There could be no justifying cause for the emancipation of the slaves in time of peace by the action of the general government; and now it must be

demanded and defended as the means by which the war is to be closed, and a permanent peace secured. If before the return of seed-time the emancipation of the slaves in several or in all of the disloyal States be declared as a military necessity, and the blacks be invited to the sea-coast where we have and may have possession, they will raise supplies for themselves, and the rebellion will come to an ignominious end, through the inability of the masters, when deprived of the services of their slaves, to procure the means of carrying on the war.

SHE SITS ALONE.

SHE sits alone, with folded hands,
While from her full and lustrous eyes
Imperial light wakes love to life,—
Love that, unheeded, quickly dies.

She sits alone, among them all
So near, and yet so far,—they seem
But our coarse waking thoughts, while she
Is the reflection of a dream.

She sits alone, so still, so calm,
So queenly in her grand repose,
You wish that Love would slap her cheeks
And make the white a blush-red rose!

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHEAP COTTON BY FREE LABOR. By a Cotton Manufacturer. Second edition. Boston: A. Williams & Company, 100 Washington Street. 1861. Price 12 cents.

It seldom happens that we find so many weighty facts within so short a compass as are given in this pamphlet. For many years the assertion that only the negro, and the negro as a slave, could be profitably employed in raising cotton in America, has been accepted most implicitly by the whole country, and this has been the great basis of pro-slavery argument. But of late years, doubt has been thrown, from time to time, on this assumption, and in the little work before us there is given an array of concise statements, which, until their absolute falsehood is proved, must be regarded as conclusive of the fact, that the white man is *better* adapted than the negro to labor at the cultivation of cotton.

Our 'cotton manufacturer' begins properly by bursting the enormous bubble of the failure of free labor in the British West Indies; showing, what is too little known, that the decrease in the export of sugar from Jamaica began and rapidly continued for thirty years before the emancipation of slaves, but has *since* been well-nigh arrested. With this decrease of export the *import of food has decreased, although the population has increased*; but, at the present day, the aggregate value of the exports of *all* the British West Indies is now nearly as great as it was in the palmiest days of slavery, while on an average the free blacks now earn far more for themselves than they formerly did for their masters, and are therefore 'better off.' Even those who regard the negro, whether a slave or free, as fulfilling his whole earthly mission in proportion to the profit which

he yields Lancashire spinners, have no just grounds of complaint. But as regards the United States, there are certain facts to be considered. According to the census of 1850, there were in our slave States, 'where it is frequently asserted that white men can not labor in the fields,' eight hundred thousand free whites over fifteen years of age employed exclusively in agriculture, and over one million exclusively in out-door labor. Again, wherever the free-white labor and small-farm system of growing cotton has been tried, it has invariably proved more productive than that of employing slaves. It can not be denied that, deducting the expense of maintaining decrepit and infant slaves, every field hand costs \$20 per month, and German labor could be hired for less than this, the success of such labor in Texas fully establishing its superiority,—and Texas contains cotton and sugar land enough to supply three times the entire crop now raised in this country. Such being the case, has not free labor a *right* to demand that these fields be thrown open to it, without being degraded by comparison to and competition with slaves? Our author consequently suggests that Texas, at least, shall be made free, and a limit thereby established to slavery in the older States. It would cost less than one hundred millions of dollars to purchase all the slaves now there, and the completion of the Galveston railroad would have the effect of giving to Texas well-nigh the monopoly of the cotton supply. Such are, in brief, the main points of this pamphlet, which we trust will be carefully read, and so far as possible tested by every one desirous of obtaining information on the greatest social and economical question of the day.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
By Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. Boston:
Swan, Brewer & Tileston. 1862.

To boldly declare in favor of any *one* dictionary at the present day, would be as bold, and we may add as untimely and illogical a proceeding as to endorse any one grammar, when nothing can be clearer to the student of language than that our English tongue is more unfixed and undergoing changes more rapidly than any other which boasts a truly great literature. The scholar, consequently, generally pursues an eclectic system, if timid conforming as nearly as may be to 'general usage,' if bold and 'troubled with originality,' making up words for himself, after the manner of CARLYLE, which if 'apt,' after being more or less ridiculed, are tacitly and generally adopted. But, amid the 'war of words' and of rival systems, people must have dictionaries, and fortunately there is this of WORCESTER's, which has of late risen immensely in public favor. We say fortunately, for whatever discords and inconvenience may arise at the time from the rivalry of different dictionaries, it can not be doubted that each effort contributes vastly to enrich our mother-tongue, and render easier the future task of the 'coming man' who is, years hence, to form from the whole one perfect work. Our own verdict in the matter would, accordingly, be, that we should most unwillingly dispense with either of the great candidates for popular orthographic favor.

RELIGIO MEDICI, A LETTER TO A FRIEND,
CHRISTIAN MORALS, URN BURIAL, AND
OTHER PAPERS. By Sir Thomas Browne,
Kt., M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
1862.

Beautiful indeed is the degree of typographic art displayed in this edition of one of the raciest and most readable of our sterling English classics. The antique lettering of the title alone, in which words of carmine-red alternate with the 'letters blake,' the counterpart portrait, and the neat red-illumined capitals of

every chapter, not to mention the type and binding, all render this volume one of the most appropriate of gift-books for a friend of true scholarly tastes. Few writers are so perfectly loved as Sir THOMAS BROWNE is by such 'friends'; as in BACON'S or MONTAIGNE'S essays, his every sentence has its weight of wisdom, and he who should read this volume until every sentence were cut deeply in memory, would never deem the time lost which was thus spent. Yet, while so deeply interesting to the most general reader, let it not be forgotten that it was with the greatest truth that Dr. JOHNSON testified of him that 'there is scarcely a writer to be found, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried reverence.'

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS. *Aux plus déshérités
le plus d'amour.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
1862.

The extraordinary conception of a blank verse dramatic novel of Southern slave life. We can not agree with its very talented author in finding so much that is touching and beautiful in the negro, believing that the motto which prefaces this work is simply a sentimental mistake. The negro is degraded, vile if you please, and not admirable at all, and therefore we should work hard, and induce him too to work, rise, and purify himself. Apart from this little difference as to a fact, we have only praise for this work, which is most admirably written, abounding in noble passages of brave poetry, and bearing, like the 'Record of an Obscure Man,' genial evidence of scholarship and refined thoughts and instincts. It will, we sincerely hope, be very widely read, and we are confident that all who do read it will be impressed, as we have been, by the true genius of the author, even though they may dissent, as we do, from the idealization of the negro as is here done. The cause of the poor was never yet aided by false gilding.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DURING the past month our domestic difficulties have threatened to become doubly difficult, owing to the demand made upon this country by England, and to the circumstances attending it.

Very recently it became known that on board of an English mail steamer, 'The Trent,' were two men, Messrs. SLIDEELL and MASON, accredited agents from a portion of the United States which is in open and flagrant rebellion against a constituted government which has been recognized as such by every nation in the world. Those men, calling themselves ambassadors, and just as much entitled to that dignity or to official recognition as two agents from NENA SAHIB would have been during the revolt stirred up by that Hindoo, were taken by an officer of the United States government from the Trent, under the full impression by him that the seizure was in every sense legal.

The British government regarded this arrest an outrage, and promptly responded by a demand for the restoration of Messrs. SLIDEELL and MASON. Numerous 'indignation meetings' held in the great centres of English commerce and manufactures echoed this demand, which received a threatening form from the fact that great military and naval preparations, evidently aimed against the United States, were at once put under way.

Was the seizure illegal?

The vast amount of international law which has been brought to light on this subject, not merely in the press, but from the researches and pens of eminent jurists, led us to no severely definite conclusion. That an emissary is not a contraband of war as much as a musket or a soldier, appears preposterous, and offers a distinction which, as Mr. SEWARD ob-

serves, disappears before the spirit of the law, M. THOUVENEL to the contrary, notwithstanding. It was therefore in the mode of procedure in regard to the seizure of the emissaries that the trouble lay. According to law, the vessel, if carrying contraband of war, is liable to seizure. But if this assumed contraband be *men*, these may not be guilty, and are entitled to a trial. Still, as the law—or want of law—stands, the seizure of the vessel is the requisite step, the minor issue being practically regarded as the major; an anomaly not less striking than that which still prevails in certain courts, where, to recover damages for seduction, the defendant can only be mulcted in a penalty for the loss of time caused to his victim. It was not possible for Captain WILKES to seize the vessel, Great Britain declined to waive her claim to the execution of every jot and tittle of the letter of the law, and consequently the 'contrabands' were surrendered.

The absurdity of involving two great nations in a war, on account of a legal paradox of this nature, requires no comment. The dry comment of General SCOTT, that the 'wrong' would have been none had it only been greater, recalls the absurd line in the old play:—

'My wound is great because it is so small,' and the supplement, —

'Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.'

But, absurd or not, the law must be followed. Great nations must settle their disputes by the law, even as individuals do, and there is no shame in submitting to it, for submission to the constituted authorities is the highest proof of honor and of civilization. And if England chooses to strain the law to its ut-

most tension, to thereby push her neutrality to the very verge of sympathy with our rebels, and manifest, by a peremptory and discourteous exercise of her rights, total want of sympathy with our efforts to suppress rebellion,—why, we must bear it.

And here, leaving the letter of the law, we may appropriately say a few words of the *animus* which has inspired the ‘influential classes’ in England as regards this country, during our struggle with the South. We are assured that the mass of the English people sympathize with us, and we are glad to hear it,—just as we are to know that Ireland is friendly in her disposition. But we can not refrain—and we do it with no view to words which may stir up ill-feeling—from commenting, in sorrow rather than anger, on the fact that such a majority of journalists, capitalists, yes, and the mass of inhabitants of English cities, have so unblushingly, for the mere sake of money, turned their backs on those principles of freedom of which they boasted for so many years, flouting us the while for being behind them in the race of philanthropy! It is pitiful and painful to see pride brought so low. We of the Federal Union are striving, heart and soul, to uphold our government—a government which has been a great blessing to England and to the world. Who shall say what revolutions, what tremendous disasters, would not have overtaken Great Britain had it not been for the escape-valve of emigration hither? If ever a situation appealed to the noblest sympathies of mankind, ours does. Struggling to maintain a government which has given to the poor man fuller rights and freer exercise of labor than he has ever before known on this earth; fighting heroically to uphold the best republic ever realized;—who would have dreamed that ‘brave, free, honest Old England’ would have regarded us coldly, sneered at our victories, grinned over our defeats? But more than this. Though not avowed as an aim, and though secondary to our first great object,—the reëstablishment

of the Union and a constitutional government,—we *all* know, and so does every Englishman, that the emancipation of the slave, to a greater or less degree, *must* inevitably follow our success. Here comes the test of that English abolition of the blackest and fiercest stamp which has for years been avowed in Great Britain, and which has done as much as aught else towards stirring up this foul rebellion. Where be your gibes now, O Britannia? Where be your bitter jeers against the ‘lying Constitution,’ against the ‘stars for the white man and the stripes for the negro,’ against everything American, because America was the land of the slave? We are fighting—dying—to directly uphold ourselves, and indirectly to effect this very emancipation for which you clamored; we are losing cotton and suffering everything;—but *you*, when it comes to the pinch, will endure nothing for your boasted abolition, but slide off at once towards aiding the inception of the foulest, blackest, vilest slaveocracy ever instituted on earth!

Disguise, quibble, lie, let them that will—these are *facts*. Because we, in our need, have instituted a protective tariff, which was absolutely necessary to keep us from utter ruin, and on the flimsy pretext that we are not fighting directly for emancipation, proud, free, and honest Old England, as publicly represented, eats all her old words, and, worse than withholding all sympathy from us, shows in a thousand ill-disguised ways an itching impatience to aid the South! Men of England, we are suffering for a principle common to all humanity; can not you suffer somewhat with us? Can you not, out of the inexhaustible wealth of your islands, find wherewithal to stave off the bitter need, for a season, of your cotton-spinners? Feed them?—why we would, for a little aid in our dire need, have poured in millions of bushels of wheat to your poor,—one brave, decided act of sympathy on your part for us would ere this have trampled down secession, and sent cotton to your marts, even to superfluity. Or, were you so minded, and could ‘worry through’ a

single year, you might raise in your own colonies cotton enough, and be forever free of America.

Or is it really true, as many think, that your statesmen would gladly dismember this Union? The suggestion reveals such a depth of infamy that we will not pause on it. Let it pass—if the hour of need *should* come we will revive it, and out of that need will arise a giant of Union such as was never before dreamed of. Let the country believe *that*, and from Maine to California there will be such a blending into one as time can never dissolve!

But be it borne in mind,—and we would urge it with greater earnestness than aught which we have yet said,—there *is* in England a large, noble body of men who do *not* sympathize with the Southern rebels; who are *not* sold, soul and body, to cotton; who see this struggle of ours as it is, and who would not willingly see us divided. These men believe in industry, in free labor, in having every country developed as much as possible, in order that the industry of each may benefit by that of the other. Honor to whom honor is due,—and much is due to these men. Meanwhile we can wait,—and, waiting, we shall strive to do what is right. England has her choice between the cotton of the South and the market of the North. Let her choose the former, and she will grasp ruin. We should suffer for a time, bitterly. But out of that suffering we should come so strengthened, so united, and so perfectly able to dispense with all foreign labor, that where we were before as rough ore, then we should be pure gold in our prosperity.

The first statesmen of England have shown by their speeches, as the first British journals have indicated in their articles, that they earnestly believe what STEPHENS and hundreds of other Southerners have asserted, that *all* the wealth of the Northern States has come from the South, and that the South is the great ultimate market for the major portion of our imports. Glancing over our map,—as was done by *The Times*,—

the Englishman may well believe this. He sees a vast extent of territory,—he has heard and witnessed the boasts and extravagance of Southerners abroad,—he knows that where so many million bales of cotton go out, just so much money must flow in; he is angry at our Northern tariff of emergency, and so believes that by opening to himself the South he will secure a vast market. Little does he reflect on the fact that, this step once taken, he will close up in the North and West his greatest market, one worth ten times that of the South, and constantly increasing, just in proportion as our population progresses more rapidly than that of the slave States. It is no exaggeration,—strange as it may seem,—but this extraordinary ignorance has been manifested time and again by high authority in England since the war began. But supposing the balance struck, and cotton found to be worth more to England than the market of the North. Does not our very independence of English manufactures imply such a stimulus to our own, as to threaten that we shall thereby be in a much shorter time in a condition to compete with her in every market of the world? Drive us to manufacturing for ourselves, and we shall manufacture for every one. Already every year witnesses American inventiveness achieving new triumphs over British rivalry. Has England forgotten the report of Messrs. WHITWORTH and WALLIS on American manufactures, in which they were told that of late years they have been more indebted to American skill for useful inventions than to their own? War and non-intercourse will doubtless compel us to economy, and render labor cheaper in America, but they can not quench our innate Yankee-Saxon inventiveness and industry. But if labor is made cheaper in America, then our final triumph will only be hastened. If England seeks her own ruin, she could not advance it more rapidly than she would do by a war or a difference with us. And this many think that she will do for the sake of one season's supply of American cotton!

The fable of him who killed the goose for the sake of the golden egg becomes terrible when acted out by a great nation. And if this be true, then the uplifted sword of Albion is, verily, nothing but a goose-killing knife.

'God is not dead yet.' If we are in the right, He will guide and guard us, and they who contend for right and justice and the liberty of the poor, first fully taught on earth by the Saviour Jesus Christ, will not suffer in the end. When we first entered on this struggle with the South, it was soon realized that we had undertaken the greatest struggle of history, the reformation of the modern age, the grandest battle for progress and against the old serpent of oppression ever known. Let them laugh who will, but such a trial of republicanism against the last of feudalism is this, and nothing less. **GOD** aid us! But it may be that, as the contest widens, grander accomplishments lie before us. Whether it be done by the sword, or by peaceful industry; whether as victors, or as the unrighteously borne-down in our sorest hour of need,—it is not impossible that, in one way or the other, it is yet in our destiny to refute the monstrous theory that whatever the most powerful nation on earth does is necessarily right, and that all considerations must yield to its enormous interests. Such has been till the present the morality of English and of all European diplomacy,—who will deny it? Can it be possible that this is to last forever, and that nations are in the onward march of progress privileged to adopt a different course from that enjoined by **GOD** on individuals? 'Was Israel punished for this?' No, it can not be. We stand at the portal of a new age; step by step Truth must yet find her way even into the selfish camarilla councils of 'diplomacy.' Storms, sorrows, trials, and troubles may be before us,—but we are working through a mighty time. 'Nothing without labor.' Our task for the present is the restoration of the sacred Union. From this let *nothing* turn us aside, neither the threats of England or of the world. If

we must be humiliated by the law, then let us bear the humiliation. Our **GREAT MASTER** bore aforetime the most cruel disgrace in the same holy cause of vindicating the rights of man. If new struggles are forced upon us, let us battle like men. We are living now in the serious and the great,—let us bear ourselves accordingly, and the end shall crown the work.

THERE is no use in disguising the fact—the people of the North, notwithstanding their sufferings and sacrifices, are not yet *aroused*. While immediate apprehensions were entertained of war with England, it was promptly said, that if this state of irritation continued, we should be able to sweep the South away like chaff.

Meanwhile, the North is full of secession sympathizers and traitors, and they are most amiably borne with. There are journals which, in their extreme 'democracy,' defend the South as openly as they dare in all petty matters, and ridicule or discredit to their utmost every statement reflecting on our enemies. They are, it is true, almost beneath contempt and punishment; but their existence is a proof of an amiable, impassive state of feeling, which will never proceed to very vigorous measures. Were the whole people fairly aflame, such paltry treason would vanish like straw in a fiery furnace.

Yet all the time we hold the great weapon idly in our hands, and fear to use it! By and by it will be too late. By and by emancipation-time will have gone by, and when it is too late, we shall possibly see it adopted, and hear its possible failure attributed to those who urged the prompt, efficient application of it betimes.

THE article in this number of the **CONTINENTAL** entitled The Huguenot Families in America, is the first of a series which will embrace a great amount of interesting details relative to the ancestry of the early French Protestant settlers in this country. Those who are

familiar with the English version of WEISS's History of the Huguenots, and who may recall the merits of that concluding portion which is devoted to the fortunes of the exiles in this country, will be pleased to learn that its writer and our contributor are the same person—a gentleman whose descent from the stock which he commemorates, and whose life-long studies relative to his ancestral faith and its followers, have peculiarly fitted him for the task. Descendants of *any* of the Huguenot families, in any part of this country, would confer a special favor by transmitting to the author, through the care of the editor, any details, family anecdotes, short biographic sketches, or other material suitable for his history. It is especially desirable that some account should be given of all those descendants of Huguenots who have in any way whatever distinguished themselves in this country.

ACCORDING to the report of the N. Y. Central Railroad it appears that the average reduction of wages of the employes of that company, since the beginning of the war, has been from \$1.12½ *per diem* to 75 cents. Taking increased taxation and the rise in prices into consideration, we may assume that the working men of the North have lost fifty per cent. of their usual gains.

So far as this is an honorable sacrifice for the war, it is good. But how long is it to last? It will last until the *whole* country shall have lost a sneaking sympathy for the enemy and their institutions, and until every man and woman shall cease to openly approve of those principles which, as the secessionists truly maintain, constitute us 'two peoples.' With what consistency can any one avow fidelity to the Union and yet profess views according in the main with the platform of Messrs. DAVIS and STEPHENS?

DIVESTED of all other issues, the great complaint of Europe against our conduct of the war is our 'inefficient blockade.' If we are to attach faith to

those arch-factors of falsehood, the New Orleans newspaper editors, a vessel leaves their port daily and securely for the Havana. It was the same journals which some months since announced in each succeeding issue that 'the fifteen millions loan is all taken;' 'the loan is very nearly taken;' 'it gives us pleasure to announce that the loan is now completed,' and so on, backing up their assertions by a series of truly amusing details of 'proof.'

That sundry vessels *have* broken the blockade is as palpable as that it was for some time most inefficiently conducted. Yet, at the same time, let the enormous difficulties of the task be remembered, and our great want of means at the beginning of the war, when, stripped by the machinations of traitors for years, we had indeed to *begin* from almost nothing. The coast from Maryland to Mexico is a different affair from that of France or England. The great Napoleon himself, with all his efforts, could never keep his coast-line unbroken by smugglers. Had foreign critics of our war made the slightest friendly or kindly allowance, they would never have spoken as they do of our 'inefficient blockade.' But the great majority of their comments have been neither kindly nor friendly.

Meanwhile, the work goes bravely on. 'The Stone Fleet' will soon have effectually stopped that 'rat-hole,' Charleston, and it is evident that, unless distracted by foreign intervention, the whole coast will be well walled in and guarded. It must, will, and shall be done in time. 'It is more difficult to move a mountain than a marble.'

IT would be interesting to trace the probable European results of a war between America and England. Russia, threatened with a servile war, would find in a war with England the most effectual means of settling home difficulties. LOUIS NAPOLEON, it is said, tacitly encourages England to get to war. How long would he remain her ally when an opportunity would present itself of avenging Waterloo? Or if

Hungary and the Slavonian provinces blazed up in insurrection, what price less than the long-coveted Rhine, and perhaps Belgium, would LOUIS NAPOLEON accept for his services in aiding Austria? Or would he not take it without rendering such problematic service? Let England beware his friendship. He is a great man, and for his subjects a good one,— but woe to those who trust him for their own ends or believe in his love! There was one VICTOR EMMANUEL who trusted him once—with the result set forth in the following merry lay:—

A TRUE FABLE, WITHOUT A MORAL.

'This LOUIS is a rascal, friend;
From all his arts may Heaven defend!
And be thou ever on thy guard,
Lest thy faith meet a sad reward.
And if he swear he loves thee, laugh!
For give him thy little finger half,
And the iron chains of his stern control
Will sink like fire on thy poor soul!'

Now VICTOR heard all this, one day,
And smiled—'It's queer how men can say
Such things to injure their neighbors!
For do but look at this wonderful man,
So rich in thought, so fertile in plan,
Who, to place all tyranny under ban,
Never remits his labors,—
This dear, good soul, who, with magical art,
Brings freedom and peace to my trembling
heart.'

Soon after, Sir LOUIS rode over the moor:
'My VICTOR, how comes it you're still so
poor,
When I have paid all your debts, sir?
I've made you so rich, I've made you so great;
I've brought you gifts of money and plate;
Is there anything more to complete your state,
That you'd like to have, I can get, sir?
Come, VICTOR, confess to your faithful friend,
Who to make you happy his honor would
lead.'

'Oh, worthy man,— my tower and strength!
How sweet it is that I may, at length,
Confide in you as a brother!'
'Yes, take what you will, my statesman bold,
Only ask not whence comes the shining gold.
Just see what a beauty here I hold;
If you're good I may bring you another!—
A crown so rich in costly gems
It will match the Eastern diadems!'

Little VICTOR gazed at the sparkling crown,
Then fell at the feet of his LOUIS down,
Overcome by deep emotion.

'Oh! oh! is it true? is it all for me?
This beautiful crown, with its diamonds
three?'

And he clapped his hands in boundless glee,
And vowed eternal devotion;
While LOUIS looked on with a happy heart,
And blessed himself for his consummate art.

'Yes, VICTOR,' he said, 'it gives me joy
To present you, to-day, with this pretty toy,
With such freedom from envy or rancor!
But get up from your knees; 'tisn't quite orthodox
To kneel to a man; you might get on the
rocks

Of his HOLINESS' anger.

Now lay the crown in your jewel-box,
And, lest some wandering, cunning fox
Should steal it, be sure to secure the locks.'

'Oh, a friend in need is a friend indeed!'
Quoth VICTOR; 'but this is beyond my meed.
And what gift of mine can repay you?'
'The key of the casket, friend, if you please,
I will take to my safe beyond the seas.
Your grateful heart will thus rest at ease;

So give it to me, I pray you.'
But VICTOR's eyes grew large with fright,
And he cried, 'Oh, LOUIS! this can't be right;
For how can I get of my jewels a sight?
You might as well take them away too.'
'Give me the key!' screamed his guardian
angel,

'Or receive the curse of the LORD's evangell!'

Poor VICTOR trembled with fear and pain,
When he found his entreaties were all in vain,
And the key was lost forever.
Alas, alas for the counsel scorned;
For the jewels hid and the freedom mourned,
And the faith returning never!
For link after link of the adamant chain
Mounted endless guard over heart and brain.

THE London *Times* of Dec. 12 contained the following:—

Blind indeed must be the fury of the Americans if they can voluntarily superadd a war with this country to their present overwhelming embarrassments. It is clear, notwithstanding the sanguine spirit in which small successes are regarded, that the Federal Government is making no material progress in the war.

That is to say, 'We have you at disadvantage. Now is our time to strike. A year ago we might have been afraid, but not now.' When John Bull is next cited as the standard authority for fair play, let his very manly vaunts at this time be quoted in illustration!

UP through the misty medium of 'News from the South' have struggled of late divers rumors to the effect that the triumphant HOLLINS, of Steam Ram and Greytown memory, has been somewhat shorn of his 'lorrels.' How his stock fell below par is solemnly narrated in the second and following instalment of our 'Chronicles.' —

CHRONICLES OF SECESSION.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a man and his name was HOLLINS.

He was of those that go down to the sea in ships, and sometimes across the bay in very different conveyances.

Bold of speech, with a face like unto a brazen idol of Gath, and a voice even as a bull of Bashan; a man such as Gog and Magog, and ever agog for to be praised of men, or any other man.

Now this HOLLINS was greatly esteemed of the South, howbeit he was held of but little worth in the North, since they who made songs and jokes for the papers had aforetime laughed him to scorn.

For it had come to pass that sundry niggers, the children of Ham, with others of the heathen, walking in darkness, had built unto themselves shanties of sticks and mud, and dwellings of palm-leaves, and given unto the place a name; even Greytown called they it;

And, waxing saucy, had reviled the powers that be, and chosen unto themselves a king, wearing pantaloons.

And HOLLINS said unto himself, 'Lo! here is glory!

'Verily here be niggers who are not men of war, strength is not in them, and their habitations are as naught.'

So he went against them with cannon and sailors, men of war and horse-marines, and made war upon the children of Ham,

Bombarding their town from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same — there was not left one old woman there, no, not one.

Now when the men of the South, and they which dwell in the isles of the sea, with those of the uplands,

Heard that HOLLINS had battered down the cabins of the niggers and slain their hens,

Then they said, 'This is a great man, and no abolitionist.'

And his fame went abroad into all lands, and they made a feast for him, where they sung aloud, merrily,

'We will not go home, no, not until the morning.

'Until the dayspring shineth we will not repair unto our dwellings.

'Advance rapidly in the days of thy youth,

'For it will come to pass that in thy declining years it will not be possible.

'Let the tongue of scandal be silent, and let the foot of dull care be no longer in our dwelling.

'It was in the centre of the Boomjalang, even on a summer day did it come to pass, — rip snap, let her be again exalted!

'Now let all the elders who are not wedded, even they that are without wives, fill up the goblet, and let those who are assembled live for many years !

'Let them drink each unto the handmaid of his heart. May we live for many years !

'Vive l'amour, vive le vin, vive la compagnie !

'We will dance through the hours of darkness to the dayspring, and return with the damsels, even unto their dwellings.

'There was a man named JOHN BROWN; he owned a little one and it was an Indian, yea, two Indian boys were among his heritage.

'The ten spot taketh the nine, but is itself taken by the ace, and since we are here assembled let us drink !

'I will advance on my charger all night, even by day will I not tarry; lo ! I have wagered my shekels on the steed with a shortened tail; who will stake his gold on the bay ?

'Great was COCK ROBIN, and JAMES BUCHANAN was not small, neither is WIKOFF,

'But greater than all is HOLLINS,— who shall prevail against him ?'

CHAPTER II.

In the days of war, even after the South had seceded,

When the arrows of the North were pointed, and the strong men had gone forth unto battle ;

When the ships had closed up the ports of the great cities, and their marts were desolate ;

When the damsels that had aforetime walked in fine linen and purple, and precious stones, were clad in homespun and went to indigenous parties ;

When the Mississippi was blockaded by the Preble and Vincennes, and many more and several such ;

Then HOLLINS got himself ready for battle : with great boasting and mighty words did he gird on his armor,

Saying, ‘ Be not afraid, it is I who will unfold the terrors of my wrath ; the Yankees shall utterly wither away, their ships will I burn, and their captains will I take captive, in a highly extra manner.

‘ Did I not burn Greytown ? was it not I who made the niggers run ? who shall stand before me ? ’

Now they had made a thing which they called a steam-ram, an iron-covered boat, like unto a serpent, even like unto the evil beast which crawleth upon its belly, eating dirt, as do many of those who made it.

And all the South rejoiced over it, the voices of many editors were uplifted,

According to the Revised Statutes, Prophesying sure death and sudden ruin, on back action principles.

Yea, there were those who opined that the ram would suffice to destroy the whole North, or at least its navy — there or thereabouts.

And they cried aloud that the rams of Jericho were nowhere, and that the great ram of Derby was but as a ramlet compared to this.

And the reporters of the *Crescent* and *Bee*, and *Delta*, and *Picayune*, and they of the kangaroo Creole French press, went to see it,

And returned with their eyes greatly enlarged, so that they seemed as those of the fish men take from a mile depth in the Gulf of Nice, — which are excessively magnocular, — even as large as the round tower of Copenhagen were their optics,

Declaring that on the face of the earth was no such marvel as the ram ; the wonderful wonder of wonders did it seem unto them ; sharp death at short notice on craft of all sizes.

Then HOLLINS got unto himself divers tugs and clam-boats, ferry-boats, and one or two larger craft, which thieves had stolen privily aforetime from the government,

For in that land all was done in those days by stealing ; pilfering and robbing were among them from the beginning.

And he went forth to battle.

CHAPTER III.

Now it was about the middle of the third watch of the night,

Came a messenger bearing good tidings unto the Philistines, even unto the Pelicans and Swampers of New Orleans,

Saying, ‘ He has done it, well he has. *C'est un fait accompli.* ’

Then got they all together in great joy, crying aloud, ‘*Vive Hollane !* — hurrah for Hollins ! *viva el adelantado !* Massa Hollums fur ebber ! *Der Hollins soll leben !* Go it, old Haulins ! *Evviva il capitano Hollino !* Hip, hip, hurroo, ye divils, for Hollins ! ’

Then there stood up in the high place one bearing a dispatch, which was opened, the words whereof read he unto them :

[THE DISPATCH.]

‘ I have peppered them.

‘ Peppered, peppered, peppered, peppered them.

‘ Pip, pap, pep, pop, pup-upped 'em.

‘ I drove 'em all before me — glory, g'lang ; knocked 'em higher'n a kite and peppered 'em.

‘ I sunk the Preble, and the Vincennes did I send to thunder. I peppered 'em.

‘ The ram has rammed everything to pieces, and the rest did I drive high and dry ashore, where I peppered 'em.

‘ What was left did my ships destroy ; verily I peppered 'em.

‘ The residue thereof, lo ! was it not burnt up by my fire-ships ? — yea, they were peppered.

‘ The remainder I am even now peppering, and the others will I continue to pepper.

‘ Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers — even so did I — such a peppering never yet was seen, neither aforetime, or aftertime, not in the land where the pepper grows, or any other time.

‘ I peppered 'em.’

And lo ! when this was read there arose such a cry of joy as never was heard, no, not at the Tower of Babel on Saturday night.

And he who read, said : ‘ Rome was redeemed for a thousand pounds of pepper and a thousand of gold, pound for pound did they weigh it out. But such pepper as this is beyond price — yea, beyond all gold.

‘ But what are they whom he has conquered, oh my soul ? Dirt and Iniquity is their name, evil are their ways, cuss and confound them !

‘ It was not worth the while for a gentleman to fight such scallawags — behold, a

blind nigger in a mud-scow could have put them to flight — even a blind nigger should we have sent against them.

'Great and glorious is HOLLINS, splendid is his fame, great is his victory, beyond all those of the Meads and Prussians, Cherrynea and Chepultapec, Thermopilus and Vagrom.'

Then it was tele-rammed all over the South, and the rest of mankind, that HOLLINS had peppered the fleet, and pulverized the last particle thereof into small-sized annihilation.

CHAPTER IV.

But on the evening of the first day there came yet other tidings of a reactive character,

Saying that a confounded abolitionist man-of-war was still there giving block-aid to Uncle Sam.

And HOLLINS, who was in town, being asked what this might mean,

Said, 'Fudge !'

'Go to, it is naught. Now I come to think of it, there *was* one infernal little sneaking 90-gun Yankee frigate,

'Which, hearing of my coming, ran away six hours before the battle — ere that I had peppered 'em.'

But lo ! even as he spake came yet another message, declaring there were twain.

Then HOLLINS declared, 'It is a d—d lie, and he who says it is another — an abolitionist is he in his heart. Did I not pepper 'em ?'

But lo, even as he sware there came yet another,

Saying, 'Let not my lord be angry, but with these eyes have I seen it; by many others was it perceived.

'Whether the ships which my lord peppered have risen again I know not, but if the whole Yankee fleet isn't there again, all sound and right side up with care, I hope I may be drotted into everlasting turpentine.'

Then the newspapers arose and reviled HOLLINS,

Calling him a humbug — even a humbug called they him.

As for the multitude, they laughed him to scorn; such a blackguarding never received man before,

Calling him an old blower and bloat, a gas-bag and *fanfaron*, a Gascon and a *carajo*, *alma miserable*, and a pudding-head, a *sacre menteur* and a *verfluchte prahlerische Hauptesel*, a brassy old blunder-head and a spuspy, *un sot sans pareil* and a darned old hoffmaggander; a *pepper-pot-pourri*, a thafe

of the wurreld and an owld baste, the devil's blissing an him !

In French, English, Dutch, Spanish and Irish, Yankee and Creole, yea, even in Nigger and in Natchez Indian, reviled they him.

And the rumor thereof went abroad into all lands, that HOLLINS had been compelled to haul in his horns.

How are the mighty fallen, how is he that was exalted cut down in his salary !

Beware, oh my son, that thou pullest not the long bow ere the bowstring be twisted, or ever the arrow be at hand — send not in thy bill ere the customer have bought the goods.

Sell not the skin ere thou catchest the bear, and give not out thy wedding cards before thou hast popped the question.

For all these things did HOLLINS — verily he hath his reward.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in *Blackwood*, and many others since him, have popularized this style of chronicle-English of the sixteenth century, and our contributor has sound precedent for his imitations. 'Should time permit, nor the occasion fail,' we trust to have him with us in the following number. Our thanks are due to some scores of contemporaries who have republished the last Chronicle, and for the praise which they lavished on it.

TO HENRY P. LELAND we are indebted for a

SONNET TO JOHN JONES.

Thou who dost walk round town, not quite unknown,

I have a word to speak within thy ear.
Hast thou no dread to hear in trumpet tone
'John Jones has got a contract!' — dost
not fear

Thy children, yet unborn, may then disown
The parent, with whose name they thus
may hear
Transactions worse than usury's heaviest
loan

Of twenty odd per cent. and more a year?
Oh, John ! I pray thee that within thy heart
The lesson that 'Police Court' teaches
thee,
That other Jones' rob hen-roosts, and take
part

In many a rousing fight and drunken spree,
May have its influence; and that thou wilt
start

And have thy name changed, quickly as
may be.

Who has not had his attention called to the small, black carpet-bags which so greatly prevail in this very traveling community? Who has not heard of mistakes which have occurred owing to their frequency and similarity, and who in fact has not lost one himself? That these mistakes may sometimes lead to merrily-moving, serio-comic results, is set forth, not badly, as it seems to us, in the following story: —

THE THREE TRAVELING-BAGS.

CHAPTER I.

There were three of them, all of shining black leather: one on top of the pile of trunks; one on the ground; one in the owner's hand; — all going to Philadelphia; all waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggageman hustled, fuming, from one pile of baggage to another, dispensing chalk to the trunks, checks to the passengers, and curses to the porters, in approved railway style.

'Mine! — Philadelphia!' cried a stout, military-looking man, with enormous whiskers and a red face, crowding forward, as the baggageman laid his hand on the first bag.

'Won't you please to give me a check for this, now?' entreated a pale, slender, carefully-dressed young man, for the ninth time, holding out bag No. 2. 'I have a lady to look after.'

'Say! be you agoin' to give me a check for that 'are, or not?' growled the proprietor of bag No. 3, a short, pockmarked fellow, in a shabby overcoat.

'All right, gen'l'men. Here you are,' says the functionary, rapidly distributing the three checks. 'Philadelfy, this? Yes, sir, — 1092 — 1740.11 — 1020. All right.'

'All aboard!' shouted the conductor.

'Whoo-whew!' responded the locomotive; and the train moved slowly out of the station-house.

The baggageman meditatively watched it, as it sped away in the distance, and then, as if a thought suddenly struck him, slapping his thigh, he exclaimed,

'Blest if I don't believe —'

'What?' inquired the switchman.

'That I've gone and guv them three last fellers the wrong checks! The cussed little black things was all alike, and they bothered me.'

'Telegraph,' suggested the switchman.

'Never you mind,' replied the baggageman. 'They was all going to Philadelfy. They'll find it out when they get there.'

They did.

CHAPTER II.

The scene shifts to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. — Front parlor, up stairs. — Occupants, the young gentleman alluded to in Chapter I., and a young lady. In accordance with the fast usages of the times, the twain had been made one in holy matrimony at 7.30 A. M.; duly kissed and congratulated till 8.15; put aboard the express train at 8.45, and deposited at the Continental, bag and baggage, by 12.58.

They were seated on the sofa, the black broadcloth coat-sleeve encircling the slender waist of the gray traveling-dress, and the jetty moustache in equally affectionate proximity to the glossy curls.

'Are you tired, dearest?'

'No, love, not much. But you are, aren't you?'

'No, darling.'

Kiss, and a pause.

'Don't it seem funny?' said the lady.

'What, love?'

'That we should be married.'

'Yes, darling.'

'Won't they be glad to see us at George's?'

'Of course they will.'

'I'm sure I shall enjoy it so much. Shall we get there to-night?'

'Yes, love, if —'

Rap-rap-rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between man and wife — to opposite ends of the sofa; and then —

'Come in.'

'Av ye plaze, sur, it's an M. P. is waiting to see yez.'

'To see me! A policeman?'

'Yis, sur.'

'There must be some mistake.'

'No, sur, it's yourself; and he's waiting in the hall, beyant.'

'Well, I'll go to — No, tell him to come here.'

'Sorry to disturb you, sir,' said the M. P., with a huge brass star on his breast, appearing with great alacrity at the waiter's elbow. 'B'lieve this is your black valise?'

'Yes, that is ours, certainly. It has Julia's — the lady's things in it.'

'Suspicious sarcumstances about that 'ere valise, sir. Telegraph come this morning

that a burglar started on the 8.45 Philadelphia train, with a lot of stolen spoons, in a black valise.—Spoons marked T. B.—Watched at the Ferry.—Saw the black valise.—Followed it up here.—Took a peck inside. Sure enough, there was the spoons. Marked T. B., too. Said it was yours. Shall have to take you in charge.'

'Take me in charge!' echoed the dismayed bridegroom. 'But I assure you, my dear sir, there is some strange mistake. It's all a mistake.'

'S'pose you'll be able to account for the spoons being in your valise, then?'

'Why, I—I—it isn't mine. It must be somebody else's. Somebody's put them there. It is some villainous conspiracy.'

'Hope you'll be able to tell a straighter story before the magistrate, young man; 'cause if you don't, you stand a smart chance of being sent up for six months.'

'Oh, Charles! this is horrid. Do send him away. Oh dear! I wish I was home,' sobbed the little bride.

'I tell you, sir,' said the bridegroom, bristling up with indignation, 'this is all a vile plot. What would I be doing with your paltry spoons? I was married this morning, in Fifth Avenue, and I am on my wedding tour. I have high connections in New York. You'll repent it, sir, if you dare to arrest me.'

'Oh, come, now,' said the incredulous official, 'I've hearn stories like that before. This ain't the first time swindlers has traveled in couples. Do you s'pose I don't know nothin'? 'Tain't no use; you've just got to come along to the station-house. Might as well go peaceably, 'cause you'll have to.'

'Charles, this is perfectly dreadful! Our wedding night in the station-house! Do send for somebody. Send for the landlord to explain it.'

The landlord was sent for, and came; the porters were sent for, and came; the waiters, and chambermaids, and bar-room loungers came, without being sent for, and filled the room and the adjoining hall,—some to laugh, some to say they wouldn't have believed it, but nearly all to exult that the unhappy pair had been 'found out.' No explanation could be given; and the upshot was, that, in spite of tears, threats, entreaties, rage, and expostulations, the unfortunate newly-married pair were taken in charge by the relentless policeman, and marched down stairs, *en route* for the police office.

And here let the curtain drop on the mel-

ancholy scene, while we follow the fortunes of black valise No. 2.

CHAPTER III.

When the train stopped at Camden, four gentlemen got off, and walked, arm-in-arm, rapidly and silently, up one of the by-streets, and struck off into a foot-path leading to a secluded grove outside the town. Of the first two, one was our military friend in a blue coat, apparently the leader of the party. Of the second two, one was a smiling, rosy little man, carrying a black valise. Their respective companions walked with hasty, irregular strides, were abstracted, and apparently ill at ease.

The party stopped.

'This is the place,' said Captain Jones.

'Yes,' said Doctor Smith.

The Captain and the Doctor conferred together. The other two studiously kept apart.

'Very well. I'll measure the ground, and do you place your man?'

It was done.

'Now for the pistols,' whispered the Captain to his fellow-second.

'They are all ready, in the valise,' replied the Doctor.

The principals were placed, ten paces apart, and wearing that decidedly uncomfortable air a man has who is in momentary expectation of being shot.

'You will fire, gentlemen, simultaneously, when I give the word,' said the Captain. Then, in an undertone, to the Doctor, 'Quick, the pistols.'

The Doctor, stooping over and fumbling at the valise, appeared to find something that surprised him.

'Why, what the devil—'

'What's the matter?' asked the Captain, striding up. 'Can't you find the caps?'

'Deuce a pistol or cap, but this!'

He held up—a lady's night-cap!

'Look here—and here—and here!'—holding up successively a hair-brush, a long, white night-gown, a cologne-bottle, and a comb.

They were greeted with a long whistle by the Captain, and a blank stare by the two principals.

'Confound the luck!' ejaculated the Captain; 'if we haven't made a mistake, and brought the wrong valise!'

The principals looked at the seconds. The seconds looked at the principals. Nobody

volunteered a suggestion. At last the Doctor inquired,

'Well, what's to be done?'

'D—d unlucky!' again ejaculated the Captain. 'The duel can't go on.'

'Evidently not,' responded the Doctor, 'unless they brain each other with the hair-brush, or take a pop at each other with the cologne-bottle.'

'You are quite sure there are no pistols in the valise?' said one of the principals, with suppressed eagerness, and drawing a long breath of evident relief.

'We might go over to the city and get pistols,' proposed the Captain.

'And by that time it will be dark,' said the Doctor.

'D—d unlucky,' said the Captain again.

'We shall be the laughing-stock of the town,' consolingly remarked the Doctor, 'if this gets wind.'

'One word with you, Doctor,' here interposed his principal.

They conferred.

At the end of the conference with his principal, the Doctor, advancing to the Captain, conferred with him. Then the Captain conferred with his principal. Then the seconds conferred with each other. Finally, it was formally agreed between the contending parties that a statement should be drawn up in writing, whereby Principal No. 1 tendered the assurance that the offensive words 'You are a liar' were not used by him in any personal sense, but solely as an abstract proposition, in a general way, in regard to the matter of fact under dispute. To which Principal No. 2 appended his statement of his high gratification at this candid and honorable explanation, and unqualifiedly withdrew the offensive words 'You are a scoundrel,' they having been used by him under a misapprehension of the intent and purpose of the remark which preceded them.

There being no longer a cause of quarrel, the duel was of course ended. The principals shook hands, first with each other, and next with the seconds, and were evidently very glad to get out of it.

'And now that it is so happily settled,' said the Doctor, chuckling and rubbing his hands, 'it proves to have been a lucky mistake, after all, that we brought the wrong valise. Wonder what the lady that owns it will say when she opens ours and finds the pistols.'

'Very well for you to laugh about,' growl-

ed the Captain; 'but it's no joke for me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers—best English make, and gold mounted. There aren't a finer pair in America.'

'Oh, we'll find 'em. We'll go on a pilgrimage from house to house, asking if any lady there has lost a night-cap and found a pair of dueling-pistols.'

CHAPTER IV.

In very good spirits, the party crossed the river, and inquired at the baggage-room in reference to each and all black leather traveling-bags arrived that day, took notes of where they were sent, and set out to follow them up. In due time they reached the Continental, and, as luck would have it, met the unhappy bridal pair just coming down stairs in charge of the policeman.

'What's all this?' inquired the Captain.

'Oh, a couple of burglars, caught with a valise full of stolen property.'

'A valise!—what kind of a valise?'

'A black leather valise. That's it, there.'

'Here!—Stop!—Hallo!—Policeman!—Landlord! It's all right. You're all wrong. That's my valise. It's all a mistake. They got changed at the depot. This lady and gentleman are innocent. Here's their valise, with her nightcap in it.'

Great was the laughter, multifarious the comments, and deep the interest of the crowd in all this dialogue, which they appeared to regard as a delightful entertainment, got up expressly for their amusement.

'Then you say this 'ere is yourn?' said the policeman, relaxing his hold on the bridegroom, and confronting the Captain.

'Yes, it's mine.'

'And how did you come by the spoons?'

'Spoons, you jackanapes!' said the Captain. 'Pistols!—dueling-pistols!'

'Do you call these pistols?' said the policeman, holding up one of the silver spoons marked 'T. B.'

The Captain, astounded, gasped, 'It's the wrong valise again, after all!'

'Stop! Not so fast!' said the police functionary, now invested with great dignity by the importance of the affair he found himself engaged in. 'If so be as how you've got this 'ere lady's valise, she's all right, and can go. But, in that case, this is yourn, and it comes on you to account for them 'are stole spoons. Have to take *you* in charge, all four of ye.'

'Why, you impudent scoundrel!' roared

the Captain; 'I'll see you in—. I wish I had my pistols here; I'd teach you how to insult gentlemen!'—shaking his fist.

The dispute waxed fast and furious. The outsiders began to take part in it, and there is no telling how it would have ended, had not an explosion, followed by a heavy fall and a scream of pain, been heard in an adjoining room.

The crowd rushed to the scene of the new attraction.

The door was fast. It was soon burst open, and the mystery explained. The thief, who had carried off the Captain's valise by mistake for his own, had taken it up to his room, and opened it to gloat over the booty he supposed it to contain, thrusting his hand in after the spoons. In so doing he had touched one of the hair triggers, and the pistol had gone off, the bullet making a round hole through the side of the valise, and a corresponding round hole in the calf of his leg.

The wounded rascal was taken in charge, first by the policeman, and then by the doctor; and the duelists and the wedded pair struck up a friendship on the score of their mutual mishaps, which culminated in a supper, where the fun was abundant, and where it would be hard to say which was in the best spirits,—the Captain for recovering his pistols, the bride for getting her night-cap, the bridegroom for escaping the station-house, or the duelists for escaping each other. All resolved to 'mark that day with a white stone,' and henceforth to mark their names on their black traveling-bags, in white letters.

MORAL.—Go thou and do likewise.

By odd coincidence, this is not the only 'tale of a traveler' and of a small carpet-bag in this our present number. The reader will find another, but of a tragic cast, in the 'Tints and Tones of Paris,' among our foregoing pages.

THERE are errors and errors, as the French say. The following is not without a foundation in fact:—

THACKERAY'S young lady, who abused a gentleman for associating with low, radical literary friends, must have had about as elevated an opinion of literature as an Irishman I lately heard of had of the medical profession, as represented by its non-commissioned officers.

My friend Bob handed his man-servant some books, to return to the Franklin Library. Noticing, a few minutes afterwards, while passing through the hall, that he was busy carefully wrapping them up in newspaper, he asked him what he was doing that for.

'Och, shure, Mister ——, I'm afraid, if they say me carr'ing books rouhnd un-dher me ahrrm, they'll be afther tayking me for a *maydical stugent!*'

THE very remarkable and enthusiastic welcome which has been extended to our proposal to establish the CONTINENTAL as an *independent* magazine, calls for the warmest gratitude from us, and at the same time induces us to lay stress upon the fact that our pages are open to contributions of a very varied character; the only condition being that they shall be written by friends of the Union. While holding firmly to our own views as set forth under the 'Editorial' heading, *we by no means profess to endorse those of our contributors*, leaving the reader to make his own comments on these. In a word, we shall adopt such elements of *independent* action as have been hitherto characteristic of the newspaper press, but which we judge to be quite as suitable to a monthly magazine. We offer a fair field and *all* favors to all comers, avoiding all petty jealousies and exclusiveness. Will our readers please to bear this in mind in reading all articles published in our pages?

We can not conclude without expressing the warmest gratitude to the press and the public for the comment, commendation and patronage which they have so liberally bestowed upon us. We have been obliged to print three times the number for which we had anticipated sale, and believe that no American magazine ever circulated so many copies of a first number. In consequence of this demand we have been compelled to go to press earlier than was anticipated. Articles promised for February, by Messrs. BAYARD TAYLOR and CHARLES F. BROWNE, but not yet received, are necessarily deferred. From the latter gentleman we have a note promising a positive appearance in March.

T H E

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. I.—MARCH, 1862.—No. III.

SOUTHERN AIDS TO THE NORTH.

PERHAPS the most difficult question at present before the American people is that so often and so insolently put by Southern journals, and so ignorantly babbled in weak imitation of them by English newspapers, asking what, after all, in case of a victory, or even of many victories, can we do with the revolted provinces? The British press, prompt to put the worst construction on every hope of the Union, prophesies endless guerilla warfare,—a possibility which, like the blocking up of Charleston harbor by means of the stone fleet, is, of course, something which calls for the instant interference of all cotton-spinning Christian nations. Even among our own countrymen it must be confessed there has been no little indecision as to the end and the means of securing the conquest of a country whose outlines are counted by thousands instead of hundreds of miles, and whose whole extent, it is too generally believed, forms a series of regions where dismal swamps, bayous, lagoons, dense forests, and all manner of impenetrabilities, bid defiance to any save the natives, and where the most deadly fevers are ever being born in the jungles and wafted on the wings of every summer morn over the whole plantation land. The truth is, that the simple facts

and figures relative to this country are not generally known. Let the Northern people but once learn the truths existing in their favor, and there will be an end to this misapprehension. There has been thus far no hesitation or irresolution among the people in the conduct of the war. ‘Conquer them first,’ has been the glorious war-cry from millions of the freest men on earth. But when we are driving a nail it is well to know that it will be possible to eventually clinch it. And when the country shall fully understand the ease with which this Union nail may be clenched, there will be, let us hope, a greatly revived spirit in all now interested in forwarding the war.

It is evident enough that if all the millions of the South remain united to the death in the cause of secession, little else than a guerilla warfare of endless length is to be hoped for. The accounts of the enthusiasm and harmony at present prevailing in Eastern Virginia, and in other places controlled by the active secessionists, have struck terror to the hearts of many. But, united though they be, they must be more than mortal if they could resist the influences of a counter-revolution, and of strong bodies of enemies in the heart of their country,

aided by a mighty foe without. ‘Hercules was a strong man,’ says the proverb, ‘but he could not pay money when he had none;’ and the South may be strong, but she can hardly fail to be entirely crippled when certain agencies shall be brought to bear against her. Let us examine them, and find wherein her weakness consists.

The first is the easy possibility of a *counter-revolution* among the inhabitants of the mountain districts, who hold but few slaves, who have preserved a devoted love for the Union, and who are, if not at positive feud, at least on anything but social harmony with their aristocratic neighbors of the lowlands and of the plantation. Unlike the ‘mean whites’ who live among slaves and slave-holders, and are virtually more degraded than the blacks, these mountaineers are men of strong character and common-sense, combining the industrious disposition of the North with the fierce pride of the South. And so numerous are they, and so wide is the range of country which they inhabit, that it would seem miraculous if with their aid, and that of other causes which will be referred to, a counter-revolution could not be established, which would sweep the slaveocracy from existence.

In a pamphlet entitled ‘Allegmania,’ by James W. Taylor, published at Saint Paul, Minnesota, by James Davenport, the reader will find ‘a geographical and statistical memoir, exhibiting the strength of the Union, and the weakness of slavery in the mountain districts of the South,’ which is well worth careful study at this crisis. Let the reader take the map and trace on it the dark caterpillar-like lines of the Alleghanies from Pennsylvania southward. Not until he reaches Northern Alabama will he find its end. In these mountain districts which form ‘the Switzerland of the South,’ a population exists on whom slavery has no hold, who are free and lovers of freedom, and who will undoubtedly co-operate with the Union in re-establishing its power. This ‘Allegmania’ embraces thirteen counties of North Carolina, three of South Caro-

lina, twenty of Georgia, fifteen of Alabama, and twenty-six of Tennessee.

According to Humboldt and other writers on climatology, an elevation of two hundred and sixty-seven feet above the level of the sea is equivalent in general influence upon vegetation to a degree of latitude northward, at the level of the ocean. Therefore we are not surprised to learn from Olmsted that ‘Allegmania’ does not differ greatly in climate from Long Island, Southern New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. ‘The usual crops are the same, those of most consequence being corn, rye, oats and grass. Fruit is a more precarious crop, from a greater liability to severe frosts after the swelling of the buds in the spring. Snow has fallen several inches in the month of April.’*

The Western Virginia portion of Allegmania, which in the counter-secession programme of its inhabitants was to have formed the State of ‘Kanawha,’ embraced in its total population of 284,796 only 10,820 slaves. Its area is 4,211 square miles larger than the entire State of Maryland. With this we have ‘Middle Virginia,’ in the valley of the Shenandoah, which extends east of the main Alleghany range to the Blue Ridge. This region also is broadly distinguishable in respect to slavery from the Atlantic counties. With 200,262 freemen according to the census of 1850, it has only 44,742 slaves, and there is reason to believe that this population has largely diminished in favor of freedom. Yet again we have the mountain district of South-western Virginia, where in its ten counties the proportion of freemen to slaves is nearly ten to one, or 76,892 to 8,693. As regards internal resources, beautiful scenery, and all that conduces to pleasant life and profitable labor, this portion of Virginia far surpasses the eastern division, and will eventually attract the great mass of immigration.

The reader is aware that Eastern Kentucky, embracing the counties along the western base of the Cumberland

* *Journey in the Back Country.* By Frederick Law Olmsted.

Mountains, ‘has nobly responded to the cause of the Union.’ ‘They represent a population which from the first outbreak have been on fire with loyal zeal, repudiating all sympathy with this war of slavery against the Union.’ The proportion of slaves to freemen in these counties, according to the census of 1850, is as follows:—

COUNTIES.	FREE.	SLAVE.
Letcher,	2,440.....	62
Floyd,	5,503.....	149
Harlan,	4,108.....	123
Whitley,	7,222.....	201
Knox,	6,238.....	612
Perry,	2,972.....	117
Clay,	4,734.....	515
Breathitt,	3,603.....	170
Morgan,	7,395.....	187
Johnson,	3,843.....	30
Lawrence,	6,142.....	137
Carter,	5,960.....	257

In contrast to this healthy, temperate Eastern Kentucky, ‘a portion of the great central district of mountain slopes and valleys,’ let the reader turn to the secession hot-bed of the State. He will find it the largest slaveholding district of Kentucky. It is worth noting that secession is matured in the slave regions, for though it is popularly identified with slavery, they are not wanting among its leaders—no, nor among their traitorous and cowardly sympathizers here at the North—who constantly assert that secession is simply a geographical necessity, and slavery only a secondary cause—that the South will, in fact, eventually emancipate, and that race and latitude are the great fundamental causes of national difference, constituting us in fact ‘two peoples.’ How completely false and puerile are all these assertions, appears from an examination of the mountain region now under discussion.

Of all these sections of ‘Alleghania,’ none is of more importance to the Federal Union than East Tennessee. Immensely rich in minerals, with a healthy and agreeable climate and much rich soil, it is one of the finest countries on earth, lying under the temperate zone, and develops the most extraordinary physical

perfection in the human form. Its proportion of slaves to freemen is no greater than in the other mountain regions of the South—its area is about equivalent to that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island united. In considering this with the loyalty of its inhabitants, and in studying ‘Cumberland Gap,’ the great natural highway of the Alleghany Range, the observer appreciates with pleasure the remark of Secretary Chase, who, in a recent interview with certain eastern capitalists, disclaimed on behalf of the Government and of General McClellan any purpose to send the army into winter quarters, remarking with much significance that ‘a glance at the map will perhaps astonish those who have never reflected, *how short is the distance from East Tennessee to Port Royal Harbor, and may suggest the possibility of cutting a great rebellion into two small pieces.*’

In the mountain region of North Carolina we have ‘the Piedmont of the Alleghanies.’ Its seventeen counties embrace a larger area (11,700 square miles) than the whole of Vermont. Its scenery is of extraordinary beauty, its peaks are the highest east of the Rocky Mountains. There is full ground for the belief that in North Carolina a majority of the people are Union at heart. The following extract from ‘Alleghania’ will be read with interest as illustrating the assertion:

In the Union camps of East Tennessee, there are numerous volunteers from Watauga and other adjacent counties over the border. At the only popular election suffered to be held upon the question of Union and secession, the Union majority was as two to one; and even after the storm of Sumter, the vote in the convention of North Carolina on a proposition to submit the ordinance of secession to a vote of the people, received thirty-four yeas to seventy-three nays. I have confidence that those thirty-four names, representing one-third of the State, were given by delegates from the western counties,—the Alleghany counties,—from the base and sides of the Blue Ridge,—from a land of corn and cattle, not of cotton. Again, when the news of the capture of Hatteras was announced in the legislature of North Carolina, it is evident from the language of the Raleigh newspapers

that an irrepressible explosion of Union feeling — even to an outburst of cheers, according to one statement — occurred. Nor is such a state of feeling surprising, when we remember that not even in Kentucky is the memory of Henry Clay more a fireside treasure of the people. In this respect, the quiet, unobtrusive ‘North’ State was in striking contrast to its immediate neighbors — South Carolina in one direction, and Atlantic Virginia in the other. Politically, when the pennons of Clay and Calhoun rode the gale, the vote and voice of North Carolina were ever given for the great Kentucky leader. Let us accept these omens for the winter campaign, which will open with the triumph of the Union and the Constitution on the Cumberland heights of East Tennessee.

‘In one-fifth of Georgia, over an area of 12,000 square miles, slavery only exists by the usurpation of the cotton aristocracy of the lowland districts of the State.’ In all of them, slaves, though in a greater proportion than in the rest of Alleghania, are very greatly in the minority, as appears from the following table : —

COUNTIES.	FREE.	SLAVE.
Madison,.....	3,763.....	1,933
Hart,*	
Franklin,.....	9,076.....	2,382
Jackson,.....	6,808.....	2,941
Banks,*	
Hall,.....	7,370.....	1,336
Habersham,.....	7,675.....	1,218
Rabun,.....	2,338.....	110
Towns,*	
Union,.....	6,955.....	278
Lumpkin,.....	7,995.....	939
Dawson,*	
Forsyth,.....	7,812.....	1,027
Milton,*	
Cherokee,.....	11,630.....	1,157
Pickens,*	
Gilmer,.....	8,236.....	200
Faunin,*	
Murphy,*	
Whitefield,*	
Gordon,.....	5,156.....	828
Cass,.....	10,271.....	3,008
Floyd,.....	5,202.....	2,999
Chattooga,.....	5,131.....	1,680
Walker,.....	11,408.....	1,664
Catoosa,*	
Dade,.....	2,532.....	148

* Counties marked with an asterisk, organized after the census of 1850, of which the foregoing are returns.

Last in the list we have North-east Alabama, in which we find the following counties : —

COUNTIES.	FREE.	SLAVE.
Cherokee,.....	12,170.....	1,691
DeKalb,.....	7,730.....	506
Marshall,.....	7,952.....	868
Jackson,.....	11,754.....	2,292
Morgan,.....	6,636.....	3,437
Madison,.....	11,937.....	14,329
Limestone,.....	8,399.....	8,063
Lawrence,.....	8,342.....	6,858

‘It will be observed,’ says Mr. Taylor,

That the three counties last named have a slave population, in the case of Madison exceeding, and in Limestone and Lawrence nearly equal to the number of free inhabitants. They would seem to be an exception to our former generalization, and are only included because there is other evidence that Athens, in Limestone County, and Huntsville, in Morgan County, were to the last possible moment the headquarters of resistance to the Montgomery conspirators. It was the Union vote of these highland counties, notwithstanding the number of slaves in some of them, which would inevitably have been rolled down in condemnation of an ordinance of secession. This was well known by Yancey and his associates, and it was to avoid this revelation of their weakness over a compact and populous area of the State, which was in direct communication with East Tennessee, that they refused the ordeal of the ballot upon the consummation of their treason to the Union.

I estimate that the district which could readily be rallied in support of a loyal organization of the government of Alabama, with its capital at Huntsville, to be equal to the area of New Jersey, or 8,320 square miles. With the occupation of the Alleghanies by an army of the Union, and such a base of operations, civil and military, in North Alabama, a counter-revolution in that State would not be difficult of accomplishment.*

It will thus be seen, that, in the South itself, there exists a tremendous ground-

* The Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Sentinel*, of June 3, contained a confirmation of these statements in regard to Northern Alabama. A gentleman returned from ‘a prolonged tour through the cotton States’ communicated a narrative, which demonstrated that the people of Huntsville and vicinity were very hostile to secession in January, that ‘at Athens the stars and stripes floated over the court-house long after the State had enacted the farce of seces-

work of aid to the North, and of weakness to secession. The love of this region for the Union, and its local hatred for planterdom with its arrogance towards free labor, is no chimera; nor do we make the wish the father to the thought when we assert that a Union victory would light up a flame of counter-revolution which would in time, with Northern aid, crush out the foul rebellion. And relying on this fact, we grow confident and exultant. If Europe will only let us alone—if England will refrain from stretching out a helping hand to that slaveocracy for which she has suddenly developed such a strange and unnatural love, we may yet be, at no distant day, great, powerful, and far more united than ever.

But we have, in addition to all these districts of Alleghania, a vast reserve in Texas—that Texas which is now more than half cultivated by free labor, and which is amply capable of producing six times as much cotton as is now raised in the entire South. An armed occupation of Texas, a copious stream of emigration thither, to be encouraged by very liberal grants to settlers, and a speedy completion of its railroads, would be an offset to secession, well worth of itself all that the war has cost. With Texas in our power, with Cumberland Gap firmly held, with the negroes in South Carolina fairly disorganized from slavery, with free Yankee colonies in the Palmetto State, with New Orleans taken—a blockade without and complete financial disorder within, what more could we desire as a basis to secure thorough re-establishment of power? Here our superiority to the South in possessing not only a navy, but, what is of far more importance, a vast merchant marine containing all the elements necessary to form a navy of unparalleled power, aspiration, and that, even in May, open opposition to secession existed ‘in the mountain portion of Alabama, a large tract of country, embracing about one-third of the State, lying adjacent to and south of the Tennessee valley.’ The writer added, ‘IN THEIR MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES THEY DO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, OR THE POWER OF ITS RULERS.’

pears in clearest light, giving us cause for much congratulation. To effect all this, *time* is required. Let those who fret, look over the map of a hemisphere—let them reflect on the condition to which Southern perfidy and theft had reduced us ere the war begun, and then let them moderate their cries. It will all be done; but the programme is a tremendous one, and the future of the most glorious country on earth requires that it shall be done thoroughly, and that no risks shall be taken.

But, beyond all the aid which is to be expected from a counter-revolution in the South, to be drawn from the ‘Alleghania’ region, there is one of vast importance, insisted upon in a series of articles published during the past year in the New York *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and which may be appropriately reconsidered in this connection. Should the government of the United States, by one or more victories, obtain even a temporary sway over the South, it will only rest with itself to produce a powerful counter-revolution even in those districts which are blackest with slavery. *Let it, when the time shall seem fit*,—and we urge no undue haste, and no premature meddling with the present plans or programme of those in power,—simply proclaim *Emancipation*, offering to pay all loyal men for their slaves according to a certain rate. The proportion of Union men who will then start into life, even in South Carolina, will be, doubtless, enormous. It may be objected that many of these will merely profess Union sentiments for the time being. But, on the other hand, those noted rebels who can have no hope of selling their slaves, save indeed to the Union professors, will have small love for the latter, and two parties can not fail to show themselves at once. Those who hope to see the slave principle ultimately triumphant will oppose selling the chattels; those who wish to ‘realize’ at once on them, owing to temporary embarrassments, will urge it; and dissension of the most formidable character will be at once organized,—precisely such dissension as the Southern

press has long hoped to see between the dough-faces and patriots of the North, or between its labor and capital, or in any other disastrous dissension.

Be it borne in mind that the price of slaves is at present greatly depressed in the South. Those who would sell would speedily acquire more, in the hope of a profit by selling to government. Those too who would willingly act as brokers between those who wished to sell, but who would not dare to openly do so, would be very numerous. Between these and the leaders of the ultra pro-slavery party there would be bitter feud. Let a counter-revolutionary party once succeed in holding its own in the South, and the days of secession would speedily be numbered. In a land where all rushes

so rapidly to extremes, we should soon see the war carried on for us with a bitterness fully equal to that now manifested towards the North.

It is with no pleasant feelings that we thus commend counter-revolution. It is the worst of war that it drives us to such considerations. But what is to be done when our existence as a nation is at stake, and when we are opposed by a remorseless foe which would gladly ruin us irretrievably? There is no halting half-way. It was these endless scruples which interfered with the prevention of the war under the imbecile or traitorous Buchanan; it is lingering scruple and timidity which still inspires in thousands of cowardly hearts a dislike to face the grim danger and prevent it.

WESTWARD !

How the pink-hued morning clouds
 Go sailing into the west !
 And the pearl-white breath of noon,
 Or the mists round the silver moon,
 In silent, sheeny crowds
 Go sailing into the west !

The glowing, fire-eyed sun
 In glory dies in the west ;
 And the bird with dreamy crest,
 And soft, sun-loving breast,
 When throbbing day is done,
 Floats slowly into the west.

Oh, everything lovely and fair
 Is floating into the west.
 'Tis an unknown land, where our hopes must go,
 And all things beautiful, fluttering slow ;
 Our joys all wait for us there, —
 Far out in the dim blue west.

IS COTTON OUR KING?

BY A COTTON-SPINNER.

No falsehood has been so persistently adhered to by the Southern planters and their advocates, and so successfully forced upon the credulity of the North, as the statement that white men can not perform field labor in the cotton States, coupled with the equally false assertion that the emancipated negro lapses into barbarism, and ceases to be an industrious laborer.

It is one of the chief points of weakness in a bad cause, that, although a *single* advocate may succeed in rendering it plausible, *many* are certain to present utterly irreconcilable arguments. An impartial man, examining De Bow's *Review* for a series of years, would arrive at conclusions in regard to the economy of slave labor, and the necessity of colored laborers in the Southern States, the very reverse of what the writers have intended to enforce.

It is constantly asserted that white men can not labor in the tropics, which we may freely admit; but the inference that the climate of the Southern States is tropical we have the best authority for denying: firstly, from the testimony of all Southern writers when describing their own section of country, and *not* arguing upon the slavery question; and, secondly, from Humboldt's isothermal lines, by which we find that the temperature of the cotton States is the same as that of Portugal, the south of Spain, Italy, and Australia. Do we find Australian emigrants writing home to their friends not to come out because they will not be able to work? We know they do not; and yet the mean annual temperature of Australia is 70° — greater by five to six degrees than that of Texas; and, from the best accounts we can get, the extreme of heat is very much greater.

Examine De Bow's analysis of the census of 1850, and we find him com-

elled to admit that one-ninth of the force then cultivating cotton were white men. If one-ninth were white men in 1850, when the price of cotton was much less and the crop much smaller than of late years, how many are there now?

One of the most reliable witnesses to the cultivation of cotton by free labor is a Quaker gentleman in Philadelphia, who conducts a cotton factory supplied entirely with free-grown cotton, the goods being sold to the Quakers, who will not use the product of slave labor of any kind. This gentleman writes:—

I learned by correspondence with several intelligent Germans in Texas, that their experiment of raising cotton by their own labor, without the help of slaves, was a complete success. One planter offered to supply me at once with one hundred and forty bales raised in this way. The ground taken by thee that cotton can be raised by white men, as well as by colored men, is entirely correct. A very large portion is every year so raised. I have had particular information of its being thus raised in Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. In some neighborhoods thousands of bales are thus raised within the limits of two or three adjacent counties.

It may be urged that this is upon up-lands almost exclusively, and that upon bottom lands it is not possible, on account of their being unhealthy.

Two statements will be made to disprove this latter assertion, and we will then admit it to be true, and prove it to be of no consequence.

The cotton planters, deserting the rolling land, are fast pouring in upon the 'swamp.' Indeed, the impression of the sickliness of the South generally has been rapidly losing ground (*i. e.* among the whites of the South), and that blessing, health, is now sought with as much confidence on the swamp lands of the Yazoo and the Mississippi, as among the hills and plains of Carolina and Virginia.—*De Bow's Resources of the South and West.*

Dr. Barton, of New Orleans, in a pa-

per read before the Academy of Science, says:

The class of diseases most fatal at the South are mainly those of a preventable nature. In another place I have shown that the direct temperature of the sun is not near so great in the South during the summer as in the North. In fact, the climate is much more durable, all the year round, with our refreshing breezes, and particularly in some of the more elevated parts of it, or within one hundred miles of the coast.

Dr. Barton had forgotten that white men can not perform field labor in the South.

But admit that white men had better work upon uplands,—the crop is surer, owing to the less liability to frost and overflow; and good cultivation will give an equal crop. Intelligent Northern men have taken up exhausted plantations upon the uplands of North Carolina, and, by the application of moderate quantities of guano, phosphate of lime, etc., have carried the crop from two hundred up to eight hundred pounds of clean cotton per acre; and for the last three years the writer has been in the habit of selecting the North Carolina guano-grown cotton, in the New York market, where it has been shipped via Wilmington or Norfolk, on account of its good staple, good color, and extra strength.

There is nothing in the cultivation of cotton involving harder work than that of corn. In the early stages of its growth it is more tender than corn, and requires more care,—which it does not get, since we find Southern writers deplored that the cut-worm and the louse are charged with many sins which are caused by careless cultivation and the bruises inflicted by the clumsy negro hoes. The soil is very light, and most of the work might be done by the plow and cultivator. Except upon very poor soil there is only one plant allowed to eight and even ten square feet. By the admission of Texas planters themselves, in the accounts of their country which they have written to induce emigration and sell their surplus land, there is very little work to be done during the hottest

part of the summer; the cultivation taking place in the spring, and the picking in the fall and winter. Dr. J. S. Wilson, of Columbus, Ga., writing upon the diseases of negroes, says there is no article of clothing so needful to them, and so seldom supplied, as an overcoat. Should some shrewd Yankee, starting South to go into the business of raising cotton, lay in a large supply of flannel shirts, thick Guernsey frocks, and woolen stockings, for his field hands, how many of his neighbors would remind him of Lord Timothy Dexter's noted shipment to the West Indies, and ask him why he did not take some warming-pans; and yet, for his supply of thick, warm clothing he would have the authority of all Southern physicians.

Examine the directions given for the cultivation of cotton, and see how much labor could be saved, provided slaves could be induced to use good tools; planting the seed and covering it requiring one horse or mule and *four* hands,—one to smooth the ground, one to open the furrow, one to plant, and one to cover. All of these operations can be performed by one man with a planting machine. But the negro can not be trusted with one; for the moment you begin to teach him the reasons for using it, you begin to teach him the benefit of using another complicated machine, which he has not before known much about—his own head and arms, and, worse than all, his own legs, all of which you have stolen from him; and then he will misapply his knowledge, as an old fugitive once told me he had done: ‘I took my own legs for security, and walked off.’

I know a fugitive slave who was taught the trade of a blacksmith, and who stole the art of writing; and a sad use he made of his accomplishments; he forged free papers with his pen, and the sacred seal of the State of Alabama with his tools, and then started North. In Tennessee he got out of money, and stopped to work at his trade, was suspected, brought before a court, his papers examined and pronounced genuine, and

he passed on to Canada or elsewhere. Surely this man did not know how to take care of himself!

There is no great reason why the slave should exert himself very much, and why he should not, cannot be better stated than by the Rev. Mr. McTeyire, the son of a large planter in South Carolina. 'Men,' he says, 'who own few slaves, and who share the labors of the field or workshop with them, are very liable to deceive themselves by a specious process of reasoning: they say, "I carry row for row with my negroes, and I put no more on them than I take on myself." But the master who thus reasons is forgetful or ignorant of the great truth that the negroes' powers of endurance are less than his, while in the case of the latter there are wanting those incentives which animate and actually strengthen the master. This labor is for him, the gains of this excess of industry are to make him rich. What is the servant bettered by the additional bale of cotton extorted from exhausted nature, only that next year he shall have more companions in the field, and the field be enlarged?' This is extremely well put; but Rev. Mr. McTeyire, of South Carolina, must have been unaware of the fact that it is not possible for a white man to work row for row on cotton!

But Southern planters are not without some ingenious machines. In a *premium* essay upon the cultivation of cotton, read before the Georgia Agricultural Society, the Hon. Mr. Chambers thus describes one invented by himself for covering the seed: 'I would cover with a board made of some hard wood, an inch or an inch and a half thick, about eight inches broad, beveled on the lower edge to make it sharp, slightly notched in the middle so as to *straddle* the row, and screwed on the foot of a common shovel.' Very safe for negroes to use, not being complicated.

But in the protests of intelligent Southern men, when they occasionally wake up to the terrible results of their mode of cultivation, may be found their own condemnation.

Dr. Cloud, of Alabama, editor of the '*Cotton Plant*', mourning the want of pasture in his own State, writes thus: 'Our climate is remarkably favorable to rich and luxuriant pasture. The red man of the forest and the pioneer white man that came here in advance of our *scratching plow*, tell us they found the wild oat and native grasses waving thick, as high as a man's head, and so entwined with the wild pea-vine as to make it difficult to ride among it, all over this country. Every cotton planter has heard of these fine primitive pasture ranges, and many have seen them. *If the country or the climate has been cursed in our appearance as planters here, it has been in the wasting system that we introduced and continue to practice.*'

Gov. Wise, in an address upon the agriculture of Virginia, condenses the whole case in an epigram,—'The negroes skin the land, and the white men skin the negroes.'

The limit to the production of cotton is in the capacity of the plantation force to pick the amount cultivated by the field hands; but the whole available force is insufficient, and large quantities are lost. The policy of the planters being to buy out the small landholders in their neighborhood, they have no extra force upon which to draw. Olmsted says: 'I much doubt if the harvest demand of the principal cotton districts of Mississippi adds five per cent. to their field-hand force. I observed the advantage of the free-labor system exemplified in Western Texas, the cotton fields in the vicinity of the German village of New Braunfels having been picked far closer than any I had before seen,—in fact perfectly clean. One woman was pointed out to me who had, in the first year she had seen a cotton field, picked more cotton in a day than any slave in the county.'

'Substitute the French system (that of small allotment or *parcellement*) for the Mississippi system in cotton-growing, and who can doubt that the cotton supply of the United States would be greatly increased?'

Dr. Cloud, the most intelligent writer upon cotton cultivation I have been able to find, is urgent in his advice to manure the land, practice rotation of crops, and produce larger crops upon fewer acres. But the universal practice is precisely the reverse; the process of exhaustion is followed year after year; cotton is planted year after year; the seed—which Northern men would cultivate for oil alone, and which exhausts the land ten times faster than the fibre—is mostly wasted; in the words of a Southern paper, ‘The seed is left to rot about the gin-house, producing foul odors, and a constant cause of sickness.’ The land is cropped until it is literally skinned, and then the planter migrates to some new region, again to drive out the poor whites, monopolize the soil, and leave it once more to grow up to ‘piney woods.’

Note again the warning words of Dr. Cloud: ‘With a climate and soil peculiarly adapted to the production of cotton, our country is equally favorable to the production of all the necessary cereals, and as remarkably favorable to the perfect development of the animal economy, in fine horses, good milch cows, sheep and hogs; and for fruit of every variety, *not tropical*, it is eminently superior. Why is it, then, that we find so many *wealthy cotton planters*, whose riches consist entirely of their slaves and *worn-out* plantations?’

No crop would be more remunerative to a small farmer, with a moderate family to assist in the picking season, than cotton.

Upon the fertile lands of Texas, which produce one to two bales of cotton to the acre, ten acres of cotton is the usual allotment to each hand, with also sufficient land in corn and vegetables to furnish food for the laborer and his proportion of the idle force upon the plantation, which are two to one, without reckoning the planter and overseer and their families. Now, upon the absurd supposition that a free man, with a will in his work, would do no more work than a slave, what would be the result of his labor? 1st, food for his family; 2d, 10 acres of

cotton, at 500 pounds to the acre, 5000 pounds, at 10 cents per pound, or \$500. But the result would be much greater, for, as a Southern man has well said, ‘the maximum of slave labor would be the minimum of free labor;’ and the writer can bring proof of many instances where each field hand has produced 13, 15, and even 18 bales of cotton in a year. With the denser population which would follow the emancipation of the slaves and the breaking up of the plantation system, a harvest force for the picking season would be available, and one man would as easily cultivate 20 to 25 acres of cotton, with assistance in the picking season, as he could thirty acres of corn, the usual allotment to each hand upon the corn land of Texas.

The very expense of slave labor is a proof of the profit which must be derived from it. The writer has elsewhere estimated the cost of slave labor at \$20 per month, which statement has been questioned, because no allowance was made for the increase of the live stock. Now it is well understood that where the women are worked in the fields in such a manner as to make their labor pay, the increase of live stock is much smaller, and the business of breeding is left to the first families in Virginia and other localities where the land has been exhausted (readers will pardon a plain statement,—it will cause them to realize the full horror of the business). The slaves in the cotton States increased from 1850 to 1860 $33\frac{88}{100}$ per cent., in all the other slave States $9\frac{61}{100}$ per cent. The surplus increase in the cotton States, above the average, was 190,632. Where did they come from?* At \$900 each, this surplus represents a capital of \$171,568,-800. How was this sum earned, and to whom was it paid?

Let us examine the estimate of \$20 per month, and, although it is admitted that female field hands do not bear

* It is proved, by the great increase of the cotton crop during this period, that the surplus increase of slaves was mainly composed of field hands purchased in the border States.

many children, take the average increase of the country, or $2\frac{335}{1000}$ per cent. per annum.

The standard of value for an A 1 field hand is \$100 for each cent per pound of the price of cotton, say ten cents per pound, \$1000, and the standard of value for all the slaves upon a plantation is one-half the value of a field hand.

Suppose a plantation stocked with 100 slaves, men, women, and piccaninies, at \$500 each, \$50,000

Interest at 8 per cent., a low rate for the South,	4,000
Customary allowance for life insurance or mortality,	1,000
Overseer's wages,	1,000
House and provisions,	500
Doctor's fees, hospital, and medicines,	500
Renewal and repairs of negro quarters,	500
Clothing and food, at \$1 per week for each slave,	5,200
	12,700

Credit.

Increase to keep good the morality,	2
Annual gain, $2\frac{335}{1000}$, say	3
Gain, 5, at \$500	2,500
Net cost,	10,200

The usual allowance for field hands is one-third,—allow it to be forty in a hundred, the cost of each would be \$255 per annum, or \$21.25 per month.

Let each one make his own allowance for the disadvantage of having the larger portion of the capital of a State locked up in a tool which would do more and better work if recognized as a man and representing no invested capital. How much productive industry would there be in New England, if every laborer or mechanic cost his employer \$800 to \$1500 before he could be set to work, and if each one who undertook to labor upon his own account, and was not so purchased, were stigmatized and degraded and termed 'mean white trash?'

It will again be objected that the theory of the cotton planter is to raise all the food and make all the clothing on

the plantation. The cultivation of cotton in the best manner is described by Southern writers as a process of *gardening*. Now what would be thought of a market gardener at the North who should keep a large extra force for the purpose of spinning yarn on a frame of six to ten spindles, and weaving it up on a rude hand loom? Would this not be protection to home industry in its most absurd extreme? But this is the plantation system.

The correctness of the estimate of cost can be tested in some degree by the rates at which able-bodied slaves are hired out. Many lists can be found in Southern papers; the latest found by the writer is in De Bow's *Review* of 1860. A list of fourteen slaves, comprising 'a blacksmith, his wife, eight field hands, a lame negro, an old man, an old woman and a young woman,' were hired out for the year 1860, in Claiborne Parish, La., at an average of \$289 each, the highest being \$430 for the blacksmith, and \$171 for 'Juda, old woman.'

The Southern States have thus far retained almost a monopoly of the cotton trade of the civilized world by promptly furnishing a fair supply of cotton of the best quality, and at prices which defied competition from the only region from which it was to be feared, viz., India. This monopoly has been retained, notwithstanding the steadily increasing demand and higher prices of the last few years.

Improvements in machinery have enabled manufacturers to pay full wages to their operatives, both in this country and in England, and to pay higher prices for their cotton than they did a few years since, without materially enhancing the cost of their goods, the larger product of cloth from a less number of hands and the saving of waste offsetting the higher price of cotton; but it is not probable that the cost of labor upon cotton goods can be hereafter materially reduced. The cost of labor upon the heavy sheetings and drills which form the larger part of our exports is now only one and one-half cents per yard,

and the cost of oil, starch, and all other materials except cotton, less than one-half cent, making less than two cents for cost of manufacturing; but with cotton at ten cents to the planter and twelve and one-half cents to the spinner, the cost of cotton in the yard of same goods is five cents.

With cotton at the average price of the last few years, we have supplied a very small portion of India and China with goods, in competition with their hand-made goods of same material. With new markets opening in Japan and China, and by the building of railroads in India, we have to meet a constantly decreasing supply of raw material as compared with the demand. Give us cotton at six to seven cents, at which free labor and skill could well afford it, and the manufacturing industry of New England would receive a development unknown before. But when we ask more cotton of slavery, we are answered by its great prophet, De Bow, that because we are willing to pay a high price we can not have it; for he says, ‘Although land is to be had in unlimited quantities, whenever cotton rises to ten cents, labor becomes too dear to increase production rapidly.’

And this is what the great system of slave labor has accomplished. The production of its great staple, cotton, is in the hands of less than 100,000 men. In 1850 there were in all the Southern States only 170,000 men owning more than five slaves each, and they owned 2,800,000 out of 3,300,000.

These men have by their system rendered labor degrading,—they have driven out their non-slaveholding neighbors by hundreds of thousands to find homes and self-respect in the free air of the great West,—they have reduced those who remain to a condition of ignorance scarcely to be found in any other country claiming to be civilized—so low that even the slaves look down upon the ‘mean white trash,’—they have sapped the very foundations of honor and morality, so that ‘Southern chivalry’ has become the synonym for treachery, theft,

and dishonor in every form,—they have reached a depth of degradation only to be equalled by those Northern men who would now prevent this war from utterly destroying slavery,—they have literally skinned over a vast area of country, leaving it for the time a desert, and with an area of 368,312,320 acres in the eight cotton States, they have now under cultivation in cotton less than* 6,000,000 (an area scarcely larger than the little State of Massachusetts); they have less than two slave laborers to the square mile; and their only opposition to the re-opening of the African slave-trade is upon the ground that an increase of laborers will but reduce the price of cotton, give the planters a great deal more trouble and less profit, and only benefit their enemies in New and Old England.

Have not the manufacturer, the consumer, the business man, the farmer, the soldier, every free man, every friend of the poor whites of the South who are not yet free men, a right and an interest in claiming that this monopoly of 100,000 cotton planters shall cease, their estates be confiscated for their treason, and divided among our soldiers, to repay them for their sacrifices in the cause of their country? First of all, however, let us claim the 100,000,000 acres, not the property of *any* individual, but fought for and paid for by the United States, and then given to that most ungrateful of all the rebel States, Texas—*the great ‘Cotton State.’*

Upon these fertile lands, and in this most profitable branch of agriculture, let us find the bounty for our soldiers, the reward for their sacrifices, and our own security for the future good order of the state.

By so doing we shall silence the outcry of the South that ours is a war of conquest (since the right of the government to the public lands of Texas is unquestionable), and, at the same time, furnish a powerful incentive to the zeal of our soldiers.

I have compiled a few facts and statements in regard to the soil and climate of Texas from Capt. Marcy's Explora-

tion of the Red River, in which he was accompanied by Captain, now General, McLellan, from the *Texas Almanac*, a most violent pro-slavery publication, and from the letters of a friend, a loyal Texan, who has been driven from his home, and is now in the North.

In advocating the Memphis and El Paso route for the Pacific Railroad, Captain Marcy writes as follows:—

The road alluded to, immediately after leaving Fulton, Ark., leads to an elevated ridge dividing the waters that flow into Red River from those of the Sulphur and Trinity, and continues upon it, with but few deviations from the direct course for El Paso and Dona Ana to near the Brazos River, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, and mostly through the northern part of Texas. This portion of the route has its locality in a country of surpassing beauty and fertility, and possesses all the requisites for attracting and sustaining a dense farming population. It is diversified with prairies and woodland, and is bountifully watered with numerous spring brooks, which flow off upon either side of the ridge above-mentioned. The crest of the ridge is exceedingly smooth and level, and is altogether the best natural or artificial road I ever traveled over for the same distance.

After leaving this ridge, the road crosses the Brazos near very extensive fields of bituminous coal, which burns readily, with a clear flame, and is very superior in quality.

From the Brazos, the road skirts small affluents of that stream and the Colorado for two hundred miles. The soil upon this section is principally a red argillaceous loam, similar to that in the Red River bottoms, which is so highly productive.

As this route is included within the thirty-second and thirty-fourth parallels of latitude, it would never be obstructed with snow. The whole surface of the country is covered with a dense coating of the most nutritious grass, which remains green for nine months in the year, and enables cattle to subsist the entire winter without any other forage.

The line of this road east from Fort Smith would intersect the Mississippi in the vicinity of Memphis, Tenn., and would pass through the country bordering the Arkansas River, which can not be surpassed for fertility.—*Marcy's Red River Exploration.*

The route thus described lies through the following counties, and attention is

especially directed to their several products in 1858:—

County.	White	Slaves	Acres.					Total.
			Corn.	Wheat	Cotton	Sug.	Misc ⁿ l.	
Bowie, ...	2,077	2,321	10,392	1,421	8,240	23	3,232	23,308
Cass,	6,112	4,216	28,474	5,552	23,168	36	4,368	58,598
Titus, ...	6,025	1,381	18,987	2,272	9,872	93	5,227	36,450
Upshur, ..	5,900	2,801	22,513	3,692	16,692	45	3,123	46,065
Wood, ...	3,254	733	8,330	1,000	3,194	31	1,841	14,501
Van Zandt,	2,548	242	5,504	837	1,213	8	506	8,160
Henderson,	2,758	827	8,470	843	4,763	70	908	15,061
Navarro, .	2,835	1,570	10,531	2,785	4,678	127	2,600	20,730
Hill,	1,858	508	5,161	3,189	181	201	761	9,493
Boone, ..	887	182	2,702	872	324	45	83	4,026
			34,403	15,890	121,072	22,564	69,330	673
								22,748 236,392

Let us allow the usual proportion of field hands to the whole number of slaves, viz., one-third, and we have a force of 5297; if whites do not labor in the field, each field hand must cultivate 44 64-100 acres of land. The customary allotment is ten cotton and five corn, or, where corn and wheat are the principal products, from twenty to twenty-five acres.

July 15, 1852. We were in motion at two o'clock in the morning, and, taking a north-east course towards the base of the mountain chain, passed through mezquite groves, intersected by brooks of pure water flowing into the south branch of Cache Creek, upon one of which we are encamped.

We find the soil good at all places near the mountains, and the country well wooded and watered. The grass, consisting of several varieties of the grama, is of a superior quality, and grows luxuriantly. The climate is salubrious, and the almost constant cool and bracing breezes of the summer months, with the entire absence of anything like marshes or stagnant water, remove all sources of noxious malaria, with its attendant evils of autumnal fevers.—*Marcy's Exploration of the Red River*, p. 11.

Our camp is upon the creek last occupied by the Witchitas before they left the mountains. The soil, in point of fertility, surpasses anything we have before seen, and the vegetation in the old corn-fields is so dense that it was with great difficulty I could force my horse through it. It consisted of rank weeds growing to the height of twelve feet. Soil of this character must have produced an enormous yield of corn. The timber is sufficiently abundant for all purposes of the agriculturist, and of a superior quality.

We have now reached the eastern extremity

of the Wichita chain of mountains, and shall to-morrow strike our course for Fort Asbuekl.

The more we have seen of the country about these mountains, the more pleased we have been with it. Bounteous nature seems here to have strewed her favors with a lavish hand, and to have held out every inducement for civilized man to occupy it. The numerous tributaries of Cache Creek, flowing from granite fountains, and winding like net-work through the valleys, with the advantages of good timber, soil and grass, the pure, elastic and delicious climate, with a bracing atmosphere, all unite in presenting rare inducements to the husbandman.—*Marcy's Red River Exploration.*

This section of country is in latitude 34°, longitude 99°; the latitude the same as the central part of South Carolina and the southern part of Arkansas.

We will now give statements from the *Texas Almanac*.

The south winds are the source of comfort and positive luxury to the inhabitants of Texas during the hot weather of summer. The nearer the sea-coast, the cooler and more brisk the current; but the entire area of prairie, and a large portion of the timbered country, feel it as a pleasant, healthful breeze, rendering our highest temperature tolerable.—*Prof. Forshey, of the Texas Military Institute.*

TRINITY RIVER AND ITS VALLEY.

So far as I have described the river, the climate is pleasant and salubrious, and favorable for planting. The forests and cane-brakes mitigate the cold of the northers in winter, and the south breezes temper the heat of summer. Contrary to the usual opinion, plantations, when once cleared of decaying timber, are found to be remarkably healthy. In fact, there are no causes of sickness. The river in summer is only a deep, sandy ravine, with a clear and rapid stream of water running at its bottom, and in the rear of the plantations, instead of swamps, are high rolling cane-brakes.

The paradox, that there is more good land on the Trinity than on the Mississippi, is one which will be readily sustained by those who are acquainted with the subject.—*Texas Almanac, 1861.*

TRAVIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

BY SAM. J. WOOD, ASSESSOR AND COLLECTOR.

The soil is exceedingly rich, from two to ten feet deep, and when the seasons are favorable it produces from sixty to one hundred bushels of corn, and from one and a half to two bales

of cotton, per acre. From twenty-five to thirty acres of corn, or twelve to fifteen acres of cotton to the hand, are usually cultivated.

Our country upon the whole is fertile and well watered, has timber enough to supply its demands, and an everlasting amount of stone for building; it has an eternal range of mesquit grass, on which horses and cattle that never smell corn keep perfectly fat all winter. The climate is delightful, the nights pleasant, a fine south breeze in summer continually playing over the face of our broad prairies, and the atmosphere so pure and invigorating, that it is more conducive to good health to sleep out in the open air than to sleep in-doors. There is something so attractive in this section of country, that those who live here a short time are seldom satisfied to live anywhere else.

Our citizens are generally intelligent, enterprising, industrious, religious, sober, and, *laying politics aside*, honest.—*Texas Almanac.*

COMAL COUNTY.

BY THE ASSESSOR.

Mostly settled by Germans. In this county there are in cultivation 800 acres in cotton, 15,000 acres in corn, 600 acres in wheat. The acre yields 500 pounds of clean cotton, 40 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of wheat. From 3,600 to 4,000 white inhabitants; 188 slaves; 396 farms. Improved lands \$30, unimproved \$3 an acre. *Most of the farms are cultivated by white labor*; a white hand cultivates thirty acres of corn. Peaches yield abundantly; apples and quinces have been tried successfully. The wild grape, plum, cherry, mulberry, and blackberry grow luxuriantly. Wine of good quality has been made here.

New Braunfels is the county seat. It has 2,000 inhabitants, and boasts of having the only free school in the State, supported by aid from the State school fund, and by direct taxation on the property of the school district. Four teachers are employed, and there are 250 pupils.

The letters of my Texas friend give the following description of the climate of Texas:—

The climate of Texas is very peculiar. This is owing to the body of water to the eastward of it, and to the dry and elevated plain of the Llano Estacado, and the lofty mountains which lie to the westward. To these two causes are due the moisture and the cool temperature, and at times and in certain localities the excessive dryness of Texas.

The Gulf stream, in its course along the coast of Florida and in the Gulf of Mexico, has beneath it, running to the south, a cold stream,

nearly down to the freezing point. The great equatorial current which strikes north of Cape St. Roque and through the Caribbean Sea is suddenly narrowed between Cape San Antonio and Cape Catoche; here the upper and warmer current, being condensed, strikes deeper, and forces to the surface the cold water from the under current, sometimes occasioning a roaring and very peculiar noise. By this means the Gulf stream is divided, part turning to the eastward around Cuba and between that island and Florida, and part turning to the westward, north of the banks of Campeachy, and striking Padre Island, an island upon the coast of Texas, about one hundred and forty miles long. At Padre Island, about the centre, where this current strikes, there are very deep soundings, almost up with the land. South of this point, upon the beach, are found mahogany and other tropical drift-wood, brought there from the tropics; while north of it the drift-wood is oak, ash, and cotton-wood, brought from the north by a current running counter to the Gulf stream, which I will hereafter describe. From Padre Island the Gulf stream strikes off to the north-east to the mouth of the Mississippi, thence around the coast of Florida and through her keys, until it joins the other branch. Inside the Gulf stream, along the coast of Texas, is the counter-current before referred to, making down the coast at the rate of two to three miles per hour, and bringing down the silt and mud of the Mississippi, Sabine, etc. I have seen the water off the Island of Galveston the color of chocolate, after a long norther.

Above the centre of Padre Island the coast of Texas deepens at the rate of about a fathom to the mile, until at twenty fathoms there is a coral reef, and on the easterly side of this reef the water deepens, as by the side of a perpendicular wall, to a very great depth. This reef marks the boundary of the Gulf stream, and also the boundary of the terrible tornado. The tornado of the Gulf of Mexico never passes this barrier, never strikes the land, nor has it been known within the memory of man upon the coast.

It seems to confine itself to the course of the warm water of the stream, and the great 'Father of the Waters' spreads his counter-current down the coast of Texas, like a long flowing garment, fending off the storm and the whirlwind, and thus still better fitting Texas for the white man and the white man's labor.

With this freedom from violent storms comes the delicious southerly wind in summer, which gives health and moisture to the larger part of

Texas. This wind varies in the point from which it flows. From Sabine to Matagorda its course is from south-east to south-south-east, growing more and more to the south as the coast tends to the south, until at the Rio Grande it blows from due south with perhaps a little westing in it. The course of this wind will explain the three belts of Texas, the rainy, that of less rain, and that of great drought.

This wind from the south-east comes from across the ocean and gulf (being a continuation of the south-east trades) laden with moisture and of a delightful temperature, when it is met by the cool air from the mountains, and condensed, giving the rains of Eastern and Central Texas. The more southing they have in them, the less moisture, until the extreme south-eastern portion of Texas, or the country near the mouth of the Rio Grande, is one of almost constant drought. There are thus three belts of moisture: first, from the Sabine to the mouth of the Brazos, may be called the belt of greatest rain,—from the Brazos to Lavaca or Victoria, that of moderate rain,—and from Lavaca to the Rio Grande, the dry belt. But even in the dry belt there is moisture enough to give fine grasses, and make the country a fine one for grazing, and the streams taking their rise in great springs, which probably have their source in the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, flowing under the Llano Estacado and breaking out in great numbers in a line almost north and south, never dry up, even in the driest seasons.

In the winter months, Texas has winds from the north, which come on very suddenly, and produce great variation in the temperature. They are disagreeable, but wholesome, and clear the atmosphere. They do not extend north of the Red River, nor very far west, but increase in intensity as they go south.

No country in the world can be healthier than Texas, and consumption and pectoral complaints never originate in the area of the northers.

Eastern Texas is generally well wooded; Middle and Western Texas have wood on the banks of the streams, and frequent spots of timber on the prairies.

Most of the country is covered with nutritious grass, affording good pasture throughout the year, capable of supporting an endless number of cattle and sheep, and almost all the soil is suited to the growth of cotton. There are more than five thousand square miles of bituminous coal in Texas, presenting seams five feet thick, and hills of pure gypsum seven hundred feet high. These all covered by a

generous sky and climate beneath which the white man can live and work without fear of malaria or sickness, and where he can enjoy all the blessings of the tropes without their attendant disadvantages.

It is this superb country which we trust General Lane and his forces may soon redeem from the curse of slavery.

The woolen manufacturer has an equal interest with the cotton-spinner in demanding that this shall be done, for with this unequaled country for the production of wool remaining under the curse of slavery, we import annually nearly thirty million pounds of wool,—about one-third of our whole consumption. With Texas free, and emigration from abroad—for a long time reduced almost to nothing—freely encouraged, we should become exporters of wool, not importers.

But I am warned that I have exceeded the space allotted me. The absurd assertion that the emancipated negro lapses into barbarism and will not work, can only be met by the question, ‘If he will not work except by compulsion, why does he work extra after his compulsory labor is over?’ Evidence that he does so work can be presented *ad infinitum*, upon Southern testimony; witness that De Bow’s *Review* makes only *a few* selections.

The *peculium* of Southern servants, even on the plantation, is sometimes not trifling. We make *a few* selections, showing—

THE NEGROES’ CROP.—A friend has reported to us a sale, on Tuesday, of a crop of cotton belonging to Elijah Cook, of Harris Co., Ga., amounting to \$1424 96-100.—*Columbus (Ga.) Sun*, Dec. 29, 1858.

Mr. J. S. Byington informs us that he made

two cotton purchases lately. One was the cotton crop of the negroes of Dr. Lucas, of this vicinity, for which he paid \$1,800 in cash, every dollar of which goes to the negroes.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail*, Jan. 21, 1859.

Speaking of negroes’ crops, the sales of which our contemporaries are chronicling in various amounts,—the largest which has come to our knowledge is one made in Macon, for the negroes of Allen McWalker. It amounted to \$1969.65.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*, Feb. 3, 1859.

Upon Louisiana sugar plantations, the exhausting work of the grinding season can only be maintained by a system of premiums and rewards equivalent to the payment of wages. Under that system the negroes of the sugar plantations are among the most healthy and contented in the South; while the same labor performed in Cuba, under the most severe compulsion, causes an annual decrease of the slave population, and the product of the island is only maintained by fresh importations of slaves from Africa.

With the following Southern testimony as to the intelligence of the negro, I leave this subject:—

Without book learning the Southern slave will partake more and more of the life-giving civilization of the master. As it is, his intimate relations with the superior race, and the unsystematic instruction he receives in the family, have placed him in point of intelligence above a large portion of the white laborers of Europe.—*Plantation Life*, by Rev. Dr. McTeyire.

We claim emancipation for the white man; it can only be secured by the freedom of the negro. The infinite justice of the Almighty demands both.

If we now fail to accomplish it, to bear in the future the name of ‘American Citizen’ will be a badge of shame and honor.

GENERAL PATTERSON'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

IT seldom happens that the history of any series of events can be written soon after they have transpired. The idea of history implies correctness, impartiality and completeness; and it is of rare occurrence that all these requisites can be obtained in their fullness within a brief period after the time of which the history is required. The historians of this day write of the past; and the historian of our present civil war is not yet born, who shall emulate the completeness and conciseness of Irving's Columbus, or Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, or Motley's Dutch Republic. Nor can we expect an early solution to the 'Freemont question,' which shall be full and satisfactory, though the length of time involved be but one hundred days. But it is different with Gen. Patterson. It is true that his loyalty is disputed, and in this question may be involved many complicated issues; but the question of the general result of his three months' campaign in Virginia admits but one answer;—it was a failure. And it is an exception to the general rule that we can, within a few months after his campaign closed, see and understand exactly why and how he failed.

It is not proposed in this article to discuss the loyalty of Gen. Patterson, or to take sides with either those who claim for him a patriot's laurels or those who would have him suffer a traitor's fate. We shall ignore this question entirely, simply examining the acts of his last campaign, with reference to his capability and efficiency, the nature and effects of his policy, and the reasons of his failure. We propose to try him in the same manner and by the same standard as we would if his loyalty had never been questioned.

The early morning of the 12th day of June, 1861, found the writer a volunteer soldier of less than two months' experience in camp, just arrived with his regi-

ment, from the distant Badger State, at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, where it was to join Patterson's division of the Federal army. For the next two months ensuing, the writer possessed all the facilities attainable to a private in the ranks for observing the progress of events in that division of the army, judging as to the propriety or necessity of the various movements, and forming opinions as to whether Patterson was using to the best advantage the military means within his control. These facilities were not many, it is true; but the public opinion of the North demanded certain actions from the general, and the writer, though but a private, could judge as to whether those demands of the loyal North were reasonable, and as to whether Patterson could accomplish what was required, if he chose. He was expected to *do something*; it did not matter in what particular manner; but it was deemed essential that he should in some way hold Johnston in check, and prevent his junction with the main rebel force at Manassas. And this was precisely what Patterson did not do. Bull Run was fought and lost, and the very result attained which Patterson was expected to prevent. Could it have been prevented?

It is fashionable in these days to set up the cry of inefficiency when a general does not do everything that public opinion requires. The Americans are proverbially a fault-finding people; and it will of course be as easy to make out an *ex parte* case against Gen. Patterson as against our other generals. We propose, nevertheless, at the risk of being unfashionable, to discuss candidly these expectations of the American people which were not realized, together with the actual doings of the unsuccessful general. We deem it susceptible of logical proof that Patterson might and should have prevented Johnston's junction with Beauregard.

Tents pitched, and the dust of travel from a journey of a thousand miles washed off, the 'boys' of the 1st Wisconsin regiment stretched their weary limbs on the fragrant clover of Pennsylvania, and, like American soldiers everywhere, discussed with earnestness and warmth the causes, progress, and prospects of the war. Our own position was not a little interesting. The strength of Patterson's division was not precisely known, but troops were arriving daily, and it was supposed to consist of about twenty thousand men. As was well understood, it was intended to menace Harper's Ferry, a strong natural, military and strategic position, then held by the rebels. A severe struggle was anticipated if the Ferry were attacked, and many were the pictures drawn of bloody scenes and terrible carnage. But the writer, doubting the assumed strength of the rebels at that point, freely expressed the opinion that there would be no fight there, but that the rebels would evacuate the post. And before his regiment left Chambersburg, this prediction was verified. The rebels, alarmed at the prospect which loomed up before them of a strong column of Federal troops, burned the Armory and Arsenal, and fled. And here we may find a key to the whole of the rebel manoeuvring—they were weak, and unable to cope with Patterson, *and they knew it*. Upon no other hypothesis can we account for their evacuating so strong and so important a point as Harper's Ferry.

Up to this time it had been a foregone conclusion with the army, as well as with the American people, that Patterson was to occupy Harper's Ferry. No other course of action was for a moment thought of. Even so late as the 30th of June, when the different brigades were called together, preparatory to crossing the Potomac, very many were sanguine that Harper's Ferry was to be made the base of operations, and did not give up that opinion till they found themselves *en route* for Williamsport. But the strong strategic position was neglected for more than a month;

and finally, on the very day when Johnston poured his fresh legions upon the bloody field of Bull Run, and forced the Federals to fall back, Patterson, with his back to the foe, entered Harper's Ferry, with his three months' men, whose term of enlistment was expiring, by the very road by which Johnston had left it in June.

This neglect of Patterson to occupy the strongest point in his field of operations puts the stamp of imbecility upon him at the commencement of his campaign. The rebels expected him to occupy that point, as, even so late as the time of his crossing the Potomac, the force which disputed his onward march into the valley of Virginia was not so great as that held at Charleston to dispute his march from Harper's Ferry in case he entered the valley there. Patterson himself confessed his mistake, by retiring to the Ferry in July, for the avowed reason that his three months' men must soon go home, and he must be in such a position as not to tempt an attack from the rebels while his column was thus weakened and disorganized, and before he could be reinforced by three years' men. Why did not this necessity, and the propriety of holding Harper's Ferry as a base of operations for this reason alone, if for no other, occur to the cautious general before, as it did to so many of less military experience than himself? Patterson, at the last day, thus confesses his error. It was the first great mistake of his campaign. The second was one of a different nature.

On the 2d day of July, the army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, by means of the ford. The crossing was commenced at daylight, and consumed the whole of the day. Just before daylight, a little passage at arms occurred on the Virginia side of the stream, the companies who had been thrown over the night before as pickets having been fired on by a detachment of the 'Berkeley Border Guard,' and returning the fire promptly. But this served only to stimulate the already keen energies of the

Federal forces, who waded knee-deep through the clear Potomac, and trudged along over the 'sacred soil' with a willingness unchecked by the cold nor'-wester that raged on that July morning. That portion of Berkeley County, Virginia, which lies opposite to Williamsport, is called 'the Neck,' being in the shape of a horse-shoe, and nearly surrounded by the detour of the Potomac. The turnpike leading from Williamsport to Martinsburg and Winchester traverses the whole length of 'the Neck'; and it was on this road that the advance guard of the division, Abercrombie's Brigade, took its line of march, a brush with the rebels being momentarily expected. The first view of their pickets, after leaving Williamsport, was obtained at Falling Waters, by which sonorous appellation the Virginians designate a small and pretty mill-pond, which loses itself over the dam of a solitary grist-mill, within a stone's throw of the Potomac. Here was a strong natural position, and an excellent place for waging a defensive war, if the rebels had been so disposed. But they did not make a stand till a point was reached a mile south from Falling Waters, and about five miles from Williamsport, where their skirmishers opened fire at 9.15, A. M. The skirmish which ensued, and which has since been styled the Battle of Falling Waters, was sustained on the part of the Federals by Abercrombie's Brigade, consisting of the 1st Wisconsin and the 11th Pennsylvania regiments, McMullen's Philadelphia company of Independent Rangers, the Philadelphia City Troop of cavalry, and Perkins' Field Battery of six guns. This force speedily dislodged a superior force of the enemy, and pursued them for two miles, as far as the hamlet of Hainesville, where orders from Gen. Patterson to cease the pursuit allowed the rear-guard of the rebels to elude their grasp. The contest and the chase lasted but two hours, and at noon the advance guard encamped at Hainesville. The remainder of the day was consumed by the army in selecting grounds and pitch-

ing tents; and by night, Gen. Patterson, with twenty thousand men, had succeeded in marching seven miles, routing Col. Jackson's rebel brigade, and occupying Camp Jackson, distant about two and one-half miles from the Maryland shore of the Potomac. On Tuesday, the 3d of July, the indomitable general advanced five and one-half miles farther, to Martinsburg, the county seat of Berkeley County, and occupied the town with his whole force, without firing a gun; the rebel rear-guard leaving Martinsburg for the south as the Federal advance entered it from the north.

It would seem that at such a moment a skillful general would take advantage of such a little success, and follow it up, especially when he had spent as much time in preparation as had Patterson, by a series of crushing blows, if anything could be found to crush. And in view of the facts that Gen. Johnston had thus far made almost no opposition to the advance of the Unionists, and that Patterson's soldiers were without exception eager and anxious to push on, the policy of holding back seems almost unaccountable. But Patterson tarried at Martinsburg for nearly^{*} two weeks, and telegraphed for more troops; and on the 15th of July, when he commenced his forward march toward Winchester, he suddenly discovered that Johnston had so fortified that place that it would be unsafe to attack it! It may be that he could get no accurate information as to the strength of the rebel force, and that he supposed them to be superior to himself. Still, there were many signs which a capable general could have read plainly. It was well known that there were in Johnston's advance force no really good troops, except the 'Berkeley Border Guard,' a company of cavalry, composed of citizens of Berkeley County, who, from their complete and minute knowledge of the country, their skill in the saddle, and their zeal in the rebel cause, were as formidable, though not so notorious, as the Black Horse Cavalry of Fairfax and Prince William. The rout of the rebels at Hainesville, or

Falling Waters, partook of the nature of a panic, as was evidenced by the profuse scattering of knapsacks, clothing, canteens and provisions along the 'pike.' Indeed, the conduct of the Virginia militia scarcely sustained the loud professions of desire to 'fight and die in defending the sacred soil of Virginia from the invader,' as announced by the letters and papers found in their knapsacks. And the whole course of these events convinced the private soldiers, if not the commanding general, that Johnston's highest ambition at that time was to gain time. Did he not know as well as any one that the time of enlistment of many of Patterson's men had nearly expired? And what more natural than for him to keep the latter at bay till such a time as the withdrawal of very many of his best troops would force him to retire? There were many true Unionists, too, in the ranks of the rebels, who would have been glad of opportunities to escape; this was well known. It seems impossible to resist the conclusion that Patterson should have acceded to the unanimous wish of his rank and file, and followed up his success at Hainesville, by occupying Martinsburg on the 2d, advancing to 'Bunker Hill' on the 3d, and dispersing the small rebel force known to be there, and celebrating the 4th of July by marching on Winchester, and attacking and reducing that post, as it seems he might easily have done at that time. This would of course prevent the apprehended junction of Johnston with Beauregard. The history of the war in the Old Dominion would then have been differently written; Bull Run and its panic would not be a stain upon our national honor, and—but who can not read the rest? It is true, Patterson should bear none of the blame of the Bull Run disaster, if he could have done nothing to avoid it; but we have shown that he could have done what was necessary, and that there were reasons existing at the time for taking such a course, of which he should have been cognizant.

The army left Martinsburg for the

south, as we have seen, on Monday, July 15th. The whole division, with trifling exceptions, moved forward, and advanced on that day as far as 'Bunker Hill,' ten miles from Martinsburg. An insignificant rebel force fell back as Patterson advanced, and at 'Bunker Hill' the army encamped around the smoking brands of the rebel camp-fires, just deserted. Here was a small post-town called Mill Creek; and near by, the high ridge called 'Bunker Hill' formed another fine natural position for defence; but the rebels were not disposed to defend it. Patterson lay here two days, within twelve miles of the rebel stronghold at Winchester, the pickets of the two armies watching each other by night and day. On the 17th the Federal army was astir before daylight, and an advance to the south was commenced. But before the rear-guard filed down from 'Bunker Hill' to the turnpike, a counter-march was ordered; and the whole division proceeded twelve miles to the east, leaving Winchester on their flank, and occupying Charlestown, in Jefferson County. What could have pleased Johnston better? What wonder that he should take the opportunity, as soon as satisfied that this flank movement was not intended to operate against him, to leave his fortifications at Winchester in charge of a small force, and rush to reinforce Beauregard? And is it not more than remarkable that Patterson, after occupying Charlestown for four days, should fall back to Harper's Ferry on the very day when his foe had effected his *ruse de guerre*, and was actually turning the tide of battle at Bull Run?

There is nothing in all this to change the opinion, previously formed, that Patterson should have pushed on to Winchester early in July. The whole of Johnston's manœuvring seems to have been calculated merely to deceive Patterson, and to gain time. And so clever was he in his strategy, that, when his march to Manassas commenced, Patterson, learning either of the main movement or of a feint towards himself,

aroused his army at midnight, and held them in readiness to fight, in apprehension of instant attack. As early as the middle of June, when Patterson threw a brigade over the Potomac at Williamsport, on a reconnoitering expedition, Johnston heard of the movement, and advanced a small force to engage and delay the Federals, which fell back as soon as the latter retired, as has since been learned from escaped prisoners and deserters. Indeed, the whole of Patterson's campaign shows far superior generalship on the part of his adversary.

Scarcely had the cautious general occupied from necessity that point whose strength and natural facilities he had previously despised, when the term of his appointment as general of the division expired, and the government allowed him to retire to private life. His successor's first act was to retire across the Potomac and occupy the Maryland Heights, opposite to Harper's Ferry, leaving not a foot of rebel soil to be held by our army as an evidence of the 'something' which had been expected of the venerable commander of the army of the Shenandoah. He had spent three months of time, and ten millions of money, and had only emulated the acts of that Gallic sovereign whose great deeds are immortalized in the brief couplet,

'The king of France, with twice ten thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then — marched down again.'

He had done more. He had committed another grave error, which has received but little public attention, but which told with disastrous effect upon the Union cause in Northern Virginia. That section of the State, as is well known, contained many true Union men. Previous to Patterson's entry into Virginia, they had been proscribed and severely treated by the secessionists. Many had been impressed by the rebel troops; the 'Berkeley Border Guard' had dragged many a peaceable Unionist from his bed at night to serve in the ranks of Johnston's army. But many others had been able to keep their true

sentiments wholly to themselves, and had feigned sympathy with secession; while many more had fled from their homes across the Potomac, and sought refuge in loyal Maryland, where they hung around the Federal camps, vainly urging an early advance, that they might go home and take care of their families and their crops. Thus was Berkeley County completely shackled, and a reign of terror fully established. And on that bright morning of the 2d of July, as the Federal army marched over the 'sacred soil,' the cleanly cut grain fields, with their deserted houses, told plainly of secessionist owners, who could stay at home and cut their grain while the rebels were in force, but who fled before the advance of Union troops, and deserted their homes; while the fields of standing grain, with the golden kernels ripe and almost rotting on the stalks, and the cheerless-looking houses, tenanted only by women and children, told as plainly of the poor Unionists, driven from home and family by the 'Border Guard' who so bravely 'defended the sacred soil.' With the advance of the Union army came back hundreds of Union refugees from Maryland; poor, half-starved men crept out to the roadside from their hiding-places, and told the Union troops that they now first saw daylight for several weeks; and the lonely yet brave women displayed from their hovels the Union flags, the true 'Red, White, and Blue,' which their loyalty had kept for months concealed. And as the army tarried at Martinsburg, and reinforcements came in, the secret Unionists avowed their real sentiments; the Union flag was displayed from many a dwelling; and the fair hands of Martinsburg women stitched beautiful banners, which, with words of eloquent loyalty, were presented to the favorite Union regiments, and even now are cherished in Northern homes, or in Union encampments, as mementos of the gratitude of Berkeley County for its deliverance from the reign of terror. Yet how was the confidence repaid which these loyal people thus reposed in Gen. Pat-

terson? In less than three weeks, not a Union soldier was left in Martinsburg, and before the first of August they were withdrawn wholly from Berkeley and Jefferson Counties. And the poor refugees who had returned to their homes in good faith, and the loyalists who in equal good faith had spoken out their true patriotism and their love of the Union, were left to the tender mercies of the 'Berkeley Border Guard,' and such braves as the Texan Rangers, the Mississippi Bowie-knives, and the Louisiana Tiger Zouaves. Gray-headed men like Pendleton and Strother were dragged from their homes to languish for weeks in Richmond jails, and the old reign of terror was reestablished with renewed virulence. Shall we ask these poor, deceived Unionists of Northern Virginia what they think of Gen. Patterson, and of the success of his campaign? How can we estimate the injury to the cause of the Union inflicted in this way alone by a grossly inefficient Federal general?

There were other reasons than those already enumerated why Patterson should have occupied Harper's Ferry at an early day, and these were reasons of economy, which commanded themselves to the judgment of almost every one except the commanding general. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is the natural and only good thoroughfare along the valley of the upper Potomac. Harper's Ferry, confessedly the strongest and best military point in Northern Virginia, and the one best fitted for a base of offensive operations, is on this railroad, and, of course, of easy access from Baltimore and Washington. In June last the road was open from Baltimore to the Point of Rocks, between which last place and the Ferry were some rebel obstructions easy to be removed. Had Gen. Patterson occupied Harper's Ferry in June, and opened the railroad to that point, and from thence carried on the campaign like a brave general, worthy to command the brave men who filled the ranks of his army, the government might by this time have made the whole line of the Baltimore and Ohio

Railroad of use, as a means of transporting troops and munitions between Cincinnati and Baltimore,—a desideratum then, as now, very strongly urged, as the shortest route between those points is the circuitous one *via* Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. It could have been of great use, too, to Patterson's division of the army, in transporting supplies from Baltimore, by the most natural and expeditious route. But it was his plan to enter Virginia at Williamsport, so that all supplies for his division must go from Baltimore and Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and thence by rail to Hagerstown, where they were loaded upon army wagons, and transported thus to and across the Potomac, and for fifteen or twenty miles into Virginia, to the Federal camps, at very great outlay and expense. So earnest did Gen. Patterson seem to be, either in doing nothing, or else in causing all the expenditure possible.

These are the arguments which address themselves to our reason, as bearing on the question of Patterson's success or failure, and as explanatory of the latter. As before stated, they are urged, not to show that Patterson should have possessed prophetic knowledge or any extraordinary powers, but to illustrate his failure to understand what was transpiring before his face and eyes. He is culpable, not because he did not achieve impossibilities, but because he did not do what plain common-sense seemed to require. The writer heard, among the Federal camps, but one reason suggested for Patterson's neglect to occupy Harper's Ferry in June, which was, that probably the rebels had concealed sundry infernal machines in its vicinity, which would destroy thousands of the Union soldiers at the proper time. This was building a great military policy on a very small basis. If there was running through Gen. Patterson's policy any such plan of military strategy, or, in fact, any plan whatever, we have the curious spectacle presented of a general of an army ignoring common-sense, and building up a plan of a great campaign solely upon improbabilities. And it

strikes us that this may be the key to the general's system of warfare, and a very plain and lucid explanation of his failure.

It is not deemed desirable here to treat of Patterson's other faults, such as his indulgent treatment of rebel spies, his failure to confiscate rebel property, and his distinguishing between the property of rebels and loyalists, by placing strong guards over the former, and neglecting to take equal care of the latter. Such acts only prove him to be either more nice than wise, or less nice than foolish; unless we argue him to be, as many do, a secret secessionist. But we leave it to others to draw inferences as to his loyalty or disloyalty. Our task is accomplished if we have shown that whether loyal or false, whether a patriot

or a traitor, his three months' campaign in Virginia proves him unfit to be a commander, by revealing three great faults, each injuring the cause he professed to aid, all combining to render his campaign a failure, and two of the three assisting directly in our disaster at Bull Run, and deepening that dark stain upon our national escutcheon. His neglect to occupy Harper's Ferry in June, his failure to push on against Johnston when there was an opportunity to injure him, and his cool betrayal of the Unionists of Northern Virginia into the clutches of the rebel Thugs, will place the name of Patterson by the side of the names of Lee, Hull, Winder, and Buchanan, who, though not the open enemies of their country, were its false and inefficient friends.

THE GAME OF FATE.

EVER above this earthly ball,
There sit two forms, unseen by all,
Playing, with fearful earnestness,
Through life and death, a game of chess.

Feather of pride and wolfish eye,
Judas-bearded, glancing sly;
Many a pawn you have gathered in,
Through circling ages of shame and sin!

Fair as an angel, tender and true,
Is he who measures his might with you;
Oft he has lost, in times long gone,
But ever the terrible game goes on.

But where are the chessmen to be found?—
Where the picket paces his dangerous round;
Where the general sits, with chart and map;
Where the scout is scrawling his hurried scrap.

Where the Cabinet weigh the chances dread;
Where the soldier sleeps with the stars o'erhead;
Where rifles are ringing the peal of death,
And the dying hero yields his breath.

Where the mother and sister in silence sit,
 And far into midnight sew and knit,
 And pray for the soldier-brother or son,—
 God's blessing on all that the four have done!

Where the traitors plot, in foul debate,
 To war with God and strive with fate;
 Digging pitfalls to catch them slaves,—
 Pitfalls, to serve for their own deep graves.

Where the Bishop-General proves that the rod
 Which lashes women is blest of God.
 There's a rod to come, ere the red leaves fall,
 Which will swallow your rattlesnake, scales and all.

Where the wretched Northern renegade
 On a Southern journal plies his trade,
 Swearing and writing, with scowl or smile,
 That all that is Yankee is low and vile.

Where the cowardly dough-face talks of war
 But fears we are going a little too far;—
 Hoping the North may win the fight,
 But thinking the South is 'partially right.'

Where the trembling, panting contraband
 Makes tracks in haste from the happy land;
 And where the officer-gentlemen
 Catch him and order him home again!

Where the sutler acts like an arrant scamp,
 And aids the contractor to rob the camp;
 Both of them serving the South in its sin,
 And all of them helping the devil to win.

So the game goes on from day to day,
 But there's **ONE** behind all who watches the play;
 Well he knows who at last must beat,
 And well he will reckon up every cheat.

Wolfish dark player, do your best!
 There's a reckoning for you as well as the rest;
 Eastward or westward your glance may wend,
 But the devil always trips up in the end.

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND THE OLD CLERGY.

OF late years the attention of many thinking men has been much turned to the early clergy of America. One reads of St. Peter's Church that, notwithstanding its immense size above ground, it has an equal amount of masonry under ground. Of the iceberg even more can be said, since its submerged proportions are of vastly greater extent than its visible surface. One may well inquire how much of American greatness is hidden in its foundation. How massive indeed must be the hidden corner-stone on which rests the structure of national character. New England is now turning its attention to the histories of ancient families; genealogy is no small feature in modern literature, and thus the age seems to confess that such research is a token of advance.

I believe that the strength of our ancestors was owing to their pure and simple piety; indeed, one can not go back even for a century without meeting this element in clear* developement. The old New England preachers were of a character peculiarly adapted to the severe exigencies of their day. They stood as iron men in an iron age. However rude in other social features, the early settlers, as they worked their way to the frontier, demanded the soothing influences of pastoral care, and the first institution reared in the forest was the pulpit, the next the school-house. The pastors were settled for life, and minister and people abode in communion, with little change but that of age. In seeking a field, the youth just launched into his profession 'candidated' among vacant churches, and was heard with solemn attention by the selectmen and bench of deacons. Notes were taken by the more fastidious for subsequent criticism, and the matter was discussed with all the importance of a national treaty. When the call had been accepted, the stipend was generally fixed at

one hundred pounds, and a rude parsonage opened its doors of welcome. To this was almost invariably attached a farm, whose native sterility called for such expenditure of toil that it might truly have been said,

'The furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke.'

These men indeed united mental and physical labor in a remarkable degree. The long winters were devoted to study, to sermons, or to meetings,—the summer to the plow and the harvest. One instance is on record in which the entire stock of a year's sermons were written between December and April. But, notwithstanding the inevitable drudgery of such a life, the ministry was, upon the whole, noted for study. The course held at Harvard required close application, and even at the chapel exercises the Scriptures were daily read in the original languages. These labors and studies are recorded in that quaintest of all American books, Mather's *Magnalia*. Whatever be the pedantry and vanity of its author, he is undeniably worthy of rank among the men whom he chronicled. Indeed, the Mathers, father and son, illustrated a race of rare moral and intellectual power. The first of these, who enjoyed the profitable name of 'Increase,' was equally popular and successful as president of Harvard or pastor of the church of Cambridge, and the son takes little pains to conceal his filial pride as he blazons the virtues of 'Crescentius Maderus.' He is particular in recording him as the first American divine who received the honorary title D. D. As one looks back upon the primitive days of the nascent university, he is struck by the contrast between the present numerous and stately array of halls, the magnificent library, and all the pomp of a modern commencement, and the slender procession of rudely clad youth led

by Increase Mather. As they marched out of the old shaky college and filed into the antique meeting-house, what would they have said to a glimpse of Gore Hall and its surroundings? But those were the beginnings of greatness, simple as they were.

The pages of the *Magnalia* are filled with portraits hit off in a masterly style. Mather was a true ‘Porte Crayon,’ and knew how to bring out salient points with a few happy touches. His picture-gallery is like an ancient Valhalla, full of demigods. Among their characteristics are strong contrasts. Here are piety and poverty and learning, hand in hand. These men, as we have stated, could swing the axe, or chop logie, at a moment’s notice; could pull vegetables, or dig out Hebrew roots, with alternate ease. Notwithstanding their long days of labor, their minds kept their edge, being freshly set by incessant doctrinal disputations. Such, indeed, was the public appetite for controversy that polemic warfare never slumbered. Our view of their character is assisted by a contrast with the English clergy of the same day, and which reveals shameful deformities on the part of the latter—avarice, indolence, and gluttony. Of such, Milton spake in *Lycidas*, with withering contempt, as those who

‘for their bellies’ sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.’

If the Puritan poet be charged with prejudice, we have only to turn to the pages of Macaulay for confirmation. Where, indeed, if this be true, did Fielding obtain the originals for the ordinary at Newgate, or ‘parson Trulliber’ in Joseph Andrews?

Sad and strange was that disappointment which awaited the first emigrants to Massachusetts Bay. But there was a divine mercy in it; they came to seek peace, but a sword awaited them. I refer to the famous Anne Wheelright controversy, which rent the infant settlement of Boston for more than ten years. The excitement extended through the entire colony, affording many a bitter and vindictive argument. The pulpit belabored

it in sermons of two hours’ length, after which the deacons in their official seats occasionally expatiated to audiences whose patience on this theme was inexhaustible. As the controversy waxed hot, it got into the hands of the civil authorities, and some of its disputants were thrust into jail as heretical. Anna Wheelright was a woman of great mental vigor, and could hold her own in a debate with her reverend disputants. Unfortunate as this controversy may appear, it proved a benefit, by sharpening the public mind to a prodigious degree. Indeed, the very children of Boston could define the terms of the covenant of grace. Weary of a controversy bordering on persecution, Anne Wheelright sought a new home in the wilderness, and was subsequently murdered by the Indians. But the force of mental exercise which she had put in motion still continued. It is worthy of remark that almost the only intellectual peculiarity to which Franklin refers, in speaking of his father, is ‘a turn for polemics.’ The great features of New England character were, at that day, opinion and faith. It was these, as boldly and defiantly expressed, which excited the fears and jealousy of Charles the Second, and instigated the deprival of the colonial charters.

The studious and prayerful habits of the clergy continued from generation to generation, and their piety was most tender and touching in their ministrations. We might dwell, had we time, on the Cottons, the Mitchells, and the Sheppards, but, revered above all others, comes before us the venerable form of John Elliott, the missionary, clad in homespun apparel, his face shining with inward peace, while his silver locks overhang his shoulders. He was the Nestor of divines, and the character of his labors might be judged from his motto—‘Prayers and pains with faith in Christ Jesus can accomplish anything.’ His efforts and successes amongst the Indians were remarkable, and it was commonly reported that he possessed the gift of prophecy. But he was not the only man of that day who dwelt so close to the con-

fines of the spiritual world as to be alternately visited by angels and devils. Indeed, what tales of the supernatural Mather relates, what a juxtaposition of saints and demons! Of course, there was a foundation to build upon,—had not Mather himself in his family for more than a year a possessed girl, whose familiar haunted the house and made it ring at times like a bedlam? It was a peculiar characteristic in this chapter of *diablerie*, that when the Scriptures were being read, or prayers attended, the spasms became terrific; but when any ungodly book was substituted in place of the Bible, there was an immediate relief.

The age was one of wonders, and Mather devotes an entire book to what he calls *Thaumaturgia*. Many of its statements are bold impositions on the reader's credulity; but there was much which, in those days of ignorance, must have seemed to Mather to be undeniable phenomena of a mysterious nature. After the colony had escaped many minor dangers, a new ordeal of suffering awaited it in a faith in sorcery, resulting in the horrible episode of Salem witchcraft, which may be considered the darkest stain upon the age. The death-beds and parting scenes in such a community were cherished features in domestic history, and almost every cottage could boast its Euthanasy. Ministering angels not only hovered over the couch, but touched their harps in melodies, whose music sometimes reached the human ear. Youth tender and inexperienced claimed a share in these triumphs, and Nathanael Mather, though but seventeen, expires in all the maturity of a saintly old age.

Coming down to the survivors of the first emigration, we find them lingering amid the respect and veneration of the community, and their graves were deemed worthy of patriarchal honor. After their departure the ministry seems to have lost tone and fervor. The union of church and state swept them into secularities, and thus impaired their strength. So great was the decline, that by the close of the first century, formality chilled

the churches, and the people bewailed their coldness, while the aged wept at the remembrance of by-gone days. Cotton Mather had prophesied of a coming time when churches would have to be gathered *out of the churches* in the colony. The cry of the saints was 'Return, how long, O Lord, and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.' Some of the more hopeful maintained that the midnight only heralded an approaching dawn. Two ministers on Long Island, Barber and Davenport, had received divine assurance of a return of power, and held themselves in anxious waiting. At last, brilliant flashes began to play athwart the sky, and instead of the meteoric glare which some feared, it indicated the purer sunbeam, in whose genial power the church was to rejoice for more than a third of a century. Whitefield's advent sent a thrill through all New England. He sailed from Charleston to Newport, where venerable parson Clapp, tottering with age, welcomed him as though he had been an angel of God. Whitefield's power was comparable to the supernatural, and it was in this view John Foster, at a later day, found the only solution of his success. In the pulpit his appearance and manners exceeded the dreams of apostolic grace—a youth of elegant form, with voice of enchanting melody, clear blue eyes, an endurance which knew no exhaustion—a fancy which ranged both worlds—were all fused by a burning zeal for the salvation of souls. Such was Whitefield at twenty-five, and as such he was worthy of that ovation which he received at Boston, when governor and council went out in form to welcome him. The evangelist bore his honors meekly, and hospitality did not weaken the vials of wrath which he poured upon the unfaithful. He found, as he said, in New England 'a darkness which might be felt.' At Cambridge, he thundered at the deadness of Harvard and its faculty, and electrified the land by striking at its glory. The hearers alternately wept and shivered, and the professors, headed by old Dr. Holyoke (who afterwards lived to celebrate his hundredth birth-

day), levelled a defensive and aggressive pamphlet at their castigator; but Governor Belcher kissed the dauntless preacher, and bade him ‘cry aloud and spare not, but show the people their sins.’

The second century, like the first, opened with fierce ecclesiastical tumult. Whitefield’s itinerary, like the blazing cross in the Lady of the Lake, was the signal for an uprising. Fired by his passionate oratory, the masses revolted from the chill formalism of a dead ministry. The effect of the excitement which pervaded New England, when considered merely as an appetizer of the intellect, can not be over-estimated, and the vigor which the colonial mind thus acquired astonished in an after day the dullards of the British Parliament. The chief throb was felt in Connecticut, where strolling preachers of a new order held forth in barns and school-houses. Among these imitators of Whitefield were some men of high character, such as Tennant and Finley (afterwards president of Nassau Hall, Princeton), while others were frenzied enthusiasts. Davenport, the chief of these, was ‘a heavenly-minded youth,’ whose usefulness was wrecked by fanaticism. In his journey he was attended by one whom he called his armor-bearer, and their entrance into each village was signaled by a loud hymn sung by the excited pair. The very tone in which Davenport preached has been perpetuated by his admirers; it was a nasal twang, which had great effect. A law was passed against these irregularities, and Davenport was thrown into Hartford jail, where he sang hymns all night, to the great admiration of his friends. On being released he went to Lyme, where, after sermon, a bonfire of idols was made, to which the women contributed their ornaments and fine dresses, and the men their vain books. This religious movement was marred by much evil; yet its fruits, as we have stated, were found in that mental strength which subsequently bore the brunt of the Revolution. Its excited scenes are hit off by such reports as these,—‘Sally Sparhawk fell and was carried out of meeting;’ this statement

being frequently repeated. The style of preaching in vogue may be imagined when we read of Tennant’s appearance in the pulpit, with long locks flowing down his back, his gaunt form encased in a coarse garment, girt about the loins with a leathern girdle, in imitation of the prophet Elijah. His discourses were ‘awful and solemn,’ and the houses were crowded, though the cold was so intense as to sheet Long Island Sound with ice. Other memorials of this great awakening are found in Edwards’ thrilling sermons, such as ‘Sinners in the hands of an angry God,’ ‘Wicked men only useful in their destruction,’ etc. For years after, the grand idea of New England was piety and good morals, and as there were no journals, except here and there a dwarfed weekly, the power of the pulpit was unrivaled. Religion was a common theme in every house. As a result, it is stated that during the whole Revolution, there was but one case of wilful murder in Massachusetts, and Dwight informs us that up to his day there had never been a lawsuit in Northampton, nor a loss by fire in which the damage was not mutually shared by the citizens. He also adds that on a given Sabbath five-sixths of the community were found in meeting. The minister in each town was supported by tax, and being in some sense a public officer, the ceremony of ordination was sometimes celebrated with procession and band of music.

Jonathan Edwards, the great light of New England, at this time could have been found in a quiet village on the Connecticut, whence his fame had already spread to the mother country. How Northampton gloried in her matchless preacher! For sixty years his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, had labored there. Let us linger a moment over those scenes which, though fled like a dream, once witnessed the joys and sorrows of a lifetime. Here in this retired street stands the weather-stained parsonage, graced by a pair of saplings, planted by his own hands, to which Northampton points as ‘the Edwards elms,’ and which now fling giant shadows

across the lawn. This dwelling, though scant of furniture, is passing rich in its domestic treasures. Here is a wife of lustrous beauty, sweet of disposition, fervent of spirit, and ‘mighty in prayer.’ She is a matchless judge of sermons, wise in human nature, and being wiser still in grace, must long rank as a model of the ministerial wife. Here, too, is her group of daughters, well worthy of such parentage, Esther, Sarah, Mary, and Jerusha, all beautiful and artless as herself. Here a world of daily interest is found in the studies and duties of a New England home. But who is he, of tall and attenuated form, whose days are passed in his solitary study, secluded like a hermit from the common experience of life? Like Moses, he is slow of speech, and might be considered almost severe of countenance. The lineaments tell their story of childlike simplicity of character, and yet they are inspired by an expression of power, which at first seems repellent. Those large black eyes seem to pierce and read on every thought. I have referred to this family in a previous article,* but would now speak at more length of its paternal head. This man has but two pursuits, study and prayer. Of the outer world he has ever remained in blissful ignorance, and even of his own parish he only knows what he has learned of his wife. He has no ‘turn’ for visiting, and can not afford time for vain talk. The secret of this is, that he breathes an atmosphere of his own; his soul is like a star, and dwells apart. Behold him seated at his table, jotting down casual thoughts on the backs of letters and scraps of paper (for paper is very dear); he is building up some great argument, whose vast proportions will in due time be developed, like the uncovering of a colossus. Beware, Mr. Solomon Williams of Hatfield, and you, Chubb and Tyndal, and John Taylor of Norwich, for you will each and all of you find your master in this secluded parson. Thirteen hours per day are given to study, and this has been the average for years.

* ‘The Edwards Family,’ page 11.

And such study to create realities out of the fogs of metaphysics, and to span the concrete and the abstract with a bridge such as Milton threw across space. This man can spend hours in pursuit of ‘volitions’ with all the excitement of the chamois-hunt. Now his eye brightens, for he has transfixed an idea, and holds it up in all the nicety of artistic touch, while he dissects it to its ramifications. It is all *con amore* with him, though his readers will need a clue to the maze of intricate reasoning.

One can not pass through the streets of Northampton, so broad, so rural, and so picturesque, without being overshadowed by that memory, which may be expressed in the sweet lines of Longfellow, —

‘Here in patience and in sorrow, laboring still
with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the
better land.’

It is gratifying to know that his memory is honored in Northampton by the naming of a church, though all may not understand the connection. The old ‘meeting-house’ (for the Puritans used the word church only in a spiritual sense) stood fronting the site of the present enormous edifice. It was torn down in 1812. Here for nearly a quarter of a century the tall form, and face pale and meagre from intense thinking, appeared each Sabbath before a people among whom his recluse habits rendered him almost a stranger. Here, having rested upon the desk, upon the elbow of his left arm, whose hand held a tiny book of closely written MS., he read with stooping form and low tones those solemn arguments and tremendous appeals which now thrill us from the printed page. Each of those tiny books was a sermon. Many of these are still preserved, and Dr. Tryon Edwards, of New London, has a chest filled with these memorials of his great ancestor. They are written in so fine a hand as to be hardly legible except to one practiced in their deciphering—a result of the extreme economy of one who, with all carefulness, was the largest consumer of paper and

ink in New England. Solemn as was the deportment of this reverend man, sundry practical jokes at his expense are on record. It is said that the house dog was his close attendant, and on Sabbath day would invade even the pulpit in search of his master. Hence he was carefully fastened during 'holy time.' On one occasion, however, some wag not only loosed the animal, but actually garnished his neck with a pair of ministerial bands. The poor dog, unwitting of his sacred insignia, made his way into the pulpit without being noticed by his absent minded master, until some one showed him the dog, *a la parson*, perched up behind him on the pulpit bench.

As a public speaker Edwards' delivery was the minimum of force, and in this feature he admitted his utter failure. Indeed, when driven from Northampton, he replied to Erskine's invitation to remove to Scotland, that he was assured that his style would not be acceptable. After his dismissal, the sorrows of poverty fell heavily upon him, and he writes to the same correspondent that 'he and his large and helpless family were to be cast upon the world.' A collection was made for him in Scotland, and forwarded at this time of need. The Scottish saints, indeed, held strong sympathy with the colonies, and it was their 'benefactions' which supported the mission of Brainerd, the most successful of modern days. Edwards remained more than a year at Northampton after leaving its pulpit, and was humbled by seeing the people assemble to hear sermons read by laymen in preference to his own ministrations. What a bitter cup this must have been: but Sarah cheered his heart, and grace reigned. In the mean time the girls wrought fancy work, which was sent to Boston, and sold in their behalf, and thus they were spared from want. Subsequently he was appointed missionary to the Stockbridge Indians. It was Orpheus among the wild beasts, but without his success. President Wayland quotes this fact in order to support a theory which is palpably false, that a preacher should not be much above the

literary platform of his people; whereas, Edwards' ill success was in a large measure owing to the troubles and opposition incident to frontier life. With all his sorrows, however, he had one great satisfaction. His chief assailant, Joseph Ashley, of Northampton, who had borne so large a part in his expulsion, came in deep penitence, and besought his forgiveness, which was granted with christian tenderness. Ashley's compunctions continued, and after Edwards' death increased in horror so greatly that to obtain relief he published to the world an explicit confession of his sins against 'that eminent servant of God.'

Edwards, like Milton, had long meditated a work which 'the world would not willingly let die,' but, although he had for some years been gathering materials, yet it was not until his removal to Stockbridge that he addressed himself fully to the mighty task of authorship. His habits of abstraction grew upon him amazingly during this effort, and the notable Sarah sheltered him from intrusion, and anticipated his wants. She was conscious of the greatness of the work with which he had grappled, and stood by his side like a guardian angel while he demolished errorists. It was her custom after the labors of the day to steal up to the study, where, like Numa and Egeria, they held serene communion. This was his sole medium of secular information, for in his occasional walks he was like one in a dream. The whole man was engrossed in what he alone could perform; indeed, to reconcile liberty and necessity were a task for which he seemed providentially set apart. But beneath these arguments, which rise Alp on Alp, there lurked a quiet perception of humor, and the *reductio ad absurdum*, which he occasionally drives home, showed the keenness of Puritan wit. How he must have smiled, nay even laughed, in the midst of his abstractions at that* metaphysical animal which illustrates the

* 'If some learned philosopher who had been abroad, in giving an account of the curious observations he had made in his travels, should say he had been in *Terra del Fuego*, and there had seen an animal, which he calls by a certain

absurdity of his opponents. When 'The Freedom of the Will' was finished, and the author had sent it forth to do battle, he felt that the work of his life was done.

Just at this time a deputation waited on him to solicit his acceptance of the presidency of Nassau Hall. It was a strange sight to that rude hamlet of Stockbridge — those reverend forms finishing their long journey at the feet of the poor exiled missionary. When their errand was announced, he burst into tears, overcome by a sense of unworthiness, and in a subsequent letter he confirms his unfitness by reference to his 'flaccid solids and weak and sisy fluids.' But the demand was pressed, and Northampton learns with astonishment the exaltation of her banished pastor. The successful deputation possessed one member of rare interest. This was John Brainerd, who had succeeded his brother David as a missionary, and whom Edwards had met ten years before at the bedside of his dying brother. David would have been, had both lived, the husband of Jerusha — but now they slept side by side in Northampton burial-ground, and the surviving brother reappeared bearing this invitation. It was one not easily resisted; and so, amid dangers and infirmity, he was fain to say, 'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.' Before another spring, a higher glory awaited him; and the same year, five of his family, including the incomparable Sarah, were likewise 'received up.' A sad year was that to Princeton and to the church.

We have stated our opinion, that the activity of the New England mind arose from the digestion of strong doctrine; that very activity now generated a new style of preaching, which may be named, that begat and brought forth itself, and yet had a sire and dam distinct from itself; that it had an appetite and was hungry before it had a being; that his master, who led him and governed him at his pleasure, was always governed by him, and driven by him where he pleased; that when he moved he always took a step before the first step; that he went with his head first, and yet always went tail foremost, and this though he had neither head nor tail, etc. — *Freedom of the Will*, part 4.

termed the metaphysical school. The days of *thaumaturgia* were passed, and in place of discussing demonology and temptation, an appetite for subtle dogma prevailed. I doubt if Britain and Germany, with their combined universities, could have equaled, during the last century, the New England pulpit in mental acuteness or philosophical discrimination. A reference to Edwards recalls mention among his followers of such names as Smally, Bellamy, Emmons, and Hopkins. Those who listened to the preaching of such men could not avoid becoming thinkers, and thought has made our country what it is. Very possibly what is known as 'Yankee ingenuity' arose from the thinking habits of careful sermon-hearers. A man who could follow the subtle theories of the pulpit, could think out the most elaborate machinery. Next to Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Emmons possessed the most philosophical mind of the age. So severe and invincible is his logic, that it is said that the New Haven lawyers often sharpened their minds on Emmons' sermons. His scheme of making God the author of sin may be considered one of the errors of a great mind. A modern novelist has placed old Dr. Hopkins among the characters of a romance. But however great may be the powers of Mrs. Stowe, it was quite impossible for an aesthetic and poetic mind to grasp that bundle of dried-up syllogisms which once occupied the Newport pulpit. Hopkins had preached the church at Great Barrington empty, and that of Newport died by lingering degrees. Only to think of that tall, ungainly form, the head covered with a linen cap, stiff and white, coming forth like an apparition once a week to the public gaze. We do not wonder at the child's inquiry '*if it was God that stood up there.*' Hopkins' scheme of 'indifferent affection' was a grand conception, but as unnatural as grand: yet it showed an amazing boldness for a public teacher to lay down as a postulate that a willingness to be damned was a condition of salvation.

From a survey of the earlier clergy,

even as superficial as the present one, we are struck with its ambition of a lofty range of doctrine. They

‘ reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness, and final misery,
Passion, and apathy, glory, and shame.’

The highest tribute which Milton could offer the fallen angels was that mental power which survived the general wreck. And no lesser flight would have satisfied the subjects of this sketch. Their lifelong effort was still to climb higher, ever exclaiming

‘—Paula majora canamus.’

Their services in the cause of public education are beyond our appreciation, and it may be well for us to remember that Harvard, Yale, Williams, Union, Princeton, Amherst, Hanover, and other institutions, sprang from the bold philanthropy of men so poor as often to be objects of pity. They saw that knowledge is power, and *that* power they would not only possess, but bequeath to coming generations.

Long as these rambles have been, they would still be incomplete without a trib-

ute to the influence of wives and mothers which soothed and mellowed the sterner aspect of primitive life; but this can only be referred to as a theme worthy of distinct treatment. It should not be forgotten that the children reared under such influences have often been counted worthy of the highest stations of honor and trust; and although the scapegrace character of ministers’ sons is a common fling, yet careful research has proved that it has many and brilliant exceptions.

While penning these pages, my mind has often wandered over ancient burial-ground where pastor and people sleep side by side. One may find them in every New England town, and they chain with a spell of which the modern cemetery with its showy marbles knows nothing! We turn from the fresh mortality, which chills us with its recent sorrows, to those massive headstones whose faint inscriptions tell of generations long since freed from toil. Here one may find the rude monuments of those who still walk the earth and lead its progress, and here the heart may run over, as Byron says,

‘With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.’

HEMMING COTTON.

‘HEM them in !’ is the country’s cry ;
See how the bayonet needles fly !
Nothing neglect and nothing leave,
Hem them in from the skirt to sleeve.
Little they reck of scratch or hurt
Who toil at hemming the Southern shirt ;
Little they’ll care, as they shout aloud,
If the Southern shirt prove a Southern shroud.
Hurrah for the needles sharp and thin !
Cotton is saved by hemming it in.’

ONE OF MY PREDECESSORS.

No books have quite the same fascination for me as the narratives of old travelers. Give me a rainy day, a state of affairs which renders the performance of a more serious task impossible, and a volume of Hakluyt or Purchas, or even of Pinkerton's agreeable collection, and I experience a condition of felicity which leaves Gray and his new novel far in the background. For I thus not only behold again the familiar scenery of the earth,—never forgetting a landscape that I have once seen,—but I am also a living participant in the adventures of those who have wandered the same paths, hundreds of years before. I visit Constantinople while the Porphyrogenite emperors still sit upon the throne of the East; I look upon the barbaric court of Muscovy before the name of Russia is known in the world; I make acquaintance with Genghis Khan at Karakorum, and with Aurungzebe at Delhi; I invade Japan with Kämpfer, penetrate the Arctic Seas with Barentz, or view the gardens of Ispahan in the company of the gallant Sir John Chardin.

This taste was not the cause, but is the result, of my own experience. My far-off, unknown Arab progenitor says, in one of his poems: 'Fly thy home, and journey, if thou strivest for great deeds. Five advantages thou wilt at least procure by traveling. Thou wilt have pleasure and profit; thou wilt enlarge thy prospects, cultivate thyself, and acquire friends. It is better to be dead, than, like an insect, to remain always chained to the same spot of earth.' In the Middle Ages, and especially among the members of the enlightened Saracenic race, the instinct of travel was mainly an instinctive desire for education. There was no other school of knowledge so complete and practical, in the dearth of books and the absence of other than commercial intercourse between the ends of the earth. I fancy

that this instinct, skipping over some centuries, reappeared, in my case, in its original form; for it was not until after I had seen a large portion of the earth, that I became acquainted with the narratives of my predecessors, and recognized my kinship with them. With the ghost of the mercantile Marco Polo, or those of the sharp fellows, Bernier and Tavernier, I do not anticipate much satisfaction, in the next world; but—if they are not too far off—I shall shake hands at once with the old monk Rubruquis, and the Knight Arnold von der Harff, and the far traveled son of the Atlas, Ibn Batuta.

These old narratives have a charm for me, which I do not find in the works of modern tourists. There is an honest homeliness and unreserve about them, which I would not exchange for any graces of style. The writers need no apologetic or explanatory preface; they sit down with the pressure of a solemn duty upon them. When much of the world was but dimly known, the man who had reached India, China, or the Islands of the Sea, and returned to describe his adventures, made his narrative a matter of conscience, and justly considered that he had added something to the stock of human knowledge. The world of fable had not then contracted into as narrow limits as at present; foreign countries were full of marvels, and science had not made clear the phenomena of nature. The old travelers had all the wonder and the credulity of children. All was fish that came to their nets, and their works are singular compounds of personal adventure, historical episodes, statistics of trade, and reflections on the laws, manners and religions of races, interwoven with many astonishing stories, and with the most amusing conjectures and speculations. Their sincerity is apparent on every page. How delightful is that remark of honest old Bernal

Diaz, when, in describing the battle of Tlascala, he states that many of the Spanish soldiers believed that St. James and St. Thomas fought in person against the pagans, and adds, in the simplicity of his heart, ‘Sinner that I am, it was not given to my eyes to behold either the one or the other of those holy persons.’ Montanus, in his travels through Muscovy, speaks of a wonderful plant on the borders of Tartary, which resembled a pumpkin-vine in appearance, only that instead of pumpkins it produced lambs covered with wool. He calls this ‘a mighty pleasant story,’ but takes care to say that he had never seen with his own eyes the lambs growing upon the vines, but only the wool thereof, which the natives manufactured into garments.

Another characteristic of the old books of travel is, that they are, unconsciously, autobiographical. The honest pilgrim, in his desire to give a faithful description of new lands, is little aware that he is all the time describing himself as well. His prejudices, his likings, his disappointments and aspirations are all transparently revealed to us, and through him we lay hold on the living character of his age. We follow him, step by step, on his slow and wearisome journey, enjoying his fatigues and dangers with the better zest, since we know in advance that he reached home safely at last. One of the most popular modern books of travel—*Eothen*—is a poem which gives us the very atmosphere and odor of the Orient, but nothing more; and the author floats before our vision in so dim and wraith-like a manner, that many readers have doubted whether the work was founded on actual experience. On the other hand, those old narratives, of which *Robinson Crusoe* is the ideal type, bear unmistakable stains of the soil on every page. You not only feel the vital personality of the traveler, but you would distinguish his doublet and hose among a thousand. He does not soar, with an airy grace, from one hill-top to another, picking out for you a choice scene here and there, as he skims the land—he

plods along the road, laboriously and with muddy shoes, and sees the common much oftener than the sublime.

In all that concerns man, indeed, a much plainer speech was permitted to the old traveler. There were no squeamish readers in those days, and hence, in some respects, he is too candid for modern taste. But it often happens that precisely the characteristics or customs of strange races which are of most value to the anthropologist, belong to those cryptic mysteries of human nature, to which, in our refined age, one is prohibited from referring. At least, the absence of constraint—the possibility of entire frankness, even though the writer should have no occasion to avail himself of the privilege—imparts a rare loveliness and raciness to the narrative. On the other hand, in modern works which I have tested by my own personal knowledge of the subject, I have been quite as much struck with the amount of suppressed as with that of expressed truth. Mansfield Parkyns and Captain Burton, I have no doubt, will bear me out in this statement. Why has no African explorer, for instance, yet ventured to announce the fact,—at once interesting and important,—that if a traveler in the central regions of that continent could be accompanied by his wife, the chances of his success would be greatly improved? In the apparent celibacy of explorers, barbarous races perceive simply an absence or perversion of the masculine instinct, which at once excites their distrust.

Let me resume the volume which I have laid down to pursue the foregoing reflections, and, while the eastern storm drives through the autumn woods, hurling its mingled volume of rain and leaves against my window, ask the reader to look over my shoulder and follow with me for a while the pilgrimage of Abou Abdallah Mohammed, better known under the name of Ibn Batuta,—‘may God be satisfied with him, and confound those who have an aversion towards him!—to apply to himself his own invocation in favor of another.

Ibn Batuta, a native of Tangier, in Morocco, unquestionably takes the first rank among the travelers of the Middle Ages, if we consider the distances he traversed, the remote points he reached, or the number of years consumed by his wanderings. From Pekin to Timbuctoo, from the Volga to the Ganges, from Bukhara to Zanzibar, he vibrated to and fro, making himself acquainted, with the exception of Christian Europe, with the greater part of the known world. He touched, in many directions, the borderland of darkness, beyond which the earth fell off precipitously into chaotic depths which no mortal might explore. Having reached home again after uncounted perils, he sat down to tell the story of his adventures. Many of his notes had been lost by the way, and he was obliged to depend mainly on his memory; but as this is a faculty which all genuine travelers must not only possess, but cultivate by constant exercise, his narrative is remarkably clear, complete, and truthful.

Born on the 24th of February, 1304, he set out, in his twenty-second year, on a pilgrimage to Mecca, traversing the Barbary States and Egypt on the way. Once fairly launched in the world, twenty-four years elapsed before he again saw his native town. He explored the various provinces of Arabia; visited Syria, Persia, and Armenia; resided for a while in Southern Russia (Kipchak), then belonging to princes of the line of Genghis Khan; traveled by land to Constantinople, where he was presented to the emperor; repeated his pilgrimage to Mecca, and reached Zanzibar. Then, returning, he made his way to Bukhara, and through Affghanistan to the Indus; exercised, for two years, the functions of a *Kadi*, or judge, at Delhi; was appointed by the Sultan Mohammed, the son of Togluk Khan, on an embassy to the emperor of China, but, missing the Chinese vessel, was obliged to remain a year and a half among the Maldivian Islands. Nothing daunted by the delay, he started again, by way of Ceylon and the Indian Archi-

pelago, and finally succeeded in reaching Pekin. He appears to have returned to Tangier in the year 1349, and to have taken up his residence soon afterwards in Granada, under the protection of the caliph Yusef. His thirst for exploration, however, was not yet quenched, and in two years he was ready to undertake a second journey of greater difficulty and danger. Leaving Fez with a caravan, in the year 1351, he crossed the Sahara, and spent three years in Central Africa, visiting the great cities Melli and Timbuctoo. He was thus the first to give the world an authentic account of those regions. His descriptions correspond, in almost all respects, with those given by the travelers of modern times.

Ibn Batuta returned to Morocco in 1354, and there remained until his death, in 1378. During the year after his arrival, he dictated the history of his travels to Ibn Djozay, a young Moorish poet, who, having been unjustly treated by Yusef, in Granada, fled to Fez, where he was appointed secretary to the Sultan, Abau Inau Faris. The latter, it appears, commanded that the work should be written, and it was also, no doubt, by his order that Ibn Djozay became the amanuensis of our traveler. 'He was recommended,' says the introduction, 'to bestow great care on the correctness and elegance of the style, to render it clear and intelligible, in order that the reader may better enjoy the rare adventures, and draw the greatest profit from the pearl, after it shall have been extracted from its shell!' To Ibn Djozay, therefore, we are indebted for the abundant poetic quotations interspersed throughout the work—the ornaments which hang, sometimes with curious effect, on the plain, straight-forward story which Ibn Batuta tells us. Making the usual allowance for Oriental exaggeration, and the occasional confusion which must occur in a memory so overcharged, we do not hesitate to pronounce the work worthy of all credit. Burkhardt, Seetzen, and Carl Ritter have expressed their entire confidence in the fidelity of the narrative.

This interesting work was known to

European scholars, until quite recently, in a fragmentary condition, frequently disfigured by errors of transcription. Since the French occupation of Algiers, however, two or three perfect copies have been discovered, one of which, now in the Imperial Library at Paris, bears the autograph of Ibn Djozay. The publications of the *Société Asiatique* furnish us with the narrative, carefully collated, and differing but slightly, in all probability, from the original text. Let us now run over it, freely translating for the reader as we go. The introduction, which is evidently from the elegant hand of the amanuensis, is so characteristic that we must extract a few passages.

Title and all, it opens as follows:

A PRESENT MADE TO OBSERVERS,
TREATING OF THE
CURIOSITIES OFFERED BY THE CITIES AND
OTHER WONDERS ENCOUNTERED IN
TRAVEL.

‘In the name of God, the Clement, the Merciful! Behold what says the Shekh, the judge, the learned man, the truthful, the noble, the devout, the very benevolent, the guest of God; who has acquitted himself of the visit to the holy places, to the honor of religion; who, in the course of his travels, has placed his confidence in the Lord of all creatures—Abou Abdallah Mohammed, son of Abdallah, son of Ibrahim Allewatee Alhandjee, known under the name of Ibn Batuta: may God be merciful to him, and be content with him, in his great bounty and generosity! Amen.

‘Praise be to God, who has subjected the earth to those who serve him, in order that they may march by spacious roads—who has placed them on the earth, and there located the three vicissitudes of their destiny: the creation, the return to the earth, and the resurrection from its bowels. He has extended it by his power, and it has become a bed for his servants. He has fixed it by means of inaccessible mountains, of considerable elevation, and has raised over it the summit of heaven, unsupported by a pillar. He has made the stars to appear as a guide in the midst of the darkness of the

land and the sea; he has made a lamp of the moon, and a torch of the sun. From heaven he has caused waters to descend, which vivified the ground when it was dried up. He has made all varieties of fruits to grow, and has created diversified regions, giving them all sorts of plants. He has caused the two seas to flow—one of sweet and refreshing waters, the other salt and bitter. He has completed his bounties towards his creatures, in subjecting to them the camels, and in submitting to them the ships, similar to mountains, serving them as vehicles, instead of the surface of the desert, or the back of the sea.’

After having, in like manner, pronounced a benediction on Mohammed, the Prophet’s friends, and all others in any way connected with him, he greets the Sultan of Morocco with a panegyric so dazzling, so unapproachable in the splendor of its assertions, that we must quote it as a standard whereby all similar compositions may be measured, sure that it will maintain its pre-eminence through all time.

‘It is his reign (that of Abou Inau Faris) which has cured Religion of her sickness, which has caused the sword of Injustice to return into the scabbard whence it had been drawn, which has corrected fortune, when it had been corrupted, and which has procured custom for the markets of Science, formerly given up to stagnation. He has rendered manifest the rules of piety when they would have been obliterated; he has calmed the regions of the earth when they were agitated; he has caused the tradition of acts of generosity to revive after his death; he has occasioned the death of tyrannic customs; he has abated the flame of discord at the moment when it was most enkindled; he has destroyed the commands of tyranny, when they exercised an absolute power; he has elevated the edifices of equity on the pillars of the fear of God, and has assured himself, by the strongest evidences, that he possesses confidence in the Eternal. His reign possesses a glory, the crown whereof is placed on the forehead of

Orion, and an illumination which covers the Milky Way with the skirts of his robe; a beneficence which has given a new youth to the age; a justice which incloses the righteous within its vast tent; a liberality similar to a cloud which waters at once the leaves that have fallen from the trees and the trees themselves; a courage which, even when the clouds shed torrents of rain, causes a torrent of blood to flow; a patience which never tires of hoping; a prudence which prevents his enemies from approaching his pastures; a resolution which puts their troops to flight before the action commences; a mildness which delights to pluck pardon from the tree of crime; a goodness which gains him all hearts; a science, the lustre whereof enlightens the darkest difficulties; a conduct conformable to his sincerity, and acts conformable to his designs!'

Let us here take a long breath, and rest a minute. O, Abou Inau Faris! we envy the blessed people that were gathered under thy wing; we weep for our degenerate age, wherein thy like is nowhere to be found. No wonder that Ibn Batuta declares that he lays aside forever his pilgrim's staff—that, after traversing the Orient, he sits down under the full moon of the Occident, preferring it to all other regions, 'as one prefers gold-dust to the sands of the highway.' We, too, had we found such a ruler, would have laid aside our staff, and taken the oath of allegiance.

The traveler gives us the day of his departure from home: June 14, 1325. 'I was alone,' says he, 'without a companion with whom I could live familiarly, without a caravan of which I could have made part; but I was forced onward by a spirit firm in its resolution, and the desire of visiting the Holy Places was implanted in my bosom. I therefore determined to separate myself from my friends of both sexes, and I abandoned my home as the birds abandon their nest. My father and mother were still alive. I resigned myself, with grief, to separate from them, and this was a common cause

of sorrow. I was then in my twenty-second year.'

Having safely reached the town of Tlemeen, he found two ambassadors of the king of Tunis, about to set out on their return, and attached himself to their suite. On arriving at Bougie, he was attacked with a violent fever, and was advised to remain behind. 'No,' said the determined youth, 'if God wills that I should die, let me die on the road to Mecca,' and pushed on, through Constantina and Bona, in such a state of weakness that he was obliged to unwind his turban and bind himself to his saddle, in order to avoid falling from the horse. He thus reached Tunis, in a state of extreme exhaustion and despondency. 'No one saluted me,' says he, 'for I was not acquainted with a single person there. I was seized with such an emotion of sadness that I could not suppress my sobs, and my tears flowed in abundance. One of the pilgrims, remarking my condition, advanced towards me, saluting and comforting me. He did not cease to cheer me up with his conversation, until I had entered the city.'

In a short time, he seems to have recovered both his health and spirits; for, on reaching the town of Sefakos, he married the daughter of one of the syndics of the corporation of Tunis. This proceeding strikes us as a singular preparation for a long and dangerous journey, but it is a preliminary which would immediately suggest itself to a Mussulman of good character. In fact, it was equivalent in those days—and still would be, in some parts of the Orient—to a proclamation of his respectability. Ibn Batuta, however, was not fortunate in this matrimonial adventure. Two months afterwards, he naïvely informs us: 'There arose such a disagreement between myself and my father-in-law, that I was obliged to separate from my wife. I thereupon married the daughter of an official of Fez. The marriage was consummated at the castle of Zafiah, and I celebrated it by a feast, for which I detained the caravan for a whole day.'

After this announcement, he is silent concerning his domestic relations. Perhaps the number of his connubial changes was too great to be recorded; perhaps no son was born to establish his honor among men; perhaps, with increasing sanctity, he forswore the sex. The last conjecture is probably correct, as it tallies with the reputation for wisdom and purity which he gradually acquired.

Finally, in April, 1326, our traveler reached Alexandria, the first strange city which impressed him by its size and splendor. ‘Alexandria,’ says he, ‘is a jewel whereof the brilliancy is manifest — a virgin which sparkles with her ornaments. She illuminates the Occident with her splendor: she unites the most diverse beauties, on account of her situation midway between the Rising and the Setting.’ At that time the celebrated Pharos was still standing, and the following description of it, though not very clear, will interest the reader: ‘It is a square edifice, which towers into the air. Its gate is raised above the surface of the earth, and opposite to it there is an edifice of similar height, which serves to support planks, across which one must walk to arrive at the gate of the Pharos. When these planks are taken away, there is no means of crossing. Inside of the entrance is a space where the guardian of the edifice is stationed. The interior of the Pharos contains many apartments. Each of its four sides is a hundred and forty spans in length. The building is situated on a high hill, one parasang from the city, and on a tongue of land which the sea surrounds on three sides. One can therefore only reach the Pharos from the land side, by leaving the city. I directed my course towards the Pharos a second time, on my return to the West, in the year 1349, and I found that its ruin was complete, so that one could neither enter, nor even reach the gate.’

Commencing with Alexandria, Ibn Batuta is careful, in every city which he visits, to give an account of the distinguished *shekhs* or *imams*, with characteristic anecdotes of their saintly or miraculous lives. The value and interest of

these sketches reconcile us to the brevity of his descriptions. He tells us, for example, that the *kadi* (judge) of Alexandria, who was likewise a master of the art of eloquence, ‘covered his head with a turban which surpassed in volume all the turbans then to be seen. I have never beheld, neither in the East nor the West, one so voluminous. He was one day seated in a mosque, before the pulpit, and his turban filled almost the entire space.’ At the town of Fooah, in the Delta, on his way to Cairo, occurred his first marvelous adventure. ‘During the night,’ says he, ‘while I slept on the roof of the dwelling of the shekh Abou Abdallah, I saw myself, in a dream, carried on the wing of a great bird, which flew in the direction of Mecca, then in that of Yemen; then it transported me to the East, after which it passed towards the South; then it flew again far to the East, alighted upon a dark and misty country, and there abandoned me. I was amazed at this vision, and said to myself, “If the shekh can interpret my dream, he is truly as holy as he is said to be.” When I presented myself, in the morning, to take part in the early prayer, he charged me to take the lead, in the quality of *imam*. Afterwards he called me to him, and explained my dream; in fact, when I had related it to him, he said: “Thou wilt make the pilgrimage to Mecca, thou wilt visit the tomb of the Prophet, thou wilt traverse Yemen, Irak, the country of the Turks, and India; thou wilt remain a long time in the latter country, where thou wilt see my brother Dilchad, who will extricate thee from an affliction into which thou shalt fall.” Having spoken, he provided me with money, and small biscuits for the journey. I said my farewells and departed. Since I left him, I have experienced nothing but good treatment in the course of my travels, and his benedictions always came to my aid.’

Passing over the traveler’s visit to Damietta and the other towns of the Delta, let us hear his enthusiastic description of Cairo, at the time of its greatest prosperity: ‘Finally, I reached the city of Cairo,

the metropolis of the country and the ancient residence of Pharaoh the Impaler; mistress of rich and extended regions, attaining the utmost limits of possibility in the multitude of its population, and exalting itself on account of its beauty and splendor. It is the rendezvous of travelers, the station of the weak and the powerful. Thou wilt there find all that thou desirest—the wise and the ignorant, the industrious and the trifling, the mild or the angry, men of low extraction or of lofty birth, the illustrious and the obscure. The number of its inhabitants is so considerable that their currents resemble those of an agitated sea, and the city lacks very little of being too small to contain them, notwithstanding its extent and capacity. Although founded long since, it enjoys a youth forever renewed; the star of its horoscope does not cease to inhabit a fortunate house. It is in speaking of Cairo that Nasr ed-deen has written:

“It is a paradise in truth ; its gardens ever smile,
Adorned and fed so plenteously by all the waves
of Nile,
Which, fretted by the blowing wind, from shore
across to shore,
Mimic the armor’s azure scales the prophet
David wore ;
Within its fluid element the naked fear to glide,
And ships, like winged heavenly spheres, go
up and down the tide.”

Ibn Batuta’s description of the pyramids is very curious, and we can account for it on no other supposition than that he merely saw them in the distance (probably from the citadel of Cairo), relying on hearsay for further particulars. After stating that they were built by the ancient *Hermes*, whom he supposes to be identical with Enoch, as a repository for the antediluvian arts and sciences, he says: ‘The pyramids are built of hard, well-cut stone. They are of a very considerable elevation, and of a circular form, spacious at the base and narrow at the summit, *in the fashion of cones*. They have no doors, and one is ignorant of the manner in which they have been constructed.’

In his journey up the Nile, Ibn Batuta never fails to give an account of every

Moslem saint or theologian whom he meets, but only in one or two instances does he mention the antiquities, which, in that age, must have been still more conspicuous than now. He even passes over the plain of Thebes without the slightest notice of the great temple of Karnak. Disappointed in his plan of crossing the Red Sea to Jidda, he returned to Cairo, and at once set out for Syria. Here, the first place of interest which he visited was Hebron, where he performed his devotions at the tombs of the patriarchs. We learn that there were archæological writings in those days, for he quotes from a work entitled ‘The Torch of Hearts, on the Subject of the Authenticity of the Tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.’ Unfortunately, the evidence adduced would not be very satisfactory to us, for it rests entirely on the following statement made by Mohammed to a certain Abou Horairah: ‘When the angel Gabriel took me on the nocturnal journey to Jerusalem, we passed above the tomb of Abraham, and he said to me, “Descend, and make a prayer of two genuflexions, for here is the sepulchre of thy father Abraham!” Then we traversed Bethlehem, and he said also, “Descend, make a prayer of two genuflexions, for here was born thy brother Jesus!”’

Of Jerusalem, which he calls ‘the noble, the holy—may God glorify it!’ he says: ‘Among the sanctuaries on the borders of the valley known under the name of Gehenna, east of the city and on an elevated hill (the Mount of Olives), one sees an edifice which is said to stand on the spot whence Jesus ascended to heaven. In the middle of the same valley there is a church where the Christians worship: they affirm that it contains the sepulchre of Mary. There is also another church, equally venerated, to which the Christians make a pilgrimage. The reason whereof, however, is a lie, for they pretend that it contains the tomb of Jesus. Each person who goes thither as a pilgrim is obliged to pay a certain tribute to the Mussulmans, and to undergo divers sorts of humilia-

tions, which the Christians perform very much against their will. They there see the place where the cradle of Jesus stood, and come to implore his intercession.'

I have not space to follow our traveler through all the cities of the Syrian coast, northward to Aleppo, but I can not omit offering one flower from the garland of poetical quotations which Ibu Batuta (or rather his amanuensis, Ibn Djozay) hangs on the citadel of the latter capital. I presume the city then occupied the same position as at present, on a plain surrounding the rocky acropolis, which is so striking and picturesque a feature as to justify the enthusiasm of the Oriental bards. Djemal ed-deen Ali, however, surpasses them all in the splendor of his images. Hear him:—

'So lofty soars this castle, so high its summit stands,
Immense and far uplifted above the lower lands,
It lacks but little, truly, that with the heavenly sphere
Around the earth revolving, its towers would interfere.
And they who dwell within it must seek the Milky Way;
There is no nearer cistern which can their thirst allay:
Their horses there go browsing, and crop the stars that pass,
As other beasts the blossoms that open in the grass!'

After this flight, I think I can afford to omit the string of quotations concerning Damascus, which is celebrated with an equal extravagance. Ibn Batuta gives a very careful account of the great mosque, including its priests and scholars. During his stay the plague raged with such violence that the deaths at one time amounted to two thousand a day. He relates one circumstance which shows that even religious intolerance vanished in times of distress. 'All the inhabitants of the city, men, women, large and small, took part in a procession to the Mosque of El-Akdam, two miles south of Damascus. The Jews came forth with their Pentateuch, and the Christians with their Gospel, followed by their women and children. All wept, supplicated, and sought help from God, through the means

of his Word and his prophets. They repaired to the mosque, where they remained, praying and invoking God, until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then they returned to the city, made the prayer of Friday, and the Lord consoled them.'

On the 1st of September, 1326, he left Damascus, with the great caravan of pilgrims, for Mecca. He enumerates all the stations on the route, and his itinerary is almost identical with that which the caravan follows at the present day. Much space is devoted to a description of the religious observances which he followed; and, singularly enough, if any confirmation of his fidelity as a narrator were needed, it is furnished by the work of Captain Burton. The account of the sacred cities of Medineh and Mecca corresponds in every important particular with that of the modern traveler. Thus the integrity of Ibn Batuta, like that of Marco Polo, is established, after the lapse of five hundred years.

In speaking of the chair of Mohammed, which is preserved in the mosque at Medineh, he relates the following beautiful tradition: 'It is said that the ambassador of God at first preached near the trunk of a palm-tree in the mosque, and that after he had constructed the chair and transported it thither, the trunk of the palm-tree groaned, as the female camel groans after her young. Mohammed thereupon went down to the tree and embraced it; after which it remained silent. The Prophet said, "If I had not embraced it, it would have continued to groan until the day of the resurrection."

After faithfully performing all the observances prescribed for the pilgrim to Mecca, Ibn Batuta left that city and returned to Medineh. He then crossed the Arabian peninsula in a north-eastern direction, to the city of Meshed Ali, near the Euphrates, and thence descended that river to Bassora. Here he gives us two amusing anecdotes, which reflectively illustrate his shrewdness and the sturdiness with which he maintained his religious views. 'The inhabitants of Bassora,' says he, 'are gifted with a gen-

erous character. They are familiar with strangers, rendering them that which is their due, in such a manner that no one finds a sojourn among them tiresome. They make their Sunday prayers in the mosque of the Prince of Believers, Ali. I once attended the prayers in this mosque; and when the preacher arose and began to recite the sermon, he made numerous and evident faults. I was surprised thereat, and spoke of it to the judge Hodjat-qd-deen, who answered, "In this city, there is no longer an individual who has any knowledge of grammar." This is an instruction for whoever reflects thereon, and let us praise God, who changes things and reverses the face of affairs! In fact, this city of Bassora, the inhabitants whereof had obtained preëminence in grammar, which there had its origin and received its development,—this city, which gave to the world the master of this noble science, whose priority no one contests,—does not now possess a single preacher who pronounces the Sunday sermon according to grammatical rules!

'The mosque has seven minarets, one of which, according to the belief of the inhabitants, shakes whenever the name of Ali, son of Abou Talib, is invoked. I ascended to the terrace (roof) of this mosque, accompanied by one of the men of Bassora. There I saw, at one of the corners, a piece of wood nailed to the minaret, and resembling the handle of a mason's trowel. He who was with me took hold of it, saying, "By the head of the prince of believers, Ali, shake thyself!" Therewith he shook the handle, and the minaret trembled. In turn, I placed my hand upon it, and I said to the man, "And I say, by the head of Abou Bekr, successor to the Ambassador of God, shake thyself!" Therewith I shook the handle, and the minaret trembled as before. The people were very much astonished. The amanuensis, Ibn Djozay, here interpolates the following remark: 'I have seen, in a town in the valley of Almansura, in Spain,—which may God defend!—a tower which shakes

without the name of a caliph, or anybody else, being mentioned.'

At the city of Idhedj, in Irak, then the capital of one of the many Mongol sultans who at that time reigned in southern Persia, Ibn Batuta gives another proof of his boldness. Calling upon the Sultan Afrasiab, who was notorious for his drunken and dissolute habits, the traveler found him seated upon a divan, with two covered vases—one of gold and one of silver—before him. A green carpet was brought and placed near him, upon which the traveler was invited to take his seat, after which the sultan asked him many questions concerning his travels. 'It seemed to me, however,' says Ibn Batuta, 'that he was quite intoxicated, for I had been previously apprized of his habit of giving himself up to drink. Finally, he said to me in Arabic, which he spoke with elegance, "Speak!" I said to him, "If thou wouldest listen to me, I would say to thee —Thou art one of the children of Sultan Ahmed, celebrated for his piety and devotion; there is no cause of reproach to thee, in thy manner of life, except that!"' and I pointed with my finger to the two vases. These words covered him with shame, and he was silent. I wished to withdraw, but he ordered me to keep my seat, and said, "It is a mark of the Divine mercy to meet with such as thou!" Afterwards, seeing that he swayed from side to side, and desired to sleep, I left him. I had placed my sandals at the door, and could not find them again. The Fakir Fadhill sought for them in the hall, and at last brought them to me. His kindness embarrassed me, and I made apologies. Thereupon he kissed my sandals, placed them upon his head, in token of respect, and said to me, "May God bless thee! What thou hast said to our sultan, nobody else would have dared to say. I hope it will make an impression on him!"'

Continuing his journey to Ispahan and Shiraz, he gives us, as usual, conscientious accounts of the mosques, priests, and holy men, but no hint whatever as

to his manner of travel, or the character of the country through which he passed. This portion of his work, however, contains many interesting historical fragments, relating to the reigns of the Mongol sultans of Persia, and the dissensions between the two Moslem sects. After a stay of some length at Shiraz, he returned through Irak to the celebrated city of Cufa, and thence to Bagdad, which was then the residence of a simple Mongol prince. Here he describes at length the mosques, colleges, mausoleums and baths, while Ibn Djozay takes occasion to introduce his favorite quotations from the poets. The reader, we think, will find the following more picturesque than the somewhat formal descriptions of Ibn Batuta :—

' Yea, Bagdad is a spacious place for him who's gold to spend,
But for the poor it is the house of suffering without end:
I wander idly through its streets, as lost as if I were
A Koran in an atheist's house, which hath no welcome there.'
' A sigh, a sigh for Bagdad, a sigh for Irak's land!
For all its lovely peacock, and the splendors they expand:
They walk beside the Tigris, and the looks they turn on me
Shine o'er the jeweled necklace, like moons above the sea! '

Our traveler, also, was the forerunner of Layard. In visiting Mosul, he writes :—
' Near this place one sees the hill of Jonah, upon whom be blessing ! and a mile distant from it the fountain which bears his name. It is said that he commanded the people to purify themselves there; that afterwards they ascended the aforesaid hill; that he prayed, and they also, in such manner that God turned the chastisement from their heads. In the neighborhood is a great ruin, and the people pretend that it is the remains of the city known under the name of Nineveh, the city of Jonah. One perceives the vestiges of the wall which surrounded it, as well as the situation of its gates. On the hill stands a large edifice, and a monastery, which contains numerous cells, apartments, places of purification, and fountains, all closed by a single gate.

In the middle of the monastery one sees a cell with a silken curtain, and a door encrusted with gold and precious stones. This, they say, is the spot where Jonah dwelt; and they add that the choir of the mosque attached to the monastery covers the cell in which he prayed to God.'

Returning to Bagdad, Ibn Batuta crossed the Arabian Desert a second time, and took up his residence in Mecca for the space of three years. His account of the voyage along the eastern coast of Africa, as far south as Quiloa, is brief and uninteresting; but on his return he visited Oman, of which province he gives us the first authentic account. From the Pearl Islands in the Persian Gulf, he bent his way once more across Arabia to Mecca, whence he crossed the Red Sea to the Nubian coast, and descended the Nile to Cairo. I shall omit his subsequent journeys through Syria and Asia Minor, although they contain many amusing and picturesque incidents, and turn, instead, to his adventures in Kipchak (Southern Russia), which was then governed by a sultan descended in a direct line from Genghis Khan. Embarking at Sinope, he crossed the Black Sea to Caffa, in the Crimea, which was at that time a Genoese city. Here a singular circumstance occurred :—

' We lodged in the mosque of the Mussulmans. After we had been resting there about an hour, we suddenly heard the sound of bells resounding on all sides. I had then never heard such a sound; I was extremely terrified, and ordered my companions to ascend the minaret, read the Koran, praise God, and recite the call to prayer,—which they did. We now perceived a man who had approached us: he was armed, and wore a cuirass. He saluted us, and we begged him to inform us who he was. He gave us to understand that he was the Kadi of the Mussulmans of the place, and added: " When I heard the reading of the Koran and the call to prayers, I trembled for your safety, and therefore came to seek you." Then he departed; but, nevertheless, we received nothing but good treatment.'

From Caffa, Ibn Batuta traveled in a chariot to Azof, near which place he found the camp of the Sultan Mohammed Uzbek Khan, of whose court he gives a very circumstantial description. He also devotes considerable space to an account of their manner of keeping the fast of Ramadan. The favorite wife of the sultan was a daughter of the Greek emperor, who at the time of the traveler's visit was preparing to set out for Constantinople, in order that her expected child might be born in the palace of her fathers. 'I prayed the sultan,' says Ibn Batuta, 'to permit me to journey in company with the princess, in order that I might behold Constantinople the Great. He at first refused, out of fear for my safety, but I solicited him, saying, "I will not enter Constantinople except under thy protection and thy patronage, and therefore I will fear no one." He then gave me permission to depart, making me a present of fifteen hundred ducats, a robe of honor, and a great number of horses.'

The journey to Constantinople was made entirely by land, and consumed more than two months. It is rather difficult to locate the precise route traversed by the caravan, except that it must have skirted the shore of the Black Sea; for I find mention of three great canals, which must refer to the three arms of the Danube. At the frontier of the Greek empire, they were received by the brothers of the princess, with a mounted guard. Ibn Batuta's chronology is a little confused, and we can only guess that the reigning emperor at that time was Andronicus II. Palaeologus. The description of the entry into Constantinople, and the interview with the emperor, are among the most curious and interesting passages in the work.

'We encamped at the distance of ten miles from Constantinople, and on the following morning the population of the city came forth—men, women, and children, on foot and on horseback, in their most beautiful costumes and most magnificent vestments. From daybreak the cymbals, clarions, and trumpets

sounded; the soldiers mounted their horses, and the emperor, with his wife, the mother of the princess, the great men of the empire, and the courtiers, issued from the city. Over the head of the emperor there was a canopy, carried by a certain number of cavaliers and foot-soldiers, holding in their hands long staves, terminated at the top by a sort of leather ball, with which they upheld the canopy. In the centre thereof was a dais, supported on staves by the cavaliers. When the emperor had advanced, the troops mixed together, and the noise became great. I was not able to penetrate into the middle of the crowd, and remained near the baggage of the princess and her companions, fearing for my safety. It was related to me that when the princess approached her parents, she alighted and kissed the ground before them; then she kissed their shoes, and her principal officers did the same. Our entry into Constantinople the Great took place towards noon, or a little after. Meanwhile the inhabitants caused the bells to sound, in such measure that the heavens were shattered with the mixed uproar of their noise.'

'When we had arrived at the outer gate of the palace, we there found about a hundred men, accompanied by their chief, who was stationed on a platform. I heard them saying, "The Saracens, the Saracens!"—a term by which they designate the Mussulmans,—and they prevented us from entering. The companions of the princess said to them, "These people belong to our suite;" but they answered, "They shall not enter here without permission." We therefore waited at the gate, and one of the officers sent some one to inform her of this incident. She was then with her father, to whom she spoke concerning us. The emperor ordered us to be admitted, and assigned us a house near that of the princess. Furthermore, he wrote, in our favor, an order prohibiting any one from interrupting us in whatever part of the city we might go, and this was proclaimed in the markets. We remained three days in our residence, whither they

sent us provisions, namely, flour, bread, sheep, fowls, butter, fish and fruits, also money and carpets.

'On the fourth day after our arrival at Constantinople the princess sent to me the eunuch Sunbul, the Indian, who took me by the hand and conducted me into the palace. We passed four gates, near each one of which were benches, with armed men, the captain occupying a raised platform covered with carpets. When we had reached the fifth gate, the eunuch Sunbul left me and entered; then he returned, accompanied by four Greek eunuchs. These latter searched me, for fear lest I might have a knife about me. The chief said to me, "Such is their custom; we can not dispense with a minute examination of whoever approaches the emperor, whether a high personage or one of the people, a stranger or a native." This is also the custom in India.

'After I had submitted to this examination, the guardian of the gate arose, took my hand, and opened. Four individuals surrounded me, two of whom took hold of my sleeves, while the other two held me from behind. They conducted me into a grand audience-hall, the walls of which were in mosaic; the figures of natural productions, whether animal or mineral, were there represented. In the middle of the hall there was a brook, both banks of which were bordered with trees; men stood on the right and on the left, but no one spoke. In the centre of the hall of reception stood three other men, to whom my four conductors confided me, and who took me by the garments as the first had done. Another individual having made a sign to them, they advanced with me. One of them, who was a Jew, said to me in Arabic, "Fear not; it is their custom to act thus towards strangers. I am the interpreter, and am a native of Syria." I demanded of him what salutation I ought to make, and he replied, "Say — May blessing be upon you!"

'I arrived, finally, at the grand dais, where I beheld the emperor seated on his throne, having before him his wife, the mother of the princess. The latter,

with her brothers, were stationed at the foot of the throne. At the right of the sovereign there were six men, four at his left, and as many behind him; all were armed. Before allowing me to salute him, or to approach nearer to him, he made me a sign that I should sit down for a moment, in order to recover from my fear. I did so, after which I advanced nearer, and saluted him. He invited me, by a gesture, to sit, but I did not comply. Then he questioned me on the subject of Jerusalem, the blessed rock (of Jacob), the holy sepulchre, and the cradle of Jesus, Bethlehem and Hebron, Damascus and Cairo, Irak and Asia Minor. I replied to all his demands, the Jew performing the office of interpreter between us. My words pleased him, and he said to his children, "Treat this man with consideration, and protect him!" Then he caused me to be clothed with a robe of honor, and assigned to me a horse, saddled and bridled, as well as an umbrella from among those which were carried over his own head — which was a mark of protection. I prayed him to designate some one who should ride with me each day through the city, in order that I might behold its rarities and marvels, and speak of them in my own country. He granted my desire. One of the customs of this people is, that the individual who receives a robe of honor from the emperor, and mounts a horse from his stables, must be conducted through the squares of the city, to the sound of trumpets, clarions and cymbals, so that the population may behold him. This is oftenest done with those Turks who come from the dominions of the Uzbek sultan, in order that they may suffer no annoyance. I was conducted through the markets in the same manner.'

But the autumn night is closing in, and we must shut up the volume. We can not, to-day, follow the brave old traveler through all the vicissitudes of his long pilgrimage. He allows us to perceive much that he does not tell us outright, and it is a satisfaction to learn, from his pages, that if society were less ordered,

secure, and externally proper five hundred years ago, individual generosity and magnanimity were more marked, and the good in the human race, as now, overbalanced the evil. One more story Ibn Batuta must tell us, before we take leave of him,—one story, which must warm every heart which can appreciate that rarest of virtues, tolerance. The father of the Greek emperor was still living, having abdicated the crown in favor of his son Andronicus, and become a monk. The Moslem traveler thus describes his interview with the old Christian monarch:—

‘I was one day in company with the Greek who was appointed to ride with me through the city, when we suddenly encountered the old emperor, walking on foot, clothed in hair garments, and with a felt cap on his head. He had a long white beard and a noble face, which presented traces of the pious practices whereto his life was devoted. Before and behind him walked a troop of monks. He held a staff in his hand, and had a rosary about his neck. When the Greek beheld him, he alighted, and said to me, “Dismount; it is the father of the emperor.” When the Greek had saluted him, he demanded who I was, then stopped, and summoned me to him. I approached; he took my hand, and said to the Greek, who knew the Arabic language,—“Say to this Saracen (that is to say, Mussulman), that I press the hand which has entered Jerusalem, and the foot which has walked by the Holy Rock, and the Holy Sepulchre, and in Bethlehem.” Having spoken, he placed his hand on my feet, and then passed it over his own face. I was amazed at the respect which these people exhibit towards an individual of another religion than their own, who has visited the holy places. The old emperor then took me by the hand, and I walked along with him. He questioned me on the subject of Jerusalem and the Christians who dwell there. In his company I entered the consecrated ground belonging to the church. As he approached the principal gate, a crowd of priests and monks issued to salute him, for he was now one of their chiefs. When he saw them, he let go of my hand, and I said to him, “I desire to enter the church with thee.” He said to the interpreter, “Inform him that whoever enters is absolutely obliged to prostrate himself before the principal crucifix. It is a thing prescribed by the Fathers, and can not be transgressed.” I then left him, he entered alone, and I never saw him again.’

THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL.

It is worthy of note that the English statesmen of the present century have mostly originated in two totally distinct ranks of society. They have either been the scions of noble and powerful families; or they have arisen, in spite of circumstance, from humble parents, by the sole recommendation of personal worth. Of the great middle class, the class which is certainly the most respectable of the English community, and which is at present the controlling power in the

state, but few have recently attained great eminence. That the titled and wealthy should advance to power and influence in a government peculiarly influenced by such recommendations, is not strange. Any son of a great English house, who has ambition, and a reasonable share of brains, may attain, with comparative ease, eminence in the state. An apt example is Lord Russell, who, with but little genius, with no oratorical force, and hardly more than medium ca-

pacity as a statesman, has become the leader of the predominant party, by dint of shrewdness, a persevering spirit, and ambition, backed by the powerful influence of the noble house of Bedford. And that the master-spirits born in poverty should shake off the incubus of humble birth, and advance to a level with the noblest, is not so unnatural or improbable but that the history of every nation affords us abundant examples of such men; while the middle class, who are neither stimulated by the calls of penury, nor pushed forward by hereditary interest, naturally retain a contented mediocrity of renown and honor.

If any of our readers have visited the House of Lords within the past two years, they doubtless had their attention directed to the venerable statesman who for that period has occupied, with eminent dignity and grace, the office of chairman to that body, and whose recent decease has been noticed with such profound regret in British journals. On inquiry, they doubtless learned that this was Lord Chancellor Campbell. He had risen from the lowest drudgery to the highest eminence of the legal profession. By the prolific arts of perseverance and industry, he had scaled each successive round in the ladder of promotion, until now, in his declining years, with accumulated honor and respect, he had thus reached the summit, taking precedence after the Archbishop of Canterbury, holding the great seal, and presiding over the peers of the realm.

He was one of those rare examples of unconquerable pluck, who have mastered the prejudice of wealth and power, and to whom has been yielded a position envied by the most worthy descendants of the most illustrious nobles. In America, where public distinction is within the reach of all, it is difficult to conceive of the restraints which beset the humble aspirant in the old country. But notwithstanding such obstacles, the examples of such men as Eldon, Stowell, Truro, St. Leonards, Ashburton, Canning, and Campbell exhibit the gratifying fact, that hereditary power or wealth

can not bide the dignity of great genius; that greatness will thrust aside the lesser privilege of worldly circumstance, whether it be born in a palace or a cottage; and that you can no more control the operation of a superior mind by the vanities of title and lucre, than you can subordinate truth to error, or eternity to time. The glittering train of peers and nabobs who followed in the path of the great Elizabeth lie forgotten under the stately arches of the old cathedrals; while the poverty-stricken player, William Shakspeare, has adorned every library with his name, and reigns in every appreciative heart, as a perfect master of nature and lofty thought. The names of the brilliant court which welcomed George the Third to the throne of the Plantagenets no longer linger on the lips of men; while every household boasts its 'Rasselias,' and the civilized world holds sacred the memory of the illustrious 'Rambler.'

JOHN CAMPBELL was born in 1781, and was the son of an obscure Scotch clergyman. His father destined him for the clergy; in consequence of which he was sent to the University of St. Andrews, where he met the great Dr. Chalmers, then a student like himself. But young Campbell became averse to the profession which had been chosen for him, and soon turned his attention to the law. Soon after graduation, he betook himself to London, where he studied with great zeal, meanwhile supplying his wants by acting as the theatrical critic of the '*Morning Chronicle*.' There, seated in an obscure corner of the pit or upper gallery, we may imagine the Chancellor in embryo, jotting down the petty excellences and failings of the players, to pamper the taste of the frivolous on the morrow; while below him, in the decorated boxes and circles, lolled the vain crowd of coroneted simpletons and courtly beauties, now long forgotten, while he is honored as the benefactor of his country's laws. He was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and then commenced a long life, replete with arduous study, with untiring interest in

duty, and stubborn perseverance. He early espoused the liberal doctrines of Fox and Grey; and inasmuch as for many years after the Tories monopolized the power, his polities were an effectual bar to his professional preferment. He remained, however, through his whole life, an earnest and consistent advocate of his early convictions. Owing to the prejudice which Lord Chancellor Eldon entertained against the Whigs, he did not obtain the silk gown of King's Counsel till the venerable Jacobite gave place, in 1827, to the more courteous and liberal Lyndhurst.

He entered the House of Commons in the year 1830, and was soon recognized as one of the leading members of the British bar. The period of his debut in public life is one of peculiar significance in the party history of England. The long dominion of the statesmen of the Pitt and Liverpool school was at last overthrown. The political dogmas which had resisted Catholic toleration, which had sustained the continental powers in their persecution of the French Emperor, which had resisted the right of a neighboring people to choose their own rulers, which had held in imprisonment the first genius of the century, which had opposed the abolition of the test act, which had sustained the most licentious and most obstinate sovereign of modern times, now yielded to the more enlightened views of such statesmen as Russell and Lansdowne, Brougham and Grey. Several causes operated to bring about this auspicious change. George the Fourth, whose partiality for the Tories was only surpassed by his animosity against the Whigs, had given place to a liberal and enlightened prince, renowned for his zealous attachment to the popular* weal. Again, Canning's influence in moderating the maxims of Tory theorists was greatly felt among the gentry. Finally, the rapid growth of general intelligence, developments in the history of nations, and juster conceptions of the true relations of sovereign and people, prepared the public mind for extensive reforms in the

constitution. Earl Grey, a statesman eminent no less for his eloquence and sagacity than for the worth of his private character, succeeded to the premiership in 1830, being the first Whig who held that office since the cabinet of 'all the talents,' in 1806.

It was at such a juncture that Campbell entered the House of Commons. The sanguine dreams of his youth were dawning into reality; and he was gratified to see his cherished principles fully adopted by the country, and to know that he was a participant in the glories of the great reform.

In 1832, when he had been a member of the House but two years, and a King's Counsel but five years, and in the same year that the reform of Russell and Grey received the royal sign-manual, he was elevated to the dignity of Solicitor General. No one of the long line of his illustrious predecessors brought to the discharge of this eminent trust greater learning and acuteness than Lord Campbell evinced; who, at the same time of this appointment, was honored with the order of Knighthood. In 1834, after serving as solicitor with the marked approbation of the government, he was promoted to the Attorney Generalship.

He now re-entered Parliament as the representative of the capital of his native Scotland, and became a leader in debate and the transaction of the public business. He continued Attorney General through the conservative ministry of Sir Robert Peel, and the subsequent Whig government of Lord Melbourne. In 1841, he held for a brief period the Chancellorship of Ireland; being at the same time elevated to the rank of a peer of England, with the title of John, first Lord Campbell. He retired from office when Sir Robert Peel returned to power in the autumn of 1841, and turned his thoughts to the gentle and graceful pursuit of literature. The first production of his pen was the '*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*,' from the earliest times to the close of Lord Eldon's Chancellorship, in 1827. For the spirited interest of its

style, the clear and precise detail of fact, and the simple yet elegant course of its manner, it is surpassed by no work of the present century. It is regarded by eminent critics as a masterpiece of biography, and may justly rank with the first books of that character in the English tongue. It has probably been as serviceable to perpetuate the name of the author, if not more so, than the numerous profound and equitable decisions which he has left on the records of the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery.

It was soon followed by 'The Lives of the Chief Justices of England,' which only enhanced the reputation of the former work; and we would heartily recommend both of these books to the perusal of all who are interested, either professionally or as a matter of taste, in this branch of literature, as a deeply interesting as well as instructive entertainment.

In 1846, Lord John Russell assumed office, and Lord Campbell was recalled from the occupation which had proved so congenial to his mind, to take a seat in the ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. While he held this position, he was a frequent and popular debater in the House of Peers, where he zealously defended the policy of the government. In 1850, Lord Chief Justice Denman retired from the King's Bench, ripe in years and in honorable renown, and Lord Campbell was at once designated as his successor. In this exalted place, he was removed from the harassing uncertainties of political life; and he continued for nine years to administer justice with promptitude, skill, and equity.

It was while Chief Justice that he became eminent for the great light he brought to bear upon many important and intricate questions of law; and his fame may be said to rest mainly upon the profound ability with which he exercised the functions of this trust. In 1859, when Lord Palmerston succeeded to the brief administration of Lord Derby, Lord Campbell was finally raised to the summit of his profession. He was the fourth Scotchman who has been Lord Chancellor within the century, and is a worthy compeer of such men as Loughborough, Erskine, and Brougham. The long years of unremitting toil were at length crowned with glorious success; and the great man died in the midst of duty, affluence, honor and power, while enjoying the prerogatives of the highest judicial trust, during the summer of the past year.

Whether we consider him as a lawyer, statesman, author, or man, his character appears in a most amiable light. Profound without pedantry, subtle without craft, zealous without bigotry, and humane without effeminacy, he lived a philanthropic, pure, and consistent life. His highest eulogium is that he lived and died in the service of his country; that through every vicissitude his chief care was the national weal; that his chief fame rests in the love and veneration which he awakened in his countrymen; and that few Englishmen of the present century have left more enduring monuments of public wisdom and private example.

'O, civic music, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve the broad approach of fame,
And ever ringing avenues of song.'

CHILD'S CALL AT EVENTIDE.

BRIGHT and fair,—
Golden hair,
Still white hands and face ;
Not a plea
Moveth thee,
Nor the wind's wild chase,
As yesterday, calling thee,
Even as I, in vain.
Come — wake up, Gerda !
Come out and play in the lane !

See ! the wind,
From behind,
Sporteth with thy locks,
From the land's
Desert sands
And the sea-beat rocks
Cometh and clasbeth thy hands,
Even as I, in vain.
Come — wake up, Gerda !
Come out and play in the lane !

Closed thine eyes,
Gently wise,
Dost thou dream the while ?
Falls my kiss
All amiss,
Waketh not a smile !
Sweet mouth, is't feigning this ?
Then do not longer feign.
Come — wake up, Gerda !
Come out and play in the lane !

Forehead bold,
White and cold ;
Sealed thy lips and all ;
I am made
Half afraid
In this lonely hall.
Night cometh quick through the glade !
I fear it is all in vain,—
All too late, Gerda,—
Too late to play in the lane !

THE GOOD WIFE: A NORWEGIAN STORY.

PART I.

NOTHING LOST BY GOOD HUMOR.

FOR more than a month I had been ransacking my memory in search of some story or narrative to offer our readers, but with rather poor success. I thought of all the good things I had ever heard, and tumbled and tossed my books in vain — nothing could I find that was suitable for either children or parents. So I was, very reluctantly, about to abandon the enterprise, when it chanced that, being unable to compose myself to sleep, a few nights since, I took up, according to my custom on such occasions, an old copy of Montaigne, the usual companion of my vigils, the fellow-occupant of my pillow, and the only moralist whose musings one can read with pleasure on the wrong side of forty.

I opened the *Essays* carelessly, for each and every page of them is precious and replete with themes for meditation. In so doing, I alighted upon the chapter entitled, ‘Of three Good Women,’ — which commences thus: ‘They are not to be found by the dozen, as every one knows, and especially not in the duties of married life, for that is a market full of such thorny circumstances that it is no easy matter for a woman’s will to keep whole and sound in it for any length of time.’

‘Montaigne is an impertinent fellow!’ I exclaimed, slamming to the book. ‘What? this close reader of antiquity, this fine analyst of the human heart, has been able to find only three good women, only three devoted wives, in all the Greek and Roman annals! This is playing the joker out of season. Goodness is the special attribute of woman. Every married woman is good, or supposed to be such. I bethink me, too, that our old jurists always make the law presume this goodness to exist, at the outset.’

Thus meditating, I wandered into my

library, and there took up a fine old volume, bound in red morocco, and entitled ‘The Dream of Vergier;’ a book full of wisdom and logic, and written by some venerable clerk, during the reign of Charles V., king of France. I looked for the page that had struck my fancy, but — alas! how oddly one’s memory changes with the lapse of years — instead of finding, in that grave old book, the just panegyric of woman’s goodness, I discovered, to my great surprise, only a violent satire all spiced with texts borrowed from St. Augustine, the Roman laws and the ancient canons, with this sage conclusion, full worthy of the exordium: —

‘I do not say, however, that there is no good woman at all, but the species is rare; and hence an old law says that no law concerning good women should be made, for that laws are to be made concerning things of usual occurrence, as it is written in *Auth. sine prohib.*, etc., *quia vero* and *L. Nam ad ea*, *Dig. De Legibus*.’

These juridical epigrams, these cool pleasantries, in a serious book, shocked me more than even the hard hits of the Gasccon philosopher. ‘Good women,’ I thought to myself, ‘are found everywhere. In history? No; history is written by men who love and admire heroes only, that is to say, those who rob, subjugate, or slay them. In theology? No; it has not yet forgiven the daughters of Eve the fault which ruined us, — a sin of which they have retained at least a little share. In the records of the law, then? No, again; for men make the laws. Woman is, in their eyes, nothing but a minor, legally incapable of governing herself. God only knows what is, here, as in all things, the difference between the fact and the law. Are these good women to be found in plays, romances, or novels? No, still; for they are but the perpetual recital of

feminine artfulness. Where, then, shall we look for good women?—In the realm of fable and fiction, in the kingdom of fancy—the dominion of the ideal.

These are the only regions in which merit holds the place it is entitled to or justice is done to the claims of virtue. What is the tenderness of Baucis, or the long fidelity of Penelope? Fiction only. And the resignation of the gentle Griseldis—what is it? An old tale of other days. In order to find the good woman we are looking for, this is the ivory portal at which we must knock.

Acting upon this conviction, I repurposed all the old traditions, I called to my aid that peculiar lore of nations which is embodied in their legends, and which is so vividly, so amiably, and so ingenuously expressed. I interrogated the story-tellers of every country, Indian, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, Lithuanian, and even the hoary old wayside narrators of the far Thibet. I plunged into this ocean of fancy with the recklessness of an accomplished diver, but,—must I acknowledge it?—less fortunate than even Montaigne with his history, I have succeeded in bringing back only one woman that I can call really good, and her I have had to disinter from under the ice and snows of the North, in a wild country, too, and among a people who are not so delicate and refined as though Paris were in Norway. From Cadiz to Stockholm, from London to Cairo and Delhi, from Paris to Teheran and Samarcand, if the stories are to be believed, there are artful girls and scheming mothers, in any quantity; but the *good woman!*—where does she lie hid, and why do they never tell us anything about her? Here is a hiatus to which I specially call the attention of the learned. In observing it myself, I feel the more emboldened to relate the story of the only good woman and wife I have unearthed. It is a simple narrative, and not thoroughly in accordance with everyday experience, and, indeed, there may be some squeamish people who will say

that it is ridiculous. No matter—it has one good quality which no one can dispute—it is not in the ordinary style of either adventure or narration. Novelty is all the rage at the present day, and what imparts value to things is not their intrinsic merit, but their strangeness.

Here, then, is my story presented to you, kind reader, just as Messrs. Asbjørnsen and Moe give it, in their curious collection of Norwegian tales and legends.

PART II.

GUDBRAND AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a man called Gudbrand, who lived in a lonely little farmhouse on a remote hillside. From this circumstance he got the name among his neighbors of Gudbrand of the Hill.

Now, you must know that Gudbrand had an excellent wife, as sometimes happens to a man. But the rarest thing about it was, that Gudbrand knew the value of such a treasure; and so the two lived in perfect harmony, enjoying their own happiness, and giving themselves no concern about either wealth or the lapse of years. No matter what Gudbrand might do, his wife had foreseen and desired that very thing; so that her good man could not touch or change or move anything about the house without her coming forward to thank him for having divined and forestalled her wishes.

Besides, it was easy for them to get along, since the farm belonged to them, and they had a hundred solid crowns in a drawer of their closet and two excellent cows in their stable. They lacked nothing, and could quietly pass their old age without fear of poverty or toil, and without having to look to the friendship or the commiseration of any of their fellow-creatures.

One evening, while they were talking over their various little tasks and projects, says the wife of Gudbrand to her husband,—

‘ Husband, I’ve got a new notion in my head: you must take one of our cows to town and sell her. We’ll keep the other, and she’ll be quite enough to fur-

nish us with all the milk and butter we can use. Why should we toil for other people? We've money lying in the drawer, and have no children to look after. So, wouldn't it be better to spare these arms of ours, now that they are growing old? You will always find something to occupy your time about the house;—there'll be no lack of furniture and things to mend, and I'll be more than ever beside you with my distaff and my knitting-needles.'

Gudbrand bethought him that his wife was right, as usual, and so, as the next morning was a beautiful one, he set off for the town, at an early hour, with the cow he wanted to sell. But it was not market day, and he found no purchaser to take the animal off his hands.

'Well! well!' said Gudbrand, 'at all events, I can take Sukey back to the place I brought her from; I've got hay and litter in plenty, there, for the poor brute, and it's no farther returning than it was coming hither.' Whereupon, he very quietly started again on the road to his home.

After walking on for a few hours, and just as he was beginning to feel a little tired, he met a man leading a horse by the bridle toward the town. The horse was in fine condition, and was all saddled and ready for a rider. 'The way is long and night rapidly coming on,' thought Gudbrand. 'I can hardly drag my cow along, and to-morrow I'll have to take this same walk over again. Now, here's an animal that would suit me a great deal better, and I'd go back home with him, as proud as a lord. Who would be delighted to see her husband returning in triumph, like a Roman general? Why, the wife of Gudbrand!'

Upon this happy thought, Gudbrand stopped the trader and exchanged his cow for the horse.

Once mounted on the charger's back, our hero felt some qualms of regret, for he was old and heavy, while the horse was young, frisky, and headstrong, so that, in less than half an hour, behold, our would-be cavalier was on foot again, vainly striving to drag along by the bri-

dle a creature that cocked up his head at every puff of wind, and capered and pranced at every stone that lay in his path.

'This is a poor bargain I've made,' thought Gudbrand, when, just at that moment, he descried a peasant driving along a hog so fine and fat that its stomach touched the ground.

'A nail that is useful is better than a diamond that glitters and can be turned to nothing, as my wife often says,' reflected Gudbrand; and, with that, he traded off his horse for the hog.

It was a bright idea to be sure, but our good man had counted without his host. Don Porkér was tired, and wouldn't budge an inch. Gudbrand talked to him, coaxed him, swore at him, but all in vain; he dragged him by the snout, he pushed him from behind, he whacked him on both his fat sides with a cudgel, but it was only labor lost, and Mr. Hog remained there in the middle of the dusty road like a stranded whale. The poor farmer was yielding to despair, when, at the very nick of time, there came along a country lad leading a she-goat, that, with an udder all swollen with milk, skipped, ran, and played about, in a manner charming to behold.

'There! that's the very thing I want!' exclaimed Gudbrand. 'I'd far rather have that gay, sprightly creature than this huge, stupid brute.' Whereupon, without an instant's hesitation, he exchanged the hog for the she-goat.

All went well for another half-hour. The young madam with her long horns greatly amused Gudbrand, who laughed at her pranks till his sides ached. In fact, too, the goat pulled him along; but, when one is on the wrong side of forty, one soon gets tired of scrambling over the rocks; and so the farmer, happening to meet a shepherd feeding his flock, traded his she-goat for a ewe. 'I'll have just as much milk,' mused he, 'from that animal as from the other, and, at least, she will keep quiet, and not worry either my wife or me.'

Gudbrand was right, in one respect, for there is nothing more gentle than a

ewe. This one had no tricks; she neither capered nor butted with her head, but she stood perfectly still and bleated all the time. Finding herself separated from her companions, she wanted to rejoin them, and the more Gudbrand tugged at her tether, the more piteously she baaed.

'Deuce take the silly brute!' shouted Gudbrand; 'she's as obstinate and whimpering as my neighbor's wife. Who'll rid me of this bawling, bellowing little beast? I must get clear of her, at any price.'

'It's a bargain, if you choose, neighbor,' said a country fellow who was just passing, with a fat goose under his arm. 'Here, take this fine bird, instead; she's worth two of that ugly sheep that's going to split its throat in less than an hour, anyhow.'

'Done!' said Gudbrand; 'a live goose is as good as a dead ewe, any day;' and so he took the goose in exchange.

But it was no easy matter to manage his new bargain. The goose turned out to be a very disagreeable companion; for, finding itself no longer on the ground, it fought with its bill, its feet, and its wings, so that Gudbrand was soon tired of struggling to hold it.

'Pah!' growled he; 'the goose is an ugly, ill-grained creature, and my wife never would have one about the house.' With this reflection, he changed the goose, at the first farm-house he came to, for a fine rooster of rich plumage and furnished with a grand pair of spurs.

This time, he was thoroughly satisfied. The rooster, it is true, squawked from time to time, in a voice rather too hoarse to gratify most delicate ears; but as his claws had been tied together with twine and he was carried head downwards, he finally gave up and resigned himself to his fate. The only unpleasant circumstance now remaining was that the day was rapidly drawing to a close. Gudbrand, who had started before dawn, now found himself fasting, at sundown, without a farthing in his pocket. He still had a long walk before him, and the good man felt that his legs were giving

out and that his stomach craved refreshment. Some bold step must be taken; and so, at the first wayside tavern, Gudbrand sold his rooster for a shilling, and as he had a raging appetite, he spent the last doit of it for his supper.

'After all,' said he, the while, 'what use would a rooster be to me, if I had to die of hunger?'

As he, at length, drew near his own dwelling, however, Gudbrand began to meditate seriously on the curious turn things had taken with him, and, before entering his home, he stopped at the door of Peter the Graybeard, as a neighbor of his was called in the surrounding country.

'Well, neighbor,' said Peter, 'how have you prospered in the town?'

'Oh! so, so,' answered Gudbrand; 'I can't say that I've been very lucky, nor have I much to complain of either;' and he went on to tell all that had happened.

'Neighbor, you've made a pretty mess of it!' said Peter the Graybeard; 'you'll have a nice time of it when you get home. Heaven protect you from your dame! I wouldn't be in your shoes for ten crowns.'

'Good!' rejoined Gudbrand of the Hill; 'things might have turned out still worse for me; but, now, I'm quiet in my mind about it, for my wife is so clever that, right or wrong, no matter what I've done, well or ill, she'll not say one word about it.'

'I hear and admire your statement, neighbor,' retorted Peter, 'but, with all respect for you, I do not believe a word of it.'

'Will you lay a wager on it?' said Gudbrand. 'I have a hundred crowns in my drawer at home, and I'll bet twenty of them against as many from you.'

'Done, on the spot!' replied Peter. So, joining hands on it, the two friends entered Gudbrand's house. Peter stood back at the door to hear what the husband and wife would have to say.

'Good evening, wife!' said Gudbrand. 'Good evening, husband,' said the good

woman ; ‘you’ve come back, then, God be praised ! How did you fare all day ?’

‘Neither well nor ill,’ replied Gudbrand. ‘When I got to the town, I could find no one there to buy our cow, and so I traded her off for a horse.’

‘For a horse !’ said the wife. ‘An excellent idea, and I thank you with all my heart. We can go to church, then, in a wagon, like plenty of other folks who look down upon us, but are no better than we. If we choose to keep a horse and can feed him, we have a right to do it, I suppose, for we ask no odds of anybody. Where is the horse ? We must put him into the stable.’

‘I did not bring him all the way home,’ answered Gudbrand, ‘for, on the road, I changed my mind ; I exchanged the horse for a hog.’

‘Come, now,’ said the wife, ‘that’s just what I’d have done, in your place ! Thanks, a hundred times over ! Now, when my neighbors come to see me, I’ll have, like everybody else, a bite of ham to offer them. What need had we of a horse ? The folks around us would have said, “See the saucy things ! they think it beneath them to walk to church.” Let us put the hog in a pen !’

‘I didn’t bring him with me,’ said Gudbrand, ‘for on the way I exchanged him for a she-goat.’

‘Bravo !’ said the good wife. ‘What a sensible man you are ! When I come to think of it, what could I have done with a hog ? The neighbors would have pointed us out and have said, “Look at those people—all they make they eat ! But, with a she-goat, I shall have milk and cheese, not to speak of the little kids. Come, let us put her into the stable.”’

‘I didn’t bring the she-goat with me, either,’ said Gudbrand ; ‘I traded her again, for a ewe.’

‘There ! That’s just like you,’ exclaimed the wife, with evident satisfaction. ‘It was for my sake that you did that. Am I young enough to scamper, over hill and dale, after a she-goat ? No, indeed. But, a ewe will yield me her wool as well as her milk ; so let us get her housed at once.’

‘I didn’t bring the ewe home, either,’ stammered Gudbrand, once more, ‘but swapped her for a goose.’

‘What ? a goose ! oh ! thanks, thanks a thousand times, with all my heart—for, after all, how could I have got along with the ewe ? I have neither card nor comb, and spinning is a heavy job, at best. When you’ve spun, too, you have to cut and fit and sew. It’s far easier to buy our clothes ready-made, as we’ve always done. But a goose—a fat one, too, no doubt—why, that’s the very thing I want ! I’ve need of down for our quilt, and my mouth has watered this many a day for a bit of roast goose. Put the bird in the poultry-coop.’

‘Ah ! I’ve not brought the goose, for I took a rooster in his stead.’

‘Good husband !’ said the wife, ‘you’re wiser than I would have been. A rooster ! splendid !—why, a rooster’s better than an eight-day clock. The rooster will crow every morning, at four, and tell us when it is time to pray to God and set about our work. What would we have done with a goose ? I don’t know how to cook one, and as for the quilt, Heaven be praised, there’s no lack of moss a great deal softer than down. So, let us put the rooster in the corn-yard !’

‘I have not brought even the rooster,’ murmured Gudbrand, ‘for, at sundown, I felt very hungry, and had to sell my rooster for a shilling to buy something to eat. If it hadn’t been for that I must have starved to death.’

‘God be thanked for giving you that lucky thought,’ replied the wife. ‘All that you do, Gudbrand, is just after my own heart. What need we of a rooster ? We are our own masters, I think ; there is no one to give us orders, and we can stay in bed just as long as we please. Here you are, my dear husband, safe and sound. I am perfectly satisfied, and have need of nothing more than your presence to make me happy.’

Upon this, Gudbrand opened the door ;—‘Well ! neighbor Peter, what do you say to that ? Go, now, and bring me your twenty crowns !’

So saying, Gudbrand hugged and kissed his wife with as much fervor and heartiness as though he and she had just been wedded, in the bloom of youth.

PART III.

But the narrative does not end with the events described in the last chapter. There is a reverse to every medal, and even daylight would not be so charming were it not followed by night. However good and perfect woman may, generally, be, there are some who by no means share the easy disposition of Gudbrand's better half. Need I say that the fault is, usually, in the husband? If he were only to yield, on all occasions, would he be troubled? Yield? exclaim some fierce moustachioed individuals. Yes, indeed, yield; or hear the penalty that awaits you.

PART IV.

PETER THE GRAYBEARD.

Peter the Graybeard did not at all resemble Gudbrand. He was self-willed, imperious, passionate, and had no more patience than a dog when you snatch away his bone or a cat when you're trying to strangle her. He would have been insufferable, had not Heaven, in its mercy, given him a wife who was a match for him. She was headstrong, quarrelsome, discontented and morose—always ready to keep quiet when her husband preserved silence, and just as ready to scream at the top of her voice the moment he opened his mouth.

It was great good fortune for Peter to have such a spouse. Without her, would he ever have known that patience is not the merit of fools?

One day, in the mowing season, when he came home, after a fifteen hours' spell of hard work, in worse humor than usual, and was swearing, cursing and execrating all women and their laziness, because his soup was not yet ready for him, his wife exclaimed,—

"Good Lord! Peter, you talk away at a fine rate. Would you like to change places? To-morrow, I will mow, instead of you, and you stay at home here and

play housekeeper. Then, we'll see which of us will have the hardest task and come out of it the best."

"Agreed!" thundered Peter; "you'll have a chance to find out, once for all, what a poor husband has to suffer. The trial will teach you a lesson of respect — something you greatly need."

So, the next morning, at day-break, the wife set out afield with the rake over her shoulder and the sickle by her side, all joyous at the sight of the bright sunshine, and singing like a lark.

Now, who felt not a little surprised, and a little foolish too, to find himself shut up at home? Our friend Peter the Graybeard. Still, he wasn't going to own himself beaten, but fell to work churning butter, as though he had never done anything else all the days of his life.

It's no hard matter to get over-heated when one takes up a new trade, and Peter soon, feeling very dry, went down into the cellar to draw a mug of beer from the cask. He had just knocked out the bung and was applying the spigot, when he heard an ominous crunching and grunting overhead. It was the sow, devastating the kitchen.

"Oh Lord! my butter's lost!" yelled Peter the Graybeard, as he rushed pell-mell up the steps, with the spigot in his hand. What a spectacle was there! the churn upset, the cream spilt all over the floor, and the huge sow fairly wallowing in the rich and savory tide.

Now even a wiser man would have lost all patience; as for Peter, he rushed upon the brute, who, with piercing screams, strove to escape; but it was a hapless day to the thief, for her master caught her in the doorway and dealt her so well applied and vigorous a blow on the side of her skull with the spigot that the sow fell dead on the spot.

As he drew back his novel weapon, now covered with blood, Peter recollect ed that he had not closed the bung-hole of his cask, and that all this time his beer was running to waste. So down he rushed again to the cellar. Fortunately, the beer had ceased to run, but

then that was because not a drop remained in the cask.

He had now to begin his morning's work again, and churn some more butter if he expected to see any dinner that day. So Peter visited the dairy-house, and there found enough cream to replaced what he had just lost. At it he goes again, and churns and churns away, more vigorously than ever. But, in the midst of his churning, he remembers — a little late to be sure, but better late than never — that the cow was still in the stable, and that she had neither food nor water, although the sun was now high above the horizon. Away he runs then to the stable. But experience has made him wise: 'I've my little child there rolling on the floor; now, if I leave the churn, the greedy scamp will turn it over, and something worse might easily happen!' Whereupon, he takes up the churn on his back and hastens to the well to draw water for the cow. The well was deep, and the buckets did not go down far enough. So Peter leans with all his might, in hot haste, on the rope, and away goes the cream out of the churn, over his head and shoulders, into the well!

'Confound it!' said Peter between his teeth, 'it's clear that I'm to have no butter to-day. Let's attend to the cow; it's too late to take her out to pasture, but there's a fine lot of hay on the house-thatch that hasn't been cut, and so she'll lose nothing by staying at home.' To get the cow out of the stable and to put her on the house-roof was no great trouble, for the dwelling was set in a hollow in the hill-side, so that the thatch was almost on a level with the ground. A plank served the purpose of a bridge, and behold the cow comfortably installed in her elevated pasture! Peter, of course, could not remain upon the roof to watch the animal; he had to make the mid-day porridge and take it to the mowers. But he was a prudent man, and did not want to leave his cow exposed to the risk of breaking her bones; so he tied a small rope around her neck, and this rope he passed carefully down

the chimney of the cottage into the kitchen below. Having effected this, he descended himself, and, entering the kitchen, attached the other end of the rope to his own leg.

'In this way,' said he, 'I make sure that the cow will keep quiet, and that nothing bad can happen to her.'

He now filled the kettle, dropped into it a good 'lump' of lard, the necessary vegetables and condiments, placed it on the well-piled fagots, struck fire with flint and steel, and was applying the match to the wood, blowing it well the while, when, all at once, crash — crash! away goes the cow, slipping down over the roof, and dragging our good man, with one leg in the air and head downwards, clear up the chimney. What would have become of him, no one could tell, had not a thick bar of iron arrested his upward flight. And now there they are, both together, dangling in the air, the cow outside and Peter within; both, too, uttering the most frightful cries of distress.

As good luck would have it, the wife was just as impatient as her husband, and, when she had waited just three seconds to see whether Peter would bring her porridge at the stated time, she darted off for the house as though it were on fire. When she saw the cow swinging between heaven and earth, she drew her sickle and cut the rope, greatly to the delight of the poor brute, who now found herself safe again, on the only sort of floor she liked. It was a chance no less fortunate for Peter, who was not accustomed to gazing at the sky with his feet in the air. But he fell smack into the kettle, head foremost. It had been decreed, however, that all should come out right with him, that day; the fire had died out, the water was cold, and the kettle awry, so that he got off with nothing worse than a scratched forehead, a peeled nose, and two well scraped cheeks, and, thank Heaven! nothing was broken but the saucepan.

When his better half entered the kitchen, she found Master Graybeard looking very sheepish and bloody.

'Well! well!' said she, planting her arms akimbo and her two fists on her haunches: 'who's the best housekeeper, pray? I have mowed and reaped, and here I am as good as I was yesterday, while you, *you*, Mister Cook, Mister Stay-at-home, Mr. Nurse, where is the butter, where's the sow, where's the cow, and where's our dinner? If our little one's alive yet, no thanks to you. Poor little fellow! — what would become of it without kind and careful mamma?'

Whereupon, Mrs. Peter begins to snivel and sob. Indeed, she has need to, for is not sensibility woman's field of triumph, and are not tears the triumph of sensibility?

Peter bore the storm in silence, and did well, for resignation is the virtue of great souls!

PART V.

There, you have my story exactly as it is related, on winter evenings, to impress ideas of wisdom on the minds of the young Norwegians. Between the wife of Gudbrand and the wife of Peter the Graybeard they must choose, at their own risk and peril.

'The choice is an easy one,' says an amiable lady-friend of mine, who has just become a grandmother. 'Gudbrand's wife is the one to imitate, not only on account of her prudence, but for her worth. You men are much more amusing than you fancy: when your own self-esteem is at stake, you love truth and justice about as much as bats love a glare of light. The greatest enjoyment these gentlemen experience is in pardoning us when they are guilty, and in generously offering to overlook our errors when they alone are in the wrong. The wisest thing we can do is to let them talk, and to pretend to believe them. That is the way to tame these proud, magnificent creatures, and, by pursuing the plan perseveringly, one may lead them about by the nose, like Italian oxen.'

'But, aunty,' says a fair young thing beside us, 'one can't keep quiet all the time. Not to yield when you're not in the wrong, is a right.'

'And when you're wrong, my dear niece, to yield is a royal pleasure. What woman ever abandoned this exalted privilege? We are all somewhat akin to that amiable lady who, when all other arguments had been exhausted, crushed her husband with a magnificent look, as she said,—

"Sir, I give you my word of honor that I am in the right."

'What could he reply? Can one contradict the veracity of one's own wife? And what is strength fit for if not to yield to weakness? The poor husband hung his head, and did not utter another word. But to keep still is not to acknowledge defeat, and *silence is not peace!*'

'Madame,' says a young married woman, 'it seems to me that there is no choice left; when a woman loves her husband all is easy; it is a pleasure to think and act as he does.'

'Yes, my child, that is the secret of the comedy. Every one knows it, but no one avails herself of it. So long as even the last glow of the honey-moon illuminates the chamber of a young couple, all goes along of itself. So long as the husband hastens to anticipate every wish, we have merit and sense enough to let him do it. But at a later moment, the scene changes. How, then, are we to retain our sway? Youth and beauty decay, and the charm of wit and intelligence is not sufficient. In order to remain mistresses of our homes, we must practice the most divine of all the virtues—gentleness—a blind, dumb, deaf gentleness of demeanor, that pardons everything for the sake of pardoning.'

To love a great deal,—to love unconditionally, so as to be loved a little in return,—that is the whole moral of the story of Gudbrand.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILIES IN AMERICA.

I I.

THE brave Admiral Coligny first conceived the plan of a colony in America for the safety of his persecuted Huguenot brethren of France. Such an enterprise was undertaken as early as the year 1555, with two vessels, having on board mechanics, laborers, and gentlemen, and a few ministers of the Reformed faith. They entered the great river which the Portuguese had already named *Rio Janeiro*, and built a fort, calling it ‘Coligny.’ Here they sought a new country, where they might adore God in freedom. Unforeseen difficulties, however, discouraged these bold Frenchmen, and the pious expedition failed, some dispersing in different directions, while others regained the shores of France with great difficulty. A second attempt was also unsuccessful. Coligny, in 1562, obtained permission from Charles IX. to found a Protestant colony in Florida. Two ships left Dieppe with emigrants, and, reaching the American shores, entered a large, deep river called *Port Royal*, which name it still retains, and is, by coincidence, the spot recently captured by the United States forces.* Fort Charles, in honor of the reigning king of France, was built near by, and in a fertile land of flowers, fruits, and singing birds. The country itself was called *Carolina*. Reduced to the most cruel extremities of famine and death, the remaining colonists returned to Europe.

Still undismayed by these two disastrous attempts, Coligny, the Huguenot leader, dispatched a third expedition of three vessels to our shores, making another attempt near the mouth of the St. John’s River (Fort Caroline). Philip II. was then on the throne, and would not brook the heresy of the Huguenots, or Calvinism, in his American provinces. Priests, soldiers, and Jesuits were dispatched to Florida, where the new set-

tlers, ‘Frenchmen and Lutherans,’ were destroyed in blood. Such was the melancholy issue of the earliest attempts to establish a Huguenot or Protestant settlement in North America. And nearly one hundred years before it was occupied by the English, Carolina, for an instant, as it were, was occupied by a band of Christian colonists, but, through the remorseless spirit of religious persecution, again fell under the dominion of the uncivilized savages. We refer to these earliest efforts as proper to the general historical connection of our subject, although not absolutely necessary to its investigation.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, England, on her own behalf, took up the generous plans of Coligny. Possessing twelve colonies in America, when the edict of Nantes was revoked, that nation resolved here to offer peaceful homes to persecuted Huguenots from France. This mercy she had extended to them in England and Ireland; now her inviting American colonies were thrown open for the same generous purpose. Even before that insane and fatal measure of Louis XIV., the Revocation, and especially after the fall of brave La Rochelle, numerous Protestant fugitives, mostly from the western provinces of France, had already emigrated, for safety, to British America. In 1662 the French government made it a crime for the ship-owners of Rochelle to convey emigrants to any country or dependency of Great Britain. The fine for such an offence was ten livres to the king, nine hundred for charitable objects, three hundred to the palace chapel, one hundred for prisoners, and five hundred to the mendicant monks. One sea-captain, Brunet, was accused of having favored the escape of thirty-six young men, and condemned to return them within a year, or to furnish

* Sismondi’s History of the French.

a legal certificate of their death, on pain of one thousand livres, with exemplary punishment.* It is imagined that these young voluntary Huguenot exiles emigrated to Massachusetts, from the fact that the same year when this strange cause was tried in France, Jean Touton, a French doctor, requested from the authorities of that colony the privilege of sojourning there. This favor was immediately granted; and from that period Boston possessed establishments formed by Huguenots, which attracted new emigrants.

In 1679, Elie Nean, the head of an eminent family from the principality of Soubise, in Saintonge, reached that city. This refugee, sailing afterwards in his own merchant vessel for the island of Jamaica, was captured by a privateer, carried back to France, confined in the galleys, and only restored to his liberty through the intercession of Lord Portland.

One of the first acts of the Boston Huguenots was to settle a minister, giving him forty pounds a year, and increasing his salary afterwards. Surrounded by the savages on every side, they erected a fort, the traces of which, it is said, can still be seen, and now overgrown with roses, currant bushes, and other shrubbery. Mrs. Sigourney, herself the wife of a Huguenot descendant, during a visit to this time-honored spot, wrote the beautiful lines,—

'Green vine, that mantlest in thy fresh embrace
Yon old gray rock, I hear that thou with them
Didst brave the ocean surge.'

Say, drank thus from

The dews of Languedoc? or slow uncoiled
An infant fibre 'mid the faithful mold
Of smiling Roussillon? Didst thou shrink
From the fierce footsteps of fighting unto death
At fair Rochelle?
Hast thou no tale for me?'

Their fort did not render the French settlers safe from the murderous assaults of savage enemies. A. W. Johnson, with his three children, were massacred here by them; his wife was a sister of Mr. Andrew Sigourney, one of the earliest Huguenots. After this murderous

attack the French Protestants deserted their forest home, repairing to Boston in 1696, where vestiges of their industry and agricultural taste long remained; to this day many of the pears retain their French names, and the region is celebrated for its excellence and variety of this delicious fruit. The Huguenots erected a church at Boston in 1686, and ten years afterwards received as pastor a refugee minister from France, named Diallé.* The Rev. M. Lawrie is also mentioned as one of their pastors. But from official records we learn more of the Rev. Daniel Boudet, A. M. He was a native of France, born in 1652, and studied theology at Geneva. On the revocation, he fled to England, receiving holy orders from the Lord Bishop of London. In the summer of 1686 he accompanied the Huguenot emigrants to Massachusetts; and Cotton Mather speaks of him as a faithful minister 'to the French congregation at New Oxford, in the *Nipmog* (Indian) counties.' This was New Oxford, near Boston. He labored for eight years, 'propagating the Christian faith,' both among the French and the Indians. He complains, as we do in our day, of the progress of the sale of rum among the savages, '*without order or measure*' (July 6, 1691). We shall learn more of him at New Rochelle, where he removed, probably, in 1695, and could preach to both English and French emigrants. Soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Joseph Dudley, with other proprietors, introduced into Massachusetts thirty French Protestant families, settling them on the easternmost part of the 'Oxford tract.' †

Massachusetts, peopled in part by the rigid Protestant Dissenters, naturally favored these new victims, persecuted by a church still more odious to them than that of England. Their sympathies were deeply excited by the arrival of the French exiles. The destitute were liberally relieved, the towns of Massachusetts making collections for this pur-

* Benoît, Hist. Rev. Edict of Nantes, book 7.

* Dr. Baird, vol. I. p. 174.

† Oxford town records.

pose, and also furnishing them with large tracts of land to cultivate. In 1686 the colony at Oxford thus received a noble grant of 11,000 acres; and other provinces followed the liberal example. Every traveler through New England has seen 'Faneuil Hall,' which has been called the 'Cradle of Liberty,' and where so many assemblages for the general good have been held. This noble edifice was presented to Boston, for patriotic purposes, by the son of a Huguenot.

Much of our knowledge concerning the Huguenots of New York has been obtained from the documentary papers at Albany. Some of the families, before the revocation, as early as the year 1625, reached the spot where the great metropolis now stands, then a Dutch settlement. The first birth in New Amsterdam, of European parents, was a daughter of George Jansen de Rapelje, of a Huguenot family which fled to Holland after the St. Bartholomew's massacre, and thence sailed for America. Her name was Sarah. Her father was a Walloon from the confines of France and Belgium, and settling on Long Island, at the *Waal-bogt*, or Walloon's Bay, became the father of that settlement. In 1639 his brother, Antonie Jansen de Rapelje, obtained a grant of one hundred 'morgens,' or nearly two hundred acres of land, opposite Coney Island, and commenced the settlement of Gravesend. Here most numerous and respectable descendants of this Walloon are met with to this day. Jansen de Rapelje, as he was called, was a man of gigantic strength and stature, and reputed to be a Moor by birth. This report, probably, arose from his adjuncet of *De Salee*, the name under which his patent was granted; but it was a mistake; he was a native Walloon, and this suffix to his name, we doubt not, was derived from the river *Saale*, in France, and not *Salee*, or *Fez*, the old piratical town of Morocco. For many years after the Dutch dynasty, his farm at Gravesend continued to be known as Anthony Jansen's Bowery. The third brother of this family, William Jansen de Rap-

elje, was among the earliest settlers of Long Island and founders of Brooklyn. Singularly, the descendants of *Antonie* have dropped the *Rapelje*, and retained the name of *Jansen*, or *Johnson*, as they are more commonly called. On the contrary, George's family have left off *Jansen*, and are now known as *Rapelje* or *Rapelyea*.

Most of the Huguenots who went to Ulster, N. Y., at first sought deliverance from persecutions among the Germans, and thence sailed for America. Ascending the Hudson, these emigrants landed at Wiltonyck, now Kingston, and were welcomed by the Hollanders, who had prepared the way in this wilderness for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. Here was a Reformed Dutch church, and Hermanus Blomm, its pastor, commissioned by the Classis of Amsterdam to preach 'both on water and on the land, and in all the neighborhood, but principally in *Esopus*'. This region, selected by the French Protestants for their future land, was like their own delightful native France for great natural beauties. Towards the east and west flowed the waters of the noble ever-rolling Hudson, while on the north the Shamangunk Mountains, the loftiest of our Fishkill monarchs, looked like pillars upon which the arch of heaven there rested. No streams can charm the eye more than those which enrich this region,—the Rosendale, far from the interior, the Walkill, with its rapid little falls, 'the foaming, rushing, war-steed-like' Esopus Creek, with the dashing, romantic Saugerties, fresh from the mountain-side. Both the Dutch and the French emigrants followed these beautiful rivers towards the south, and made their earliest settlements there. On these quiet and retired banks their ashes repose. Hallowed be their memories, virtues, and piety! In those regions thousands of their descendants now enjoy the rich and glorious patrimony which have followed their industry and frugality.

In the year 1663, the savages attacked Kingston and massacred a part of its

inhabitants, slaying twenty-four, and took forty-five prisoners. The dominie, Blomm, escaped, and has left a description of the tragical event.* ‘There lay,’ he writes, ‘the burnt and slaughtered bodies, together with those wounded by bullets and axes. The last agonies and the moans and lamentations were dreadful to hear. The houses were converted into heaps of stones, so that I might say with Micah, “We are made desolate;” and with Jeremiah, “A piteous wail may go forth in his distress.” With Paul I say, “Brothers, pray for us.” I have every evening, during a whole month, offered up prayers with the congregation, on the four points of our fort, under the blue sky. Many heathen have been slain, and full twenty-two of our people have been delivered out of their hands by our arms. The Lord our God will again bless our arms, and grant that the foxes who have endeavored to lay waste the vineyard of the Lord shall be destroyed.’

Among the prisoners were Catharine Le Fever, the wife of Louis Dubois, with three of their children. These were Huguenots; and a friendly Indian gave information where they could be found. The pursuers were directed to follow the Rondout, the Walkill, and then a third stream; and a small, bold band, with their knapsacks, rifles, and dogs, undertook the perilous journey. Towards evening, Dubois, in advance of the party, discovered the Indians within a few feet of him, and one was in the act of drawing his bow, but, missing its string, from fear or surprise, the Huguenot sprang forward and killed him with his sword, but without any alarm. The party then resolved to delay the attack until dark; at which hour the savages were preparing for slaughter one of their unfortunate captives, which was none other than the missing wife of Dubois himself. She had already been placed upon the funeral pile, and at this trying moment was singing a martyr’s psalm, the strains of which had often

cheered the pious Huguenots in days of the rack and bloody trials. The sacred notes moved the Indians, and they made signs to continue them, which she did, fortunately, until the approach of her deliverers. ‘White man’s dogs! white man’s dogs!’ was the first cry which alarmed the cruel foes. They fled instantly, taking their prisoners with them. Dubois calling his wife by name, she was soon restored to her anxious friends, with the other captives. At the moment of their rescue, the prisoners were preparing for the bloody sacrifice to savage cruelty, and singing the beautiful psalm of the ‘Babylonish Captives.’ Heaven heard those strains, and the deliverance came. During this fearful expedition the Ulster Huguenots first discovered the rich lowlands of Paltz.

This was the section which they selected for their homes, distant some eighty-five miles from New York, along the west shores of the Hudson, and extending from six to ten miles in the interior. It was called *New Paltz*, and its patent obtained from Gov. Andreas; twelve of their brethren were religiously selected by the emigrants as the *Patentees*, and known by the appellation of the ‘*Duzine*,’ or the twelve patentees, and these were regarded as the patriarchs in this little Christian community. A list of the original purchasers has been preserved, and were as follows: Louis Dubois, Christian Dian, since Walter Deyo, Abraham Asbroucq, now spelt Hasbrouck, Andros Le Fever, often Le Febre and Le Febore, John Brook, said to have been changed into Hasbrouck, Peter Dian, or Deyo, Louis Bevier, Anthony Cuspell, Abraham Du Bois, Hugo Freir, Isaac Dubois, Simon Le Fever.

A copy of this agreement with the Indians still exists, and the antiquarian may find it among the State records at Albany. It is a curious document, with the signatures of both parties, the patentees’ written in the antique French character, with the hieroglyphic marks of the Indians. A few Indian goods—kettles, axes, beads, bars of lead, powder, casks of wine, blankets, needles,

* Vandenkemp’s Alb. Rec. viii.

awls, and a 'clean pipe'—were the insignificant articles given, about two centuries ago, for these lands, now proverbially rich, and worth millions of dollars. The treaty was mutually executed, according to the records from which we quote, on the 20th of May, 1677.

The patentees immediately took possession of their newly-acquired property, their first conveyances being three wagons, which would be rare curiosities in our day. The wheels were very low, shaped like old-fashioned spinning-wheels, with short spokes, wide rim, and

without any iron. The settlers were three days on their way from Kingston to New Paltz, a distance of only sixteen miles. The place of their first encampment is still known by the name of '*Tri Cor*,' or three cars, in honor of these earliest conveyances. Soon, however, they selected a more elevated site, on the banks of the beautiful Walkill, where the village now stands. Log houses were erected not far apart, for mutual defence, and afterwards stone edifices, with port-holes, some of which still remain.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

INTRODUCTION.

ROME is the cradle of art,—which accounts for its sleeping there.

Nature, however, is nowhere more wide awake than it is in and around this city: therefore, Mr. James Caper, animal painter, determined to repose there for several months.

The following sketches correctly describe his Roman life.

ARRIVAL IN ROME.

It was on an Autumn night that the traveling carriage in which sat James Caper arrived in Rome; and as he drove through that fine street, the Corso, he saw coming towards him a two-horse open carriage, filled with Roman girls of the working class (*minenti*). Dressed in their picturesque costumes, bonnetless, their black hair tressed with flowers, they stood up, waving torches, and singing in full voice one of those songs in which you can go but few feet, metrically speaking, without meeting *amore*. And then another and another carriage, with flashing torches and sparkling-eyed girls. It was one of the turnouts of the *minenti*; they had been to Monte Testaccio, had

drank all the wine they could pay for; and, with a prudence our friend Caper could not sufficiently admire, he noticed that the women were in separate carriages from the men. It was the Feast Day of Saint Crispin, and all the cobblers, or artists in leather, as they call themselves, were keeping it up bravely.

'Eight days to make a pair of shoes?' he once asked a shoemaker. 'Si, Signore, there are three holidays in that time.' Argument unanswerable.

As the carriages rolled by, Caper determined to observe the festivals.

The next day our artist entered his name in his banker's register, and had the horror of seeing it mangled to 'Jams Scraper' in the list of arrivals published in the *Giornale di Roma*. For some time after his arrival in Rome, he was pained to receive cards, circulars, notices, letters, advertisements, etc., from divers tradesmen, all directed to the above name. In revenge, he here gives them a public airing. One firm announces,

'Manufactury of Romain Setlings, Mosaiques, Cameas, Medalls, Erasofines, &c.' (Erasofines is the Roman-English for crucifixes.) And on a slip of paper, handsomely printed, is an announcement

that they make ‘Romain Perles of all Couloueurs’—there’s color for you!

A tailor, under the head of ‘*Ici un parle Français*,’ prints, ‘Merchant and tailor. Cloths (clothes?) Reddy maid, Mercery Roman; Scarfs, &c.’

Another, ‘Roman Artickles Manofac-torer’—hopes to be ‘hounoured with our Custom, (American?), and flaters himself we will find things to our likings.’ Everything but the English, you know—that is not exactly to our liking. Another, from a lady, reads,—

A VENTRE!

une Galerie décomposée de 300 d’Anciens Maîtres, et de l’école romaine peintres sur bois, sur cuivre et sur toit, &c.

Ventre for *Vendre* is bad enough, but a ‘gallery of decomposed old masters and of Roman school painters on wood and on the roof,’ when it was intended to say ‘A gallery composed of 300 of the old masters—’. But let us leave it untranslated; it is already *decomposed*.

A SHORT WALK.

Mr. Caper having indignantly rejected the services of all professors of the guiding art or ‘commissionnaires,’ slowly sauntered out of his hotel the morning after his arrival, and, map in hand, made his way to the tower on the Capitoline Hill. Threading several narrow, dirty streets, he at last went through one where in one spot there was such a heap of garbage and broccoli stamps that he raised his eyes to see how high up it reached against the walls of a palace; and there read, in black letters,

Immondezzaio;

literally translated, A Place for Dirt. On the opposite wall, which was the side of a church, he saw a number of black placards on which were large white skulls and crossbones, and while examining these, a bare-headed, brown-bearded, stout Franciscan monk passed him. From a passing glance, Caper saw he looked good-natured, and so, hailing him, asked why the skulls and bones were pasted there.

‘Who knows?’ answered the monk.

‘I came this morning from the Campagna; this is the first time in all my life I have been in this magnificent city.’

‘Can you tell me what that word means up there?’ said Caper, pointing to *immondezzaio*.

‘Signore, I can not read.’

‘Perhaps it is the name of the street, may be of the city?’

‘It must be so,’ answered the priest, ‘unless it’s a sign of a lottery office, or a caution against blasphemy up and down the pavement. Those are the only signs we have in the country, except the government salt and cigar shops.’ . . . He took a snuff-box from a pocket in his sleeve, and with a bow offered a pinch to Mr. Caper. This accepted, they bid each other profoundly farewell.

‘There goes a brick!’ remarked the traveler.

Arrived at the entrance-door to the tower of the Capitoline Hill, James Caper first felt in one pocket for a silver piece and in the other for a matchbox, and finding them both there, rang the bell, and then mounted to the top of the tower. Lighting a *zigarro scelto* or papal cigar, he leaned on both elbows on the parapet, and gazed long and fixedly over the seven-hilled city.

‘And this,’ soliloquized he, *is Rome*. Many a day have I been kept in school without my dinner because I was not able to parse thee idly by, *Roma*—Rome—noun of the first declension, feminine gender, that a quarter of a century ago caused me punishment, I have thee now literally under foot, and (knocking his cigar) throw ashes on thy head.

‘My mission in this great city is not that of a picture-peddler or art student. I come to investigate the eating, drinking, sleeping arrangements of the Eternal City—its wine more than its vinegar, its pretty girls more than its galleries, its *cafés* more than its churches. I see from here that I have a fine field to work in. Down there, clambering over the fallen ruins of the Palace of the Caesars, is a donkey. Could one have a finer opportunity to see in this a moral and twist a tail? From those fallen stones, Mem-

ory—glorious old architect—rears a fabric wondrously beautiful; peoples it with eidolons white and purple-robed, and gleaming jewel-gemmed; or, iron armed, glistening with flashing light from polished steel—heroes and slaves, conquerors and conquered; my blood no longer flows to the slow, jerking measure of a nineteenth-century piece of mechanism, but freely, fully, and completely. Hurrah, my blood is up! dark, liquid eyes; black, flowing locks; strange, pleasing perfumes are around me. There is a rush as of a strong south wind through a myriad of floating banners, and I am borne onward through triumphal arches, past pillared temples, under the walls of shining palaces, into the Coliseum. . . .

'Pray, and can you tell me—if that pile of d—d old rubbish—down there, you know—is the Forum—for I do not—see it in Murray—though I'm sure—I have looked very clearly—and Murray you know—has everything down in him—that a traveler

'A commercial traveler?' . . . interrupted Mr. Caper, speaking slowly, and looking coolly into the eyes of the blackguard Bagman. . . . 'The ruins you see there are those of the Forum. Good morning.'

MODERN ART.

'Lucrezia Borgia at the Tomb of Don Giovanni! You see,' said the artist, 'I have chosen a good name for my painting, . . . and it's a great point gained. Forty or fifty years ago, some of those fluffy old painters would have had Venus worshiping at the shrine of Bacchus.'

'Whereas, you think it would be more appropriate for her to worship Giove?' . . . asked Caper.

'No sir! . . . I run dead against classic art: it's a drug. I tried my hand at it when I first came to Rome. Will you believe me, I never sold a picture. Why that very painting'—pointing to the Borgia—'is on a canvas on which I commenced The Subjugation of Adonis.'

'H'm! You find the class of Middle Age subjects most salable then?'

'I should think I did. Something with brilliant colors, stained glass windows, armor, and all that, sells well. The only trouble is, ultramarine costs dear, although Dovizzelli's is good and goes a great ways. I sold a picture to an Ohio man last week for two hundred dollars, and it is a positive fact there was twenty *scudi* (dollars) worth of blue in it. But the infernal Italians spoil trade here. Why, that fellow who paints Guido's Speranzas up there at San Pietro in Vinculo is as smart as a Yankee. He has found out that Americans from Rhode Island take to the Speranza, because Hope is the motto of their State, and he turns out copies hand over fist. He has a stencil plate of the face, and three or four fellows to paint for him; one does the features of the face, another the hand, and another rushes in the background. Why, sir, those paintings can be sold for five *scudi*, and money made on them at that. But then what are they? Wretched daubs not worth house-room. Have you any thoughts of purchasing paintings?'

Caper smiled gently. . . . 'I had not when I first came to Rome, but how long I may continue to think so is doubtful. The temptations' (glancing at the Borgia) 'are very great.'

'Rome,' . . . interrupted the artist, . . . 'is the cradle of art.'

A ROOM HUNT.

Caper, on his first arrival in Rome, went to the Hotel Europe, in the Piazza di Spagna. There for two weeks he lived like a *milord*. He formed many acquaintances among the resident colony of American artists, and was received by them with much kindness. Some of the mercenary ones of their number, having formed the opinion that he came there to buy paintings, ignorant of his profession, were excessively polite;—but their offers of services were declined. When Caper finally moved to private lodgings in Babuino Street and opened a studio, hope for a season bade these salesmen all fare-

well; they groaned, and owned that they had tried but could not sell.

Among the acquaintances formed by Caper, was a French artist named Rocjean. Born in France, he had passed eight or ten years in the United States, learned to speak English very well, and was residing in Rome 'to perfect himself as an artist.' He had, when Caper first met him, been there two years. In all this time he had never entered the Vatican, and having been told that Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* was found to have a flaw in it, he had been waiting for repairs before passing his opinion thereon. On the other hand, he had studied the Roman *plebs*, the people, with all his might. He knew how they slept, eat, drank, loved, made their little economies, clothed themselves, and, above all, how they blackguarded each other. When Caper mentioned to him that he wished to leave his hotel, take a studio and private lodgings, then Rocjean expanded from an old owl into a spread eagle. Hurriedly taking Caper by the arm, he rushed him from one end of Rome to the other, up one staircase and down another; until, at last, finding out that Rocjean invariably presented him to fat, fair, jolly-looking landladies (*padrone*), with the remark, 'Signora, the Signor is an Englishman and very wealthy,' he began to believe that something was wrong. But Rocjean assured him that it was not—that, as in Paris, it was Madame who attended to renting rooms, so it was the *padrona* in Rome, and that the remark, 'he is an Englishman, and very wealthy,' were synonymous, and always went together. 'If I were to tell them you were an American it would do just as well—in fact, better, but for one thing, and that is, you would be swindled twice as much. The expression "and very wealthy," attached to the name of an Englishman, is only a delicate piece of flattery, for the majority of the present race of traveling English are by no means lavish in their expenditures or very wealthy. In taking you to see all these pretty women, I have undoubtedly given you pleasure, at the

same time I have gratified a little innocent curiosity of mine:—but then the chance is such a good one! We will now visit the Countess ——, for she has a very desirable apartment to let; after which we will proceed seriously to take rooms with a home-ly view.'

The Countess —— was a very lovely woman, consequently Caper was fascinated with the apartment, and told her he would reflect over it.

'Right,' said Rocjean, after they had left; 'better reflect over it than in it—as the enormous draught up chimney would in a short time compel you to.'

'How so?'

'I have a German friend who has rooms there. He tells me that a cord of firewood lasts about long enough to warm one side of him; when he turns to warm the other it is gone. He has lived there three years reflecting over this; the Countess occasionally condoles with him over the draught of that chimney.'

'H'm! Let us go to the homely: better a drawn sword than a draught.'

They found a homely landlady with neat rooms in the via Babuino, and having bargained for them for twelve *scudi* a month, their labors were over.

MACCARONICAL.

There was, when Caper first came to Rome, an eating-house, nearly opposite the fountain Trevi, called the Gabioni. It was underground,—in fact, a series of cellars, popularly conjectured to have been part of the catacombs. In one of these cellars, resembling with its arched roof a tunnel, the ceiling so low that you could touch the apex of the round arch with your hand, every afternoon in autumn and winter, between the hours of five and six, there assembled, by mutual consent, eight or ten artists. The table at which they sat would hold no more, and they did not want it to. Two waiters attended them, Giovanni for food, Santi for wine and cigars. The long-stemmed Roman lamps of burnished brass, the bowl that held the oil and wicks resembling the united prows of four vessels, shedding their light on the

white cloth and white walls, made the old place cheerful. The white and red wine in the thin glass flasks gleamed brightly, and the food was well cooked and wholesome. Here in early winter came the sellers of ‘sweet olives,’ as they called them, and for two or three cents (*baiocchi*) you could buy a plateful. These olives were green, and, having been soaked in lime-water, the bitter taste was taken from them, and they had the flavor of almonds.

But the maccaroni was the great dish in the Gabioni; a four-cent plate of it would take the sharp edge from a fierce appetite, assisted as it was by a large one-cent roll of bread. There was the white pipe-stem and the dark ribbon (*fettuccia*) species; and it was cooked with sauce (*al sugo*), with cheese, Neapolitan, Roman and Milan fashion, and — otherways. Wild boar steaks came in winter, and were cheap. Veal never being sold in Rome until the calf is a two-year-old heifer, was no longer veal, but tender beef, and was eatable. Sardines fried in oil and batter were good. Game was plenty, and very reasonable in price, except venison, which was scarce. The average cost of a substantial dinner was from thirty to forty *baiocchi*, and said Rocjean, ‘I can live like a prince — like the Prince B——, who dines here occasionally — for half that sum.’

The first day Caper dined in the Gabioni, what with a dog-fight under the table, cats jumping upon the table, a distressed marchioness (fact) begging him for a small sum, a beautiful girl from the Trastevere, shining like a patent-leather boot, with gold ear-rings, and brooch, and necklace, and coral beads, who sat at another table with a French soldier — these and those other little *pi-quante* things, that the traveler learns to smile at and endure, worried him. But the dinner was good, his companions at table were companionable, and as he finished an extra *foglietta* (pint) of wine, price eight cents, with Rocjean, he concluded to give it another trial. He kept at giving it trials until the old Gabioni was closed, and from it arose

the Four Nations or Quattro Nazione in Turkey Cock Alley (*viccolo Gallinaccio*), which, as any one knows, is near Two Murderers’ Street. (*Via Due Macelli*.)

‘Now that we have finished dinner,’ spoke Rocjean, ‘we will smoke: then to the Caffe or Caf  Greco and have our cup of black coffee.’

AMERICA IN ROME.

It may be a good thing to have the conceit taken out of us — but not by the corkscrew of ignorance; the operation is too painful. Caper, proud of his country, and believing her in the front rank of nations, was destined to learn, while in Rome and the Papal States, that America was geographically unknown.

He consoled himself for this with the fact that geography is not taught in the ‘Elementary Schools’ there; — and for the people there are no others.

The following translation of a notice advertising for a schoolmaster, copied from the walls of a palace where it was posted, shows the sum total taught in the common schools:—

The duties of the Master are to teach Reading, Writing, the First Four Rules of Arithmetic; to observe the duties prescribed in the law ‘*Quod divina sapientia*;’ and to be subject to the biennial committee like other salaried officers of the department; as an equivalent for which he shall enjoy (*godr *) an annual salary of \$60, payable in monthly shares.

(Signed)

IL GONFALONIERE — — —

But what can you expect when one of the rulers of the land asserted to Caper that he knew that ‘pop-corn grew in America on the banks of the Nile, after the water went down,— for it never rains in America?’

It was a handsome man, an advocate for Prince Doria, who, once traveling in a *vetturo* with Caper, asked him why he did not go to America by land, since he knew that it was in the south of England; and gently corrected a companion of his, who told Caper he had read and thought it strange that all Americans lived in holes in the ground, by

saying to him that if such houses were agreeable to the *Signori Americani* they had every right to inhabit them.

The landlord of a hotel in a town about thirty miles from Rome asked Caper if, when he returned to New York, he would not some morning call and see his cousin—in Peru!

This same landlord once drew his knife on a man, when, accompanied by Caper, he went to observe a saint's day in a neighboring town. The cause of the quarrel was this—the landlord, having been asked by a man who Caper was, told him he was an American. The man asserted that Americans always wore long feathers in their hair, and that he did not see any on Caper's head. The landlord, determined to stand by Caper, swore by all the saints that they were under his hat. The man disbelieved it. Out came the ‘hardware’ with that jarring cr-r-r-ick the blade makes when the notched knife-back catches in the spring, but Caper jumped between them, and they put off stabbing one another—until the next saint's day.

It was with pleasure that Caper, passing down the Corso one morning, saw there was an Universal Panorama, including views of America, advertised to be exhibited in the Piazza Colonna. ‘Here is an opportunity,’ thought he, ‘for the Romans to acquire some knowledge of a land touching which they are very much at sea. The views undoubtedly will do for them what the tabooed geographies are not allowed to do—give them a little education to slow music.’

Accompanied by Rocjean, he went one evening to see it, and found it on wheels in a traveling van, drawn up at one side of the Colonna Square.

‘Hawks inspected it the other evening,’ said Rocjean; ‘and he describes it as well worth seeing. The explainer of the Universal Panorama resembles the wandering Jew, exactly, with perhaps a difference about the change in his pockets; and the paintings, comical enough in themselves, considering that they are supposed to be serious likenesses

of the places represented, are made still funnier by the explanations of the manager.’

Securing tickets from a stout, showy ticket-seller, adorned with a stunning silk dress, crushing bracelets, and an overpowering bonnet, they subduedly entered a room twenty feet long by six or eight wide, illuminated with the mellow glow of what appeared to be about thirty moons. The first things that caught their eye were several French soldiers who were acting as inspection guard over several rooms, having stacked their muskets in one corner. Their exclamations of delight or sorrow, their criticisms of the art panoramic, in short, were full of humor and trenchant fun. But ‘the explainer’ was before them; where he came from they could not see, for his footsteps were light as velvet, evidently having ‘gums’ on his feet; his milk-white hair, parted in the middle of his forehead, hung down his back for a couple of feet, while his milk-white beard, hanging equally low in front, gave him the appearance of a venerable billy goat. He was an Albino, and his eyes kept blinking like a white owl's at midday. He had a voice slightly tremulous, and mild as a cat's in a dairy.

‘Gen-till-men, do me the playshure to gaze within this first hole. ’Tis the be-yu-ti-fool land of Sweet-sir-land. Vi-yew from the some-mut of the Riggy Cool'm. Day break-in' in the dis-tant yeast. He has a blan-kit round him, sir; for it is cold upon the moun-tin tops at break of day. [Madame, the stupen-doss irruption of Ve-soov-yus is two holes from the corner.]

‘Gen-till-men, do me the play-zure to gaze upon the second hole. ’Tis Flor-renz the be-yu-ti-fool, be the bangs off the flowin' Arno. ’Twas here that ——’

‘No matter about all that,’ said Caper; ‘show off America to us.’ He slipped a couple of *pauls* into his hand, and instantly the Venerable skipped four moons.

‘Gen-till-men, do me the play-zure to gaze upon this hole. ’Tis the be-yu-ti-fool city of Nuova Jorck in Ay-mer-i-kay,

with the flour-ish-ing cities of Brook-lyn, Nuova Jer-sais, and Long Is-lad. The impo-sing struc-ture of rotund form is the Gr-and Coun-cill Hall con-tain-ing the coun-cill chamber of the Amer-i-can nations. . . . [You say it is the Bat-tai-ree? It may be the Bat-tai-ree.] *What is that road in Broo-klin?* that is the ra'l-road to Nuova Or-lins di-rect. *What is that wash-tub?* 'Tis not a wash-tub—'tis a stim-boat. They make the stim out of coal, which is found on the ground. *Is that the Ay-mer-i-cain eagill?* 'Tis not; 'tis a hoarse-fly which has in-tro-doo-ed hisself behind the glass. *Are those savages in Nuova Jer-sais?* (New Jersey.) Those are trees.'

'Pass on, illustrious gen-till-men, to the next hole. 'Tis the be-yu-ti-fool city of Filadelfia. The houses here are all built of woo-ood. The two rivaires that circum-vent the city are the Lavar (Delaware?) and the Hud-soon. I do not know what is "a pum-king cart," but the car-riage which you see before you is a friah engine, be-cause the city is all built of woo-ood. The tall stee-ples belongs to the kay-ker (Quaker) temple of San Cristo.'

Roejean now gave the Venerable a *paul*, requesting him to dwell at length upon these scenes, as he was a French-man in search of a little of geography.

'Excellencies, I will do my en-deavours. The gran-diose ship as lies in the Lavar (Delaware) riv-aire is fool of em-i-gr-rants. The signora de-scen-din' the side of the ship is in a dreadful sit-u-a-tion tru-ly. [Per-haps the artist was in a boat and de-scri-bed the scene as he saw it.] The elephant you see de-scen-din' the street is a nay-tive of this tropi-cal re-gion, and the cock-a-toos infest the sur-round-in' air. The Moors you see along the wharves are the spon-ta-ne-ous born of the soil. Those are kay-kers (Quakers?) on mules with broad-brimmed hats onto their heads; the sticks in their hands are to beat the Moors who live on their su-gar plan-tay-tions. . . . *Music?* did you ask, Madame? We have none in this establish-ment. None.

'Excellencies, the next hole. 'Tis the

be-yu-ti-fool city of Bal-ti-mory. You behold in the be-fore ground a gr-and feast day of Amer-i-cain peas-ants; they are be-hold-ing their noble Count re-pair-ring to the chase with a serf on a white hoarse-bag (horse-back?). The little joke of the cattle is a play-fool fan-cy of the jocose artiste as did the panorama. I am un-ac-count-able for veg-garies such as them. The riv-aire in the bag-ground is the Signora-pippi.' . . .

'The what?' asked Caper, shaking with laughter.

'A gen-till-man the other day told me that only the peasants in Americay say Missus or Mis-triss, and that the riv-aire con-se-kwen-tilly was not Missus-pippi, but, as I have had the honor of saying, the Signora-pippi rivaire. The next hole, Excell-en-cies! — 'Tis the be-yu-ti-fool city of Vaskmenton (Washington), also on the Signora-pippi riv-aire. The white balls on the trees is cot-ton. Those are not white balls on the ground, those are ship;—ships as have woolen growin' onto their sides (sheep?). 'Tis not a white bar-racks: 't is the Palazzo di Vaskmenton, a nobil gen-e-ral woo lives there, and was former-ly king of the A-mer-i-cain nations. What does that Moor, with the white lady in his arms? it is a negro peas-sant taking his mis-triss out to air,—'tis the customs in those land. . . . That negress or fe-mail Moor with some childs is also airring, and the white 'ooman tyin' up her stockings is a sportive of the artiste. He is much for the hum-or-ous.

'Excellencies, the last hole A-mer-i-cain. 'Tis the stoo-pen-doss Signora-pippi rivaire in all its mag-nif-fi-cent booty. What is that cockatoo doing there? He is taking a fly. *You do not see the fly?* I mean a flight. *What is that bust to flin-ders?* That is a stim-boat was car-ryin' on too much stim, and the stim, which is made of coal, goes off like gun-pow-dair if you put lights onto it. This is a fir-ful and awe-fool sight. The other stim-boat is not bustin', it is sailin'. What is that man behind the whil-house with the cards while another signor kicks

into him on his coat-tails, I do not know. It is steel the sportifs of the artiste.'

'Excel-len-cies, the last hole. 'Tis the be-yu-ti-fool bustin' — no, not bustin', but ex-plo-sion of Ve-soov-yus. You can see the sublime sight, un-terrup-ted be me ex-play-nations. I thank you for

your attentions auri-cu-lar and pe-coo-niar-ry. *Adio*, until I have the play-shure of seein' you once more.'

'I tell you what, Rocjean,' said Caper, as he came out from the panorama, 'America has but a POOR SHOW in the Papal dominions.'

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

GRAND with all that the young earth had of vigorous and queenly to adorn her, rich with the spoils of victories not all bought with battle-axe and sword, stately with a pride that had won its just and inalienable majesty from elastic centuries of progress and culture, History, the muse to whom fewest songs were sung, yet whose march was music's sublimest voice, trembled upon the brink of the Dark Ages, and leaped, in her armor, into the abyss of ignorance before her. A poetry the purest, an art the noblest, a religion deeply symbolical, a freedom bold and magnificent, had given to the world-histories of those early days a melody varied and faultless, a form flowing yet well-defined, an earnestness that was sacred, a truth that was divine. A philosophy rich and largely suggestive had made the great men of Greece and Rome alert, vigilant, penetrating, before luxury and oppression had dragged them down to ruin and ignorance; and at last Ambition, splendid but destructive, becoming the world's artist, blended the midnight tints of decline and suffering with the carnation of triumph and liberty, and cast over the pictures of History the Rembrandt-like shadows, heavy and wavering, that add a fearful intensity to their charms.

To these eras, once splendid and promising, succeeded a night, long, hopeless, disastrous. Its hours were counted by contentions, its darkness was deepen-

ed by crime. The sun had set upon a mighty empire, regnant upon her seven hills, glorious with conquest, drunken with power: when the day dawned upon the thousandth year of the Christian era, its crumbled arches and moss-grown walls alone testified to the truth of History that had survived the universal destruction.

And now came the age of knight and paladin, of crusades and talismans. The rough, vigorous life that had been developing at the North, exuberant with a strength not yet so mature that it could be employed in the wise and practical pursuits of civilized life, burst forth into an enthusiasm half military, half religious, that pervaded all ranks, but was 'mightiest in the mighty.' The Saxons, fair-haired, with wild blue eyes, whence looked an inflexible perseverance, the dark-browed Normans, and the men of fair Bretagne, swooped down falcon-like from their nests among the rocks and by the seas of Northern Europe upon the impetuous Saracens, and fought brave poems that were written on sacred soil with their blood. From the strife of years the heroes returned, their flowing locks whitened by years and suffering, the fair Saxon faces browned by the fervent suns of the distant East. From hardship and imprisonment they marched with gay songs amid acclamations and welcome to their homes upon the Northern shores. Their once shining

armor was dimmed and rusted with their own blood; but they bore upon their ‘spears the light’ of a culture more refined, a knowledge more subtle, than those high latitudes had ever before known.

From this marriage of the barbaric vigor of the North with the delicate and infinitely pliable sensuousness of the South, the classic union of Strength and Desire, Chivalry was born. Leaping forth to light and power, a majestic creation, glittering in the knightly panoply, noble by its knightly vows, it stood resplendent against the dark background of the past ages, the inevitable and legitimate offspring of the times and circumstances that gave it birth. The courtly baptism was eagerly sought, its requirements rigidly obeyed. The lands bristled with the lances of their valiant sons, and Quixotic expeditions were the order of the age. But not alone with sword and spear were gallant contests decided; the gauntlet thrown at the feet of a proud foe was not always of iron. *El gai saber, the gaye science,* held its august courts, where princesses entered the lists and vanquished gallant troubadours with the concord of their sweet measures. Slowly, yet with relentless strength, a new social world was rising upon the splendid ruins of the old. Its principles were just, if their garb was fantastical. It began with that almost superstitious reverence for woman, which had borrowed its religion from the Teuton, its romance from the Minnesinger and the Trouver: it will end in the honesty and freedom of a world mature for its enjoyment.

Thus, while the kingdoms of Europe were rising to a height where to oppress, to torture, to fight, were to seem their sole aim and purpose, in a hitherto obscure corner of the great theatre of modern life an unknown element was developing itself, which was in time to shake the greatest nations with its power, to inflame all Europe with jealousy and cupidity, and to dictate to empires the very terms of their existence. And this element was LABOR. The rich

lowlands of the ‘double-armed’ Rhine teemed with a busy life, that, king-like, demanded a tribute of the sea, and wrenched from the greedy waves a treasure that its industry made priceless. Each man became a prince in his own divine right, and every occupation had its lords and its lore, its ‘mysteries,’ and its social rights. The seamen, merchants, and artisans of the Netherlands had made their country the richest in Europe. They ranged the seas and learned the value of the land; and while they fed the great despot of the Middle Ages, the light of intelligence, born of energy and nurtured by activity, cast its benignant gleams from the central island of the Rhine, and drove from their mountain nooks the owls and bats of tyranny and superstition. They fought first, these lords of the soil, among themselves, for local privileges, advancing in their continuous struggles upon the very threshold of the church. By strong alliances they kept at bay their feudal lords, and fettered the ecclesiastical power with the yoke of a justice, meagre, indeed, and sadly unfruitful, but still ominous of a better day. Within the alabaster vase of despotism, frail, yet old as ambition, the lamp of freedom had long burned dimly: now its flames were licking, with serpent-like tongues, the enclosure so long deemed sacred, and threatened, as they dyed the air with their amber flood of light, to shiver their temple to fragments. The theory of the divine right of kings was but another ‘Luck of Edenhall.’ Its slender stem trembled now within the rough grasp of the sacrilegious and burly Netherlanders, who hesitated not long ere they dashed it with the old superstition to the ground, shaking the civilized world to its centre by the shock. But out of the ruins a statelier edifice was to rise, whose windows, like those of the old legend, were stained by the life-blood of its architect.

The historian who would worthily depict such an age, such a people, such principles, must be an artist, but one in whom the creative faculty does not blind

the moral obligations. He must bring to the work a republican sympathy, must be governed by a republican justice, and wear a character as noble as the struggle that he paints. And such an artist, such a historian, such a man, we have in JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The honors of Harvard, early and nobly earned, had given to the boy at seventeen the privileges and dignity of manhood. He was destined to become a scholar, eminent, even among the rarely and richly cultured minds of his own New England, for his universal knowledge, clearness of intellect, prompt energy, and indomitable perseverance. Inspired by these gifts and attainments, it was only natural, almost inevitable, that his first appearance upon the literary stage should have been in the rôle of a novelist. The active young intellect was pliant and strong, but had not yet learned its power. Before him lay the broad fields of romance, fascinating with their royal *fleurs de lis*, rich with the contributions of every age, some quaint and laughter-moving, some pompous and exaggerated, some soul-stirring and grand. Impelled, perhaps, less by a thirst for fame than a desire to satisfy the resistless impulses of an energetic nature, and lay those fair ghosts of enterprises dimly recognized that beckoned him onward, he followed the first path that lay before him, and became a romance writer. His first work, *Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Provincial*, was published in 1839, and subsequently appeared *Merry Mount, a Romance of Massachusetts*. It is curious to trace in these first flights of a genius that has since learned its legitimate field, a tendency to the breadth of Motley's later efforts, an instinctive and evidently unconscious passion for the descriptive, an admirably curbed yet still powerful impatience of the light fetters, the toy regulations of the realm of Fiction, and an earnestness that has since bloomed in the world of Fact and History. The very imperfections of the novelist have become the charms of the historian. His student-life in Germany, his after-

plot in the stirring Revolutionary times, strongly as they are drawn, animated as they are with dashes of that vivid power that stamps every page of the histories of their author, yet lack the proof of that unquestioned yet unobtrusive consciousness of genius that harden the telling sentences of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and the *United Netherlands* into blocks of adamant, polished by friction with each other to a diamond brightness, and reflecting only the noblest sentiments, the most profound principles. The dice had been thrown a second time, and Motley had not won a victory. The applause of the press was insufficient to the man, who felt that he had not yet struck the key-note of his destiny. To be counted the follower of Cooper was not the meet guerdon of an intellect to which the shapely monuments of ancient literature yielded the clue to their hieroglyphic labyrinths of knowledge, and that pierced with lightning swiftness the shell of events, and possessed the latent principles of life in their warm hearts. He returned, therefore, to Europe, leaving behind him a reputation which at no distant day was destined to spring from a new and more noble foundation into a lasting and more stately pile.

To a mind like Motley's, the department of history presented the most attractive features. There could honestly be no dabbling with the specious and seductive alchemy of Fiction. Truth had molded every period of the world's life. Truth defied had tripped up nations in their headlong race after dominion and unrighteous power. Truth victorious had smiled upon their steady growth to greatness and honor. To write history was to write poetry, art, philosophy, religion, life. The pen that sketched the rise, the progress, and the fate of nations, was in fact the chisel of a sculptor, whose theme was humanity.

And what work so fitting for the American author as the record of a nation struggling away from the oppression of feudal institutions, which stifled all growth either towards knowledge or

civil greatness, throwing off the trammels of religious intolerance, defying the most powerful nation of Christendom, which had breathed an air of bigotry in its long contest with the Moors, and waging an exhaustive war of nearly a century's duration against fearful odds, only to win an independent existence? We had treasured as rare heirlooms the Mechlin laces of our grandmothers, had our favorite sets of Tournay porcelain, awaited with curious and enthusiastic patience our shares in the floral exportations of Harlem, trodden daily the carpetings of Brussels, and esteemed ourselves rich with a fragment of its tapestry, or a rifle of Namur; we had honored the vast manufacturing interest of the Netherlands, their commercial prosperity and noble enterprise; but here all thought of them had ended. Schiller had not taught us that the ancestors of the miners of Mons, the artisans of Brussels, the seamen of Antwerp, the professors of Leyden, were heroes, worthy to stand beside Leonidas and Bozzaris; Strâda had failed to rouse us to enthusiasm at the thought of their long, noble battle for life. Grotius had indeed painted for us with a very Flemish nicety of detail their manners and customs, but had forgotten to round his skeleton of a nation with the passions that animated every stage of its development. It remained for Motley, with all the quick sympathies of an American heart, to rouse our affections and to command our reverence for a people so unfortunate and so brave. It was reserved for him to teach us that William of Orange was not less a martyr to the truth than Huss or Latimer.

It was no common scholar who so worthily finished this task. It was not enough that the intellectual integrity of our historian was unquestioned, his judgment mature, his knowledge vast and comprehensive. During the years of preparation he had become thoroughly cosmopolite; all the *petty* prejudices of country and blood had been swept away before the advancing dignity of a reason that became daily more truly and com-

pletely the master of itself. All the thousand minute refinements of an extensive and intimate association with the commanding and courtly minds of the age fitted him to cope more successfully with the spirit of subtle intrigue, the fox-like sagacity, the wolfish rapacity, the cruel lack of diplomatic honor, and the illimitable and terrible intolerance that distinguished in so wonderful a degree the historical era of Motley's choice. He came with all the zeal of a true lover of liberty, himself republican, as earth's most cultured sons have been in every age, in thought, habit, and sentiment, to trace for the future and for us the records of a people who were willing to suffer a master, but who revolted from a tyrant; who, with a rare but unappreciated and too nice honor, strove to keep to the yoke that their forefathers had worn, only asking from their ruler the respect and consideration due the faithful servants of his crown, who were no longer the abject slaves of a monarchy, and yet, through an inveterate habit of servitude, were scarcely prepared for the independence of a republic. How nobly he has fulfilled his mission, the hearty applause of two nations sufficiently testifies.

To the wide, comprehensive vision of Motley, history appears in its true light as a science, demanding the assistance of other sciences to the due and harmonious development of all its parts. It relies not more upon the correctness of the recorder's authorities and the profoundness of his researches in the mere region of the events and mutual relation of nations, than upon his universal acquaintance with general literature and the sister arts of politics and philosophy. It was for the treacherous and elegant Bolingbroke to reduce the noble art of Thucydides from the height of sublimity and grandeur to the parlor level of the conversations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, to introduce into the most serious political disquisitions, concerning perhaps the welfare of society, an imperceptible yet carefully elaborated and most effective tone of levity that speedily

proved disastrous to their object. It was he who forced the vapid but imposing ceremonial of the *bon ton* into the records of church and state; who clothed his empty but pompous periods with the ermine of royalty, to ensure them the reverence of a deluded multitude; who stripped Virtue of her ancient prerogatives, and fed her with the crumbs from his table. His polished diction, undeniable talent and fine acquisitions served most unhappily to disguise his real poverty of sentiment, and for a time, at least, diverted the current of popular feeling from the true, beautiful, and reliable in early literature and art, no less than in history. With what success his faulty and imperfect theories were engrafted upon the literature of his nation, the learned and sagacious Schlosser conclusively proves in his *History of the Eighteenth Century*. Says this ripe scholar and deep thinker, 'All that Bolingbroke ridicules as tedious and without talent, all that he laughs at as useless and without taste, all that which, urged by his labors and those of his like-minded associates, had for eighty years disappeared from ancient history, is again brought back in our day. So short is the triumph of falsehood. Well may we pervert the verses of Horace,—

'Nullæ placere diu, nec vivere *historiæ* possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.'

That was an ungenerous fountain whence Bolingbroke drank even his chilling draughts of inspiration. Splendid, in sooth, as the great *Brunnen* of the luckless Abderites of Wieland, with its sea-god of marble surrounded by a stately train of nymphs, tritons, and dolphins, from whose jets the water only dripped like tears, because, says the writer, with grave naïveté, 'there was scarcely enough to moisten the lips of a single nymph.' Truly the purple wine of inspiration is as necessary to the historian as to the poet; and if the laughing Bacchus that holds the beaker to the student's eager lips be not clothed in the classic robes of the senate-chamber or the flowing garments of the professor, he

wears at least the fawn's dappled hide, and in his hand

'His thyrsus holds—an ivy-crowned spear.'

Does not the gentle Euripides show us the god, 'his horned head with dragon wreath entwined?' And those two sacred horns point back to the dread mysteries of the Ogdoad sublime,

'The great Cabiri of earth's dawning prime.'

They trace with lines that never swerve from truth the history of the primeval world, the early days of Noah and his ark. They recall to us the old story of life and suffering, of deluge and salvation; on their crescent points hangs the eternal principle of the efficacy of sacrifice. They float with the moon-ark of Astarté Mylitta on hyacinthine seas of night-clouds, and their high import, dimmed and lost in the great stream of Time, rises again in the ages, uncrowned with the early luxuriance of symbol and mystery. The mystic horns appear over the brow of the queenly Sappho of Grillparzer, upon whose hair

'Rested the diadem, like the pale moon,
Upon the brow of night, a silver crest ;'

and the white-robed Madonna, with child-like face upraised, and deep, tender eyes uplifted, yet rests her slender, sandaled foot upon the horned moon, floating below her in misty clouds.

A hiatus for which we crave indulgence; a dream, and yet not all a dream, for each of these old types encloses a living truth, and unfolds into a history, tangled, perhaps, and imperfect, but suggestive and reliable, of races and religions that had else passed away into oblivion. And the earnest student of the present, or the historian of the past, can never disregard these dim old treasures, but must draw from them a fresher faith in his own humanity and in the eternal laws of God, that are unchangeable as he is immortal.

The art of history advances with the art of poetry; both, and indeed all literature, correspond aesthetically with the manners, customs, theology, and politics of the nation of their birth. The severe

grandeur of Thucydides, the invariable sweetness of Xenophon, and the cheerful elegance of Herodotus, recall, with their just conceptions of harmony, their noble and sustained flow of thought, and their freedom from the adventitious ornaments of an exaggerated rhetoric or a sentimental morality, the golden age of Greece. We seem to stand within the Parthenon, to gaze upon the Venus of Cnidus, to be jostled by the gay crowd at the Olympic games. It was indeed a golden age, when all that was beautiful in nature was reverently and assiduously nurtured, and all that was noble and natural in art was magnificently encouraged; an age in which refinement and nobility were not accidents, but necessities; when politics had reached the high grade of an art, and oratory attained a beauty and power beyond which no Pitt, Canning, or Brougham has ever yet aspired; an age when the gifted Aspasia held her splendid court, and Alcibiades and Socrates were proud to sit at the Milesian's feet; when Pericles, who 'well deserved the lofty title of Olympian,' lived and ruled: the golden age when Socrates thought and taught, bearing in its bosom the guilty day when Socrates died.

Not less faithful portraiture of the influences that formed them are the histories of Livy, of Sallust, and of Tacitus. They wrote in a language that had been sublimated into electric clouds by the warm and splendid diffuseness of Cicero, and reduced to a granite-like strength by the cold and exquisite simplicity of Terence. The amiable fustian, the Falstaffian bombast of Lucan and Ovid's brilliant imagination, all stamp their indelible seal upon the vivid coloring of Livy, the somewhat affected severity of Sallust, and the elegant morality of Tacitus. The banner of the monarchy flaunts across every page of these writers. They even bear the impress of an architecture whose splendor and strength did not atone for its disregard of the old Hellenic lines and rules. They bear the same relation to Thucydides and Herodotus that a pillar of the Roman Ionic

order, with its angularly turned volutes and arbitrary perpendicularity of outline, does to its graceful Greek mother, with her primitive and expressive scrolls, and the slightly convex profile of her shaft. In more modern times, a black-letter, quaint sentence of Froissart or Monstrelet is like a knight in full armor, bristling with quaint, beautiful devices, golden dragons inlaid on Milan cuirasses, golden vines on broad Venetian blades, apes on the hilts of grooved-bladed, firm stilettos, or the illuminated margins of old metrical romances. The pages of Strada are darkened by the stormy passions of a battling age, crossed with the lurid light of Moorish tragedies; an *ay de mi Alhama* moans under his pride and bigotry. Torquemadas grind each sentence into dullness and inquisitorial harmlessness, yet now and then sweeps by a trace of Lope de Vega, a word that reminds us of Calderon, while still often the euphuism of Gongora pervades the writer's mind and flows in platitudes from his guarded pen.

As we near our own day, history is invested with new dignities; its arms float, sea-weed like, on the raging waves of political life, as if to grasp from some fragment of shipwrecked treaties or some passing argosy of government a precious jewel to light its deep researches. It takes in with nervous grasp the tendencies of literature; its keen gaze drinks in the features of popular belief and searches out the fountains of popular error. Fully equal to the requirements of the exacting age, Motley has produced a work whose lightest merit is its equal conformity to the new rules of his art. He possesses in an eminent degree the first qualification which the old Abbé de Mably, in his *Manière d'écrire l'histoire*, insists upon for the historian. He recognizes the natural rights of man, those rights which are the same in every age, and as powerful in their demands in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth. His well-balanced mind acknowledges and respects the duties of man as citizen and magistrate, and the mutual rights of nations. No splendor, no power, no

prejudice, has been able to seduce him from his high principles, neither does a warm and manifest sympathy with his subject delude him even into the passing extravagance of an undue praise. If he comprehends the greatness of the national character he almost flings upon the canvas before us, he appreciates as profoundly its weaknesses too. Strada's history is a poison, which strikes at the very roots of society, and would wither all the fresh young leaves of its vigorous spring. Motley's is its powerful antidote, which restores the juices of life to the brittle fibres, smooths out the shrivelled leaves, and clothes them again with the fresh green of hope and promise. Strada is the slave of the victor; Motley is the champion of the vanquished. Strada bends the dignity of Justice before the painted sceptre of Despotism; Motley exalts the honest title of the man above the will of the perfured monarch. Strada gilds with the false gold of sophistry the very chains that gall his soul; Motley sharpens on the clear crystal of his unobtrusive logic the two-handed sword of power, and cuts his way through an army of protocols and pacts to the fortress of Liberty.

It is, we believe, an exploded theory that the characters of modern times are inferior to those of antiquity. 'Under the toga as under the modern dress,' says Guizot, 'in the senate as in our councils, men were what they still are;' and the old Jesuit takes a narrow view of the progress of mankind, who asserts that the masculine and vigorous treatment that was necessary to Thucydides and Livy is not required by the historians of our puny and degenerate day. Even the Count Gobineau, who so ably and, to his followers, conclusively proves the fallacy of the dearest hope of every learned philanthropist and patriot, does not, in his most earnest antagonism to the doctrine of human progress, insinuate the existence of a principle urging the systematic and inevitable decline of individual power from age to age. So far from exacting less of the historian, the present age demands even a firmer handling.

Our era has its Alexanders and Cæsars, its Hannibals and Hectors; and if these men of antiquity rise before us with an unapproachable air of grandeur, it is because the light shining from our distant stand-point surrounds them with deeper shadows, and throws them in bolder relief against the background of their vanished ages. It is a simple triumph of chiaro-scuro, and by no means the proof of the truth of an absurd theory.

It is mournful enough to see the dead nations that were once young and glorious pacing onward through an *inferno* like so many headless Bertrand de Borns, bearing by the hair

'The severed member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand.'

For ourselves, we have no fear of lighting our own spirit thus through any Malabolge of purification. And this bold faith animates Motley; it invigorates all his work with a firmness that inspires full confidence in his readers. Free as he is from every puerile superstition, his mastery of his subject is complete. He exercises over it a sort of magistracy which extends even to his own flashing impulses. Never pausing to display his moral learning, he avoids the tedious diffuseness of Rollin; steering adroitly around the quicksands of political dissertation, he escapes the pragmatically essayism of Guiccardini. Not easily fascinated by the trifles that swim like vapid foam upon the tide of history,—petty domestic details, the Königsmark intrigues of royalty, the wines and flowers of the banquet table, the laces and jewels of the court,—he leaves far in the distance the entertaining Davila, who, says the sarcastic Schlosser, 'wrote memoirs after the French fashion for good society,' yet whom the arbitrary and adventurous Bolingbroke does not scruple to declare 'in many respects the equal of Livy!' And yet no single stroke is omitted which is needed to preserve the unity of the work. Tacitus himself did not embellish with more commanding morality his histories. The jots and titles of the *Groot Privilegie*, the terms of the famous 'Pacification of Ghent,' the

solemn import of the *Act of Adjuration*, and the political ambition of the church, are as faithfully drawn as the Siege of Leyden, or the 'Spanish Fury' of Antwerp.

Hume, in the narrowness of a so-called philosophical indifference to the appeals of domestic life and the details of national theology and art, gives us only a running commentary upon mere chronological events, galvanized by the touch of his keen intellect and fine rhetoric into a deceitful vigor, and ornamented with the poisonous night-shade blossoms of a spurious philosophy. We may more justly seek some analogy between Gibbon and Motley, even if the search but discover points of difference so radical that a comparison is impossible. The solemn, measured, and splendid rhetoric of Gibbon is met by the animated, impetuous, and brilliant flow of Motley's thought. Neither leans to the ideal; with both the actual prevails. The policy of a government is summoned by neither before the partial tribunal of a sentiment, or the intricate scheme of some Machiavelli subjected to the imperfect analysis of a headstrong imagination. But Gibbon, though he writes in the vernacular, has lost all the honest nationality that should give an air of sincerity to his work; his brilliant antithesis belongs to the ornate school of the French literature of the day; and, fascinating as is the pomp and commanding march of his sentences, we are rather dazzled by his eloquence than convinced by his argument. He is picturesque, rich; but it is the picturesqueness and richness of the truly bewildering Roman architecture of the Renaissance — half Byzantine, three-eighths Gothic, and the remainder Greek. But Motley, with all his varied learning and association, is still perfectly and nobly Anglo-Saxon. His short, epigrammatic sentences ring like the click of musketry before the charge, and swell into length and grandeur with the progress of his theme. The simplicity, not of ignorance but of genius, characterizes him. He does not cater to our hungry fancy, he appeals

grandly to our noblest impulses. In Motley a spirit of the most refined humanity is everywhere visible; he is guilty of no Voltairean satiric stabs at purity, no petulant Voltairean flings at the faith he does not share. All is manly, terse, frank, undisguised. Honorable himself, he does not, like Gibbon, distrust all mankind, and question with a sarcasm the very sincerity of a martyr at the stake.

Among Americans, Motley is what Botta is to the historians of Southern Europe. The same grand principles actuate both writers; the same tendency to philosophical generalization is evident in the structure of their works, the same inflexible pursuit of a fixed and visible aim, the same enthusiastic love for freedom. But with Botta the poetical element, which is only secondary with Motley, predominates. He holds the nervous pen of a true Italian — more than that, of a true Italian patriot. All the hitherto suppressed fire of his nation flames out on his pages in an indignation as natural as it is superb. His lines vibrate with passion, his words are tremulous with a noble pain. His very pathos is impatient, stern, and proud; it cleaves our hearts like a battle-axe, rather than meets them as with summer showers. His sarcasm is as keen and effective, but far more startling; it hisses its way from some iron-cold comment, and stabs the monarch whom it crowns. His fertility of imagination is not weakened by contact with the details of government. The same pen that draws in such inimitably graceful lines the sugar-plums of starving Genoa, lingering about flower-wreathed baskets of bonbons sold in the public squares to famishing men and women, sketches in a style as nervous and appropriate the complex detail of governmental policy. He unfolds his subject with the skill of an epic poet; its general effect is sublime, and its petty details arranged with a rarely careless skill. If he is sometimes diverted by a burst of enthusiasm, of indignation, or of horror, into an inequality, the rough island thrown up in

the sea of his fancy is speedily verdured over with the wonderful luxuriance of his genius. If he bends sometimes to amuse, to revel among his sonorous Italian adjectives in the description of a coronation at Milan, or an opera of Valletta, it is part of his purpose, giving to his picture the rich and glowing tints that bring out, by violence of contrast, the more elaborate tinting in of dark upon dark behind them.

Something of this we recognize in Motley; but none of Botta's tendency to proverbial sayings, bitter with a sarcasm that wounds most deeply its creator; as, 'To believe that abstract principle will prevail over full purses is the folly of a madman.' Neither do we find in Motley the occasional terse conciseness of Botta,—little epics enclosed in a short sentence. 'Napoleon had redeemed France; but he had created Italy.' But the Italian can not be impartial. Just he is, but it is the accident of his political position, not the deference paid by the historian to his art. He writes of an age from whose injustice he has suffered, of a country whose miseries he has shared, of a people whose brother he is. And here Motley stands second only to Thucydides among historians. In the Greek, impartiality was almost divine, for he wrote in the very smoke of the conflict, wrote as if with his dripping lance upon rocks dyed with the blood of his countrymen. With Motley impartiality is the product of a nature strictly noble, that aims through its art not only to delight the present, but to instruct the future, and which bases its doctrines of right and wrong upon the principles that govern universal nature. The temper of Thucydides is lofty and even; though never genial, he is always calm and accessible; though often sublime, he is never pathetic; too grand to be sarcastic, he is also too proud to be selfish.

Motley, if lacking the great and admirable element of sublimity, which Longinus extols, compensates for it by the animation and variety of his style, which changes, as does his mood, with his sub-

ject. He enters with all the vigor of his manhood into the spirit of the scenes which he sketches. He describes a character, and his strokes are bold, quick, decided; he follows the intricacies of political intrigue, and his movement is slow, continuous, wary, while it still remains firm, confident, and successful. He can administer the finances with Escovedo, while his wide, keen intelligence, undismayed, masters at a glance the wily policy of Alexander of the '*fel Gesicht.*' No modern historian has given more comprehensive sketches of character. No quality escapes his vigilance; he yields every faculty the consideration which is its due. The portraits of Alva, of Navarre, of Farnese, of Orange, of Don John of Austria, are so many colossal statues, that seem to unite in themselves all the possible features and characteristics of humanity. He is indeed rather a sculptor than a painter. His figures are round, perfect, throbbing with life, and their hard and striking outlines, springing sharply from the background of despotism and persecution, are more imposing than any Rubens-like vividness of coloring which could warm them. He treats of diplomacy as a diplomat, unwinds the reel of protocol and treaty, and binds up with the inflexible cord the rich sheaves of his deep researches. His reflections are suggestive but short, and his details never weary.

He loves, too, to mark the sympathies of nature with event—the rain falling upon the black-hung scaffold, or the laughter of gay sunshine mingling with the shouts of a great victory. And here he differs, as indeed he does in almost every other respect, with Macaulay. The Englishman thinks little of nature; as he himself says of Dante, 'He leaves to others the earth, the ocean, and the sky; his business is with man.' Indeed, the absence of a true and universal sympathy is the one vast defect of Macaulay. No position is so high that it may not be overshadowed by the giant form of his violent partisanship, no character so small that it may not be raised to the semblance of greatness by the mere

force of his political preferences. His scholarship was splendid, his genius commanding, the beauty of his style unsurpassed; but he perverted his knowledge to subserve certain public ends, and wielded his magnificent powers too often in the defence of an undeserving cause. Fascinated by his dazzling rhetoric, borne along by its rapid and tumultuous current to the most brilliant conclusions, we forgot the narrowness of the stream. His scope of vision was indeed great, but it had its limits, and these were not imposed by time or necessity, but by the unyielding will of his own prejudices. As his virtues were massive, so were his errors grievous. He ventured to grasp the great speculative themes of existence with a mind that was neither profound nor suggestive. He swam with all the wondrous ease of an athlete through the billows and across the currents and counter-currents of elegant literature, of politics, of theology, yet possessed not the diver's power to win their sunken but priceless jewels. Rich he was with the accumulated intellectual spoil of centuries, but the power of exhaustive generalization was denied him. His perceptions were vigorous and acute, and none knew more perfectly to exhaust a subject, if its requirements were of the actual and tangible rather than of the ideal and spiritual order. He was a thorough logician, but a superficial philosopher; a master of style, but oblivious of those great religious truths of which the events of his great history were but the natural outgrowth and product. But nothing can exceed the power of his rhetoric, that is uncontrolled by any laws; yet offends none, unless it be the arbitrariness of his dogmatism, that concedes no favors and asks no gifts.

Less vehement, less ornate, possibly less learned than Macaulay, with frequent though trifling inequalities of style, Motley goes far beyond him in real practical insight into the heart of affairs. There is a unity in all visible life, whether of nation, of individual, of church, or of inarticulate nature, that

escaped Macaulay and impresses Motley. The one would govern the universe with the arbitrary rules of a political clique; the other applies to all the infallible test of a universal philosophy. Both writers are thoroughly incorporated with their subject; but where Macaulay was the captive of a mighty and often just prejudice, Motley is the exponent of a living principle. Everywhere Macaulay was a Whig and an Englishman; everywhere Motley is a Republican and a cosmopolite.

Motley is indeed inferior to his English contemporary in many striking points whose value every reader will determine for himself; but his occasional and rare inaccuracies of expression and inelegances of language are on the surface, and may be removed by the stroke of a pen without marring the general effect of his work. He possesses, among many charms, an unfailing geniality, which, united with his fine dramatic powers, fascinates us completely. He abounds also in fine poetical touches, that give us glimpses of a mind cultured to the last degree of literary refinement. His 'rows of whispering limes and poplars' are like arabesques of gold straying over the margins of some old *romanceros*. His descriptions glow with the fresh and ever-varying delight of the observant traveler, who seems to see before him for the first time the cities which, with a few vigorous and simple strokes, he transfers to his pages. His pictures have the charm of naturalness and a simplicity that is more effective than the most ornate diffuseness. Thus he says of the picturesque little city of Namur: 'Seated at the confluence of the Sambre with the Meuse, and throwing over each river a bridge of solid but graceful structure, it lay in the lap of a most fruitful valley. A broad, crescent-shaped plain, fringed by the rapid Meuse, and enclosed by gently-rolling hills, cultivated to their crests, or by abrupt precipices of limestone crowned with verdure, was divided by numerous hedgerows, and dotted all over with corn-fields, vineyards, and flower-gardens. Many eyes

have gazed with delight upon that well-known and most lovely valley, and many torrents of blood have mingled with those glancing waters since that long-buried and most sanguinary age which forms our theme; and still, placid as ever is the valley, brightly as ever flows the stream. Even now, as in that banished but never-forgotten time, nestles the little city in the angle of the two rivers; still directly over its head seems to hang in mid-air the massive and frowning fortress, like the gigantic helmet in the fiction, as if ready to crush the pigmy town below.' How like the *Ueberfahrt* of Uhland:—

' Ueber diesen Strohm, vor Jahren,
Bin ich einmal schon gefahren,
Hier die Burg, im Abendschimmer,
Drüben rauscht das Wehr, wie immer.'

We may quote his description of the great square of Brussels, the scene of the double execution of Montmorency, of Horn, and the gallant and unfortunate 'Count d'Egmont,' not only as an example of his dignified and sustained style, but also as an evidence of his sensitiveness to those minor refinements of association and place that bespeaks the talented artist. 'The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. Its architectural effects, suggesting in some degree the meretricious union between Oriental and a corrupt Grecian art, accomplished in the mediæval midnight, have amazed the eyes of many generations. The splendid Hotel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful but incoherent façade of the Brood-huis, now the last earthly resting place of the two distinguished victims; while grouped around these principal buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the Archers, Mariners, and other guilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables bedizened profusely with emblems, statues, and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a brilliant tournament and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes

rained influences from all those picturesque balconies and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and to political liberty had upon the same spot endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or of valor, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of a life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent, by the hand of tyranny, to his great account.'

There are, too, dashes of a healthy sarcasm among these records, not, however, of such frequent occurrence as to darken the flow of the narrative, but sufficiently indicative of the strength and energy of the writer. Never attacking the honest faith of any man, his satires are levelled at hypocrisy, never error, as when he says of the venerable tyrant, the master of the Invincible Armada, when he had received from the trembling secretary the assurance of the failure of the hope of Spain: 'So the king, as fortune flew away from him, wrapped himself in his virtue, and his counsellors, imitating their sovereign, arrayed themselves in the same garment;' a scanty mantle, in truth, but, no doubt, amply sufficient for the denizens of that torrid atmosphere of bigotry in which Spain has lived for centuries.

Of what earnest stuff Motley's dreams of religious freedom are made, we read in his terse comments upon the declaration of the principles of liberty of conscience by the States General. 'Such words shine through the prevailing darkness of the religious atmosphere at that epoch like characters of light. They are beacons in the upward path of mankind. Never before had so bold and wise a tribute to the genius of the Reformation been paid by an organized community. Individuals walking in advance of their age had enunciated such truths, and their voices had seemed to die away, but at last, a little, struggling, half-developed commonwealth had proclaimed the rights of conscience for all mankind.'

Thus we have no longer a wearisome compilation of events strung upon the thread of chronology, but a practical history of the most momentous epoch of modern times. No hand has before pointed out so faithfully its great motive power or adjusted so nicely its apparent contradictions. The structure is grand; it is the expression of a glorious faith. In the accomplishment of so vast a design, Motley has won our warmest gratitude, while he has awakened our deepest sympathies. Not alone to the learned, the scholarly, and the elegant, are these volumes addressed; their high-toned thought has met response in the people's heart, and children bend with flushed faces over the high romance of the struggle that cost the lives of thousands, and recognize, perhaps dimly, the import of that great advance from the darkness of intolerance to the light of freedom, that was so well worth the treasure of blood with which it was bought.

And here we part with Motley the historian, only to clasp hands with Motley the patriot. In the present tremendous struggle of people against progress, this fierce contest between labor and the lords, these last convulsions of the expiring giant of feudal aristocracy, whose monstrous conception dates far back among the Middle Ages, Motley has

shown himself the true champion of the doctrines advocated in his histories. His platform is still the same, but how changed the theatre of his action! His letter to the London *Times* on the 'Causes of the American Civil War' is a masterly exposition of facts, whose naked power is obscured by no useless displays of rhetoric. Its tone is calm, dignified, confident; its statements are strongly maintained, its logic convincing. All honor to the man who from his quiet researches in royal archives and busy deciphering of dusty MSS. turned to his country in her hour of need, and defended her where defence should have been superfluous, but was, unhappily, of small avail. And still he works nobly for the dear old flag, and, intimately *lié* as he is with the first literati and politicians of Europe, it is not easy to measure his influence. His purely literary habits forbid all suspicion of his disinterestedness, and will go far to command him to the sympathies of the commanding intellects of the age. Let us hope for the time when, with renewed faith in his mighty theories and still renewing love for his motherland, he shall return to the retirement which has already produced such noble fruits, and add works as worthy to our American classics. Meanwhile, *vive qui vince!*

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

Trou who for years hast watched the course of nature,
 What time the changing seasons swept their round,
 And, 'mid the play of every varying feature,
 New founts of pleasure for thyself hast found;
 Who, when dark clouds upon the mountain glooming,
 Threaten destruction to the smiling plain,
 Canst pierce the shadow and foresee the blooming
 Of budding blossoms brighter for the rain:

To whom, when the dread winter's icy fingers
Have chilled to silence the gay babbling stream,
A memory of its summer music lingers,
Or April violets in the future beam ;
To whom the darkness whispers of the dawning,
And sorrow's night tells of the coming day ;
And even death is but the twilight morning
Of glory which shall never fade away ; —

Teach us thy lesson. Unto us be given
The trusting faith the April flowers display ;
Looking in their meek confidence to heaven, —
Trusting to God the future of the day.
Our night is dark, and perils vast surround us,
But, firm in truth and right, what shall we fear ?
Has danger ever yet base cravens found us ?
Who has sustained thus far will guide us here.

Ye countless legions, where each man is holding
Himself a bulwark for the cause of right,
In war's fierce furnace, where our God is molding
Each soul for his own ends in Freedom's fight,
March on to victory in overwhelming number,
Singing the peans of the noble free ;
Our Liberty has just awaked from slumber,
To carry out the world's great destiny.

O mighty nation ! all thy early glory
Shall be as nothing to the great renown
Which in the future ages shall come o'er thee,
For thine is Liberty's immortal crown.
Heed not the jealousies forever thronging, —
The petty envyings which gird thee round ;
'Tis thine to carry out the world's great longing,
To find that liberty none else has found.

What though across the swelling, broad Atlantic
Comes scornful menace ? it is naught to thee ; —
'Tis but the jealous raving, wild and frantic,
Of those who would, but never can, be free ; —
Who, slaves to selfish passions, bold ambition,
Hold up their shackled arms in heaven's broad light,
And prate of freedom, boast their high position,
And strive to turn to interest Truth and Right.

We need more faith ! What though the means be weakness ?
With God supreme, the victory must be ours !
From imperfection he works out completeness ;
From feeble means makes overwhelming powers.
How shall this be ? The knowledge is not given ;
Each to his duty in the field of Right ;
Sure as th' Almighty ruleth earth and heaven,
His arm will do it in resistless might.

AMONG THE PINES.

'DER ye tink Massa Davy wud broke his word, sar?' said the old negress, bridle up her bent form, and speaking in a tone in which indignation mingled with wounded dignity; 'p'raps gemmen do dat at de Norf—dey neber does it har.'

'Excuse me, Aunty; I know your master is a man of honor; but he's very much excited, and very angry with Scip.'

'No matter for dat, sar; Massa Davy neber done a mean ting sense he war born.'

'Massa K—— tinks a heap ob de Cunnel, Aunty; but he reckons he'm sort o' crazy now; dat make him afeard,' said Scip, in an apologetic tone.

'What ef he am crazy? You'se safe har,' rejoined the old woman, dropping her aged limbs into a chair, and rocking away with much the same air which ancient white ladies occasionally assume.

'Won't you ax Massa K—— to a cheer?' said Scip; 'he hab ben bery kine to me.'

The negress then offered me a seat; but it was some minutes before I rendered myself sufficiently agreeable to thaw out the icy dignity of her manner. Meanwhile I glanced around the apartment.

Though the exterior of the cabin was like the others on the plantation, the interior had a rude, grotesque elegance about it far in advance of any negro hut I had ever seen. The logs were chinked with clay, and the one window, though destitute of glass, and ornamented with the inevitable board-shutter, had a green moreen curtain, which kept out the wind and the rain. A worn but neat and well-swept carpet partly covered the floor, and on the low bed was spread a patch-work counterpane. Against the side of the room opposite the door stood an antique, brass-handled bureau, and an old-fashioned table, covered with a faded woolen cloth, occupied the centre

of the apartment. In the corner near the fire was a curiously-contrived side-board, made of narrow strips of yellow pine, tongued and grooved together, and oiled so as to bring out the beautiful grain of the wood. On it were several broken and cracked glasses, and an array of irregular crockery. The rocking-chair, in which the old negress passed the most of her time, was of mahogany, wadded and covered with chintz, and the arm-seat I occupied, though old and patched in many places, had evidently moved in good society.

The mistress of this second-hand furniture establishment was arrayed in a mass of cast-off finery, whose gay colors were in striking contrast with her jet-black skin and bent, decrepit form. Her gown, which was very short, was of flaming red and yellow worsted stuff, and the enormous turban that graced her head and hid all but a few tufts of her frizzled, 'pepper-and-salt' locks, was evidently a contribution from the family stock of worn-out pillow-cases. She was very aged,—upwards of seventy,—and so thin that, had she not been endowed with speech and motion, she might have passed for a bundle of whalebone thrown into human shape, and covered with a coating of gutta-percha. It was evident she had been a valued house-servant, whose few remaining years were being soothed and solaced by the kind and indulgent care of a grateful master.

Scip, I soon saw, was a favorite with the old negress, and the marked respect he showed me quickly dispelled the angry feeling excited by my doubts of 'Massa Davy,' and opened her heart and her mouth at the same moment. She was terribly garrulous; her tongue, as soon as it got under way, ran on as if propelled by machinery and acquainted with the secret of perpetual motion; but she was an interesting study. The single-hearted attachment she showed for

her master and his family gave me a new insight into the practical working of ‘the peculiar institution,’ and convinced me that even slavery, in some of its aspects, is not so black as it is painted.

When we were seated, I said to Scip, ‘What induced you to lay hands on the Colonel? It is death, you know, if he enforces the law.’

‘I knows dat, massa; I knows dat; but I had to do it. Dat Moye am de ole debil, but de folks round har wud hab turned on de Cunnel, shore, ef he’d killed him. Dey don’t like de Cunnel; dey say he’m a stuck-up seshener.’

‘The Colonel, then, has befriended you at some time?’

‘No, no, sar; ’twarn’t dat; dough I se know’d him a long wile,—eber sense my ole massa fotched me from de Habana,—but ’twarn’t dat.’

‘Then *why* did you do it?’

The black hesitated a moment, and glanced at the old negress, then said,—

‘You see, massa, w’en I fuss come to Charles’n, a pore little ting, wid no friend in all de worle, dis ole aunty war a mudder to me. She nussed de Cunnel; he am jess like her own chile, and I know’d ’twud kill her ef he got hisself enter trubble.’

I noticed certain convulsive twitchings about the corners of the old woman’s mouth as she rose from her seat, threw her arms around Scip, and, in words broken by sobs, faltered out,—

‘*You* am my chile; I loves you better dan Massa Davy—better dan all de worle.’

The scene, had they not been black, would have been one for a painter.

‘You were the Colonel’s nurse, Aunty,’ I said, when she had regained her composure. ‘Have you always lived with him?’

‘Yas, sar, allers; I nussed him, and den de chil’ren—all ob ‘em.’

‘All the children? I thought the Colonel had but one—Miss Clara.’

‘Wal, he habn’t, massa, only de boys.’

‘What boys? I never heard he had sons.’

‘Neber heerd of young Massa Davy,

nor Massa Tommy! Hain’t you *seed* Massa Tommy, sar?’

‘Tommy! I was told he was Madam P——’s son.’

‘So he am; Massa Davy had *her* long afore he had missus.’

The truth flashed upon me; but could it be possible? Was I in South Carolina or in Utah?

‘Who is Madam P——?’ I asked.

The old woman hesitated a moment, as if in doubt whether she had not said too much; but Scip quietly replied,—

‘She’m jess what aunty am—*de Cunnel’s slave!*’

‘His *slave*! it can’t be possible; she is white!’

‘No, massa; she am brack, and de Cunnel’s slave!’

Not to weary the reader with a long repetition of negro-English, I will tell in brief what I gleaned from an hour’s conversation with the two blacks.

Madam P—— was the daughter of Ex-Gov. —————, of Virginia, by a quarteron woman. She was born a slave, but was acknowledged as her father’s child, and reared in his family with his legitimate children. When she was ten years of age her father died, and his estate proving insolvent, the land and negroes were brought under the hammer. His daughter, never having been manumitted, was inventoried and sold with the other property. The Colonel, then just of age, and a young man of fortune, bought her and took her to the residence of his mother in Charleston. A governess was provided for her, and a year or two afterwards she was taken to the North to be educated. There she was frequently visited by the Colonel; and when fifteen her condition became such that she was obliged to return home. He conveyed her to the plantation, where her elder son, David, was soon afterwards born, ‘Aunt Lucy’ officiating on the occasion. When the child was two years old, leaving it in charge of the aged negress, she accompanied the Colonel to Europe, where they remained for a year. Subsequently she passed another year at a Northern seminary;

and then, returning to the plantation, was duly installed as its mistress, and had ever since presided over its domestic affairs. She was kind and good to the negroes, who were greatly attached to her, and much of the Colonel's wealth was due to her excellent management of the estate.

Six years after the birth of 'young Massa Davy,' the Colonel married his present wife, that lady having full knowledge of his left-handed connection with Madam P——, and consenting that the 'bond-woman' should remain on the plantation, as its mistress. The legitimate wife resided, during most of the year, in Charleston, and when at the homestead took little interest in domestic matters. On one of her visits to the plantation, twelve years before, her daughter, Miss Clara, was born, and within a week, and under the same roof, Madam P—— presented the Colonel with a son,—the lad Thomas, of whom I have spoken. As the mother was a slave, the children were so also at their birth, but *they* had been manumitted by their father. One of them was being educated in Germany; and it was intended that both should spend their lives in that country, the taint in their blood being an insuperable bar to their ever acquiring social position at the South.

As she finished the story, the old woman said, 'Massa Davy am bery kind to de missus, sar, but he *love* de ma'am; an' he can't help it, 'cause she'm jess so good as de angels.*'

* Instances are frequent where Southern gentlemen form these left-handed connections, and rear two sets of differently colored children; but it is not often that the two families occupy the same domicil. The only other case within my personal knowledge was that of the well-known President of the Bank of St. M——, at Columbus, Ga. That gentleman, whose note ranked in Wall Street, when the writer was acquainted with that locality, as 'A No. 1,' lived for fifteen years with two 'wives' under one roof. One—an accomplished white woman, and the mother of several children—did the honors of his table, and moved with him in 'the best society'; the other—a beautiful quadroon, also the mother of several children—filled the humbler office of nurse to her own and the other's offspring.

In conversation with a well-known Southern

I looked at my watch,—it was nearly ten o'clock, and I rose to go. As I did so the old negress said,—

'Don't yer gwo, massa, 'fore you hab sum ob aunty's wine; you'm good friends wid Scip, and I knows *you'se* not too proud to drink wid brack folks, ef you am from de Norf.'

Being curious to know what quality of wine a plantation slave indulged in, I accepted the invitation. She went to the side-board, and brought out a cut-glass decanter, and three cracked tumblers, which she placed on the table. Filling the glasses to the brim, she passed one to Scip, and one to me, and, with the other in her hand, resumed her seat. Wishing her a good many happy years, and Scip a pleasant journey home, I emptied the glass. It was Scuppernong, and the pure juice of the grape!

'Aunty,' I said, 'this wine is as fine as I ever tasted.'

'Oh yas, massa, it am de raal stuff. I growed de grapes myself.'

'You grew them?'

'Yas, sar, an' Massa Davy make de wine. He do it ebery yar for de ole nuss.'

'The Colonel is very good. Do you raise anything else?'

'Yas, I hab collards and taters, a little corn, and most ebery ting.'

'But who does your work? You certainly can't do it?'

'Oh, de ma'am looks arter dat, sar; she'm bery good to de ole aunty.'

Shaking hands with both the negroes, I left the cabin, fully convinced that all the happiness in this world is not found within plastered apartments.

The door of the mansion was bolted and barred; but, rapping for admission, I soon heard the Colonel's voice asking, 'Who is there?' Giving a satisfactory answer, I was admitted. Explaining

gentleman, not long since, I mentioned these two cases, and commented on them as a man educated with New England ideas might be supposed to do. The gentleman admitted that he knew of twenty such instances, and gravely defended the practice as being infinitely more moral and respectable than *the more common relation* existing between masters and slaves.

that he supposed I had retired to my room, he led the way to the library.

That apartment was much more elegantly furnished than the drawing-rooms. Three of its sides were lined with books, and on the centre-table, papers, pamphlets, and manuscripts were scattered in promiscuous confusion. In an arm-chair near the fire, Madam P—— was seated, reading. The Colonel's manner was as composed as if nothing had disturbed the usual routine of the plantation; no trace of the recent terrible excitement was visible; in fact, had I not been a witness to the late tragedy, I should have thought it incredible that he, within two hours, had been an actor in a scene which had cost a human being his life.

'Where in creation have you been, my dear fellow?' he asked, as we took our seats.

'At old Lucy's cabin, with Scip,' I replied.

'Indeed. I supposed the darky had gone.'

'No, he doesn't go till the morning.'

'I told you he wouldn't, David,' said Madam P——; 'now, send for him, — do make friends with him before he goes.'

'No, Alice, it won't do. I bear him no ill-will, but it won't do. It would be all over the plantation in an hour.'

'No matter for that; our people would like you the better for it.'

'No, no. I can't do it. I mean him no harm, but I can't do that.'

'He told me *why* he interfered between you and Moyer,' I remarked.

'Why did he?'

'He says old Lucy, years ago, was a mother to him; that she is greatly attached to you, and it would kill her if any harm happened to you; and that your neighbors bear you no good-will, and would have enforced the law had you killed Moyer.'

'It is true, David; you would have had to answer for it.'

'Nonsense! what influence could this North County scum have against *me*?'

'Perhaps none. But that makes no difference; Scipio did right, and you should tell him you forgive him.'

The Colonel then rang a small bell, and a negro woman soon appeared. 'Sue,' he said, 'go to Aunt Lucy's and ask Scip to come here. Bring him in at the front door, and, mind, let no one know he comes.'

The woman in a short time returned with Scip. There was not a trace of fear or embarrassment in the negro's manner as he entered the room. Making a respectful bow, he bade us 'good evening.'

'Good evening, Scip,' said the Colonel, rising and giving the black his hand; 'let us be friends. Madam tells me I should forgive you, and I do.'

'Aunt Lucy say ma'am am an angel, sar, and it am tru,—*it am tru, sar*,' replied the negro, with considerable feeling.

The lady rose, also, and took Scip's hand, saying, 'I not only forgive you, Scipio, but I thank you for what you have done. I shall never forget it.'

'You'se too good, ma'am; you'se too good to say dat,' replied the darky, the moisture coming to his eyes; 'but I meant nuffin' wrong, — I meant nuffin' dis'specful to de Cunnel.'

'I know you didn't, Scip; but we'll say no more about it;—good-by,' said the Colonel.

Shaking hands with each one of us, the darky left the apartment.

One who does not know that the high-bred Southern gentleman considers the black as far below him as the horse he drives, or the dog he kicks, can not realize the amazing sacrifice of pride which the Colonel made in seeking a reconciliation with Scip. It was the cutting off of his right hand. The circumstance showed the powerful influence held over him by the octo-roon woman. Strange that she, his slave, cast out from society by her blood and her life, despised, no doubt, by all the world, save by him and a few ignorant blacks, should thus control a proud, self-willed, passionate man, and control him, too, only for good.

After the black had gone, I said to the Colonel, 'I was much interested in old Lucy. A few more such instances of

cheerful and contented old age might lead me to think better of slavery.'

' Such cases are not rare, sir. They show the paternal character of our "institution." We are *forced* to care for our servants in their old age.'

' But have your other aged slaves the same comforts that Aunt Lucy has?'

' No; they don't need them. She has been accustomed to live in my house, and to fare better than the plantation hands; she therefore requires better treatment.'

' Is not the support of that class a heavy tax upon you?'

' Yes, it *is* heavy. We have, of course, to deduct it from the labor of the able-bodied hands.'

' What is the usual proportion of sick and infirm on your plantation?'

' Counting in the child-bearing women, I reckon about twenty per cent.'

' And what does it cost you to support each hand?'

' Well, it costs *me*, for children and all, about seventy-five dollars a year. In some places it costs less. I have to buy all my provisions.'

' What proportion of your slaves are able-bodied hands?'

' Somewhere about sixty per cent. I have, all told, old and young,—men, women, and children,—two hundred and seventy. Out of that number I have now equal to a hundred and fifty-four *full* hands. You understand that we classify them: some do only half tasks, some three-quarters. I have *more* than a hundred and fifty-four working men and women, but they do only that number of full tasks.'

' What does the labor of a *full* hand yield?'

' At the present price of turpentine, my calculation is about two hundred dollars a year.'

' Then your crop brings you about thirty-one thousand dollars, and the support of your negroes costs you twenty thousand.'

' Yes.'

' If that's the case, my friend, let me

advise you to sell your plantation, free your niggers, and go North.'

' Why so, my dear fellow?' asked the Colonel, laughing.

' Because you'd make money by the operation.'

' I never was good at arithmetic; go into the figures,' he replied, still laughing, while Madam P——, who had laid aside her book, listened very attentively.

' Well, you have two hundred and seventy negroes, whom you value, we'll say, with your mules, "stills," and movable property, at two hundred thousand dollars; and twenty thousand acres of land, worth about three dollars and a half an acre; all told, two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. A hundred and fifty-four able-bodied hands produce you a yearly profit of eleven thousand dollars, which, saying nothing about the cost of keeping your live stock, the wear and tear of your mules and machinery, and the yearly loss of your slaves by death, is only four per cent. on your capital. Now, with only the price of your land, say seventy thousand dollars, invested in safe stocks at the North, you could realize eight per cent.—five thousand six hundred dollars,—and live at your ease; and that, I judge, if you have many runaways, or many die on your hands, is as much as you really *clear* now. Besides, if you should invest seventy thousand dollars in almost any legitimate business at the North, and should add to it, *as you now do*, your *time* and *labor*, you would realize far more than you do at present from your entire capital.'

' I never looked at the matter in that light. But I have given you my profits as they *now* are; some years I make more; six years ago I made twenty-five thousand dollars.'

' Yes; and six years hence you may make nothing.'

' That's true. But it would cost me more to live at the North.'

' There you are mistaken. What do you pay for your corn, your pork, and your hay, for instance?'

'Well, my corn I have to bring round by vessel from Washington (North Carolina), and it costs me high when it gets here,—about ten bits (a dollar and twenty-five cents), I think.'

'And in New York you could buy it now at sixty to seventy cents. What does your hay cost?'

'Thirty-five dollars. I pay twenty for it in New York,—the balance is freight and hauling.'

'Your pork costs you two or three dollars, I suppose, for freight and hauling.'

'Yes; about that.'

'Then in those items you might save nearly a hundred per cent.; and they are the principal articles you consume.'

'Yes; there's no denying that. But another thing is just as certain: it costs less to support one of my niggers than one of your laboring men.'

'That may be true. But it only shows that our laborers fare better than your slaves.'

'I'm not sure of that. I am sure, however, that our slaves are more contented than the run of laboring men at the North.'

'That proves nothing. Your blacks have no hope, no chance to rise; and they submit—though I judge not cheerfully—to an iron necessity. The Northern laborer, if very poor, may be discontented; but discontent urges him to effort, and leads to the bettering of his condition. I tell you, my friend, slavery is an expensive luxury. You Southern nabobs will have it; and you have to *pay for it*.'

'Well, we don't complain. But, seriously, my good fellow, I feel that I'm carrying out the design of the Almighty in holding my niggers. I think he made the black to serve the white.'

'I think,' I replied, 'that whatever He designs works perfectly. Your institution certainly does not. It keeps the producer, who, in every society, is the really valuable citizen, in the lowest poverty, while it allows those who do nothing to be "clad in fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day."

'It does more than that, sir,' said

Madam P——, with animation; 'it brutalizes and degrades the *master* and the *slave*; it separates husband and wife, parent and child; it sacrifices virtuous women to the lust of brutal men; and it shuts millions out from the knowledge of their duty and their destiny. A good and just God could not have designed it; and it *must* come to an end.'

If lightning had struck in the room I could not have been more startled than I was by the abrupt utterance of such language in a planter's house, in his very presence, and *by his slave*. The Colonel, however, expressed no surprise and no disapprobation. It was evidently no new thing to him.

'It is rare, madam,' I said, 'to hear such sentiments from a Southern lady—one reared among slaves.'

Before she could reply, the Colonel laughingly said,—

'Bless you, Mr. K——, madam is an out-and-out abolitionist, worse by fifty per cent. than Garrison or Wendell Phillips. If she were at the North she would take to pantaloons, and "stump" the entire Free States; wouldn't you, Alice?'

'I've no doubt of it,' rejoined the lady, smiling. 'But I fear I should have poor success. I've tried for ten years to convert *you*, and Mr. K—— can see the result.'

It had grown late; and, with my head full of working niggers and white slave-women, I went to my apartment.

The next day was Sunday. It was near the close of December, yet the air was as mild and the sun as warm as in our Northern October. It was arranged at the breakfast-table that we all should attend service at 'the meeting-house,' a church of the Methodist persuasion, located some eight miles away; but as it wanted some hours of the time for religious exercises to commence, I strolled out after breakfast, with the Colonel, to inspect the stables of the plantation. 'Massa Tommy' accompanied us, without invitation; and in the Colonel's intercourse with him I observed as much freedom and familiarity as he would have

shown to an acknowledged son. The youth's manners and conversation showed that great attention had been given to his education and training, and made it evident that the mother whose influence was forming his character, whatever a false system of society had made her life, possessed some of the best traits of her sex.

The stables, a collection of one-story framed buildings, about a hundred rods from the house, were well lighted and ventilated, and contained all 'the modern improvements.' They were better built, warmer, more commodious, and in every way more comfortable than the shanties occupied by the human cattle of the plantation. I remarked as much to the Colonel, adding that one who did not know would infer that he valued his horses more than his slaves.

'That may be true,' he replied, laughing. 'Two of my horses here are worth more than any eight of my slaves;' at the same time calling my attention to two magnificent thorough-breds, one of which had made '2.32' on the Charleston course. The establishment of a Southern gentleman is not complete until it includes one or two of these useless appendages. I had an argument with my host as to their value compared with that of the steam-engine, in which I forced him to admit that the iron horse is the better of the two, because it performs more work, eats less, has greater speed, and is not liable to the spavin or the heaves; but he wound up by saying, 'After all, I go for the thorough-breds. You Yankees have but one test of value — use.'

A ramble through the negro-quarters, which followed our visit to the stables, gave me some further glimpses of plantation life. Many of the hands were still away in pursuit of Moye, but enough remained to make it evident that Sunday is the happiest day in the darky calendar. Groups of all ages and colors were gathered in front of several of the cabins, some singing, some dancing, and others chatting quietly together, but all enjoying themselves as heartily as so

many young animals let loose in a pasture. They saluted the Colonel and me respectfully, but each one had a free, good-natured word for 'Massa Tommy,' who seemed an especial favorite with them. The lad took their greetings in good part, but preserved an easy, unconscious dignity of manner that plainly showed he did not know that he too was of their despised, degraded race.

The Colonel, in a rapid way, gave me the character and peculiarities of nearly every one we met. The titles of some of them amused me greatly. At every step we encountered individuals whose names have become household words in every civilized country.* Julius Caesar, slightly stouter than when he swam the Tiber, and somewhat tanned from long exposure to a Southern sun, was seated on a wood-pile, quietly smoking a pipe; while near him, Washington, divested of regiments, and clad in a modest suit of reddish-gray, his thin locks frosted by time, and his fleshless visage showing great age, was gazing, in rapt admiration, at a group of dancers in front of old Lucy's cabin.

In this group about thirty men and women were making the ground quake and the woods ring with their unrestrained jollity. Marc Antony was rattling away at the bones, Nero fiddling as if Rome were burning, and Hannibal clawing at a banjo as if the fate of Carthage hung on its strings. Napoleon, as young and as lean as when he mounted the bridge of Lodi, with the battle-smoke still on his face, was moving his legs even faster than in the Russian retreat; and John Wesley was using his heels in a way that showed they didn't belong to the Methodist church. But the central figures of the group were Cato and Victoria. The lady had a face like a thunder-cloud, and a form that, if whitewashed, would have out-sold the 'Greek Slave.' She was built

* Among the things of which slavery has deprived the black is a *name*. A slave has no family designation. It may be for that reason that a high-sounding appellation is usually selected for the single one he is allowed to appropriate.

on springs, and ‘floated in the dance’ like a feather in a high wind. Cato’s mouth was like an alligator’s, but when it opened, it issued notes that would draw the specie even in this time of general suspension. As we approached he was singing a song, but he paused on perceiving us, when the Colonel, tossing a handful of coin among them, called out, ‘Go on, boys; let the gentleman have some music; and you, Vic, show your heels like a beauty.’

A general scramble followed, in which ‘Vic’s’ sense of decorum forbade her to join, and she consequently got nothing. Seeing that, I tossed her a silver piece, which she caught. Grinning her thanks, she shouted, ‘Now, clar de track, you niggas; start de music. Ise gwine to gib de gemman de breakdown.’

And she did; and such a breakdown! ‘We w’ite folks,’ though it was no new thing to the Colonel or Tommy, almost burst with laughter.

In a few minutes nearly every negro on the plantation, attracted by the presence of the Colonel and myself, gathered around the performers; and a shrill voice at my elbow called out, ‘Look har, ye lazy, good-for-nuffin’ niggers, can’t ye fotch a cheer for Massa Davy and de strange gemman?’

‘Is that you, Aunty?’ said the Colonel. ‘How d’ye do?’

‘Sort o’ smart, Massa Davy; sort o’ smart; how is ye?’

‘Pretty well, Aunty; pretty well. Have a seat.’ And the Colonel helped her to one of the chairs that were brought for us, with as much tenderness as he would have shown to an aged white lady.

The ‘exercises,’ which had been suspended for a moment, recommenced, and the old negress entered into them as heartily as the youngest present. A song from Cato followed the dance, and then about twenty ‘gentleman and lady’ darkies joined, two at a time, in a half ‘walk-round’ half breakdown, which the Colonel told me was what suggested the well-known ‘white-nigger’ dance and song of Lucy Long. Other performances succeeded, and the whole formed

a scene impossible to describe. Such uproarious jollity, such full and perfect enjoyment, I had never seen in humanity, black or white. The little niggas, only four or five years old, would rush into the ring and shuffle away at the breakdowns till I feared their short legs would come off; while all the darkies joined in the songs, till the branches of the old pines above shook as if they too had caught the spirit of the music. In the midst of it, the Colonel said to me, in an exultant tone, —

‘Well, my friend, what do you think of slavery now?’

‘About the same that I thought yesterday. I see nothing to change my views.’

‘Why, are not these people happy? Is not this perfect enjoyment?’

‘Yes; just the same enjoyment that aunty’s pigs are having; don’t you hear them singing to the music? I’ll wager they are the happier of the two.’

‘No; you are wrong. The higher faculties of the darkies are being brought out here.’

‘I don’t know that,’ I replied. ‘Within the sound of their voices, two of their fellows — victims to the inhumanity of slavery — are lying dead, and yet they make *Sunday* ‘hideous’ with wild jollity, while they do not know but Sam’s fate may be theirs to-morrow.’

Spite of his genuine courtesy and high breeding, a shade of displeasure passed over the Colonel’s face as I made this remark. Rising to go, he said, a little impatiently, ‘Ah, I see how it is; that d— Garrison’s sentiments have impregnated even you. How can the North and the South hold together when even moderate men like you and me are so far apart?’

‘But you,’ I rejoined, good-humoredly, ‘are not a moderate man. You and Garrison are of the same stripe, both extremists. You have mounted one hobby, he another; that is all the difference.’

‘I should be sorry,’ he replied, recovering his good-nature, ‘to think myself like Garrison. I consider him the — scoundrel unhung.’

‘No; I think he means well. But

you are both fanatics, both 'bricks' of the same material; we conservatives, like mortar, will hold you together and yet keep you apart.'

'I, for one, *won't* be held. If I can't get out of this cursed Union in any other way, I'll emigrate to Cuba.'

I laughed, and just then, looking up, caught a glimpse of Jim, who stood, hat in hand, waiting to speak to the Colonel, but not daring to interrupt a white conversation.

'Hallo, Jim,' I said; 'have you got back?'

'Yas, sar,' replied Jim, grinning all over as if he had some agreeable thing to communicate.

'Where is Moye?' asked the Colonel.

'Kotched, massa; I'se got de padlocks on him.'

'Kotched,' echoed half a dozen dairies, who stood near enough to hear; 'Ole Moye is kotched,' ran through the crowd, till the music ceased, and a shout went up from two hundred black throats that made the old trees tremble.

'Now gib him de lashes, Massa Davy,' cried the old nurse. 'Gib him what he gabe pore Sam; but mine dat you keeps widin de law.'

'Never fear, Aunty,' said the Colonel; 'I'll give him ____.'

How the Colonel kept his word will be told in another number.

ACTIVE SERVICE; OR, CAMPAIGNING IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

I HAVE been to the war; I have seen armed secessionists, and I have seen them run; but, more than that, I have seen *Active Service*. It was *active*, and no mistake.

In April last, my country needed my services; I had been playing soldier, and I felt it my duty to respond to the call of the President. I did respond. I uncovered my head, raised my right hand, and solemnly swore to obey the President of the United States for three months. The three months have expired, and I am once more a free American citizen, and for the first time in my life I know what it is to be *free*.

ACTIVE SERVICE! That's what the military men call it. I have often read of it; I have heard men talk about it; but now I have seen it. I meet people every day who congratulate me on my safe return, and say, 'I suppose you are going again?' Perhaps I am.

It was a beautiful day when our com-

pany left home, and what a crowd of people assembled to see us off! What a waving of banners and handkerchiefs; what shouting and cheering; what an endless amount of hand-shaking; how many 'farewells,' 'good-bys,' and 'take-care-of-yourselves,' were spoken; all of this had to be gone through with, and our company run the gauntlet and nobody was hurt.

Going to war is no child's play, as many seem to suppose. Once sworn in as a *private*, you become a tool, a mere thing, to do another's bidding. I do not say this to discourage enlistments, — far from it. I am only speaking the truth. 'Forewarned, forearmed.' If there is a hard life upon earth, it is that of a common soldier; he may be the bravest man in the army, he may perform an endless amount of daring deeds, but it is seldom that he gains a tangible reward. He does all the fighting, he performs all the drudgery, he is plundered by the

sutler, he lives on pork and hard-bread, but he gets none of the honors of a victory. As Biglow says,—

'Lieutenants are the lowest grade that help pick up the coppers.'

I belonged to an artillery company. I joined this because somebody told me I could ride. I wish I had that *somebody* by the throat. The idea of a man's *riding* over the mountains of Western Virginia! I won't call it ridiculous, for that's no name for it.

I will pass over the uninteresting part of the campaign, that of lying in camp, as everybody now-a-days has ample opportunity to judge of camp life, in the cities, and take the reader at once into 'active service,' and show the hardships and trials, together with the fun (for soldiers *do* have their good times) of campaigning.

On the 29th day of May, 1861, we arrived at Parkersburgh, Va. It was my first visit to the Old Dominion. We had been taught when youngsters at school to regard Virginia as a sort of Holy Land, 'flowing with milk and honey,' and the mother of all that is great and noble in the United States, if not in the world. We were 'going South.'

It was at the close of a warm spring day that we landed there; the sun was just sinking in the west as the boat rounded-to at the wharf. We jumped ashore, and for the first time in our lives inhaled the 'sacred atmosphere' of the so-called Southern Confederacy. All was bustle and confusion; but we soon had our traps, *i. e.*, guns, caissons and horses, unloaded, and a little after dark were on the march. We proceeded a few miles out of town, and at midnight halted, pitched our tents, stationed guards, and all who were so fortunate as not to be detailed for duty were soon sound asleep.

At Grafton, one hundred miles east of Parkersburgh, we were told there was a party of some two thousand rebels. This then was the object of our visit to Western Virginia, to drive these men east of the mountains,—from whence

most of them came,—and to protect the honor of our flag in that portion of Virginia now known by the name of Kanawha.

At sunrise on the 30th, we marched to the depot of the north-western branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and, after a hard half-day's work in loading our guns, horses and wagons, stowed ourselves away in cattle cars, and were once more ready for a start. As we rattled along over the railroad, the scenery for the first few miles was beautiful, and we began to think that Old Virginia was really the flower of the Union. But a 'change soon came over the spirit of our dreams.'

After passing a small shanty, called Petroleum,—from the numerous oil-wells in the vicinity,—we met with the first really hard work we had seen since we began the life of a soldier. Here the rebels had burnt one of the railroad bridges, and all hands had to 'fall in' and repair damages. Never did men work with a better will. Slender youths, who, if they had been told one month before, that on the 30th day of May, 1861, they would be laying rails and cutting timber for Uncle Sam, for eleven dollars a month, would have pitied their informant as insane, were here working with a will that showed what a man can do if he only sets himself about it. For two days and a night we toiled and ceased not, and when, on the evening of the second day, we passed over the 'soldiers' bridge' in safety, such a shout rent the air as I never heard before.

A few miles beyond the burnt bridge, the scenery began to change. In the clear starlight, instead of beautiful streams and fine farms, we beheld hills and mountains covered with an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush, and large rocks hanging over our heads, ready to be hurled down upon us by some unseen hand, and to crush our little handful of men. On we went, at a snail's pace, till about ten o'clock, P. M., when our joy was again turned to woe, for here too the dogs of Jeff Davis had been

doing their work, and had burnt another bridge. We waited until morning, and then, after some hard swearing, were once more transformed into ‘greasy mechanics,’ and before the sun went down had passed to the ‘other side of Jordan’ in safety.

Here began our first experience of the hospitality of the sons, or rather daughters, of Virginia.

A small farm-house stood near the bridge, numerous cows were grazing in the pasture close by, and everything denoted a home of comfort and plenty. This, I thought, must be the home of some F. F. V., and I will take a pail—or rather camp kettle—and ‘sarah forth’ to buy a few quarts of milk. Wending my way to the house, I knocked at the door, and instantly six female heads protruded from the window. Presently one of them, an elderly woman, opened the door, and inquired what I wanted.

‘Have you any milk to spare?’ I said.

‘I reckon,’ replied the woman.

‘I would like to get a few quarts,’ I said, handing her my kettle. I took a seat on the door-step, and wondered what these six women were doing in this lonely spot. They evidently lived alone, for not a man was to be seen around. The table was spread for dinner, six cups, six plates, six spoons, and no more. I was about to ask for the man of the house, when the old woman returned with my kettle of milk.

‘How much?’ I asked, as I thrust my hand deep into my pocket, and drew forth one of the few coins it was my fortune to possess.

‘Only four bits,’ said the ancient female.

I thought milk must have ‘riz’ lately, but I paid the money and left.

From observations since taken, I infer these six women were ‘grass widows,’ whose husbands had enlisted in the rebel army, and left them behind to plunder the Union troops by selling corn-bread and milk for ten times its value.

I took a seat on a log, and congratula-

ted myself on the prospect of a good dinner. By the aid of a stone I managed to crumble ‘two shingles’ of hard bread into a cup of the milk, and then, with an appetite such as I never enjoyed in *America*, sat to work. I took one mouthful, when, lo! the milk was sour! Hurling cup and contents toward the hospitable mansion, I fell back upon my regular diet of salt pork.

Leaving the Virginia damsels to plunder the next regiment of Federals that came along, we were soon once more on our way, and on Saturday, the 1st of June, arrived at Clarksburgh. Here we learned that the rebels had left Grafton and gone to Phillippi, some twenty miles back in the country. We remained at Clarksburgh until Sunday morning, when, once more stowing ourselves ‘three deep’ on flats and stock cars, we proceeded as far as Webster. Here we left the railroad, and pursued the rebels afoot.

Webster is a big name, and there we flattered ourselves we could get some of the comforts of life. But once again we were doomed to disappointment. Two stores, a dozen or so of shanties, and a secession pole, make up this mighty town. Parkersburgh is a ‘right-smart place;’ Clarksburgh ‘isn’t much to speak of;’ the only thing of interest about it is the home of Senator Carlisle; but Webster is a little the worst place I have ever seen. I am sorry to say, in the language of the great man whose name it bears, ‘It still lives.’

Observing a shanty on the summit of a small hill, with the words, ‘Meals at all hours,’ over the door, I wended my way over sundry cow-paths and through by-lanes towards it, until at last, fatigued, and with hands torn and bleeding from catching hold of roots and bushes to keep myself from falling, I arrived at the summit of the hill. A young woman stood in the door-way of the shanty, and I asked her if I could obtain a dinner.

‘Yes,’ she said. ‘Walk in and take a cheer.’ She shoved a three-legged stool towards me, and I took it.

She was about eighteen years of age,

and had a very pretty face,—though it was thickly covered with a coating of the sacred soil,—a musical voice, and a small hand. Her eyes sparkled like fire-flies on a June night, and her hair hung in wavy ringlets over what would have been an ‘alabaster brow,’ had it not been for the superabundance of *dirt* above mentioned. She was the only good-looking woman I saw in Western Virginia.

I took a seat at the table, and from a broken cup drank a few swallows of tolerable coffee. As for the edibles, ’twas the same old story,—corn bread and maple molasses, fried pork and onions. I staid there perhaps fifteen minutes, and learned from my hostess that Webster was, previous to the war ‘a right smart village,’ but that the male inhabitants had mostly joined the rebel army, then at Phillippi. She, different from most women I met in Virginia, expressed sympathy for the Union cause. It seemed so strange to find a *Union* woman in that part of the country, I was induced to ask if Webster had the honor of being her birth-place.

‘Oh no,’ she said; ‘I was born in ’Hio.’

That solved the whole mystery. I willingly paid the ‘four bits’ for my dinner; and, as a storm was coming on, made all haste back to the railroad, where we were getting ready to march on Phillippi, distance thirteen Virginian, or about twenty *American*, miles.

‘Fall in, Company Q!’ shouted the orderly. ‘Numbers one, two, three, and four, do so and so; five, six, seven, and eight, do this, that, and the other!’ So at it we went; and never in my life did I perform a harder afternoon’s work than on Sunday, the 2d of June, 1861. It was a warm, sultry day, and our morning’s ride in the cars had been dusty and fatiguing; and when, about dusk, a heavy rain-storm set in and drenched us to the skin, we were sorry-looking objects indeed.

Although we had been in service six weeks, we had but just received our uniforms that morning. My pants, when I put them on, were about six inches too

long, and the sleeves of my blouse ditto. After marching all night in the rain, my trowsers only came down as far as my knees; they shrank two feet in twelve hours. Many of the men threw away their shoddy uniforms after wearing them one day, as they were totally unfit for use. They tore as easily as so much paper, and were no protection whatever from the weather. Somebody, I don’t pretend to say who, made a good thing when he furnished them to the government. No doubt they were supplied by some *loyal* and *respectable* citizen, who would not knowingly cheat his country out of a penny! We have reaped a bountiful harvest of such patriots during the past year. May the Lord love them!

At eleven o’clock on the night of the 2d of June we started for Phillippi. It commenced raining about seven o’clock in the evening, and we were all wet to the skin. The night was very dark, and the road, though they called it a ‘pike,’ was one of the worst imaginable; it wound ‘round and round,’—

‘It turned in and turned out,
Leaving beholders still in doubt
Whether the wretched muddy track
Were going South or coming back,’—

and seemed to run in every direction but the right one. It was a road such as can be found only in Virginia. The mud was almost up to the hubs of the wagon-wheels; the horses pulled, the drivers laid on the lash and a string of oaths at the same time; the wind blew, and the rain came down in torrents. More than once on that awful march did we lend a helping hand to get the horses out of some ‘slough of Despond.’ Over the mountains and through the woods we went, at the rate of about two miles an hour. Many gave out and lay down by the wayside; and when at last morning dawned, a more pitiable set of beings never were seen upon earth. The men looked haggard and wan, the horses could hardly stand, and we were in anything but a good condition for invading an enemy’s country.

At daylight we were within two miles

of Phillippi. Col. (now General) Lan-dier was with the advance, and had dis-covered that the enemy were ready for a retreat. Their baggage was loaded, and if we did not make the last two miles at ‘double-quick,’ he was fearful we would be too late to accomplish the object of the expedition. So the order was given, ‘Double-quick!’ and jaded horses and almost lifeless men rushed forward, buoyed up with the prospect of having a brush with the rascals who had given us so much trouble.

We had gone about a mile and a half, when, at a turn in the road, an old woman rushed out from a log cabin, and, in a loud and commanding voice, ex-claimed,—

‘Halt, artillery, or I’ll shoot every one of you !’

Not obeying the order, she fired three shots at us, none of which took effect. At the same time three men rushed from the back of the house toward the rebel camp at the foot of the hill, shouting at the top of their voices to give warning of our approach. A squad of our fel-lows took after them, and soon overtook them in a corn-field, when they denied coming from the house, and said they were out planting corn ! A likely story, as it was hardly daylight, and the rain was falling in torrents. However, dur-ing the forenoon they took *oath*, and were set free !

Past the log house we went at ‘dou-ble-quick,’ and in less time than it takes to tell it, the artillery took position in a small piece of wood on the summit of a hill overlooking the town. At once the order was given, ‘Action front !’ and the first, the rebels knew of our approach was the rattling of canister among their tents. Out they swarmed, like bees from a molested hive. This way and that the chivalry flew, and yet scarcely knew which way to run. ‘Bould sojer boys,’ with nothing but their under-clothes on, mounted their nags bare-back, and fled ‘over the hills and far away’ towards Beverley, firing as they ran a few random shots. Before the in-fantry reached the town most of them

had made good their escape, leaving be-hind, however, nearly all their baggage, a large number of horses, wagons, tents, and about eight hundred stand of arms, together with a nicely-cooked breakfast, which they had no idea they were pre-paring for ‘Lincoln’s hirelings.’

We took about fifty prisoners, among them the man who wounded Col. (now General) Kelley. They were retained until the next day, when the oath was administered, and they were let loose to rejoin their companions in arms. About four weeks after this, we had the plea-sure of retaking several of these fellows; some of them, in fact, were taken three or four times, each time taking the oath, and being set at liberty, and each time, true to their nature — and Jeff Davis — immediately taking up arms again against the government.

Phillippi, from any of the neighbor-ing hills, or rather mountains, presents a rather picturesque appearance. It was, previous to the war, a place of about one thousand inhabitants. It boasts a good court-house, a bank, and two ho-tels, and was by far the most civilized-looking town we had then seen in Vir-ginia. But, alas ! what a change had come over its once happy popula-ce. When we entered it, not a dozen in-habitants were left. We were told that Phillippi was the head-quarters of re-bellion in Western Virginia. Here was published the Barbour County *Jeff-ersonian*, a rabid secession newspaper, now no more, for the press was demolished, and the types thrown into a well. The editor had joined the rebel army a few days before our arrival, and was among the loudest denunciators of our govern-ment. He boasted he would shed the last drop of his blood (he was very care-ful as to shedding the first) before he would retreat one inch before the *Aboli-tionists*. We afterwards learned from some of his men that he was among the first to mount his horse and run to the mountains; the last that was seen of him he was going at lightning speed toward Richmond, and in all probability *il court encore*, — he is running yet.

We had taken possession of the town and most of the enemy's baggage and equipments; still our commanding officer was not satisfied, neither were the men. We had intended to completely surround the enemy and to cut off every possible chance of his retreat. The attack was to have been made at five o'clock, A. M.; but one column, that which marched from Grafton, was about twenty minutes too late, and when at last it did make its appearance, it entered town by the wrong road, having been misled by the guide. The consequence was, the enemy retreated on the Beverley road, where they met with little or no resistance. Our men were too much fatigued to follow the fast-fleeing traitors, and most of them made good their escape.

After the excitement of the attack, the men dropped down wherever they stood, in the streets, in the fields, or in the woods, and slept soundly until noon, the rain continuing to fall in torrents. But what was that to men worn out with marching? I never slept better than when lying in a newly-plowed corn-field, with the mud over my ankles, the rain pelting me in the face, and not a blanket to cover me.

Bang! bang! bang! and up I jumped from my bed of mud, thinking the fight had again commenced. Somewhat bewildered, I rubbed the 'sacred soil' from my eyes and looked about me. It was noon; the rain had ceased, and from the constant sound of musketry, I supposed a battle was then raging. But instead of fighting the 'secesh,' I soon found the Indiana boys were making havoc among the fowls of the chivalry. They fired too much at random to suit my taste, and I made tracks for a safer abode. Beating a hasty retreat to the hill where my company was stationed, I found a large crowd gathered around some of the captured wagons, overhauling the plunder. And what a mixed-up mess! Old guns, sabres, bowie-knives, pistols made in Richmond in 1808, old uniforms that looked like the property of some strolling actor, and love-let-

ters which the bold chivalry had received from fair damsels, who all expressed the desire that their 'lovyers' would bring home Old Abe's scalp. These letters afforded great amusement to our boys, though it was hard to read many of them, and were they put into print, Artemus Ward would have to look to his 'lorrels.'

Bang! bang! bang! they kept on shooting till dark. It is useless to say we had chickens for supper that night; and I would not be surprised if the chicken crop of Phillipi and vicinity should be rather small for a few years to come.

Wild rumors were running through the camp all day that the 'secesh' had been reinforced, were ten thousand strong, and, with forty pieces of cannon, would attack us that night. Some said they were commanded by Gov. Wise, the lunatic, others by Beauregard, and some positively asserted that Jeff Davis led the rebel forces himself. At all events, it was pretty well settled that we were to be attacked forthwith. Our men slept on their arms, but not a secesh appeared.

I, as usual, was on guard that night, and, feeling that a great responsibility rested on my shoulders, was 'doubly armed.' A well-known professor, a member of the same company as myself, was on the first relief; I was on the second. I went on duty at ten o'clock, P. M., and the professor kindly loaned me his revolver, and, in addition, soon returned with an extra musket, a secession sabre, and one of the captured pistols. Thus loaded down with swords, pistols, and muskets, and guarding a six-pounder, I felt tolerably safe. After walking up and down my beat a few times, I found the two muskets began to feel rather heavy, and the two sabres to be rather uncomfortable dangling about my legs; and thinking that two revolvers and a *secesh* pistol would be all that I could use to advantage, I divested myself of the 'extra equipments, and passed the residue of my 'two-hours' watch' in committing to memory 'my

last dying words,' for use in case the secesh put an end to my existence.

Our colonel's name was Barnett; the countersign for the night was Buena Vista. About eleven o'clock I observed a man coming towards me. 'Halt!' I exclaimed; 'who goes there?'

'A friend,' was the reply.

'Advance, friend, and give the countersign.'

The man walked towards me, and whispered in my ear 'Barnett's Sister!' at the same time attempting to pass. Placing my bayonet close against his breast, I ordered him to 'halt!' and called for the coporal of the guard. The Dutchman—for such he was—begged and plead, but it was of no use; I told him he was trying to 'run the guard,' and he must go to the guard-house.

'Barnett's Sister! Barnett's Sister! Barnett's Sister!' shouted the Dutchman. 'I know nothing about Barnett's Sister,' said I; 'stop your noise, or you will rouse the camp.'

Just then, the officer of the guard came round. I stated the case to him, and the man was taken to the guard-house. The next morning he was released, and on inquiry at head-quarters it was found that he had the password, but had confounded 'Buena Vista' with 'Barnett's Sister.' We all enjoyed a good laugh over it, and ever after 'Barnett's Sister' was the password for all who attempted to 'run the guard.'

We lay at Phillipi nearly six weeks. Every day or two an alarm would occur, the long roll would beat, and the men would form in line of battle. It is needless to say the alarms were all false. There are always hundreds of rumors in every camp, and ours was not an exception. But after the first week we paid little attention to the many wild reports which were in circulation. Although Gov. Wise had said he would take dinner in Phillipi or in — on the fourth of July; notwithstanding Gov. Letcher had issued a proclamation warning us to leave the State in twenty-four hours or he would hang every one of us; although a proclamation dated Staunton,

Va., June 7th, 1861, stated to the people of Western Virginia that their little band of *volunture* (?) had been forced from Phillipi by the ruthless Northern foe, led on by traitors and tories, and that Jeff Davis and John Letcher had sent to their aid a force of cavalry, artillery and rifles; and although the proclamation wound up by saying To-morrow an ARMY will follow! we felt tolerably safe at Phillipi. We had determined, if the aforesaid army did appear, it should have a warm reception.

Every day or two scouting parties went out and captured a few stray 'Bush-Whackers,' to whom the oath was administered, and they were released. Days and weeks passed, but the army of Davis, Beauregard, and Co., failed to appear. They had, however, congregated and entrenched themselves at Laurel Hill, about thirteen miles east of Phillipi.

We were reinforced from time to time, until our force numbered some forty-five hundred men, when Gen. McClellan determined to rout the enemy from Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain. How well he succeeded, history will tell.

On the night of the 6th of July, we left Phillipi for Laurel Hill, starting at midnight. The road was rather rough, but much better than we expected to find it. When we were within about five miles of the enemy's camps, we passed a toll-gate, where an old woman came to the door to 'collect toll.' Some of our boys stopped at the house to get a drink of water, and asked the old lady how far it was to camp,—meaning the rebel camp. 'About four miles,' she said, 'but you can't get in without a pass.'

The artillery was just then passing her door; the boys pointed to that, and told her 'they thought they had a pass that would take them in.'

'Oh!' she exclaimed, as the thought struck her that we were Federals, 'you won't find it as easy work as you did at Phillipi; they're going to fight this time.'

On our return home this same woman was at the door, but she didn't demand

told this time. ‘Well, old lady,’ said one of our fellows, ‘what do you think now about the fighting qualities of your men?’

‘They who fight and run away,
Will live to fight another day,’

she exclaimed, and, slamming the door, vanished from sight, I trust forever.

At daylight we drove in the rebel pickets at Laurel Hill. We were within a mile and a half of their main camp, and halted there to await orders from Gen. McClellan, before beginning the attack. He was advancing on the enemy at Rich Mountain and Beverley.

We threw a few shells into the rebel camp, producing great consternation among their men and horses. For four days we kept up skirmishing, but on the fifth day it rained, and little was done. All were anxious to commence the attack, but, as we had heard nothing from Gen. McClellan, all had to ‘wait for orders.’ That night the enemy, hearing of the Federal victory at Rich Mountain, and the occupation of Beverley by McClellan, and evidently thinking himself in a ‘bad fix,’ retreated from Laurel Hill toward St. George. In the morning our forces took possession of his camp and fortifications, and part of our column pursued the flying forces, overtaking them at Cornick’s Ford, where a sharp engagement ensued, which resulted in a total rout of the rebels, and the death of Gen. Garnett. Only a portion of his army escaped over the mountains to Eastern Virginia.

So hasty was the retreat from Laurel Hill, that the enemy left behind all the sick and wounded, telling them the Union troops would kill them as soon as they took possession of their camp. A large number of tents, a quantity of flour, and a few muskets, fell into our hands. The fortifications at Laurel Hill were strong, and evidently planned and constructed by men who understood their business.

Among the numerous letters which we found in the rebel camp, was one written to one of the Richmond papers, during the *siege* of Laurel Hill. In that

part of the letter which was intended for publication, the writer said:—

‘The Yankees have at last arrived, about ten thousand strong. For the past two days we have had some sharp skirmishing, during which time we have killed one hundred of the Hessians. We have, as yet, lost but one man.’

In a *private note* to the editor, the writer adds:—

‘I guess the Yankees have got us this time. There is a regiment here who call themselves the Indiana Ninth, but they lie,—they are regulars. They have got good rifles, and they take good aim. If it wasn’t for this, we would attack them.’

This little item shows how the masses of the Southern people are deceived. Through the medium of the press they are made to believe they are gaining great victories, and repulsing the ‘abolitionists’ at every step, killing hundreds of our men, and losing none of their own. Our total loss at Laurel Hill was six men. The rebel loss, as near as could be ascertained, was forty. The rebel leaders know they are playing a game for life or death, and so long as they can keep in power by deceiving the people, just so long will this rebellion continue. Could the *truth* be forced upon the people of the South, the rebellion would go down as quickly as it rose.

Many laughable incidents occurred while we were skirmishing with the enemy at Laurel Hill. We received a newspaper containing the message of President Lincoln. One of the Indiana boys, thinking it might do the secesh good to hear a few loyal sentiments, mounted a stump, paper in hand, and exclaimed, ‘I say, secesh, don’t you want to hear old Abe’s message?’ He then commenced reading, but had proceeded only a short way, before ‘ping, ping’ came the rifle balls around the stump; down jumped Indiana, convinced that reading even a President’s message amidst a shower of bullets isn’t so agreeable, after all.

We staid at Laurel Hill about two weeks. The enemy had been completely routed from that part of Virginia, and

our term of enlistment having expired, our thoughts began to turn homeward. That ninety days' soldiering was the longest three months we ever experienced. It seemed an age since we had tasted a good meal, and all were anxious to once more cross the Ohio, and see a civilized country. The long looked-for order came at last, ‘Bout face!’ and we were on our homeward march. A more jovial, ragged, dirty, and hungry set of men, were never mustered out of service. We reached Camp Chase at Columbus, Ohio, about the last of July, and as each man delivered up his knapsack and etceteras, he felt as if a ‘great weight’ had been taken from his shoulders. We were once more free men; no one could order us about, tell us where we should or where we should not go. There was no more touching of hats to upstart lieutenants and half-witted captains or colonels. We could go where we liked, and do as we pleased, and not be reported, or sent to the guard-house. If my memory serves me aright, we *did* do pretty much as we pleased; in other words, for two days, ‘we made Rome howl!'

What we saw of Western Virginia and its inhabitants left anything but a favorable impression on our minds. The country is wild and romantic, but good for little or nothing for farming purposes. The houses are mostly built of logs, being little more than mere huts, and around each of these ‘mansions’ may be seen at least a dozen young ‘tow-heads,’ who are brought up in ignorance and filth. The inhabitants are lazy and ignorant, raising hardly enough to keep starvation from their doors. School-houses are almost unknown; we did not see one in the whole course of our march; the consequence is, not more than one in ten of the population can read or write. And the few who ‘can just make out to spell’ are worse off than their more ignorant brethren.

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing.’

And these people know just enough to make them *dangerous*. They have read in some of their county newspapers that Vice-President Hamlin is a negro, and that Lincoln is waging this war for the purpose of liberating the slaves and killing their masters. This they believe, and any amount of reasoning cannot convince them to the contrary. It seems to be enough for them to know that they are *Virginians*; upon this, and this alone, they live and have their being. They are by far the most wretched and degraded people in America,—I had almost said in the world. The women, if possible, are worse than the men; they go dressed in a loose, uncouth manner, barefooted and bareheaded; their principal occupation is chewing tobacco and plundering Union troops by getting ten prices for their eggs, butter, and corn bread. And these are the people our children—and their fathers before them—have been taught to regard as the true *chivalry* of America! The people of the United States are beginning to see that Virginia and her sons have been greatly over-estimated. That Virginia has produced true and great men, no one will deny. There are a few such still within her borders; but, taking her as a whole, the picture I have drawn is a true one.

By my soldiering experience I learned some things which it would have been impossible to learn had I never ‘gone for a sojger.’ First, I ascertained—shall I say from my *personal* experience?—that a man dressed in soldier-clothes can stand twice as much bad liquor as one clothed in the garb of a citizen. Secondly, that to be a good soldier a man should be able to go at least forty-eight hours without eating, drinking, or sleeping, and then endure guard-duty all night in a drenching rain, without grumbling or fault-finding. Thirdly, I think I have discovered that the martial road to glory ‘*is a hard road to travel.*’

A CABINET SESSION.

The President: Secretaries Seward, Chase, Bates, Smith, Blair and Welles. Enter Mr. Stanton.

Mr. Lincoln. Gentlemen, I officially present Mr. Stanton!

[*Mr. Stanton, bowing with graceful dignity, seats himself at the table.*]

Mr. Seward (breaking the momentary pause in his jocular way). Remember, Mr. Secretary of War, you are now in the old chair of Floyd and Davis: and sit thee down as if on nettles.

Mr. Chase. Aye; but out of the 'nettle danger' pluck thou 'the flower safety.'

Mr. Stanton (with emphasis). Believe me, I appreciate not so much the honor as the responsibilities of my new position. I claim a good omen, for, as I turned just now towards the gate, a little boy, seated upon one of the granite blocks for the new building hereabout, trolled out as my salutation the lines of the national air,—

'Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, In God is our trust.'

Mr. Welles. Amen!

Mr. Bates. I suppose you passed not a few interesting hours in this room at the twilight of Mr. Buchanan's day, whilst holding *my* portfolio?

Mr. Stanton. Too momentous to be called by *me* interesting. Posterity, reading, will say *that*. And those twilight hours, as you felicitously term them, were followed by anxious vigils. But these belong to confidences.

Mr. Lincoln (abruptly and familiarly). Talking of confidences, what do you think of the news about Zollicoffer?

Mr. Stanton. It appears reliable, and is a most providential success. Eastern Tennessee was tending to the position which Lucknow sustained towards the Indian rebellion. It is now relieved, and a fortnight or so will bring intelligence that the whole of it has practi-

cally joined forces to Western Virginia. I regard it as of the highest importance to prove, by industrious acts, that we recognize and reward the sufferings of these American Albigenes in their Cumberland fastnesses. How grandly would swell the old Miltonian hymn, properly paraphrased, when a brigade of the loyal Tennessians may sing

'Avenge, Columbia, thy slaughtered hosts,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Western mountains cold,'
and so forth!

Mr. Lincoln. Now, you are stepping into Seward's province. *He* is the poet of my cabinet!

Mr. Seward. Granted for the argument: but there is more truth than poetry in what our new brother has just said. Throughout how many weary months have those brave thousands who voted against secession awaited the crack of our rifles and our cannon-smoke—true music and sacred incense to them.

Mr. Blair (practically). Next to the border States we must take care of the newspapers.

Mr. Welles. Ah, those newspapers: bothersome as urchins in a nursery, and yet as necessary to the perfect development of life's enjoyment.

Mr. Chase. Well said for the navy. But what do you say of the magnificent Neckars, whose monied articles from Boston to Chicago would swamp the treasury in a week, if they were believed in?

Mr. Lincoln. Being born and raised so far from the great metropolitan centres, I don't seem to take to newspapers so kindly as the rest of you.

Mr. Stanton. With great respect to your Honor (as we say in court), I deem it a great mistake to neglect newspaper suggestions, however provincial. 'Do you hear (as Hamlet says), let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.' And your

metropolitan editor, after all, follows the bent of the public opinion of the provinces as he scissors it from his thousand and one exchanges. The village or country editor has time to mix among the people, and hears them talk to reproduce it artistically. The city editor finds little time for this. Besides, there is very little of reliable public opinion amid cities. The American mind is styled fickle; so it may be in the great marts. From them come your sensations and spasms. The interior is more stable, and less swayed by impulses. Aggregate a hundred county editorials all over the North, then strike an average, and you will find the product in the last big journal. The misfortune of Washington social life is that we walk in it over a circle. Hither come 'needy knife-grinders,' and axe-sharpeners, and place-hunters, who say what they think will be agreeable to the ears of power. But the other kind of mails, presided over by Mr. Blair, bring us wholesome, although sometimes disagreeable, truths. They are worth attending to, Mr. President. Let us 'strike,' but let us 'hear.'

Mr. Seward. In the matter of newspapers, my son Fred and I divide reading. He distils the metropolitan gazettes, and I those of England and France. Then we exchange commodities at breakfast time. Fred, having been an editor, can boil down the news very rapidly, and so put its essence into our coffee-pot. The foreign journals, however, have so much in them that is dissimulative and latent, they require more care and discernment. Mr. Hunter aids me in dissecting them.

Mr. Lincoln. You are the son of an editor, Montgomery; how do you stand on this subject of Colfax's bill to carry all the papers in your mails? The rebel postmaster-general, in his report, made, you remember, an elaborate argument to justify the Jeff Davis law, which forbids the sending of newspapers and periodicals by expressmen.

Mr. Blair. When Colfax will accept as an amendment a prohibition of telegrams, and the obliging our mails to

transmit all intelligence, then I will consider of his views.

Mr. Smith. Well said; as good an extract that from the last edition of Blair's rhetoric as could be wished for.

Mr. Chase. Or in the Tribune satires of Horace! But let me ask Mr. Blair what he thinks of a newspaper tax.

Mr. Blair. Very favorably. I am for a mill stamp on every paper, obliging every ten readers to pay the government one cent.

Mr. Stanton. Mr. Secretary of the Interior, what is the average circulation of newspapers in the loyal section?

Mr. Smith. A thousand million.

Mr. Chase (rapidly computing). Which on Mr. Blair's proposition would yield a million dollars revenue.

Mr. Welles. And support the government at our present rate of expenditure for one day!

Mr. Seward. The public would bear half a cent on each paper. The publisher could make his readers insensibly pay the tax, and improve both paper and issue by receiving another half cent: and so add one cent of charge per copy.

Mr. Chase. Which would yield a revenue of five millions per year.

Mr. Lincoln. Would the people stand such a charge?

Mr. Stanton (good humoredly). Will our friend the Secretary of State smoke fewer cigars when you come to tax tobacco?

Mr. Welles (naively). But newspaper reading is not a vice.

Mr. Bates. Be not so sure of that. The passion for newspapers excites the minds of the whole republic. Now-a-days your servant reads the news as he works. The clergy peruse the Sunday extras, and the crossing-sweeper begs your worn-out copy instead of a cigar-stump.

Mr. Blair. Yet Gen. McClellan has not read a newspaper in three months.

Mr. Lincoln. The subject brings to my mind a good old parson in Springfield who used to complain that the *Weekly Republican* was as bad as himself. He was preaching his old sermons

over and over again with new texts. Come to find out, he had a waggish grandson who for three previous weeks had neatly gummed the fresh date over the old one, and the dear divine had been perusing the same paper as many times.

(*Omnès laughing heartily.*)

Mr. Stanton. Talking of General McClellan,—I had my first engagement with him last night at one o'clock.

Mr. Welles (startled). One o'clock! No wonder he has had typhoid fever.

Mr. Lincoln. I think he is napping it now. He has a wonderful facility at the sleep business. Forty winks seem to refresh him as much as four hours do other people. At my last levee, according to the newspapers, he and his wife retired early. He went up stairs and napped for two hours, desiring to see me for half an hour alone afterward. Then he spent several hours at the topographical bureau, hunting for some old maps which he insisted had been there since the Creek campaign. He was rewarded for his industry by finding also an admirable map and survey of the situation around New Orleans.

Mr. Seward. The General is a believer in Robert Bruce's spider. The American spider's-web didn't reach Richmond in July, nor Columbus in November, but McClellan has kept on busily spinning.

Mr. Blair. Can any one tell me what is the General's platform?

Mr. Stanton. I can. Long before I dreamed of being here, he told me. It is in three words.

Mr. Lincoln. That's the shortest I ever heard of next to that of the English parson—'What *I* say is orthodox, what *I* don't believe is heterodox.'

Mr. Smith. But the three words?

Mr. Seward. Cæsar's was in these words: *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Mr. Stanton. It is to be fervently hoped they will become the Latin translation of his own platform. McClellan's is, 'TO RETRIEVE BULL RUN!'

Mr. Lincoln (laughing). Then, if the General told you that, he is a plagi-

rist: for that is *my* platform. When he was made commander here, he asked me what I wanted done. Said I, 'Retrieve Bull Run.' He said he would, and turned to go. I jocularly added, 'But can't you tell us how you are going to do it?' He mused a moment, and then said, 'I must work it out algebraically, and from unknown quantities produce the certain result.' 'Drill' shall be my "x" and "Transportation" my "y" and "Patience" my "z." Then $x+y+z =$ success.' And now that Mr. Stanton is here, I doubt not the slate is ready for the figuring.

Mr. Stanton. Thank you, Mr. President, for the compliment. May it prove a simple equation.

Mr. Chase (with energy). Now we call for *your* platform, Mr. Secretary of War.

Mr. Stanton (gracefully bowing). The President's—yours—ours (*looking all around*).

Mr. Seward. But the allusion is a proper personal one, nevertheless. Remember court-martial law—the youngest always speaks first!

(*Omnès compose themselves in a listening attitude.*)

Mr. Stanton. First and foremost, I believe slavery to be the *casus belli*. To treat the *casus belli* above and beyond all other considerations I hold to be the duty of the true commander-in-chief: as the surgeon disregards secondary symptoms and probes the wound. I would treat this *casus belli* as the Constitution allows us to treat it—not one hair's breadth from the grand old safeguard would I step. Under the Constitution I believe slavery to be a purely local institution. In Louisiana and Texas, a slave is an immovable by statute, and is annexed to the realty as hop-poles are in the law of New York. In Alabama and Mississippi, the slave is a chattel. In the first-named States he passes by deed of national act and registration; in the other, by simple receipt or delivery. Thus even among slave States there is no uniform system respecting the slave property. To the Northern States

the slave is a person in his ballot relation to congressional quota and constituency, and also an apprentice to labor, to be delivered up on demand. The slave escaping from Maryland to Pennsylvania is not to be delivered up, nor cared about, nor thought about, until he is demanded. Liberty is the law of nature. Every man is presumed free in choice, and not even to be trammelled by apprenticeship, until the contrary is made clearly to appear. One man may be a New York discharged convict, for instance—an unpardoned convict. He emigrates southward, he obtains property, according to local law, in a slave. The slave escapes to New York. The convict—unpardoned—master enters the tribunal there on his demand. Quoth the escaped apprentice, producing the record of the conviction, ‘Mr. Claimant, you have no standing in court. Your civil rights are suspended in this State until you are pardoned. You are *not* pardoned, therefore I will not answer aye or no to your claim, until you are legitimately in court, and recognized by the judges.’ I take it that plea would avail. And if the crier wanted to employ a person to sweep the court-room the next moment, he could employ that defendant to do it. There is not a man in the rebel States (*whom we publicly know of*) who has a standing under the Constitution regarding this slavery question. By his own argument he lives in a foreign country; by our own argument he is not *rectus in curia*. Were I an invading general and wanted horses, I would decoy them from the rebels with hay and stable enticements. If I wanted trench-diggers, camp scullions, or artillerists, or pilots, or oarsmen, or guides, and, being that general, saw negroes about me, I should press them into my service. Time enough to talk about the rights of some one to possess the negroes by better claim of title to service when that somebody, with the Constitution in one hand and stipulation of allegiance in the other, demands legal possession. Even the fugitive slave is emancipated practically whilst in Ohio, and whilst not

yet demanded. Rebel soldiers daily leave their plantations and abandon their negroes. *Pro tem*, at least, the latter are then emancipated. Let them, when within our lines, continue emancipated.

Mr. Welles. Would you arm them?

Mr. Stanton. Yes, if exigencies of situation so demanded. The beleaguered garrison at Lucknow armed every one about the place—natives or not, servants or masters. Did General Washington spare the whisky stills in the time of the insurrection in Western Virginia when they were in his way? Yet the stills were universally agreed to be property, and were not taken by due process of law. Shall we fight a rebel in Charleston streets, and at the same time protect his negro by a guard in the Charleston jail?

Mr. Blair. But what instructions would you give to the soldiers about this *casus belli*?

Mr. Stanton. None at all. The soldier should know nothing about *casus belli*. General Buell answered the correspondent well when he said, ‘I know nothing about the cause of this war. I am to fight the rebels and obey orders.’ Cries a general to a subaltern—‘Yonder smokes a battery—go and take it.’ Do we issue specific instructions to the troops about the women, the children, the chickens, the forage, the mules—persons or property—whom they encounter? The circumstances and the exigencies of the situation determine their conduct. A household mastiff who will pin a rebel by the throat when he passes his kennel, flying from pursuit, is just as serviceable as would prove a loyal bullet sped to the rebel’s brain. I believe that the acknowledged fact, the necessary fact, that wherever our army advances, emancipation practically ensues, will carry more terror to the slave-owner than any other warlike incident. But I would have them understand that this result is not our design, but a necessity of *their* rebellion.

Mr. Bates. You are like the last witness upon the stand—subjected to a vigorous cross-examination upon every-

thing gone before. Have you ever thought what is to be the upshot of the contention?

Mr. Stanton. Restoration of the Union!

Mr. Bates. Aye, but how to be brought about? Are not the pride and the obstinacy growing stronger every day at the South?

Mr. Stanton. ‘Men are but children of a larger growth.’ Who of us has not conquered pride and obstinacy in the nursery? I have seen the boy of a mild-tempered father fairly admire the parent when he broke the truce of affection and vigorously thrashed him. The large majority of the Southern people have been educated to believe the men of the North cowardly, mean, and avaricious. Cowardly, because they persistently refused the duel. Mean, because all classes worked, and there seemed among them no arrogance of birth. Avaricious, because they crouched to the planters with calico and manufactures, or admired their bullying for the sake of their cotton.

And the great masses of the South have been and are learning how the present leaders have duped them upon all these points. They have discovered we are not cowards. Every prisoner, from the chivalric Corcoran to the urchin drummer-boy at Richmond who spat on the sentinel, has afforded proof of courage and fortitude, whilst thousands and thousands of people have secretly admired it. The very death vacancies at family boards throughout the plantations perpetually remind the Southerns that *we are not cowards in fight*. They have learned, too, that we are neither mean nor avaricious, when the millionaire merchant, whom they knew two years ago, cheerfully accepts the poor man’s lot of to-day; or when they behold all classes without one murmur hear of a million dollars per day being spent on the war, and then *clamor to be taxed!* If they perceive the negroes leaving them, they at once also perceive that in loyal Maryland, loyal Virginia, loyal Kentucky and loyal Missouri,—in Baltimore, St. Louis,

and Louisville,—the slaves under local laws are protected to their owners. Thus the most stupid will reason, It is our own act which has placed in jeopardy this our property. With a restored Union, Georgia and Louisiana must be as Maryland and Kentucky continued even in the midst of camps. Who, during the acme of the French revolution, could have believed that the people of Paris would so soon and so readily accept even despotism as the panacea of turmoil? Show a real grievance, and I grant you that rebellion achieves the dignity of revolution. Provide an imaginary or a colored evil as the basis of insurrection, and even pride and obstinacy will eventually comprehend the sophistry of the leaders.

Mr. Lincoln. Seward’s secret correspondence with Southern loyalists proves these things. Mr. Stanton must read that last letter from . . .

Mr. Stanton. Indeed! You surprise me. Pray how could you receive intelligence from him?

Mr. Lincoln (opening a drawer). Do you see this button? I unscrew this eye. The two discs now separate. Between them you can put a sheet of French letter paper. When the troops advanced to Bull Run, certain of the soldiers were provided with such buttons. Various deserters have had them.

Mr. Seward (laughing). Who knows but General Scott’s coachman had one or two? *

Mr. Stanton. This practically corroborates my theories. If we in Washington find it so difficult to repress communication and spies, is it not fair to presume that in Richmond, Savannah, New Orleans and Memphis (where there is *real* incentive from suffering and persecution), it is equally impossible to stop information? It was impossible to procure it when the three rifled cannon at the Richmond foundry were found spiked. It would prove serviceable to the patience of the nation, could it only

*It is not now improper to broach this button ruse, because it was recently discovered at the South and is guarded against.

step behind the scenes and learn much — known to us — which it must ere long understand.

Mr. Lincoln. I have just received by our secret mail a very affecting letter from Col. Corcoran. I will read an extract. [Reads.]

'Of my physical suffering I will not speak. If restored to friends and home I shall, however, be a memorable example of the victory of mind over body. I determined to lay down my life for my country when I left that home; and if it will serve the cause, as I have repeatedly told the people here, to hang, or draw, or quarter me, I am ready for the sacrifice. But there are hundreds among the prisoners whose minds are not so buoyant as mine, who do suffer terribly. Can not some means be devised to clothe and feed them, or to exchange for them?'

Mr. Blair. A patriot soul. The clerkship left in the New York post-office when the Colonel departed for the war has been retained for him.

Mr. Lincoln (quickly). Ah! that heroic sufferer shall have something better than a clerkship if he ever returns.

Mr. Stanton. I have thought much of this exchange of prisoners and captivity amelioration. When the insurrection was inchoate, we could afford to be punctilious. But its present gigantic proportions surely affect the question (so to term it) of ransom. When our countrymen were in the Algerine prisons we took means to treat for them. What say you, gentlemen, against sending commissioners to Richmond for the purpose of supervising the medicines, clothing, food and exchange of our prisoners?

Mr. Seward. That may only be conceded by accepting commissioners for a similar purpose from the rebel government.

Mr. Chase. Our plans are now so perfectly matured that even the danger of spies recedes. I am in favor of Mr. Stanton's proposition.

Mr. Lincoln. I think you can try it. There are so many prisoners, from all

parts of the country, that public sentiment must uphold the measure.

Mr. Smith. Mr. Secretary of State, you were taking notes whilst Mr. Stanton was giving his views upon the restoration question. Were they on that subject?

Mr. Seward. Yes. Some fleeting thoughts occurred to me which I was desirous of preserving for to-morrow. I have a great deal of faith in establishing Southern 'doughfacery.'

Mr. Welles. Doughfacery?

Mr. Seward. Yes: that supremacy of pocket over pride which so long afflicted the North. Above and beyond the slave-owners must rise the great class of manufacturers and merchants, — almost every third man of Northern origin, too, — whose pocket is the great sufferer, and without whose property, hereafter, plantations can not prosper. Given a decent pretext for adjustment, when pride will go to the wall. Once allow the masses to grasp the reins, and the slave-owners will be driven to the wall-side of the political highway also. This I call Southern doughfacery for the sake of a phrase well understood.

Mr. Blair. Then your old plan of the great national convention comes in vogue?

Mr. Lincoln. My plan! (Good humoredly.) You must not all steal my thunder. By the way, Seward, your pleasant friend Judge D——, who came from New York about Col. Corcoran, told me the meaning of that phrase. It seems a Dublin stage manager got up a scenic play with thunder in it perfectly imitated by a diapason of bass drums. A rival got up another scenic play, to which, out of jealous pique, the inventor repaired as a spectator. To his surprise he heard his own invention from behind the scenes. He instantly exclaimed aloud, 'The rascal, he's stolen my thunder!'

Mr. Seward (jocularly). The President finds a parallel between a national convention and thunder. Well, well, the clearest atmosphere is breathed after

the clouds culminate in thunder and lightning. I accept the application.

Mr. Chase. But if the South is to surrender pride, what are we to surrender?

Mr. Seward (quickly). Political pride. The battle of freedom was fought and won when the Inaugural was pronounced. The South can not recover from the present stagnation in a quarter-century, by which time it will again have accepted contentedly the original belief that slavery, like one of the lotteries of Georgia, or one of the red-dog banks of Arkansas, is a purely local institution.

Mr. Stanton. I heartily accept the project of a national convention. But I am against any agitation or committal to leading ideas which are to control it. One convention ruined France, and another saved it. We can better obtain consent of North and South to holding a convention by forbearance from discussing its probable platform. Let it meet. No fear but it will elucidate some satisfactory result.

Mr. Welles. You have just discussed this question of war. I wish something could be done to settle this affair of privateering. To my reflection it appears to embrace a very important consideration of 'policy' as well as of law. A man does not always punish his embezzling clerk because the law gives him authority to do so. The ocean rebel who to-day captures our transports laden with soldiers, may to-morrow put off twenty boats in the Potomac, and capture our men on the river schooner. The Attorney General's opinion and the law of Judge Nelson in New York hang the former; but military law will ex-

change the latter whenever a satisfactory opportunity presents itself.

Mr. Lincoln. The policy question has become a grave one. I have been much struck by the letter of Judge Daly, of New York, to Senator Harris—a most opportune, learned, and temperate paper.

[Enter an attendant.]

Mr. Lincoln. Gen. McClellan is at the door. Invite him in.

Mr. Stanton. By all means. He is 'the very head and front of our offending.'

[Enter Gen. McClellan.]

Gen. McC. Good evening, Mr. President and Cabinet. (*Speaking rapidly and brusquely.*) The bridge equipages are now entirely complete. Here is a dispatch acknowledging the receipt of the last supply. With February is ushered in the Southern spring, which, as you all know, must end 'this winter of our discontent.' The Western V now is perfect from Cairo and Harper's Ferry at the top to Cumberland Gap at the bottom. It is the first letter in Victory.

Mr. Lincoln. When the General becomes oratorical, then indeed has he good news.

Gen. McC. I have, sir; but, with great respect to all these our friends, it must be for your own ears, to-night at least.

Mr. Lincoln (rising). We will withdraw to the library. Gentlemen, pray come to some understanding during our absence respecting the reply to be sent to M. Thouvenel's extraordinary secret dispatch. I will rejoin you in—

Gen. McC. Seven minutes, Mr. President—those are all I can spare. Good evening, gentlemen.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BORDER LINES OF KNOWLEDGE IN SOME PROVINCES OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. An Introductory Lecture delivered before the Medical Class of Harvard University, Nov. 6, 1861. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

It is a pleasant thing to realize, in reading a work like this, how perfectly GENIUS is capable of rendering deeply interesting to the most general reader topics which in the hands of mere talent become intolerably ‘professional’ and dry. The mind which has once flowed through the golden land of poetry becomes, indeed, like the brook of Scottish story, more or less alchemizing,—communicating an aureate hue even to the wool of the sheep which it washes, and turning all its fish into ‘John Dorées.’ And in doing this, far from injuring the practical and market value of either, it positively improves them. For genius is always general and human, and rises intuitively above conventional poetry and conventional science, to that higher region where fact and fancy become identified in truth. And such is the characteristic of the lecture before us, in which solid, nutritive learning loses none of its alimentary value for being cooked with all the skill of a *Ude* or of a *Francatelli*. Many passages in the work illustrate this power of æsthetic illustration in a truly striking manner.

In certain points of view, human anatomy may be considered an almost exhausted science. From time to time some small organ, which had escaped earlier observers, has been pointed out,—such parts as the *tensor tarsi*, the otic ganglion, or the Pacinian bodies; but some of the best anatomical works are those which have been classic for many generations. The plates of the bones of Vesalius, three centuries old, are still masterpieces of accuracy, as of art. The magnificent work of Albinus on the muscles, published in 1747, is still supreme

in its department, as the constant references of the most thorough recent treatise on the subject—that of Theile—sufficiently show. More has been done in unraveling the mysteries of the faciæ, but there has been a tendency to overdo this kind of material analysis. Alexander Thompson split them up into cobwebs, as you may see in the plates to Velpeau’s Surgical Anatomy. I well remember how he used to shake his head over the coarse work of Scarpa and Astley Cooper;—as if Denner, who painted the separate hairs of the head and pores of the skin, in his portraits, had spoken lightly of the pictures of Rubens and Vandyck.

Laymen can not decide, where doctors disagree; but there are few who will not at least read this lecture with pleasure.

JOHN BRENT. By Major Theodore Winthrop. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

It is strange that so soon after the appearance of *Tom Tiddler’s Ground*, with its one good story of a wild gallop over the Plains, a novel should have appeared in which the same scenes are reproduced,—the whole full of wild-fire and gallop,—American life-fever and prairie-dust,—uneasy contrasts of the feelings of gentlemen and memories of *salons* with pork-frying, hickory shirts, and whisky. The excitement and movement of *John Brent* are wonderful. Had the author been an artist, we should have had in him an American Correggio,—with strong lights and shadows, bright colors, figures of desperadoes inspired with the air of gentlemen, and gentlemen, real or false, who play their parts in no mild scenes. It is the first good novel which has given us a picture of the West since California and Mormon-dom added to it such vivid and extraordinary coloring, and since the ‘ungodly Pike’—that ‘rough’ of the wilderness—has taken the place of the well-nigh traditional frontiersman. It is entertaining and exciting, and will attain a

very great popularity, having in it all the elements to secure such success. Those who recognized in *Cecil Dreeme* the vividly-photographed scenes and characters of New York, will be pleased to find the same talent employed on a wider-field, among more vigorous natures, and assuming a far more active development. Never have we felt more keenly regret at the untimely decease of an author than for *WINTHROP*, while perusing the pages of *John Brent*. There went out a light which *might* have shown, in Rembrandt shadows and gleams, the most striking scenes of this country and this age.

MEMOIR, LETTERS AND REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated from the French, by the Translator of Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

No French writer enjoys a more truly enviable popularity in America than M. DE TOCQUEVILLE. That he should have discussed the vital principles of our political and social life, in a manner which not only made him no enemies among us, but established his 'Democracy' as a classic reference, is as wonderful as it was well deserved. The present work is, however, a delightful one by itself, and will be read with a relish. We sympathize with the translator (a most capable one by the way) when he declares that he leaves his task with regret, fearing lest he never again may have an opportunity of associating so long and so intimately with such a mind. The typography and paper are of superior quality.

POEMS BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. ('Blue and gold.') First American Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

'Fresh, beautiful, and winsome.'— Among the living poets of England there may be many who are popularly regarded as 'greater,' but certainly there is none more unaffectedly natural or simply delightful than WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. We are pleased at his probably unconscious Irish-isms in his humbler lyrics, which have deservedly attained the proud eminence of veritable 'Folk-songs' in the

mouths of the people, and are touched by the exquisite music, the tender feeling, and the beautiful picturing which we find inspiring his lays. It requires but little knowledge of them to be impressed with the evident love of his art with which our Irish bard is filled. It would be difficult to find in the same number of songs by any cotemporary so little evident effort allied to such success.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY. Edited by Rev. George M. Randall, D.D., and Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D. Vol. II. No. 6. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1861.

This beautiful and scholarly magazine, which abounds in 'the elegant expression of sound learning,' contains, in the present number, a noble article on *Loyalty in the United States*, by Rev. B. B. BABBITT, which we would gladly have read by every one. Almost amusing, and yet really beautiful, is the following Latin version of 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' by Rev. EDWARD BALLARD.

‘In Cunabulis.

‘Nunc reclino ut dormirem,
Precor te, O Domine,
Ut defendas animam;
Ante diem si obirem,
Precor te, O Domine,
Ut servares animam.
Hoc que precor pro Iesu! ’

WORKS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Vols. I. & II. New York: G. P. Putnam.

BAYARD TAYLOR has the pleasant art of communicating personal experiences in a personal way. It is not an unknown X, an invisible essence of criticism, which travels for us in his sketches, but a veritable traveler, speaking, Irving-like, of what he sees, so that we see and feel with him. In these volumes, the ups and downs, the povertyes and even the ignorances of the young traveler are set forth—not paraded—with great vividness, and we come to the end of each chapter as if it were the scene of a good old-fashioned comedy. CORYATT without his crudities, if we can imagine such a thing, suggests himself, with alternations of 'HERODOTUS his gossip' without his craving credulity. Perhaps these volumes explain more

than any of their predecessors the causes of TAYLOR's popularity, and like them will do good work in stimulating that love of travel which with many becomes the absorbing passion sung by MULLER, —‘Wandern! ach! Wandern!’

THOMAS HOOD'S WORKS. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862.

A beautifully printed and bound volume, on the best paper, with two fine illustrations,—one by HOPPIN, setting forth Miss Kilmansegg and her golden leg with truly Teutonic grotesquerie. It contains Hood's Poems, never made more attractively readable than in this edition. As a gift it would be difficult to find a work which would be more generally acceptable to either old or young.

NATIONAL MILITARY SERIES. Part First. By Captain W. W. Van Ness. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway.

A neat little work on military tactics, conforming to the army regulations adopted and approved by the War Department of the United States. It is thoroughly practical, ‘being arranged on the plainest possible principle of question and answer,’ and being within the reach of the dullest capacity, and thoroughly comprehensive of all required of the soldier, will probably become, as its author trusts, ‘a standard military work.’

FORT LAFAYETTE; OR, LOVE AND SECESSION. By Benjamin Wood. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. 1862.

Even while a tree is being blown down by the hurricane, small fungi or other minute vegetation spring up in its rifts; every social shock of the day is prompt-

ly seened and ‘tagged’ at the minor theatres; and shall this war escape its novels? Mr. Wood votes in the negative, and supplies us with a somewhat sensational yet not badly manufactured article, which, like the melo-dramas referred to, will be received with delight by a certain line of patrons, and, we presume, be also relished. It is a first-rate specimen of a second-rate romance.

HEROES AND MARTYRS: Notable Men of the Time. With Portraits on Steel. New York: G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway. C. T. Evans, General Agent. 1862. Price 25 cents.

The first number of a large quarto, exquisitely printed, biographical series of sketches of the military and naval heroes, statesmen, and orators, distinguished in the American crisis of 1861–62, and edited by FRANK MOORE. The portraits of Commodore S. F. DUPONT and Major THEODORE WINTHROP, in this first number, are excellent; while the literary portion, devoted to WINFIELD SCOTT, deserves praise. The cheapness of the publication is truly remarkable.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, FOR THE YEAR 1861. Boston: Henry W. Dutton & Son, Printers, Transcript Building. 1862.

A work testifying to the great extent and efficacy of the labors of the society, and one which, among a mass of merely business detail, contains much interesting information. An article on the first discovery of the heather in America, by EDWARD S. RAND, is well worth reading. Can any of our wise men re-discover the lost Pictish art of making good beer from that plant?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DINAH. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 1861.

THE REBELLION RECORD. A Diary of American Events, with Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, and Poetry. Edited by Frank Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT; OR, SPEAKING THE TRUTH FOR A DAY. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Price 25 cents. 1861.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS: Its Cause, Significance, and Solution. By Americus. Chicago, Illinois: Joshua R. Walsh. 1861.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

STEP by step the vast net is closing in on the enemy,—little by little the vice is tightening,—and if no incalculable calamity overtake the armies of the Union, it is but fair to assume that at no distant day the rebel South will find itself in the last extremity, overwhelmed by masses from without and demoralized by want of means within. Government at present holds the winning cards,—if they are only skillfully played the game is its own. It is impossible to study the map and the present position of our forces with our resources, and not realize this. ‘Hemmed in!’ is the despairing cry from Southern journals, which but the other day insolently threatened to transfer the war to Northern soil, and to sack New York and Philadelphia; and, with their proverbial fickleness and fire, we find many of them half rebelling against the management of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his coadjutors.

This is all encouraging. On the other hand, we are beginning to feel more acutely the miseries of war, and its enormous cost. The time is at hand when the whole country will be called on to show its heroism by patient endurance of many trials, and by *living* as well as dying for the great cause of liberty and Union. Let it all be done patiently and without a murmur. Every suffering will be repaid tenfold in the hour of triumph. Let it be remembered that as we suffer our chances of victory increase, and that every pain felt by us is a death-pang to the foe. Now, if ever, the Northern quality of stubborn endurance must show itself. We, too, can suffer as heroically as the South boasts of doing. It is this which in the course of events must inevitably give us the victory, for no spirit of chivalry, no enthusiasm, can ultimately

resist sturdy Saxon pluck. The South, foolishly enough, has vaunted that it is inspired by the blood and temper of the Latin races of Southern Europe, and it can not be denied that their climate has given them the impulsiveness of their ideal heroes. In this fiery impatience lies the element which renders them incapable of sustaining defeat, and which, after any disaster, must stimulate dissension among them.

It should also be borne in mind that the most direct causes of our sufferings all involve very practical benefits. The Southern press taunts our soldiers with enlisting for pay. Let us admit that vast numbers have truly been partially induced by the want of employment at home to enter the army. It is a peculiar characteristic of all Northern blood that it can and does combine intelligence and interest with the strongest enthusiasm. No man was ever made a worse soldier by being prudent, any more than by being a religious Christian. Taunts and jeers can not affect the truth. The Protestant mechanic soldiery of Germany during the wars of the Reformation, the men of Holland, and the Puritans of England, were all reviled for the same cause—but they conquered. God never punishes men for common-sense, nor did it ever yet blind zeal, though it may prevent zeal from degenerating into sheer madness. The war, while it has crippled industry, has also kept it alive,—it has become a great industrial central force, giving work to millions. Again, in the creation of a debt we shall find such a stimulus to industry as we never before knew. Taxation, which kills a weak country crippled by feudal laws and nightmares by an extravagant court and nobility, simply induces fresh

and vigorous effort to make additional profits in a land of endless resources and of vast territory, where every man is free to work at what he chooses. Taxation may come before us like a raging lion, but, in the words of BEECHER, we shall find honey in the carcass. Let us only cheerfully make the best of everything, and uphold the administration and the war with a right good will, and we shall learn as we never did before the extent of the incredible elasticity and recuperative power of the American.

It is evident that the present war will have a beneficial result in making us acquainted with the real nature of this arrogant and peculiar South-land. It was said that the Crimean struggle did much good by dispelling the cloudy hobgoblin mystery which hung over Russia, and, while it destroyed its prestige as a bugbear, more than compensated for this, by giving it a proper place abreast of civilized nations in the great march of industry and progress. Just so we are learning that the South is perfectly capable of receiving white labor, that it is not strangely and peculiarly different from the rest of the cis-tropical regions, that the negro is no more its necessity than he is to Spain or Italy, and that, in short, white labor may march in, undisturbed, so soon as industry ceases to be regarded as disgraceful in it. We have learned the vital necessity of union and identity of feeling between all the States, and found out the folly of suffering petty local state attachments to blind us to the glory of citizenship in a nation which should cover a continent. We have learned what the boasted philanthropy of England is worth when put to the test of sacrifice, and also how the British lion can put forth the sharpest and most venomous of feline claws when an opportunity presents itself of ruining a possible rival. More than this, we have learned to be self-reliant, to take greater and more elevated views of political duty, and to be heroic without being extravagant. Since we were a republic no one year has witnessed such national and social progress among us as

the past. We have had severe struggles, and we have surmounted them; we have had hard lessons, and we have learned them; we have had trials of pride, and we have profited by them. And as we contend for principles based in reason and humanity and confirmed by history, it follows that we must inevitably come forth gloriously triumphant, if we but bravely persevere in enforcing those principles.

The large amount of political information regarding the South and its resources which has been of late widely disseminated in the North, is a striking proof that, disguise the question as we will, the extension of free labor is, from a politico-economical point of view (which is, in fact, the only sound one), the real, or at least ultimate basis of this struggle. The matter in hand is the restitution of the Union, laying everything else aside; but the great fact, which will not step aside, is the consideration whether ten white men or one negro are to occupy a certain amount of soil. There is no evading this finality, there is no impropriety in its discussion, and it SHALL be discussed, so long as free speech or a free pen is left in the North. So far from interfering with the war, it is a stimulus to the thousands of soldiers who hope eventually to settle in the South in districts where their labor will not be compared with that of 'slaves,' and it is right and fit that they should anticipate the great and inevitable truth in all its relations to their own welfare and that of the country.

We cheerfully agree with those who cry with so much energy that Emancipation is not the matter in hand, and quite as cheerfully assent when they insist that the enemy, and not the negro, demands all our present energy. But this has nothing to do with the great question, whether slavery is or is not to ultimately remain as a great barrier to free labor in regions where free labor is clamoring for admission. That is all we ask, nothing more. The instant the North and West are assured that at some time, though remote, and by any means

or encouragements whatever, which expediency may dictate, the great cause of secession and sedition will be removed from our land, then there will be witnessed an enthusiasm compared to which that of the South will be but lukewarm. That this will be done, no rational person now doubts, or that government will cheerfully act on it so soon as the fortunes of war or the united voice of the people strengthen it in the good work. And until it is done, let every intelligent freeman bear it in mind, thinking intelligently and acting earnestly, so that the great work may be advanced rapidly and carried out profitably and triumphantly.

The leading minds of the South, shrewder than our Northern anti-emancipation half traitors and whole dough-faces, foreseeing the inevitable success of ultimate emancipation, have given many signs of willingness to employ even it, if needs must be, as a means of effectually achieving their 'independence.' They have baited their hooks with it to fish for European aid—they have threatened it armed, as a last resort of desperation, if conquered by the North. Knowing as well as we that the days of slavery are numbered, they have used it as a pretense for separation, and they would just as willingly destroy it to maintain that separation. Since the war began, projects of home manufactures, and other schemes involving the encouragement of free labor, have been largely discussed in the South,—and yet, in spite of this, thousands among us violently oppose Emancipation. In plain, truthful words they uphold the ostensible platform of the enemy, and yet avow themselves friends of the Union.

We have said it before, we repeat it: we ask for no undue haste, no unwise measures, nothing calculated to irritate or disorganize or impede the measures which government may now have in hand. But we hold firmly that Emancipation be calmly regarded as a measure which *must* at some time be fully carried out. Be it limited for the time, or for years, to the Border States, be it as-

sumed partially or entirely under the modified form of apprenticeship, be it proclaimed only in Texas or South Carolina, it has in some way a claim to recognition, and *must* be recognized. Its friends are too many to be ignored in the day of settlement.

It is proper that every detail of contract corruption should be brought fully to light, and the country owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. DAWES for his manly attack on the wretches who have crippled the war, robbed the soldier, swindled the tax-payers, and aided the enemy by their wicked rapacity. Let it be remembered that whatever his sentiments may have been, every man who has been instrumental, directly or indirectly, in cheating the treasury and the army during this period of distress, has been one of its enemies, and far more deadly than if he had been openly enlisted under the banners of JEFFERSON DAVIS. Were we anything but the best-natured and most enduring public in the world, such revelations as have been made would long since have driven these rapacious traitors beyond sea or into the congenial Dixie for which they have indirectly labored.

We have been accustomed to read much since infancy of the sufferings of our army during the Revolution,—how they were hatless, ragged, starved, and badly armed. We have shuddered at the pictures of the snow at Valley Forge, tracked by the blood from the feet of shoeless soldiers. Yet, in the year 1861, with abundant means and with all the sympathy and aid of a wealthy country, there has been more suffering in the army than the Revolution witnessed, and it was due in a great measure to men who hastened to the spoil like vultures to their prey. If the army has not advanced, if proper weapons are not even yet ready, let the reader reflect how much the army is still crippled owing to imperfect supplies, and have patience.

It is not the soldier alone who has

been robbed by the contractor. The manufacturer who sees only a government order between himself and failure, and who is willing to do anything to keep his operatives employed, is asked to supply inferior goods at a low price. He may take the order or leave it,—if he will not, another will,—and with it is expected to take the risk of a return. When a man sees ruin before him, he will often yield to such temptations. The contractor takes the goods, sells them if he can, and pockets the profits, sometimes ten times over what the manufacturer gains. He thereby robs outright, not only the soldier, but also the operatives who make the goods, since the manufacturer must reduce their wages to the lowest living point, in order to save himself.

It will all come to light. There is a discovery of all evil, and there is a disgrace which money cannot remove, neither from the thief nor from his children. And we rejoice to see that so much is being made known, and that in all probability the public will be fully informed as to who were principally guilty in these enormous and treasonable corruptions.

IT is stated, on good authority, that the only objection urged by the President to adopting the policy of Emancipation, is the danger which would be thereby incurred of effectually losing the allegiance of the loyal slaveholders in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

The obvious answer to this is, that by paying these loyal slaveholders for their chattels they could not fail to become firmer friends than ever. When we reflect on the extremely precarious tenure of all such property on the Border, it becomes apparent that the man must be a lunatic indeed to hope for the permanency of the institution in the tobacco States. Since the war began nearly two-thirds of the slaves in Missouri have changed their *habitat*,—about one-half of the number having been ‘sold South,’ while the other moiety have traveled North, without reference to ownership.

The administration need be under no apprehension as to the popularity of this measure. It would be hailed with joy by millions. The capitalists of our Northern cities, who now await with impatience some indications of A REGULAR POLICY, will welcome with enthusiasm a proposition which would at once render the debatable land no longer debatable, and which would effectually disorganize the entire South, by rendering numbers desirous of selling their slaves in order to secure what must sooner or later be irrecoverably lost. If government has a policy in this matter, it is time that the public were informed of it. The public is ready to be taxed to any extent, it *is* making tremendous sacrifices; all that it asks in return is some nucleus around which it may gather,—a settled principle by which its victories in war may be made to form the basis of a permanent peace.

THE English press, statesmen and orators have been pleased to regard our democratic government as a failure.

But we have at least one advantage. When an enormous wrong is perpetrated on the people by a secretary, *he can be hustled out of the way*, and the accomplices be punished.

In England we have seen of late the most enormous political and social outrage of the century coolly committed, without the slightest regard to consequences, and without the slightest fear of any punishment whatever.

The truth has come to light, and every investigation, in the opinion of the ablest and most sagacious men, confirms the assertion that the late MASON and SLIDELL difficulty was simply an immense stock-jobbing swindle, played in the most heartless manner on this country and on England, without heed as to the terrible consequences.

The London *Times*, as is well known, is the organ of the ROTHSCHILDS. During the late iniquitous war-flurry it acted perfectly in concert with Lord PALMERSTON. While that gentleman

kept back for three weeks dispatches, which, if published, would have had the immediate effect of establishing a peaceful feeling, his Hebrew accomplices bought literally right and left of securities of every kind. Grand pickings they had; everything had tumbled down. England was roused by the *Times* to a fury; a feeling of fierce injury was excited in this country, which an age will not now allay; and right in the midst of this, when one word might have changed the whole, the official ministerial organ *explicitly denied the existence of those 'peace' dispatches* which have since come to light!

Let us anticipate some of the results of this precious Palmerston-Hebrew-*Times* swindle.

It has cost England twenty millions of dollars.

It has aroused such a feeling in this country against England as no one can remember.

It has effectually killed the American market for English goods, and put the tariff up to prohibition *en permanence*.

It has, by doing this, struck the most deadly blow at English prosperity which history has ever witnessed; for all that was needed to stimulate American industry up to the pitch of competing with England in foreign markets was such a prohibitory tariff as would compel us to manufacture for ourselves what we formerly bought.

Who will say now that a republic does not work as well as a monarchy?

We have read with pleasure a recently written and extensively republished article by SINCLAIR TOUSEY, of New York, condemnatory of the proposed stamp tax, and in which we most cordially concur; not because it is a tax materially affecting the interests of publishers, but because, as Mr. TOUSEY asserts, the diffusion of knowledge among the people is a powerful element of strength *in government itself*. In these times, it is essential, far more than during peace, that the newspaper should

circulate very freely, stimulating the public, aiding government and the war, and keeping the mind of the country in living union. Nothing would more rapidly produce a torpor—and there is too much torpor now—than a measure which would have the effect of killing off perhaps one half of the country press, the great mass of which is barely able to live as it is. ‘Let the press be as free as possible. Let it be free from onerous taxation, and left unfettered by special duties to do its just work.’ This is a war for freedom, and the test of freedom is a free press.

WE are indebted to a valued correspondent in Illinois for the following communication, setting forth the state of affairs in Southern Missouri during the past summer. Few of our readers are ignorant that since that time the region in question has been ‘harried and shorn’ even to desolation by the brigands of Secession.

In conversing lately with Dr. R., who fled for his life, last July, from Ripley County, Southern Missouri, I collected some information which may not be unacceptable to your readers.

Dr. R. states that early last summer the citizens of Southern Missouri began gathering into companies of armed men opposed to the general government, and that it was a fear that the general government would not protect their lives and property which induced great numbers of really Union men to take sides with the rebels. They saw their country thronging with secession soldiers; were told it was the will of the State government that they enlist for the protection of the State: if they did not do this voluntarily, they would be drafted; and all drafted ones would in camp take a subordinate position, have to perform the cooking and washing, in short, all the drudgery for those who volunteered. This falsehood drove hundreds of the ignorant Missourians into the rebel ranks. Captain LOWE, afterwards Col. LOWE, who was killed at the battle of Fredericktown, was the recruiting officer in Ripley and its adjoining counties. He arrested Dr. R. on the 4th of July, on a charge of expressing sentiments ‘dangerous to the welfare of the community.’ Dr. R.

was tried by a court-martial, in presence of the three hundred soldiers then assembled. Witnesses against the Doctor were produced, but he was not allowed time to summon witnesses in his behalf, nor to procure counsel. One novel circumstance in the trial was occasioned by the absence of any justice of the peace to administer the usual oath to the witnesses. None were procurable, from the fact that all had resigned, refusing to act officially under a government they had repudiated. In this dilemma the prisoner came to their relief. 'Gentlemen, I am a justice of the peace, as most of you already know, and, as I have not yet resigned, I will swear in the witnesses for you.' 'Wall, I reckon he kin act as justice afore he's convicted,' suggested one of the crowd. So the Doctor administered the oath in the usual solemn manner. This self-possession and fearlessness seemed to have an effect on his judges, for, after the testimony, he was permitted to cross-question the witnesses and plead his own cause. He was able to neutralize some of the charges against him. The jury, after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned verdict that 'as there was nothing proved against the prisoner which would make him dangerous to the community, he was permitted to be discharged. But,' added the foreman, 'I am instructed by the committee to say they believe Dr. R. to be a Black Republican, and to tell him that if he wants to utter Black Republican sentiments, he has got to go somewhere else to do it.' It was well known the Doctor had voted for DOUGLAS. But here followed an animated conversation between the prisoner and LOWE's men as to what constituted Black Republicanism; the result of which was, as the Doctor turned to depart, Captain LOWE informed him he was re-arrested!

By the influence of some of the soldiers, the prisoner succeeded next day in effecting his escape. Traveling by night and concealing himself by day, he finally reached the federal lines in safety. His family were not permitted to follow him, and did not succeed in eluding the vigilance of their enemies and joining him until the middle of January. When a Union man escapes them, the rebels are always opposed to the removal of his wife and children, as, by retaining them, they hope to get the husband and father again into their hands. And, as all communication by letter is cut off, many a man, during the last six months, has stolen

back to see his family at the risk of his life, and lost it.

Dr. R. was the first man arrested in Ripley County; but LOWE immediately began a lively persecution of suspected Unionists. Some escaped with life, their enemies being satisfied with scourging and plundering them, but scores were hung. LOWE's soldiers furnished and equipped themselves by robbing Union houses and the country stores.

Many suspected Union men shielded themselves by denouncing others, giving information of the property of others, and being forward in insulting and quartering lawless soldiers upon defenceless families. So that, Dr. R. states, there are created between neighbors, all through that section, feuds which will never cease to exist. Many a man has suffered family wrongs from his neighbor which he thirsts to go back to revenge, which he swears yet to revenge, and which he feels nothing but the blood of the offender can revenge! And should peace be declared to-morrow, a social war would still exist in Missouri!

People dwelling in the free States, where the schoolhouse is not abolished, where the laws still live and restrain, can have no conception of the state of society where the whole community has returned suddenly to savage life; a life wherein the reaction from a former restraint renders the viciously disposed far more intensely barbarous than his red brother of the plain.

LOWE's men, and all similarly recruited by order of ex-Governor JACKSON, remained in service six months, and were to be paid in State scrip. But as that was worthless, they never received anything in rations, clothing, or money, but what they plundered from their fellow-citizens. Many of these state rights soldiers have since enlisted in the Confederate army; but Confederate paper being fifty per cent. below par, and not rising, the legitimate pay of the Southern soldier is likely to be small.

In Northern Arkansas, all males between fifteen and forty-five years of age have been ordered to be ready for the Confederate service when called upon. This has caused a fear of failure in next year's crops from scarcity of men in that section. There is great suffering among them now. Salt rose to \$25 a sack. The authorities prohibited the holders from charging more than \$12, the present price. Pins are \$1.50 per paper; jeans \$5 per yard; and everything else in proportion.

One word in comment. Every additional fact of the deplorable condition of things in the slave States is an additional reason why the North should firmly meet the cause of this misery. If the North should have the manhood to strike a blow at slavery *now*, still a generation must pass before harmony would ensue; but if the North *eaves and dallies*, scores of generations must live and die before America sees unbroken peace again.

WHILE the war goes on, the contrabands go off. A writer in the Norfolk *Day Book* complains that slaves are escaping from that city in great numbers, asserting that they get away through the instrumentality of *secret societies* in Norfolk, which hold their meetings weekly, and in open day. No one can doubt that this war is clearing the Border of its black chattels in double-quick time. Why not strike boldly, and secure it by offering to pay all its loyal slave-holders for their property? Of one thing, let the country rest assured—the friends of Emancipation will not brook much longer delay. It **MUST** and **SHALL** be carried through,—*and we are strong enough to do it.*

THURLOW WEED grows apace, and occasionally writes a good thing from London—as, for instance, in the following:—

At breakfast, a few days since, a distinguished member of Parliament, who has* been much in America, remarked, with emphasis, that he had formerly entertained a high opinion of 'JUDGE LYNCH,' looking with much favor upon that species of impromptu jurisprudence known as 'Lynch law,' but since it failed to hang FLOYD, COBB and THOMPSON, of BUCHANAN's cabinet, he had ignored and was disgusted with the system.'

What would the distinguished member have said had he been familiar with the Catiline steamer case, the mysteries of shoddy contracts, the outfitting of the Burnside expedition, and innumerable other rascalities? The gentleman was right,—Lynch law has proved a failure; and, if we err not, another kind of

law has of late months been not very far behind it in inefficiency. Our Southern foes have at least one noble trait—they hang their rascals.

'*Non dum*,' 'not yet,' was the motto of a great king, who, when the time came, shook Europe with his victories. 'Not yet,' says the Christian, struggling through trial and temptation towards the peace which passeth understanding and a heavenly crown. 'Not yet,' says the brave reformer, fighting through lies and petty malice, and all the meanness of foes lying in wait, ere he can convince the world that he is in the right. 'Not yet,' says the soldier, as he marches his weary round, waiting to be relieved, and musing on the battle and the war for which he has pledged his life and his honor—and they are a world to *him*. 'Not yet,' says every great man and woman, laying hands to every noble task in time, which is to roll onward in result into eternity. Wait, wait, thou active soul,—even in thy most vigorous activity let thy work be one of waiting, and of great patience in thy fiercest toil. There will come a day of triumph, when the fresh wind will banish the heat, and fan the laurel on thy brow. Such is the true moral of the following lyric:—

FALLEN.

BY EDWARD S. RAND.

Blow gently, Oh ye winter winds,
Along the ferny reaches,
Nor whirl the yellow leaves which cling
Upon the saddened beeches;
And gently breathe upon the hills
Where spring's first violets perished,—
Died like the budding summer hopes
Our hearts too fondly cherished.

Oh memory, bring not back the past,
To brim our cup of sorrow;
The drear to-day creeps on to bring
A drearier to-morrow.
Can streaming eyes and aching hearts
Glow at the battle's story,
Or they who stake their all and lose
Exult in fame and glory?

Oh, lay them tenderly to rest,
Those for their country dying,—
Let breaking hearts and trembling lips
Pour the sad dirge of sighing.

Yet louder than the requiem raise
The song of exultation,
That the great heritage is ours
To die to save the nation.

In patience wait, nor think that yet
Shall Right and Freedom perish,
Nor yet Oppression trample down
The heritage we cherish!
For still remember, precious things
Are won by stern endeavor,—
Though in the strife our heart-strings break,
The Right lives on forever.

WHEN you write let your chirography be legible. Strive not overmuch after beauty of finish, make not your *a*'s like unto *u*'s or your *o*'s like *v*'s; let not your heart be seduced by the loveliness of flourishes, and be not tempted of long-tailed letters. Above all, write your own name distinctly,—which is more than many do, and much more than was done by the gentleman described in the following letter from a kindly correspondent:—

MADISON, WIS.

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

The holder of any considerable quantity of Wisconsin currency is liable not only to the occasional loss consequent upon the absquatulation of a tricksy wild-cat, but also to great perplexity as to the name of the gentleman who countersigns the bills. These inscrutable counter-signatures are accomplished by ROBERT MENZIES, our excellent Deputy Bank Comptroller. His cabalistic 'R. Menzies' does not greatly resemble a well-executed specimen of copper-plate engraving. The initial 'R' is always plain enough, but the 'Menzies' is sometimes read Moses, and sometimes Muggins, and is always liable to be translated Meazles.

Mr. MENZIES is a Scotchman, brimful of Caledonian lore and enthusiasm. His penmanship is not always so sublimely obscure as his performances on bank-paper would indicate; but in its best estate it is capable of sometimes more than one reading. Witness the following instance: In the winter of 1858 and '9, Mr. MENZIES delivered a very interesting lecture, before a literary society, in Prairie du Chien; subject, THE SONG-WRITERS OF SCOTLAND. Mr. M. not residing at Prairie du Chien, the lecture was, of course, the subject of a preliminary correspondence. At the meeting of the society next previous to the one when the lecture

was delivered, Elder BRUNSON, the president, announced that he had received a letter from Mr. MENZIES, accepting the invitation to lecture before the society, and naming as the subject of his lecture 'THE LONG WINTERS OF SCOTLAND.'

READERS who are afflicted with the isothermal doctrine may experience some benefit from the perusal of a letter for which we are indebted to a friend not very far 'out West':—

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

I have a friend who would be sound on the goose, as I verily believe, and a patriotic anti-Jeff Davis platform Emancipator, if he hadn't unfortunately picked up a fine learned word. That word is

ISOTHERMAL.

And that word he carries about as a hen carries a boiled potato—something too big to swallow but nice to peck at. And he pecks at it continually.

'I could admit that the slaves should be free,' he says, 'but then nature, you know, has fixed an isothermal line. She has isothermally deemed that south of that line the black is isothermally fitted to isothermalize or labor according to the climate as a slave.'

'Good,' I replied. 'So you admit that all anthropological characteristics as developed by climate are quite right?'

[He liked that word 'anthropological,' and assented.]

'Good again. Well, then, you must admit that to judge by statistics there is an isothermal line of unchastity, or "what gods call gallantry," and further north, one of drunkenness? How much morality is there in a tropical climate? How many temperate men to the dozen in Scandinavia or Russia?'

My isothermalist attempted a weak parry, but failed. When he recovers I will inform you.

YOURS TRULY.

P. S. I am preparing a series of tables by which I hope to prove the existence of the following isothermalities:

A Lager-beer line.

A Tobacco-chewing line.

A reading of TUPPER and COVENTRY PATMORE line.

A CREAM CHEESE line.

A Doughface line.

And a Clothes line.

WE are indebted to R. WOLCOTT for the following sketch of War Life:—

'TAKEN PRISONER.'

IT was a terrible battle. Amid the rattle of musketry and whistling of bullets, the clashing of sabres, the unearthly cries of wounded horses and the wild shouting of men, the clear voice of Lieutenant Hugh Gregory rang out: 'Rally! my brave boys, rally, and avenge the Captain's death!'

'Not quite so fast, sir,' quietly remarked a rebel officer, bringing his sword to a salute; 'you observe that your men are retreating and you are my prisoner.'

Hugh saw that it was so, and with a heavy heart gave himself up.

'Hurrah for the stars and stripes!' shouted a brave young soldier, attempting to raise himself upon his elbow, but falling back, exhausted from the loss of blood.

'Damn you, I'll stripe you!' exclaimed a brutal fellow, rising in his stirrups and aiming a blow at the wounded man.

'Dare to strike a helpless man!' shouted his commander; and he warded off the blow with a stroke that sent the fellow's sabre spinning into the air. 'Now dismount, and help him if you can.' But it was too late; the brave soul had gone out with those last words.

'Lieutenant,' said the rebel officer, whom we will know as Captain Dumars, 'I see that you are wounded. Let me assist you upon this horse, and one of my sergeants will show you the surgeon's quarters.' And he bound up the wounded arm as well as he could, helped him upon the horse, and, with a playful *Au revoir*, rode on.

Hugh's wound was too painful, and he was too weak and tired, to wonder or to think clearly of anything; he only felt grateful that his captor was a gentleman, and quietly submitted himself to the sergeant's guidance.

The battle was ended,—in whose favor it does not matter, so far as this story is concerned,—and Captain Dumars obtained permission to take Lieutenant Gregory to his mother's house until he should recover from his wound or be exchanged.

When Hugh found himself established in a pleasant little chamber with windows looking out upon the flower-garden and the woods beyond, fading away into his own loved North land, he thought that, after all, it was

not so terrible to be a prisoner of war. He was decidedly confirmed in this opinion when he occasionally caught a glimpse of the lithe form of Annie Dumars flitting about among the flowers; and being somewhat of a philosopher, in his way, he determined to take it easy.

The presence of one of the 'Hessians' at Mrs. Dumars' house gave it much the same attraction that is attached to a menagerie. Feminine curiosity is an article that the blockade can not keep out of Dixie, and many were the morning calls that Annie received, and many and various were the methods of pumping adopted to learn something of the prisoner,—how he looked, how he acted, how he was dressed, and so forth.

'Impertinence!' he heard Annie exclaim, as one of these gossips passed through the gate, after putting her through a more minute inquisition than usual. And he heard her dainty shoe-heels impatiently tapping along the hall, and when she brought in a bouquet of fresh flowers he saw in her face traces of vexation.

'I seem to be quite a "What-is-it?"'

'Shame!'—and she broke off a stem and threw it out of the window with altogether unnecessary vehemence.

'Splendid girl!' thought Hugh; 'where have I seen her?'

And he turned his thoughts back through the years that were past, calling up the old scenes; the balls, with their mazy, passionate waltzes, and their promenades on the balcony in the moonlight's mild glow, when sweet lips recited choice selections from Moore, and white hands swayed dainty sandal-wood fans with the potency of the most despotic sceptres; the sleigh-rides, with their wild rollicking fun, keeping time to the merry music of the bells and culminating in the inevitable upset; the closing exercises of the seminary, when blooming girls, in the full efflorescence of hot-house culture, make a brief but brilliant display before retiring to the domestic sphere—Oh, yes—

'Miss Dumars, were you not at the — Institute last year?'

'Yes.'

'Then you know my cousin, — Jennie Gregory?'

'Yes, indeed:—and you are her cousin. How stupid in me not to recollect it.'

And she told him how that 'Jennie' was

her dearest friend, and how in their intimacy of confidence she had told her all about him, and shown her his picture, and—in short, Hugh and Annie began to feel much better acquainted.

It was a few days after this that Hugh sat by the open window, listening to Annie reading from the virtuous and veracious *Richmond Enquirer*. Distressed by what he heard, not knowing whether it was true or not, he begged her to cease torturing him. She laid aside the paper with an emphatic 'I don't believe it!' that could not but attract his attention, and he looked up in surprise.

'I must tell you, Mr. Gregory—I have been tortured long enough by this forced secrecy—I am a rebel!'

'That is the name we know you by,' he replied, smiling.

'But I am a *rebellious* rebel. Yes,' she added, rising, 'I detest with all my heart this wicked, causeless rebellion. I detest the very names of the leaders of it. And yet I am compelled to go about with lies upon my lips, and to act lies, till I detest myself more than all else! I have consoled myself somewhat by making a flag and worshiping it in secret. I will get it and show it to you.'

'This,' she continued, returning with a miniature specimen of the dear old flag, 'a *real* flag, the emblem of a *real* living nation, must be kept hidden, its glorious lustre fading away in the dark, while that,' pointing to where the 'stars and bars' were fluttering in the breeze, 'that miserable abortion is insolently flaunted before our eyes, nothing about it original or suggestive—except its stolen colors, reminding us of the financial operations of Floyd! Oh, if hope could be prophecy—if a life that is an unceasing prayer for the success of the federal arms could avail, it would not be long before this bright banner would wave in triumph over all the land, its starry folds gleaming with a purer, more glorious light than ever!'

And as she stood there, with eyes uplifted as in mute prayer, and fervently kissed the silken folds of the flag, Hugh wished that his station in life had been that of an American flag.

Time passed on, and the prisoner was to be exchanged for a rebel officer of equal rank. Captain Dumars brought him the intelligence, and was surprised at the seeming indifference with which he received it.

'You don't seem particularly elated by the prospect of getting among the Yankees again.'

'I am eager to take my sword again; but my stay here has been far from unpleasant. You, Captain, have been away so much that I have not been able to thank you for making my imprisonment so pleasant. I am at a loss to know why you have shown such favor to me especially.'

'This is the cause,' replied the Captain, laying his finger upon a breast-pin that Hugh always wore upon his coat, at the same time unbuttoning his own; 'you see that I wear the same.'

It was a simple jewel, embellished only by a few Greek characters, but it was the emblem of one of those college societies, in which secrecy and mystery add a charm to the ties of brotherhood. And it was this fraternal tie, stronger than that of Free-Masonry, because more exclusive, that made Hugh's a pleasant imprisonment, and made him happy in the love of one faithful among the faithless, loyal among many traitors. For of course the reader has surmised—for poetic justice demands it—that Hugh fell desperately in love with Annie, and Annie *ditto* Hugh. How he told the tender tale, and how she answered him,—whether with the conventional quantity of blushes and sighs, or not,—is none of your business, reader, or mine; so don't ask me any questions.

It was the evening of the day before Hugh's departure. They, Annie and Hugh, sat in the little porch, silent and sad, watching the shadows slowly creeping up the mountain side towards its sun-kissed summit, like a sombre pall of sorrow shrouding a bright hope.

'And to-morrow you are free.'

'No, Annie, not free. My sword will be free, but my heart will still linger here, a prisoner. But when the war is over, and the old flag restored—'

'Then,' and here her eyes were filled with the glorious light of prophetic hope, 'I will be *your* prisoner.'

And still Hugh is fighting for the dear old flag; and still Annie is praying for it, and waiting for the sweet imprisonment.

There has been many as sweet a romance as this, reader, acted ere this, during the war. Would that all captivity were as pleasant!

'I WOULD not live alway,' says the hymn, and the sentiment has, like every great truth, been set forth in a thousand forms. One of the most truly beautiful which we have ever met is that of

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long-vanished age, whose varied story

No record has to-day,

So long ago expired its grief and glory —

There flourished, far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,

A city fair and wide,

Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,

And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,

Which mar our world's fair face,

Never encroached upon the pleasant borders Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying Could ever enter there —

No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls, death reigned as ever,

And graves rose side by side —

Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor, And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!

O, bliss, to dwell therein —

To live in the sweet light of loving faces And fear no grave between!

To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder,

Disputing life's warm truth —

To live on, never lonelier or older, Radiant in deathless youth!

And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters

A tide of pilgrims flowed

Across broad plains and over mighty waters, To find that blest abode,

Where never death should come between, and sever

Them from their loved apart —

Where they might work, and will, and live forever,

Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,

And grew in power and pride,

And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,

And never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving
With unabated breath,
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this —

Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,

Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall,

Craving, with wish that brooked no more denvying,
So long had it been crossed,

The blessed possibility of dying, —
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals Swelled to a broader tide,

Till none were left within the city's portals, And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?

Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied;

And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

Does the reader recall DEAN SWIFT'S account of the immortal Struldbrugs and their undying miseries — it is in the City of Laputu, we believe. Their life was passed as if in such a city. Ah, death! it is, after all, only birth in another form. And to step to the ridiculous, we are reminded of an

EPIGRAPH IN A DEDHAM CHURCHYARD.

I'VE paid the debt which all must pay,
Though awful to my view,

On frightful rocks where billows poured,
And broken buildings flew.

The cruel Death has conquered me;

The victory is but small,

For I shall rise and live again, —

And Death himself shall fall.

THERE are not many of those who 'read the papers,' who have not met from time to time with the quaint experiences of THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR, —

a gentleman who, in the columns of the *Buffalo Republican*, and more recently in the spicy *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, has often wished that his too, too solid flesh would melt. It is with pleasure that we welcome him to our pages in the following original sketch:—

THE 'FAT CONTRIBUTOR' AS A GYMNAST.

'But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks.'

RICHARD III.

Says the cardinal in the play—"In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." Without stopping to discuss the reliability of a lexicon that omits words in that careless manner, I must say that in the dictionary of fat men who aspire to gymnastics that word distinctly occurs. I had my misgivings, but was over-persuaded by my friends. They said gymnastics would develop muscular strength, thus enabling me to hold my flesh in case it attempted to run away. They added, as an additional incentive, that the spectacle of a man who weighs nearly three hundred pounds, doing the horizontal ladder, climbing a slack-rope hand over hand, or suspending his weight by his little finger, would be a 'big thing.' I asked them how I was to attain that end. 'By practice,' was the reply; 'practice makes perfect.' It did; —it made a perfect fool of me, as you shall see.

I never had much taste for feats requiring physical effort, except lifting — lifting with my teeth. The amount of beef, pork, mutton and vegetables that I have lifted in that way is immense. After hearing Dr. WINSHIRE lecture, I practiced lifting a flour barrel with a man inside of it, and finally succeeded in holding it out at arm's length. [I may remark incidentally that the barrel had no heads in it.]

To return to the case in hand (and a case in hand is worth two in the bush): I was deluded into purchasing a season ticket in the gymnasium, and one afternoon I sought the locality. A number were exercising in various ways, and I laid off my coat preparatory to 'going in.' As I bent down to adjust a pair of slippers, I heard some rapid steps behind me, and the next instant a pair of hands and a man's head fell squarely on my back, a pair of heels smote together in the air, and with a somersault the gymnast regained the ground several feet in advance

of me. I assumed an indignant perpendicular, when the fellow turned with well-feigned amazement and stammered forth an apology. Bent over as I was, he had mistaken me for a heavily padded 'wooden horse,' which formed a portion of the apparatus.

Desiring to be weighed from time to time, in order that I might note the effect of gymnastics upon my tonnage, I asked one, who was resting after prodigious efforts to wrench his arms off at a lifting machine, if there were scales convenient. He surveyed me for a moment — looked puzzled — and finally replied hesitatingly, — 'Y-e-s, I think we can manage it.' He led the way to a window overlooking the Ohio canal. 'Do you see that building?' said he, pointing to a low structure on the heel path side, extending partly over the canal. I intimated that the fabric in question produced a distinct impression on the optic nerves, and inquired its use. 'Weigh-lock,' he shrieked; 'go and be weighed!'

'Go and be d—d!' I yelled, furious at being thus victimized; but my angry and profane rejoinder was lost in the shout of laughter that went up from the assembled athletes.

Natural abhorrence of jokes, practical or otherwise, is a trait among my people; it runs in the family, like wooden legs. I immediately sought the boss gymnaster and related the manner in which I had been introduced to his elevating establishment. I told him I had come there neither to be made a horse of by one nor an ass of by another. He pledged his word that the like should not occur again, and I was appeased.

I first attempted the parallel bars, but they were never intended for men of my breadth. My hands giving way, I became so firmly wedged between the bars that it was necessary to cut one of them away in order to release me. A wag pronounced it a feat without a parallel.

The horizontal bar next claimed my attention. I had seen others hang with their heads down, suspended by their legs alone, and the trick appeared quite easy of execution. I succeeded in suspending myself in the manner indicated, but — revocare gradum — when I attempted to regain the bar with my hands, it was no go. I was in a perspiration of alarm at once; my legs grew weak; my head swam from the rush of blood; twist and squirm as I would, I couldn't reach the bar with the tip end of a

finger even. My head was four or five feet from the ground, so that a fall was likely to break my neck, and when my frantic efforts to clutch the bar with my hands failed, I shrieked in very desperation. Men came running to my aid. They raked the tan bark, with which the ground was strewn, in a pile beneath me, to break my fall as much as possible, and, relaxing my hold of the bar, I came down in a heap, rolled up like a gigantic caterpillar, and dived head and shoulders into the tan bark, where I was nearly smothered before I could be extracted. It was a terrible fright, but I escaped with a few bruises.

My brief career as a gymnast terminated with the 'ladder act.' I felt unequal to the task of drawing myself up the ladder (which was slightly inclined from the perpendicular), as I had seen others do, but once at the top I believed I could lower myself down. A purchase was rigged in the roof, by which I was hoisted to the top of the ladder, some thirty feet from the ground, when, grasping a round firmly with my hands, the purchase was disconnected from my waist belt, and I began the descent. It was very severe on the arms, and I desired to rest myself by placing my feet on a round, but my protuberant paunch would not permit it. When I had accomplished about half the distance in safety, a round snapped suddenly with the unusual weight. I remember clutching frantically at the next, which broke as did the other; then followed a sensation of falling, succeeded by a collision as between two express trains at full speed, and I knew no more. When I recovered consciousness, I was in my own bed, and four surgeons were endeavoring to set my broken leg with a stump extractor. Gymnastics are a little out of my line.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Unlike BRUMMEL, we know who our fat friend is, and shall be happy to see him again.

'TALBOT,' of Washington, one of those who keep the many chronicles of government, gives us the following from his *repertoire*:—

Shortly after the inauguration of President Lincoln, and during the period in which the throng of office-seekers was greatest, an applicant for a clerkship in one of the departments received notification to appear before the 'examining committee' for examination as to qualifications. In due time he

appeared, and announced himself 'ready.' The aforesaid 'committee,' supposing that they had before them a decidedly 'soft one,' determined to enjoy a little 'sport' at the poor fellow's expense. After having put a great many questions to him, none of which in the least applied to the duties he would be expected to perform, he was asked how he would ascertain the number of square feet occupied by the Patent Office building. This question aroused in him suspicions that 'all was not right,' and, with a promptness and emphasis that effectually damped the hopes of his questioners, he replied, 'Well, gentlemen, I should employ an experienced surveyor.'

The same correspondent tells us that—

In one of the rural towns of Illinois lived, a few years ago, a very eccentric individual known as 'DICKY BULARD,' whose original sayings afforded no little amusement to his neighbors.

DICKY had his troubles, the saddest of which was the loss of his only son. Shortly after this event, in speaking of it to some friends, he broke out in the following pathetic expression of feeling:

'I'd rather a' lost the best cow I have, and ten dollars besides, than that boy. If it had been a gal, it wouldn't a' made so much difference; but it was the only boy I had.'

On another occasion, in referring to the death of his grandmother, who had been fatally injured by a butt from a pet ram, DICKY gave vent to his feelings as follows:

'I never felt so bad in all my life as I did when grandmother died. She had got so old, and we had kept her so long, we wanted to see how long we could keep her.'

IT is the 'turn of the tune' which gives point to the far-famed legend of 'The Arkansaw Traveler,'—which legend, in brief, is to the effect that a certain fiddling 'Rackensackian,' who could never learn more than the first half of a certain tune, once bluntly refused all manner of hospitality to a weary wayfarer, avowing with many an oath that his house boasted neither meat nor whisky, bed nor hay. But being taught by the stranger the 'balance' of the tune,—'the turn,' as he called it,—he at once overwhelmed his musical guest with

all manner of dainties and kindnesses. And it is the 'turn of the tune,' in the following lyric, from the soft tinkle of the guitar to the harsh notes of the 'beaten parchment,' which gives it a peculiar charm.

THE GUITAR AND THE DRUM.

BY R. WOLCOTT, CO. B., TENTH ILLINOIS.

Evening draws nigh, and the daylight
In golden splendor dies;
And the stars look down through the gloaming
With soft and tender eyes.

I sit alone in the twilight,
And lazily whiff my cigar,
Watching the blue wreaths curling,
And thrumming my old guitar:

Old, and battered, and dusty,—
A veteran covered with scars;
Yet to me the most precious of treasures,
The sweetest of all guitars.

For a gentle spirit dwells in it,
That speaks through the trembling strings,
And in echo to my thrumming
A wonderful melody sings.

As I softly strike the measures,
The spirit murmurs low
A song of departed pleasures,
A dream of the long ago.

And like a weird enchanter
It paints in the star-lit sky
Pictures from memory's record,
Scenes of the days gone by.

And as the ripples of music
Float out on the evening air,
There comes to me a vision
Of the girl with the golden hair.

Kindly she turns upon me
Those lustrous, violet eyes,
And my heart with passionate yearnings
To meet her eagerly flies.

Nearer she comes, and yet nearer,
At the beck of the spirit's wand,
And I feel the gentle pressure
On my brow of her warm, white hand—

Tr-r-r-rum-ti-tum-tum, tr-r-r-rum-ti-tum-tum!
'Tis the warning voice of the rolling drum.

Through the awakened night air come
The stern command and the busy hum
Of hurried preparation.
'Tis no time now for idle strumming
Of light guitars: in that loud drumming
Is fearful meaning; the hour is coming
That for some of us will be the summing
Of all life's preparation.

Quick, quick, my boys: fall in! fall in!
Now is the hour when we begin
The battle with this monstrous sin.
Onward to victory! — or to win
A patriot's martyrdom!
Stay no longer to bandy words;
Trust we now to our gleaming swords;
For foul rebellion's dastardly hordes
A terrible hour has come.

By all that you love beneath the skies;
By the world of cherished memories;
By your hopes for the coming years;
By the tender light of your loved one's eyes;
By the warm, white hands you so highly prize;
By your mothers' parting tears,
Swear the horrible wrong to crush!
What though you fall in the battle's rush,
And the velvet leaves of the greensward blush
With your young life's crimson tide?
The angels look down with pitying love,
And your tale will be told in the record above:
‘For his country's honor he died.’

The gentle strings of the light guitar,
Waking soft echoes from memory's chords,
And tender dreams of home—
The noise, and the pomp, and the glitter of
war;
The furious charge, and the clashing swords;
The song of the rolling drum.

How many a young heart has, in these
later days, been turned from soft guitar-
tones of idleness, to the brave, rattling
measures of drum-life! It will do good,
this war of ours; and many a brave fellow will, in after years, look back upon
it as the school in which he first learned
to be a thoroughly practical and sensible
MAN.

WE are indebted to a gossiping and
ever most welcome New Haven friend
for the following anecdote of one of the
men who, clothed in a little brief au-
thority, ‘go about ’restin’ people:’

Our village we consider one of the most
pleasant in the country; our boys full of
life and activity, and our officers men of
energy and perseverance, and men who un-
derstand their importance. In proof of these
assertions, I offer the following sketch of an
occurrence a few years ago.

DICK BARNES was a blacksmith, and a
man of considerable notoriety in those days,
and from the peculiar prominence of his
front upper teeth he had derived, from the
boys of the village, the singular nick-name
of ‘Tushy.’ For two or three successive

years he had been elected constable, and the duties of this great public office appeared to demand that he should neglect his legitimate private business, so that it was said that the safest place for him to secrete himself—the most unlikely place where he would be sought—would be behind his own anvil. Like many others ‘clothed with a little brief authority,’ he was not over-modest in showing his importance.

The boys were then, as they are now, fond of skating, and there was a large pond near the centre of the village on which they used to have fine times on moonlight evenings, and especially Sunday evenings, and, as a natural consequence, when large numbers of boys are engaged in sport, they were somewhat noisy.

One Sunday evening, when the ice was very smooth and the boys were enjoying themselves, BARNES made his appearance on the ice and ordered them off, in tones, and exclamations of authority. The boys did not like this interference in their sports and couldn't see the justice of his demand. ‘That's old Tushy,’ says one, and the cry of ‘Tushy,’ ‘Tushy,’ soon passed among the crowd of skaters, till BARNES began to think it personal, and was determined to catch one of them and make of him an example. The ice was ‘glib,’ as they termed it, and as they all had skates except ‘Tushy,’ they were rather rude in their behavior towards him,—a not very uncommon circumstance,—and though they were careful to keep out of harm's way, they kept near enough to him to annoy him. Finding all efforts to catch one of them fruitless, with the advantage they had,—for ‘the wicked stand on slippery places,’—he announced his determination to catch one of them anyhow, and started for the shore.

Boys are usually quicker in arriving at conclusions than older people, and one of them suggested that he had gone for his skates. ‘Good! now we'll have some fun, boys,’ says Phil Clark, who was a good skater, and withal a good leader in a frolic. ‘You follow me and do as I tell you, and I don't believe old “Tushy” will follow us far.’ By general consent he led them to the dry, sandy shore, and such as had them filled their handkerchiefs, and such as could not boast of that superfluity filled their caps, with sand. ‘Now,’ says Phil, ‘when he comes back, and it won't be long, we'll form a line and wait till he gets his skates on,

when he'll put chase for some of us. If he gets near any of us, some one sing out “Bully,” and every boy drop his sand, and if he catches any one we'll all pitch in.’

‘Tushy’ in a little while made his appearance, and soon had his skates strapped to his feet, and after a few stamps upon the ice, to see that they were properly secured, glided a few strokes and started off for the boys. The moon was shining ‘as bright as day,’ and old Tushy’s movements were perfectly apparent. The pond was large, and afforded a good opportunity for a trial of speed, and, though many of the boys were good skaters, ‘Tushy’ perseveringly determined to capture one of them, and started for the one nearest. This was ‘Phil,’ who was the master spirit of the frolic, and as ‘Tushy’ approached with almost the certainty of capturing him, he would glide gracefully aside and let him pass on. He had almost caught up with a group of the smaller boys who were going at full speed, when ‘Phil’ shouted out the word ‘Bully.’ In an instant the contents of handkerchiefs and caps was deposited on the glaring ice, the boys continuing their flying course. ‘Tushy,’ elated with the prospect of capturing at least one of the urchins, increased his speed with longer strides, and was in the act of grasping one, when the sparks from his steel runners, the sudden arrest of his feet and the onward movement of his body, convinced him that *he* was caught. The impetus he had acquired with the few last strokes on the smooth ice, and the sudden check his feet had received from the sand, sent him sliding headlong many yards towards an air-hole,—one of those dangerous places on ponds suddenly frozen,—and soon the ice began to crack around him. The water in the pond was not deep, but the ice continued to break with his efforts to extricate himself. He found that the boys had successfully entrapped him, and it was not until he had made a promise not again to interfere with their sport that they consented to assist him out. He kept his promise, and the boys ever after, when they designed any extra sport on the ice, had his nick-name for a by-word.

JAY G. BEE.

‘SALT,’ according to MORESINUS, ‘is sacred to the infernal deities,—for which reason, we presume, those who were seated ‘below the salt’ at the banquets of the Middle Ages were always

'poor devils.' Attic salt is always held to be more pungent when there is a touch of the diabolical and caustic in it,—and therefore caustic itself is known as *lapis infernalis*. 'Poor Mr. N—,' said a country dame, of a recently deceased neighbor who was over-thrifty, 'he always saved his salt and lost his pork.' 'Yes,' replied a friend, 'and now the salt has lost its Saver.' The reader has doubtless heard of the lively young lady, named Sarah, whom her friends rechristened Sal Volatile. Apropos—a New Haven friend writes us that—

My chum, Dr. B., is not a little of a wag. At a social gathering, shortly after he had received his diploma, the young ladies were very anxious to put his knowledge of medicine to the test. 'Doctor,' queried one of the fair, 'what will cure a man who has been hanged?' 'Salt is the best thing I know of,' replied the tormented, with great solemnity.

ACCORDING to a cotemporary—the Boston *Herald*—the best Christians may be known by the pavements before their houses being cleaned of ice and snow. This reminds us of a spiritual anecdote. A deceased friend having been summoned through a medium and asked where he had spent the first month after his decease, rapped out,—

'I-n—p-u-r-g-a-t-o-r-y.'

'Did you find it uncomfortable?'

'Not very. While I lived I always had my pavements cleared in winter, and all the ice and snow shoveled away was given back to me in orange-water ices, Roman punch, vanilla and pistachio creams, frozen fruits, cobblers, juleps, and smashes.'

Somebody has spoken in an Arctic voyage of the musical vibrations of the ice. There is certainly music in the article. 'Take care,' said a Boston girl to her companion, as they were navigating the treacherously slippery pavement of our city a few days since; 'it's See sharp or Be flat.'

SOMEBODY once wrote a book on visiting-cards. There is a great variety of that article; an English ambassador once

papered his entire suit of rooms with that with which a Chinese mandarin honored him. MICHAEL ANGELO left a straight line as a card, and was recognized by it. Our friend H— once distributed blank pasteboards in Philadelphia, and everybody said, 'Why, H— has been here!' Not long since, a lady dwelling in New York asked her seven-year-old GEORGY where he had been.

'Out visiting.'

'Did you leave your card?'

'No; I hadn't any, so I left a marble!'

GEORGY'S idea was that cards were playthings. And *cartes de visite* are most assuredly the playthings for children of an older growth, most in vogue at the present day. Go where you will, the albums are examined, nay, some collectors have even one or two devoted solely to children, or officers, or literary men, or young ladies. The following anecdote records, however, as we believe, 'an entirely new style' of visiting-card:—

Madam X. was busy the other morning. Miss Fanny Z. 'just ran in to see her,' *en amie*, without visiting-cards.

The waiter carried her name to Madam X. Meanwhile Miss Fannie, circulating through the parlors, saw that there was dust on the lower shelf of an étagère, so she delicately traced the letters

Smut

thereon and therefore. Waiter enters, and regrets that Madam X. is so very much engaged that she is invisible. Miss Fanny flies home.

In the evening she meets Madam X., who is 'perfectly enchanted' to see her. 'Ah, Fanny, dear, I am charmed to see you; the waiter forgot your name this morning, but I was delighted to see your ingenuity. Would you believe it, the first thing I saw on entering the parlor was your card on the étagère!'

THE Naugatuck railroad, according to a friend of the CONTINENTAL,

Is in many places cut through a rugged country, and the rocks thereabout have an ugly trick of rolling down upon the track when they get tired of lying still. So the

company employ sentinels who traverse the dangerous territory before the morning train goes through. One of these,—Pat K. by name,—while on his beat, met Dennis, whose hand he had last shaken on the 'Green Isle.' After mutual inquiries and congratulations, says Dennis, 'What are you doin' these days, Pat?' 'Oh, I'm consarned in this railroad company. I go up the road fur the likes o' four miles ivry mornin' to see is there ony rocks on the thrack.' 'And if there is?' 'Why, I stops the trains, sure.' 'Faith,' said Dennis, 'what the devil's the good o' that—*wouldn't the rocks stop 'em?*'

The Hibernian idea of a meeting is, we should judge, peculiar, and not, as a rule, amicable. 'What are ye doing here, Pat?' inquired one of the Green Islanders who found a friend one morning in a lonely spot. 'Troth, Dinnis, and it's waiting to mate a gentleman here I'm doing.' 'Waiting for a frind is it?' replied Dennis; 'but where is yer shillaly thin?' This was indeed a misapprehension, and of the kind which, as a benevolent clergyman complained, who was actively engaged in home mission work, was one of the most constant sources of his frequent annoyances. 'Why,' he remarked, 'it was only the other morning that I heard of a poor girl who was dying near the Five Points, and went to administer to her such comfort as it might be in my power to render. I met an impudent miss leaving the room, who, when I inquired for the sufferer by name, replied, "It's no use; you're too late, old fellow,—she's give me her pocket-book and all her things."'

A FRIEND has called our attention to the following extract from an advertisement in a New York evening paper, and requests an explanation:—

STRABISMUS, OR CROSS-EYE, IN ITS WORST STAGES, CURED IN ONE MINUTE. READ!

NEWARK, August 14th, 1861.

Dear Doctor: I write to express my thanks for the great difference you have made in my appearance by your operation on my eye. I have had a *squint*, or *cross-eye*, since birth, and in less than one minute, and with **VERY LITTLE PAIN**, you have made my eyes perfectly straight and natural.

Having consulted in Europe the greatest *Aurists*, I, therefore, can testify that your system of restoring the *hearing* to the deaf is at once scientific, safe and sure; and I confidently recommend all deaf to place themselves under your care. W. T.

There's a nut to crack. Having had a cross-eye cured in one minute, Mr. T. can therefore testify that the system by which he was enabled to see is just the thing to enable the deaf to hear! But an instant's reflection convinced us of the true state of the case. There is an old German song which translated saith:

'I am the Doctor Iron-beer,
The one who makes the blind to hear,
The man who makes the deaf to see:—
Come with your invalids to me.'

We evidently have a Doctor Iron-beer among us. 'He still lives,' and enables people to outdo the clairvoyants, who read with their fingers, by qualifying his patients to peruse the papers with their auricular organs.

WALTER will receive our thanks for the following aesthetic communication:—

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

Do you know the superb picture of Judith and Holofernes, by ALLORI? Of course. But the legend?

The painter ALLORI was blessed and cursed with a mistress, one of the most beautiful women in an age of beauty. He loved her, and she tormented him, until, to set forth his sufferings, he painted *la belle dame sans mercy* as Judith, holding his own decapitated head by the hair.

'She was more than a match for her lover,' said a young lady, who—between us—I think is more beautiful than the Judith.'

'Yes,' was the answer; 'the engraving proves that she got a-head of him.'

Of course it was Holofernally bad. I once heard a better one on the same subject, of scriptural be-head-edness. Where is a centaur first mentioned? John's head on a charger. The postage stamp on your lawyer's bill—mine especially—represents the same thing, with the substitution of General Washington for John. Rarey tamed Cruiser—I wonder if he could do anything by way of 'taking down' this legal 'charger' of mine.

Yours truly,

WALTER

MUCH has been written on oysters. There was a time when England sent nothing else abroad. 'The poor Britons—they are good for something,' says SALLUST, in 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'they produce an oyster.' In these days, they export no oysters, but in lieu thereof give us plenty of pepper-sauce. But to the point,—we mean to the poem,—for which we are indebted to a Philadelphia contributor:—

OYSTERS!

He stood beside the oysters. Near him lay
A dozen raw upon the half-shell: he
With fork stood ready to engulf them all,
When to his side a reverend gray-beard came.
Pointing his index finger to the Natives,
Slowly he spoke, with measured voice and
low:—

'They are the same, THE SAME ! I've eaten
them

In London, small and coppery; at Ostend,
A little better; and in the Condotti,
Yea, in the Lepré —'tis an eating-house
Frequented by the many-languaged artists
Of great imperial Rome. At Baia also
I've tasted that nice kind described by MAR-

TIAL,

Who calls them ears of Venus;—there I've
had 'em.

Also at Memphis—now I'm coming to it:
I've seen amid the desert sands of Egypt,
Exposed among the hieroglyphs, these Na-
tives.

(The hieroglyphs, you know, are outward
forms

Of things or creatures which unfold strange
myths,

Read by the common eye in vulgar way,
But to the learned are types of truths gigantic.)
Thus unto you those oysters are but bivalves;
But unto me they're — P'raps you'll stand a
dozen?

'Well, I will, old hoss; it seems to me you
need 'em!'

'Good! Then to me they are as hieroglyphs
Of our poor human state; as PLATO says,
"The soul of man, a substance different from
The body as the oyster from the shell,
Does stick to it, and is imprisoned in it.
Its weight of shell doth keep it down and force
it

To stay upon its muddy bottom. So does
Man's body hold his soul in these dark re-
gions,

Keeping it ever steadily from rising
To those superior heights where are abodes
More fitting its serene and noble nature."
Good as a quarter-dollar lecture. Boy! fork
over.'

'Another "doz." to this old gentleman;
For I perceive he plainly hath it in him
To swallow down two dozen oysters' souls.
See what it is to be a ph'losopher!'

This is indeed finding sermons in
'shells.'

'PUNNING is a power,' according to
somebody, and, like most power, is sadly
abused. Take, for illustration, the fol-
lowing specimen of the 'narrative-pun':

The reader knows that BYRON once
punned on the word Bullet-in, and was
proud of it; distinctly proud, be it remem-
bered. After which comes the following:—

Some years ago it was summer time,
and in the office of the Philadelphia *Even-
ing Bulletin*, one, as the French say, was
preparing the daily paper. Along Third
Street streamed Shinners, Bulls, Bears, and
Newsboys,—in the sanctum, Editors wrote
and clipped,—proof rose up and down in
the dumb waiter,—there was the shrill
scream of the whistle calling to the fore-
man far on high, —

Suddenly there was a tremendous run in
the front office.

A maddened cow,—an infuriate, delir-
ious, over-driven animal,—breaking loose
from the cow-herdly creature who had her
in charge,—careered wildly past the *Ledger*
building.

One would have thought that the straw
paper on which that sheet was then printed
might have tempted her to repose.

It didn't.

Past FORNEY's paper—he was proprie-
tor of the *Pennsylvanian* in those days.
Those days!—when he was Warwick, the
king-maker, and carried Pennsylvania for
Old Buck. Bitter were the changes in after-
times, and bitterly did Forney give fits
where he had before bestowed bene-fits.
On went the cow.

Right smack into the office of the even-
ing paper, then engineered by ALEXAN-
DER CUMMINGS, now held by GIBSON
PEACOCK.

Rush! went the cow. Right into the
next door—turn to the left, oh, infuriate—
charge into the newsboys! By Santa Ma-
ria, little DUCKEY is down—ha! Saint
Joseph! the beast gains the front office—
she faceth streetwards—she jaculates her-
self outwards—she is gone.

By the door stood a Philadelphia pun-
ster.

The cow switched him with her tail ; he heeded it not. His soul felt the morning gleam of a revelation,—the flash of a Bœthian Aurora,—

Far, far above the world, oh dreamer !—
in the pure land of Sun-light, where the
silent Calemberry rise in the sunset sea.

And he spake,—

*'I see you have a cow let out there, and
a bull let in here !'*

This is going through a great deal to get at a pun, says some over-heated and per-
spiring disciple.

Well—and why not ?

Have you never heard of the clergyman
who preached an entire sermon on the
slave-trade, and gave a detailed account of
its head-quarters, the kingdom of Abomi ?

And why ?

Merely that he might ring it into them
bitterly, fiercely, with this conclusion :

*'My hearers, let us pray that this Abomi-
Nation may be rooted out from the face of
the earth.'*

That was so. *Consummatum est.*

No wonder we hear so much of the
sufferings and sorrows of the Third Es-
tate—which is the editorial.

*'WINE is sometimes wine, but not
very often in these days :'* what it very
often is not when labelled ‘Heidsick’
and ‘Rheims.’ *‘But then the cork*
proves it, you know,—for, by a strange
superstition, it is assumed that when the
cork is correct the wine is not less so ;
a theory which is exploded by a revela-
tion in the following by no means Bac-
chanalian lyric :—

BOGUS CHAMPAGNE.

Fill up your glass with turnip-juice,
And let us swindled be ;
Except in England’s cloudy clime
Such trash you may not see.
With marble-dust and vitriol,
Twill sparkle bright and foam,—
Who will not pledge me in a cup
Of champagne—made at home ?

We do not heed the label fair
That’s stuck upon the glass ;
It’s counterfeit,—an ugly cheat,
That takes in many an ass.
The cork is branded right, and we
Know that it once corked wine ;
They give the hotel-waiters tin
To save the genuine !

Think of this when you next ‘wish
you had given the price of that last bot-
tle of champagne to the Tract Society,’
as *Cecil Dreeme* hath it.

ONE of the best repartees on record
is that of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
who, having been reproached with in-
consistency for having taken from his
journal the old motto, ‘The Constitution
is a league with Death and a covenant
with Hell,’ replied that ‘when he hoisted
that motto, he had no idea that either
death or hell intended to secede. Cir-
cumstances alter cases, and definitions
modify both. Slavery, it now appears,
is death, as every political economist
claims, while the South is—the other
place.

THE following is from one who was not
‘well off for soap :’—

DEAR CONTINENTAL :

It was my fortune, some time ago, while
traveling through the New England States,
to lose my trunk, on my way to a very
thriving manufacturing village. Arrived at
the principal hotel a few minutes before the
dinner hour, I was shown up to my room,
every article of furniture in which sparkled
with newness,—its carpet shining like fire-
works, curtains painfully stiff, and the air
redolent of novelty.

One article of furniture, which I took to
be a cottage piano or melodeon, turned out,
on raising the lid, to be a wash-stand, amply
munitioned with water, towels, and a new
piece of soap. Having noticed that the arti-
cle had never been used, and my own being
lost with my trunk, I determined to put it to
its legitimate destination.

I commenced rubbing it between my
hands, immersing it in water, passing it
quickly from one hand to the other, and us-
ing all other persuasive attempts to solve it
into lather. Useless ; it was *un-lather-able*,
and hearing the gong sound for dinner, I
gave it up as a hopeless job.

After dinner, in conversation with the land-
lord, he asked me how I liked my room. I
told him that it pleased me very well, and
that I had but one fault to find,—that was,
that the soap in the wash-stand was the hard-
est I had ever seen, and I believed it was
made of iron.

'Well,' said he, with a diabolical smile, 'it is hard soap, and it ort to be—it's iron-y—for it's Cast-Steel!'

THE annexed may be read with profit by the charitable:—

H—— has never yet been known to give one cent in charity. A Christian called on him, the other day, and begged him to give something to a soup society.

'Ah-h-h!' said H., 'war times, now. Can't give anything.'

'The soup society is very poor, and would be thankful for the *smallest sum*.'

'Would it?' said H., cheerfully. 'Why, then, twice one are two. Good-morning.'

This, we presume, may be called figuring as a benefactor.

OUR Arabic-studying friend has supplied us with a fresh batch of oriental proverbs:—

'A monkey solicited hospitality from devils. "Young gentleman," they replied, "the house is quite empty of provisions..."'

'Eat whatever thou likest, but dress as others do.'

'Like a needle, that clothes people, and is itself naked.'

'He who makes chaff of himself the cows will eat.'

'Give me wool to-day, and take sheep to-morrow.'

'He is high-minded but empty-bellied.'

'Easier to be broken than the house of a spider.'

'He descends like the foot of a crow, and ascends (like) the hoof of a camel.'

But all yield in grim drollery to the last given:—

'There are no fans in hell.'

Which, as our friend declares, 'sounds as Western as Eastern.' Verily, extremes meet.

MANY of our exchanges have spoken of the series entitled 'Among the Pines,' now publishing in this Magazine, as being written by FREDERICK LAW OLMFSTED. In justice to Mr. OLMSTED we would state that he is not the author of the articles in question, and regret that the unauthorized statement should have obtained such general credence.

A statement has also appeared in many journals declaring that the literary matter of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY is the same with that published in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine. We need not say that it is *entirely false*, as any reader may ascertain for himself who will take the pains to compare the two publications. Not one line has ever appeared in common in the Magazines. The Knickerbocker is printed and PUBLISHED in New York, at No. 532 Broadway, the CONTINENTAL in Boston, at No. 110 Tremont Street.

THE editor of the CONTINENTAL begs leave to repeat that as the principal object of the Magazine is to draw forth such views as may be practically useful in the present crisis, its pages will always be open to contributions even of a widely varying character, the only condition being that they shall be written by friends of the Union. And we call special attention to the fact that while holding firmly to our own views, as set forth under the Editorial heading, we by no means profess to endorse those of our contributors, but shall leave the reader to make his own comments on these.

READERS will confer a favor by forwarding to us any pamphlets, secession or Union, on the war, which they may be disposed to spare.

THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. I.—APRIL, 1862.—No. IV.

THE WAR BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

IT is admitted that no man can write the history of his own times with such fullness and impartiality as shall entitle his record to the unquestioning credence and acceptance of posterity. Men are necessarily actors in the scenes amid which they live. If not personally taking an active part in the conduct of public affairs, they have friends who are, and in whose success or failure their own welfare is in some way bound up. The bias which interest always gives will necessarily attach to their judgment of current events, and the leading actors by whom these events are controlled. Cotemporaneous history, for this reason, will always be found partisan history—not entitled to, and, if intelligently and honestly written, not exacting, the implicit faith of those who shall come after; but simply establishing that certain classes of people, of whom the writer was one, acted under the conviction that they owed certain duties to themselves and their country. It will be for the future compiler of the world's history, who shall see the end of present struggles, to determine the justice of the causes of controversy, and the wisdom and honesty of the parties that acted adversely. To such after judgment, with a full knowledge of present re-

proach as a partisan, the writer of this article commends the brief sketch he will present of the beginning and military treatment of the great Rebellion in the State of Missouri. He will not attempt to make an episode of any part of this history, because of the supposed vigor or brilliancy of the martial deeds occurring in the time. Least of all would he take the ‘Hundred Days,’ which another pen has chosen for special distinction, as representing the period of heroism in that war-trampled State. Any ‘hundred days’ of the rebellion in Missouri have had their corresponding *nights*; and no one can be bold enough yet to say that the day of permanent triumph has dawned. Humiliation has alternated with success so far; and the most stunning defeats of the war in the West marked the beginning and the close of the hundred days named for honor. This fact should teach modesty and caution. For while justice to men requires us to admit that the greatest abilities do not always command success, devotion to principle forbids that a noble cause should be obscured to become the mere background of a scene in which an actor and popular idol is the chief figure. It is with a consciousness of such partialities as are

common to men, but with an honest purpose, so far as the writer is able, to subordinate men to principles, that this review of the origin and chief incidents of the rebellion in Missouri is begun.

The close connection of the State of Missouri with the slavery agitation that has now ripened into a rebellion against the government of the United States, is a singular historical fact. The admission of the State into the Union was the occasion of vitalizing the question of slavery extension and fixing it as a permanent element in the politics of the country. It has continued to be the theatre on which the most important conflicts growing out of slavery extension have been decided. It will be the first, in the hope and belief of millions, to throw off the fetters of an obsolete institution, so long cramping its social and political advancement, and to set an example to its sister slaveholding States of the superior strength, beauty, and glory of Freedom.

The pro-slavery doctrines of John C. Calhoun, after having pervaded the democracy of all the other slaveholding States, and obtained complete possession of the national executive, legislative and judicial departments, finally, in 1844, appeared also in the State of Missouri. But it was in so minute and subtle a form as not to seem a sensible heresy. Thomas H. Benton, the illustrious senator of the Jackson era, was then, as he had been for twenty-four years, the political autocrat of Missouri. He had long been convinced of the latent treason of the Calhoun school of politicians. He was able to combat the schemes of the Southern oligarchy composing and controlling the Cabinet of President Polk; unsuccessfully, it is true, yet with but slight diminution of his popularity at home. Nevertheless, the seeds of disunion had been borne to his State; they had taken root; and, like all evil in life, they proved self-perpetuating and ineradicable. In 1849 the Mexican war, begun in the interest of the disunionists, had been closed. A vast accession of territory had accrued to the Union. It

was the plan and purpose of the disunion party to appropriate and occupy this territory; to organize it in their interests; and, finally, to admit it into the Union as States, to add to their political power, and prepare for that struggle between the principle of freedom and the principle of slavery in the government, which Mr. Calhoun had taught was inevitable. But the hostility of Benton in the Senate was dreaded by the Southern leaders thus early conspiring against the integrity of the Union. The Missouri senator seemed, of all cotemporaneous statesmen, to be the only one that fully comprehended the incipient treason. His earnest opposition assumed at times the phases of *monomania*. He sought to crush it in the egg. He lifted his warning voice on all occasions. He inveighed bitterly against the 'Nullifiers,' as he invariably characterized the Calhoun politicians, declaring that their purpose was to destroy the Union. It became necessary, therefore, before attempting to dispose of the territories acquired from Mexico, to silence Benton, or remove him from the Senate. Accordingly, when the legislature of Missouri met in 1849, a series of resolutions was introduced, declaring that all territory derived by the United States, in the treaty with Mexico, should be open to settlement by the citizens of all the States in common; that the question of allowing or prohibiting slavery in any territory could only be decided by the people resident in the territory, and then only when they came to organize themselves into a State government; and, lastly, that if the general government should attempt to establish a rule other than this for the settlement of the territories, the State of Missouri would stand pledged to her sister Southern States to co-operate in whatever measures of resistance or redress *they* might deem necessary. The resolutions distinctly abdicated all right of judgment on the part of Missouri, and committed the State to a blind support of Southern 'Nullification' in a possible contingency. They were in flagrant

opposition to the life-long principles and daily vehement utterances of Benton—as they were intended to be. Nevertheless, they were adopted; and the senators of Missouri were instructed to conform their public action to them. These resolutions were introduced by one Claiborne F. Jackson, a member of the House of Representatives from the County of Howard, one of the most democratic and largest slaveholding counties in the State. The resolutions took the name of their mover, and are known in the political history of Missouri as the ‘Jackson resolutions.’ And Claiborne F. Jackson, who thus took the initiative in foisting treason upon the statute-books of Missouri, is, to-day, by curious coincidence, the official head of that State nominally in open revolt. But Jackson, it was early ascertained, was not entitled to the doubtful honor of the paternity of these resolutions. They had been matured in a private chamber of the Capitol at Jefferson City, by two or three conspirators, who received, it was asserted by Benton, and finally came to be believed, the first draft of the resolutions from Washington, where the disunion cabal, armed with federal power, had its headquarters.

Thus the bolt was launched at the Missouri senator, who, from his prestige of Jacksonism, his robust patriotism, his indomitable will, and his great abilities, was regarded as the most formidable if not the only enemy standing in the way of meditated treason. It was not doubted that the blow would be fatal. Benton was in one sense the father of the doctrine of legislative instructions. In his persistent and famous efforts to ‘expunge’ the resolutions of censure on Gen. Jackson that had been placed in the Senate journal, Benton had found it necessary to revolutionize the sentiments or change the composition of the Senate. Whigs were representing democratic States, and Democrats refused to vote for a resolution expunging any part of the record of the Senate’s proceedings. To meet and overcome this re-

sistance, Benton introduced the dogma that a senator was bound to obey the instructions of the legislature of his State. He succeeded, by his great influence in his party, and by the aid of the democratic administration, in having the dogma adopted, and it became an accepted rule in the democratic party. Resolutions were now invoked and obtained from State legislatures instructing their senators to vote for the ‘Expunging Resolutions,’ or resign. Some obeyed; some resigned. Benton carried his point; but it was at the sacrifice of the spirit of that part of the Constitution which gave to United States senators a term of six years, for the purpose of protecting the Senate from frequent fluctuations of popular feeling, and securing steadiness in legislation. Benton was the apostle of this unwise and destructive innovation upon the constitutional tenure of senators. He was doomed to be a conspicuous victim of his own error. When the ‘Jackson resolutions’ were passed by the legislature of Missouri, instructing Benton to endorse measures that led to nullification and disunion, he saw the dilemma in which he was placed, and did the best he could to extricate himself. He presented the resolutions from his seat in the Senate; denounced their treasonable character, and declared his purpose to appeal from the legislature to the people of Missouri.

On the adjournment of Congress, Benton returned to Missouri and commenced a canvass in vindication of his own cause, and in opposition to the democratic majority of the legislature that passed the Jackson resolutions, which has had few if any parallels in the history of the government for heat and bitterness. The senator did not return to argue and convert, but to fulminate and destroy. He appointed times and places for public speaking in the most populous counties of the State, and where the opposition to him had grown boldest. He allowed no ‘division of time’ to opponents wishing to controvert the positions assumed in his speeches. On the con-

trary, he treated every interruption, whether for inquiry or retort, on the part of any one opposed to him, as an insult, and proceeded to pour upon the head of the offender a torrent of denunciation and abuse, unmeasured and appalling. The extraordinary course adopted by Benton in urging his ‘appeal,’ excited astonishment and indignation among the democratic partisans that had, in many cases, thoughtlessly become arrayed against him.* They might have yielded to expostulation; they were stung to resentment by unsparing vilification. The rumor of Benton’s manner preceded him through the State, after the first signal manifestations of his ruthless spirit; and he was warned not to appear at some of the appointments he had made, else his life would pay the forfeit of his personal assaults. These threats only made the Missouri lion more fierce and untamable. He filled all his appointments, bearing everywhere the same front, often surrounded by enraged enemies armed and thirsting for his blood, but ever denunciatory and defiant, and returned to St. Louis, still boiling with inexhaustible choler, to await the judg-

ment of the State upon his appeal. He failed. The pro-slavery sentiment of the people had been too thoroughly evoked in the controversy, and too many valuable party leaders had been needlessly driven from his support by unsparing invective. An artful and apparently honest appeal to the right of legislative instructions,—an enlargement of popular rights which Benton himself had conferred upon them,—and—the unfailing weapon of Southern demagogues against their opponents—the charge that Benton had joined the ‘Abolitionists,’ and was seeking to betray ‘the rights of the South,’ worked the overthrow of the hitherto invincible senator. The Whigs of Missouri, though agreeing mainly with Benton in the principles involved in this contest, had received nothing at his hands, throughout his long career, but defeat and total exclusion from all offices and honors, State and National. This class of politicians were too glad of the prospective division of his party and the downfall of his power, to be willing to re-assert their principles through a support of Benton. The loyal Union sentiments of the State in this way failed to be united, and a majority was elected to the legislature opposed to Benton. He was defeated of a re-election to the Senate by Henry S. Geyer, a pro-slavery Whig, and supporter of the Jackson resolutions, after having filled a seat in that august body for a longer time consecutively than any other senator ever did.

Thus was removed from the halls of Congress the most sagacious and formidable enemy that the disunion propagandists ever encountered. Their career in Congress and in the control of the federal government was thenceforth unchecked. The cords of loyalty in Missouri were snapped in Benton’s fall, and that State swung off into the strongly-sweeping current of secessionism. The city of St. Louis remained firm a while, and returned Benton twice to the House; but his energies were exhausted now in defensive war; and the truculent and triumphant slave power dominating, the State at last succeeded, through the

* An incident that occurred at Palmyra, in Marion County, of which the writer was a witness, may be given as a fair illustration of Benton’s insulting and insufferable manner in this celebrated canvass. During the delivery of his speech, in the densely-crowded court-house, a prominent county politician, who was opposed to Benton, arose and put a question to him. ‘Come here,’ said Benton, in his abrupt and authoritative tone. The man with difficulty made his way through the mass, and advanced till he stood immediately in front of Benton. ‘Who are you, sir?’ inquired the swelling and indignant senator. The citizen gave his well-known name. ‘Who?’ demanded Benton. The name was distinctly repeated. And then, without replying to the question that had been proposed, but with an air of disdain and annihilating contempt that no man in America but Benton could assume, he proceeded with his speech, leaving his interrogator to retire from his humiliating embarrassment as best he could. At the close of the address, some of his friends expressed surprise to Benton that he had not known the man that interrupted him. ‘Know him!’ said he; ‘I knew him well enough. I only meant to make him stand with his hat in his hand, and tell me his name, like a nigger.’

coercion of commercial interests, in defeating him even in the citadel of loyalty. He tried once more to breast the tide that had borne down his fortunes. He became a candidate for governor in 1856 ; but, though he disclaimed anti-slavery sentiments, and supported James Buchanan for President against Fremont, his son-in-law, he was defeated by Trusten Polk, who soon passed from the gubernatorial chair to Benton's seat in the United States Senate, from which he was, in course of time, to be expelled. Benton retired to private life, only to labor more assiduously in compiling historical evidences against the fast ripening treason of the times.

The Missouri senator was no longer in the way of the Southern oligarchs. A shaft feathered by his own hands—the doctrine of instructions—had slain him.

But yet another obstacle remained. The Missouri Compromise lifted a barrier to the expansion of the Calhoun idea of free government, having African slavery for its corner-stone. This obstacle was to be removed. Missouri furnished the prompter and agent of that wrong in David R. Atchison, for many years Benton's colleague in the Senate. Atchison was a man of only moderate talents, of dogged purpose, willful, wholly unscrupulous in the employment of the influences of his position, and devoid of all the attributes and qualifications of statesmanship. He was a fit representative of the pro-slavery fanaticism of his State ; had lived near the Kansas line ; had looked upon and coveted the fair lands of that free territory, and resolved that they should be the home and appanage of slavery. It is now a part of admitted history that this dull but determined Missouri senator approached Judge Douglas, then chairman of the Committee on Territories, and, by some incomprehensible influence, induced that distinguished senator to commit the flagrant and terrible blunder of reporting the Kansas-Nebraska bill, with a clause repealing the Missouri Compromise, and thus throwing open Kansas to the occupation of slavery. That error was griev-

ously atoned for in the subsequent hard fate of Judge Douglas, who was cast off and destroyed by the cruel men he had served. Among the humiliations that preceded the close of this political tragedy, none could have been more pungent to Judge Douglas than the fact that Atchison, in a drunken harangue from the tail of a cart in Western Missouri, surrounded by a mob of 'border ruffians' rallying for fresh wrongs upon the free settlers of Kansas, recited, in coarse glee and brutal triumph, the incidents of his interview with the senator of Illinois, when, with mixed cajolery and threats, he partly tempted, partly drove him to his ruin. The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed. What part Atchison took, what part Missouri took, under the direction of the pro-slavery leaders that filled every department of the State government, the 'border-russian' forays, the pillage of the government arsenal at Liberty, the embargo of the Missouri river, and the robbing and mobbing of peaceful emigrants from the free States, the violence at the polls, and the fraudulent voting that corrupted all the franchises of that afflicted territory, do sufficiently attest. It is not needed to rehearse any of this painful and well-known history.

The Territory of Kansas was saved to its prescriptive freedom. The slavery propagandists sullenly withdrew and gave up the contest. The last days of the dynasty that had meditated the conquest of the continent to slave-holding government were evidently at hand. The result of the struggle in Kansas had reversed the relation of the contesting powers. The oligarchs, who had always before been aggressive, and intended to subordinate the Union to slavery, or destroy it, found themselves suddenly thrown on the defensive ; and, with the quick intelligence of a property interest, and the keen jealousy of class and caste which their slave-holding had implanted, they saw that they were engaged in an unequal struggle, that their sceptre was broken, and that, if they continued to rule, it would have to be over the homogeneous half of a dismembered Union.

From this moment a severance of the Slave States from the Free was resolved on, and every agency that could operate on governments, State and National, was set to work. It was not by accident that Virginia had procured the nomination of the facile Buchanan for President in the Baltimore Convention of 1856; it was not by accident that Floyd was made Secretary of War, or that, many months before any outbreak of rebellion, this arch traitor had well-nigh stripped the Northern arsenals of arms, and placed them where they would be 'handy' for insurgents to seize. It was not by accident that John C. Breckenridge headed the factionists that willfully divided and defeated the National Democracy, that perchance could have elected Judge Douglas President; nor was it by accident that Beriah Magoffin, a vain, weak man, the creature, adjunct, and echo of Breckenridge, filled the office of governor of Kentucky, nominated thereto by Breckenridge's personal intercession. And lastly, to return to the special theatre of this sketch, it was not by accident that Claiborne F. Jackson, the original mover for Benton's destruction, was at this remarkable juncture found occupying the governor's chair, with Thomas C. Reynolds for his lieutenant governor, a native of South Carolina, an acknowledged missionary of the nullification faith to a State that required to be corrupted, and that he had, during his residence, zealously endeavored to corrupt.

We have now reached the turning point in the history of Missouri. The State is about to be plunged into the whirlpool of civil war. Undisguised disunionists are in complete possession of the State government, and the population is supposed to be ripe for revolt. Only one spot in it, and that the city of St. Louis, is regarded as having the slightest sympathy with the political sentiments of the Free States of the Union. The State is surely counted for the 'South' in the division that impends, for where is the heart in St. Louis bold enough, or the hand strong enough, to

resist the swelling tide of pro-slavery fanaticism that was about to engulf the State? Years ago, when it was but a ripple on the surface, it had overborne Benton, with all his fame of thirty years' growth. What leader of slighter mold and lesser fame could now resist the coming shock? In tracing the origin and growth of rebellion in Missouri, it is interesting to gather up all the threads that link the present with the past. It will preserve the unity of the plot, and give effect to the last acts of the drama.

The first visible seam or cleft in the National Democratic party occurred during the administration of President Polk, in the years 1844-48. Calhoun appeared as Polk's Secretary of State. Thomas Ritchie was transferred from Richmond, Va., to Washington, to edit the government organ, in place of Francis P. Blair, Sr. The Jackson *regime* of unconditional and uncompromising devotion to the 'Federal Union' was displaced, and the dubious doctrine of 'States' Rights' was formally inaugurated as the chart by which in future the national government was to be administered. But the Jackson element was not reconciled to this radical change in the structure and purpose of the National Democratic organization; and, although party lines were so tensely drawn that to go against 'the Administration' was political treason, and secured irrevocable banishment from power, the close of Polk's administration found many old Democrats of the Jackson era ready for the sacrifice. The firm resolve of these men was manifested when, after the nomination of Gen. Cass, in 1848, in the usual form, at Baltimore, by the Democratic National Convention, they assembled at Buffalo and presented a counter ticket, headed by the name of Martin Van Buren, who had been thrust aside four years previously by the Southern oligarchs to make way for James K. Polk. The entire artillery of the Democratic party opened on the Buffalo schismatics. They were stigmatized by such opprobrious nicknames and epithets as 'Barnburners,' 'Free Soilers,' 'Abo-

litionists,' and instantly and forever excommunicated from the Democratic party. In Missouri alone, of all the Slave States, was any stand made in behalf of the Buffalo ticket. Benton's sympathies had been with Van Buren, his old friend of the Jackson times; and Francis P. Blair, Sr., of the *Globe*, had two sons, Montgomery Blair and Francis P. Blair, Jr., resident in St. Louis. These two, with about a hundred other young men of equal enthusiasm, organized themselves together, accepted the 'Buffalo platform' as their future rule of faith, issued an address to the people of Missouri, openly espousing and advocating free soil-principles; and, by subscription among themselves, published a campaign paper, styled the *Barnburner*, during the canvass. The result at the polls was signal only for its insignificance; and the authors of the movement hardly had credit for a respectable escapade. But the event has proved that neither ridicule nor raillery, nor, in later years, persecutions and the intolerable pressure of federal power, could turn back the revolution thus feebly begun. In that campaign issue of the *Barnburner* were sown the seeds of what became, in later nomenclature, 'the Free Democracy, and, later still, the 'Republican' party of Missouri. The German population of St. Louis sympathized from the start with the free principles enunciated. Frank Blair, Jr., became from that year their political leader; right honestly did he earn the position; and right well, even his political foes have always admitted, did he maintain it.

Frank Blair was a disciple of Benton; yet, as is often the case, the pupil soon learned to go far ahead of his teacher. In 1852, there was a union of the Free Democrats and National Democrats of Missouri, in support of Franklin Pierce. But the entire abandonment of Pierce's administration to the rule of the Southern oligarchs sundered the incongruous elements in Missouri forever. In 1856 Benton was found supporting James Buchanan for President; but Blair declined to follow his ancient leader in that

direction. He organized the free-soil element in St. Louis to oppose the Buchanan electoral ticket. An electoral ticket in the State at large, for John C. Fremont, was neither possible nor advisable. In some districts no man would dare be a candidate on that side; in others, the full free-soil vote, from the utter hopelessness of success, would not be polled; and thus the cause would be made to appear weaker than it deserved. To meet the emergency, and yet bear witness to principle, the free-soil vote was cast for the Fillmore electoral ticket, 'under protest,' as it was called, the name of 'John C. Fremont' being printed in large letters at the head of every free-soil ballot cast. By this means the Buchanan electors were beaten fifteen hundred votes in St. Louis City and County, where, by a union as Benton proposed, they would have had three thousand majority. But the 'free-soilers' failed to defeat Buchanan in the State.

Nothing discouraged by this result, Blair resumed the work of organizing for the future. The Fillmore party gave no thanks to the free-soilers for their aid in the presidential election, nor did the latter ask any. They had simply taken the choice of evils; and now, renouncing all alliances, Blair became the champion and leader of a self-existing, self-reliant State party, that should accomplish emancipation in Missouri. He again established a newspaper to inculcate free principles in the State. By untiring effort, he revived and recruited his party. He gave it platforms, planned its campaigns, contested every election in St. Louis, whether for municipal officers, for State legislature, or for Congress; and always fought his battles on the most advanced ground assumed by the growing free-soil party of the Union. The powerful and rapidly-increasing German population of St. Louis responded nobly to his zeal and skillful leadership. Soon a victory was gained; and St. Louis declared for freedom, amid acclamations that reverberated throughout the States that

extended from the Ohio to the lakes, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. But, having wrench'd victory from a people so intolerant as the pro-slavery population of Missouri, it was not to be expected that he would retain it easily. He was set upon more fiercely than ever. The loss of the city of St. Louis was considered a disgrace to the State; and the most desperate personal malignity was added to the resentment of pro-slavery wrath in the future election contests in that city. The corrupting appliances of federal power were at last invoked, under Buchanan's administration; and Blair was for the moment overwhelmed by fraud, and thrown out of Congress. But, with a resolution from which even his friends would have dissuaded him, and with a persistency and confidence that were a marvel to friend and foe, he contested his seat before Congress, and won it. And this verdict was soon ratified by his brave and faithful constituency at the polls. Such was the Republican party, such their leader in St. Louis, when the black day of disunion came. And in their hands lay the destiny of the State.

As soon as the presidential election was decided, and the choice of Abraham Lincoln was known, the disunionists in Missouri commenced their work. Thomas C. Reynolds, the lieutenant-governor, made a visit to Washington, and extended it to Virginia, counseling with the traitors, and agreeing upon the time and manner of joining Missouri in the revolt. The legislature of Missouri met in the latter part of December, about two weeks after the secession of South Carolina. A bill was at once introduced, calling a State convention, and passed. The message of Claiborne F. Jackson, the governor, had been strongly in favor of secession from the Union. The Missouri *Republican*, the leading newspaper of the State, whose advocacy had elected the traitor, declared, on the last day of the year, that unless guarantees in defense of slavery were immediately given by the North, Missouri should secede

from the Union. And so the secession feeling gathered boldness and volume.

Candidates for the State convention came to be nominated in St. Louis, and two parties were at once arrayed—the unconditional Union party, and the qualified Unionists, who wished new compromises. Frank Blair was one of the leaders of the former, and he was joined by all the true men of the old parties. But the secessionists—they might as well be so called, for all their actions tended to weaken and discredit the Union—nominated an able ticket. The latter party were soon conscious of defeat, and began to hint mysteriously at a power stronger than the ballot-box, that would be invoked in defence of 'Southern rights.' To many, indeed to most persons, this seemed an idle threat. Not so to Frank Blair. He had imbibed from Benton the invincible faith of the latter in the settled purpose of the 'nullifiers' to subvert and destroy the government. And in a private caucus of the leaders of the Union party, on an ever-memorable evening in the month of January, he startled the company by the proposition that the time had come when the friends of the government must arm in its defence. With a deference to his judgment and sagacity that had become habitual, the Unionists yielded their consent, and soon the enrolment of companies began; nightly drills with arms took place in nearly all the wards of the city; and by the time of election day some thousands of citizen soldiers, mostly Germans, could have been gathered, with arms in their hands, with the quickness of fire signals at night, at any point in the city. The secessionists had preceded this armed movement of the Union men by the organization of a body known as 'minute-men.' But the promptness and superior skill that characterized Frank Blair's movement subverted the secession scheme; and it was first repudiated, and then its existence denied. The day of election came, and passed peacefully. The unconditional Union ticket was

elected by a sweeping majority of five thousand votes. The result throughout the State was not less decisive and surprising. Of the entire number of delegates composing the convention, not one was chosen who had dared to express secession sentiments before the people; and the aggregate majority of the Union candidates in the State amounted to about eighty thousand. The shock of this defeat for the moment paralyzed the conspirators; but their evil inspirations soon put them to work again. Their organs in Missouri assumed an unfriendly tone towards the convention, which was to meet in Jefferson City. The legislature that had called the convention remained in session in the same place, but made no fit preparations for the assembling of the convention, or for the accommodation and pay of the members. The debate in the legislature on the bill for appropriations for these purposes was insulting to the convention, the more ill-tempered and ill-bred secession members intimating that such a body of 'submissionists' were unworthy to represent Missouri, and undeserving of any pay. The manifest ill feeling between the two bodies — the legislature elected eighteen months previously, and without popular reference to the question of secession, and the convention chosen fresh from the people, to decide on the course of the State — soon indicated the infelicity of the two remaining in session at the same time and in the same place. Accordingly, within a few days after the organization of the convention, it adjourned its session to the city of St. Louis. It did not meet a cordial reception there. So insolent had the secession spirit already grown, that on the day of the assembling of the convention in that city, the members were insulted by taunts in the streets and by the ostentatious floating of the rebel flag from the Democratic head-quarters, hard by the building in which they assembled.

Being left in the undisputed occupancy of the seat of government, the governor, lieutenant-governor, and legislature gave themselves up to the enactment of

flagrant and undisguised measures of hostility to the federal government. Commissioners from States that had renounced the Constitution, and withdrawn, as they claimed, from the Union, arrived at Jefferson City as apostles of treason. They were received as distinguished and honorable ambassadors. A joint session of the legislature was called to hear their communications. The lieutenant-governor, Reynolds, being the presiding officer of the joint session, required that the members should rise when these traitors entered, and receive them standing and uncovered. The commissioners were allowed to harangue the representatives of Missouri, by the hour, in unmeasured abuse of the federal government, in open rejoicings over its supposed dissolution, and in urgent appeals to the people of Missouri to join the rebel States in their consummated treason. Noisy demonstrations of applause greeted these commissioners; and legislators, and the governor himself, in a public speech in front of the executive mansion, pledged them that Missouri would shortly be found ranged on the side of seceded States. The treason of the governor and legislature did not stop with these manifestations. They proceeded to acts of legislation, preparatory to the employment of force, after the manner of their 'Southern brethren.' First, it was necessary to get control of the city of St. Louis. The Republican party held the government of the city, mayor, council, and police force — a formidable Union organization. The legislature passed a bill repealing that part of the city charter that gave to the mayor the appointment of the police, and constituting a board of police commissioners, to be appointed by the governor, who should exercise that power. He named men that suited his purposes. The Union police were discharged, and their places filled by secessionists. Next, the State militia was to be organized in the interests of rebellion, and a law was passed to accomplish that end. The State was set off into divisions; military camps were

to be established in each; all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty were liable to be called into camp and drilled a given number of days in the year; and, when summoned to duty, instead of taking the usual oath to support the Constitution of the United States, they were required only to be sworn 'to obey the orders of the governor of the State of Missouri.' These camps were styled camps of instruction. One of them was established at St. Louis, within the corporate limits of the city, about two miles west of the court-house, on a commanding eminence.

Thus the lines began to be drawn closely around the Unionists of St. Louis. The State convention had adjourned, and its members had gone home, having done but little to reassure the loyalists. They had, indeed, passed an ordinance declaring that Missouri would adhere to the Union; but the majority of the members had betrayed such hesitancy and indecision, such a lack of stomach to grapple with the rude issues of the rebellion, that their action passed almost without moral effect. Their ordinance was treated with contempt by the secessionists, and nearly lost sight of by the people; so thoroughly were all classes lashed into excitement by the storm of revolution now blackening the whole Southern hemisphere.

The friends of the Union could look to but one quarter for aid, that was Washington, where a new administration had so recently been installed, amid difficulties that seemed to have paralyzed its power. The government had been defied by the rebellion at every point; its ships driven by hostile guns from Southern ports; its treasures seized; its arsenals occupied, and its abundant arms and munitions appropriated. Nowhere had the federal armament insulted and robbery with a blow. This had not been the fault of the government that was inaugurated on the fourth of March. It was the fruit of the official treason of the preceding adminis-

tration, that had completely disarmed the government, and filled the new executive councils with confusion, by the numberless knaves it had placed in all departments of the public service, whose daily desertions of duty rendered the prompt and honest execution of the laws impossible. But the fact was indisputable; and how could St. Louis hope for protection that had nowhere else been afforded? The national government had an arsenal within the city limits. It comprised a considerable area of ground, was surrounded by a high and heavy stone wall, and supplied with valuable arms. But so far from this establishment being a protection to the loyal population, it seemed more likely, judging by what had occurred in other States, that it would serve as a temptation to the secession mob that was evidently gathering head for mischief, and that the desire to take it would precipitate the outbreak. The Unionists felt their danger; the rebels saw their opportunity. Already the latter were boasting that they would in a short time occupy this post, and not a few of the prominent Union citizens of the town were warned by secession leaders that they would soon be set across the Mississippi river, exiles from their homes forever. As an instance of the audacity of the rebel element at this time, and for weeks later, the fact is mentioned that the United States soldiers, who paced before the gates of the arsenal as sentinels on duty, had their beats defined for them by the new secession police, and were forbidden to invade the sacred precincts of the city's highway. The arsenal was unquestionably devoted to capture, and it would have been a prize to the rebels second in value to the Gosport navy-yard. It contained at this time sixty-six thousand stand of small arms, several batteries of light artillery and heavy ordnance, and at least one million dollars' worth of ammunition. It was besides supplied with extensive and valuable machinery for repairing guns, rifling barrels, mounting artillery, and preparing shot and shell. The future, to the

Union men of St. Louis, looked gloomy enough; persecution, and, if they resisted, death, seemed imminent; and no voice from abroad reached them, giving them good cheer. But deliverance was nigh at hand.

About the middle of January, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second Infantry, U. S. A., arrived in St. Louis with his company; and his rank gave him command of all the troops then at the arsenal and Jefferson Barracks, a post on the river, ten miles below, the department being under the command of Brigadier General Harney. Capt. Lyon had been garrisoning a fort in Kansas. He was known to some of the Union men of St. Louis; and his resolute spirit and devoted patriotism marked him as their leader in this crisis. Frank Blair at once put himself in communication with Capt. Lyon, and advised him fully and minutely as to the political situation. He exposed to him the existence of his volunteer military organization. At his request Capt. Lyon visited and reviewed the regiments; and it was arranged between them that if an outbreak should occur, or any attempt be made to seize the arsenal, Capt. Lyon should receive this volunteer force to his assistance, arm it from the arsenal, and take command for the emergency. It should be known, however, to the greater credit of the Union leaders of St. Louis, that they had already, from private funds, procured about one thousand stand of arms, with which their nightly drills, as heretofore stated, had been conducted. As soon as Capt. Lyon's connection with this organization was suspected, an attempt was made to have him removed, by ordering him to Kansas on the pretext of a court of inquiry; but this attempt was defeated. Thus matters stood for a time, the Union men beginning to be reassured, but still doubtful of the end. After a while, Fort Sumter was opened upon, and fell under its furious bombardment. The torch of war was lit. President Lincoln issued his proclamation for volunteers. Gov. Jackson telegraphed back an insolent and defi-

ant refusal, in which he denounced the 'war waged by the federal government' as 'inhuman and diabolical.' Frank Blair instantly followed this traitorous governor's dispatch by another, addressed to the Secretary of War, asking him to accept and muster into service the volunteer regiments he had been forming. This offer was accepted, and the men presented themselves. But Brig. Gen. Harney, fearing that the arming of these troops would exasperate the secession populace, and bring about a collision with the State militia, refused to permit the men to be mustered into service and armed. This extraordinary decision was immediately telegraphed to the government, and Gen. Harney was relieved, leaving Capt. Lyon in full command. This was the 23d of April. In a week four full regiments were mustered in, and occupied the arsenal. A memorial was prepared and sent to Washington by Frank Blair, now colonel of the first of these regiments, asking for the enrolment of five other regiments of Home Guards. Permission was given, and in another week these regiments also were organized and armed. The conflict was now at hand. Simultaneously with this arming on the part of the government for the protection of the arsenal, the order went forth for the assembling of the State troops in their camps of instruction. On Monday, the 6th of May, the First Brigade of Missouri militia, under Gen. D. M. Frost, was ordered by Gov. Jackson into camp at St. Louis, avowedly for purposes of drill and exercise. At the same time encampments were formed, by order of the governor, in other parts of the State. The governor's adherents in St. Louis intimated that the time for taking the arsenal had arrived, and the indiscreet young men who made up the First Brigade openly declared that they only awaited an order from Gov. Jackson—an order which they evidently had been led to expect—to attack the arsenal and possess it, in spite of the feeble opposition they calculated to meet from 'the Dutch' Home Guards enlisted to

defend it. A few days previously, an agent of the governor had purchased at St. Louis several hundred kegs of gunpowder, and succeeded, by an adroit stratagem, in shipping it to Jefferson City. The encampment at St. Louis, 'Camp Jackson,' so called from the governor, was laid off by streets, to which were assigned the names 'Rue de Beauregard,' and others similarly significant; and when among the visitors whom curiosity soon began to bring to the camp a 'Black Republican' was discovered by the soldiers,—and this epithet was applied to all unconditional Unionists,—he was treated with unmistakable coldness, if not positive insult. If additional proof of the hostile designs entertained against the federal authority by this camp were needed, it was furnished on Thursday, the 9th, by the reception within the camp of several pieces of cannon, and several hundred stand of small arms, taken from the federal arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which was then in the possession of the rebels. These arms were brought to St. Louis by the steamboat *J. C. Swon*, the military authorities at Cairo having been deceived by the packages, which were represented to contain marble slabs. On the arrival of the *Swon* at the St. Louis levee, the arms were taken from her, sent to Camp Jackson, and received there with demonstrations of triumph.

When Capt. Lyon was entrusted with full command at St. Louis, President Lincoln had named, in his orders to him, a commission of six loyal and discreet citizens with whom he should consult in matters pertaining to the public safety, and with whose counsel he might declare martial law. These citizens were John How, Samuel T. Glover, O. D. Filley, Jean J. Witsig, James O. Broadhead, and Col. Frank P. Blair. The last mentioned—Colonel Blair—was Capt. Lyon's confidential and constant companion. They were comrades in arms, and a unit in counsel. Their views

were in full accord as to the necessity of immediately reducing Camp Jackson. Defiance was daily passing between the marshalling hosts, not face to face, but through dubious partisans who passed from camp to camp, flitting like the bats of fable in the confines of conflict. Capt. Lyon's decision, urged thereto by Col. Blair, was made without calling a council of the rest of his advisers. They heard of it, however, and, though brave and loyal men all, they gathered around him in his quarters at the arsenal, Thursday evening, and besought him earnestly to change his purpose. The conference was protracted the livelong night, and did not close till six o'clock, Friday morning, the 10th. They found Capt. Lyon inexorable,—the fate of Camp Jackson was decreed. Col. Blair's regiment was at Jefferson Barracks, ten miles below the arsenal, at that hour. It was ordered up; and about noon on that memorable Friday, Capt. Lyon quietly left the arsenal gate at the head of six thousand troops, of whom four hundred and fifty were regulars, the remainder United States Reserve Corps or Home Guards, marched in two columns to Camp Jackson, and before the State troops could recover from the amazement into which the appearance of the advancing army threw them, surrounded the camp, planting his batteries upon the elevations around, at a distance of five hundred yards, and stationing his infantry in the roads leading from the grove wherein their tents were pitched. The State troops were taken completely by surprise; for, although there had been vague reports current in camp of an intended attack from the arsenal, the cry of the visitors at the grove, 'They're coming!' 'They're coming!' raised just as the first column appeared in sight, found them strolling leisurely under the trees, chatting with their friends from the city, or stretched upon the thick green grass, smoking and reading.

BEAUFORT DISTRICT,—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE sovereign State of South Carolina seems from the beginning to have been actuated by the desire not only to mold its institutions according to a system differing entirely from that of its sister States, but even to divide its territory in a peculiar manner, for which reason we find in it ‘districts’ taking the place of counties. The south-west of these bears the name of its principal town, ‘Beaufort.’ It is bounded on the west by the Savannah River, and on the south by the Atlantic. Its length from north to south is fifty-eight miles, its breadth thirty-three miles, and it contains about one and a quarter millions of acres of land and water. Considered geologically, Beaufort is one of the most remarkable sections of the United States. As recent events have brought it so prominently before us, we propose to consider its history, capacities, and prospects.

From its proximity to the Spanish settlements in the peninsula of Florida, its beautiful harbors and sounds were early explored and taken possession of by the Spaniards. It is now certain they had established a post here called ‘Fort St. Phillip,’ at St. Elena,* as early as 1566–7; this was probably situated on the south-western point of St. Helena Island, and some remains of its entrenchment can still be traced. From this fort Juan Pardo, its founder, proceeded on an expedition to the north-west, and explored a considerable part of the present States of South Carolina and Georgia.

How long the Spaniards remained here is now uncertain, but they long claimed all this coast as far north as Cape Fear. The French planted a colony in South Carolina, and gave the name Port Royal to the harbor and what is now called Broad River; but they were driven off by the Spaniards,

and history is silent as to any incidents of their rule for a century. In 1670 a few emigrants arrived in a ship commanded by Capt. Hilton, and landed at what is now known as ‘Hilton’s Head,’ the south-western point of Port Royal harbor, which still perpetuates his name. The colony was under the management of Col. Sayle; but the Spaniards at St. Augustine still claimed the domains, and the settlers, fearing an attack, soon removed to the site of Old Charleston, on Ashley River. In 1682, Lord Cardoss led a small band from Scotland hither, which settled on Port Royal Island, near the present site of Beaufort. He claimed co-ordinate authority with the governor and council at Charleston. During the discussion of this point the Spaniards sent an armed force and dislodged the English, most of whom returned to their native country. A permanent settlement was finally made on Port Royal Island in 1700. The town of Beaufort was laid out in 1717, and an Episcopal church erected in 1720. The name was given from a town in Anjou, France, the birthplace of several of the Huguenot settlers.

For many years the Spaniards threatened the coast as far north as Charleston, but the settlement increased, and extended over St. Helena and other islands. Slavery was here coeval with settlement, and the peculiar institution was so earnestly fostered, that in 1724 it was estimated that South Carolina contained 18,000 slaves to only 14,000 whites. The slaves were mostly natives of Africa of recent importation, and were poorly adapted to clear up the forests and prepare the way for extensive plantations, but their cost was small, and every year they improved in capacity and value. In the succeeding half century were laid the fortunes of the prominent families who have controlled the district, and often greater interests,

* See Historical Mag., Vol. 4, p. 230.

to our day. Grants of land could be had almost for the asking, especially by men of influence; and fertile islands were given, containing hundreds and sometimes thousands of acres, to a single family, who have here been monarchs of all they survey, including hundreds of slaves, till *the Hegira or flight A.D. 1861.*

When we take into account the salubrity of the climate and the fertility of the soil, we must allow that this district has many natural advantages which can not be excelled by any section of the same extent in this country. A considerable part of the district is composed of islands, which are supposed to be of a comparatively recent formation, many of them beautiful to the eye, and rich in agricultural facilities; they are in number upwards of fifty, not less than thirty of them being of large size. Upon the sea-coast are Reynolds, Prentice, Chaplins, Eddings, Hilton Head, Dawfuskie, Turtle, and the Hunting Islands. Behind these lie St. Helena, Pinckney, Paris, Port Royal, Ladies', Cane, Bermuda, Discane, Bells, Daltha, Coosa, Morgan, Chissolm, Williams Harbor, Kings, Cahoussue, Fording, Barnwell, Whale, Delos, Hall, Lemon, Barrataria, Lopes, Hoy, Savage, Long, Round, and Jones Islands. These are from one to ten miles in length, and usually a proportional half in width. St. Helena is over twenty miles in extent, and could well support an agricultural population of twenty thousand. Port Royal is next in size, but, being of a more sandy formation, is not so fertile. These islands are all of an alluvial formation,—the result of the action of the rivers and the sea. There is no rock of any kind, not even a pebble stone, to be found in the whole district.

The soil of these islands is composed mostly of a fine sandy loam, very easily cultivated. In most of them are swamps and marshes, which serve to furnish muck and other vegetable deposits for fertilizing; but the idea of furnishing anything to aid the long over-worked soil seems to these proprietors like returning to the

slave some of the earnings taken from him or his ancestors, and is seldom done till nature is at last exhausted, and then it is allowed only a few years' repose. Situated under the parallel of 32°, there is scarcely a product grown in our country, of any value, that can not be produced here. Previous to the Revolution the principal staple for market was indigo, and that raised in this district always commanded the highest price. It was from the proceeds of this plant that the planters were enabled for a long period to purchase slaves and European and northern American productions. Soon after the Revolution their attention was turned to cotton; but the difficulty of separating it from the seed seemed to make it impossible to furnish it in any profitable quantity, for so slow was the process then followed that, with the utmost diligence, a negro could not, by hand labor, clean over a few pounds per day. The genius of Whitney, however, opened a new era to the cotton planters, who were much more eager to avail themselves of his invention than to remunerate him. It was soon perceived that the cotton raised on these islands was far superior to that produced in the interior, which is still called Upland, only to distinguish it from the 'Sea Island.' It was also noticed that while the common variety produced a seed nearly green with a rough skin, the seed of the islands soon became black with a smooth skin; the effect entirely of location and climate, as it soon resumes its original color when transported back to the interior. The cultivation of this variety is limited to a tract of country of about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and not over twenty-five miles in breadth, mostly on lands adjacent to the salt water, the finest 'grades' being confined to the islands within this district. It is true that black-seed cotton is cultivated to some extent along the coast from Georgetown, S. C., to St. Augustine, but a great part of it is of an inferior quality and staple, and brings in the market less than one-half the price of the real 'Sea Island.' This plant

seems to delight in the soft and elastic atmosphere from the Gulf Stream, and, after it is 'well up,' requires but a few showers through the long summer to perfect it. It is of feeble growth, particularly on the worn-out lands, and two hundred pounds is a good yield from an acre. An active hand can tend four acres, besides an acre of corn and 'ground provisions;' but with a moderate addition of fertilizers and rotation of crops no doubt these productions would be doubled. If the yield seems small, the price, however, makes it one of the most profitable products known. The usual quotations for choice Sea Islands in Charleston market has been for many years about four times as great as for the middling qualities of Uplands,—probably an average of from thirty-five to forty-five cents per pound; and for particular brands* sixty to seventy cents is often paid. The writer has seen a few bales, of a most beautiful color and length of staple, which sold for eighty cents, when middling Uplands brought but ten cents per pound. It is mostly shipped to France, where it is used for manufacturing the finest laces, and contributes largely to the texture of fancy silks, particularly the cheaper kinds for the American market. After passing above the flow of the salt water, but within the rise of the tide, there is a wide alluvial range along the rivers and creeks, which, by a system of embankments, can be flowed or drained at pleasure. This is cultivated with rice, and, if properly cared for, yields enormous crops, sometimes of sixty bushels to an acre. The land is composed of a mass of muck, often ten feet deep and inexhaustible, and never suffers from drought. This land is very valuable, one hundred dollars often being paid per acre for large plantations. Much rice land, however, remains uncleared for want of the enterprise and perseverance necessary to its improvement.

* Among the cotton lately arrived from Port Royal was a number of bales marked with the form of a coffin. It was the growth of 'Coffin's Island,' which is usually of the highest grade.

Farther in the interior the land is principally of a sandy formation, most of it underlaid with clay. Very little effort is, however, made by planters to cultivate it, although it is very easily worked, and with a little manuring yields fair crops of corn and sweet potatoes. The cereal grains are seldom cultivated, but no doubt they would yield well. A large portion of the main-land is composed of swamps, of which only enough have been reclaimed to make it certain that here is a mine of wealth to those gifted with the energy to improve it. The soil is as fertile as the banks of the Nile, and nowhere could agricultural enterprise meet with such certainly profitable returns. Recurring again to the agricultural capacity of the islands, it is certain that good crops of sugar-cane can be grown on them. During the war of 1812, the planters turned their attention to it, and succeeded well, since which time many of them have continued to plant enough for their own use; but this plant soon exhausts such a soil, unless some fertilizer is used, and they therefore prefer cotton, which draws a large part of its sustenance from the atmosphere alone. The sweet and wild orange grows here, and some extensive groves are to be seen. Figs are produced in abundance from September till Christmas. Gardens furnish abundant vegetables, yielding green peas in March and Irish potatoes in May, while numerous tribes of beautiful flowers hold high carnival for more than half the year.

This seems to be the true home of the rose, which is found blooming from March until Christmas. Many of the rare climbing varieties of this flower, which we see at the North only as small specimens in green-houses, grow here in wild profusion. The grape is represented by many species indigenous to this State alone, and could, no doubt, be cultivated and produced in greater variety and perfection than elsewhere on this continent, as the climate is more equable. A species of Indian corn, called 'white flint corn,' and which

when cooked is very nutritious and white as snow, seems indigenous to these islands. It is much superior to the common varieties.

Of the sylva we will only say, it is equal in value and variety to that of any section of our country. Here is the home of the palmetto* or cabbage tree, the only palm in our wide country. The live oak, once so abundant, has, however, been largely cut off, mostly to supply our navy-yards, and some of the ships built from it are now blockading the very harbors from which it was carried. The pitch pine is the common growth of the interior, and under a new system would form a valuable article of commerce as lumber, and as yielding the now so much required turpentine. Of wild animals and birds, here are to be found a large variety. The Hunting Islands and others are well stocked with deer. During the winter wild geese and ducks abound, and a variety of fish, with fine oysters, can be had at all seasons.

We now come to consider the present inhabitants of this district. The whites are almost entirely the descendants of the earliest settlers of this State, who were English,† Scotch, and Protestant Irish, with a slight infusion of the Huguenot and Swiss elements. A century and a half has rendered them homogeneous. As there has never been any

* The palmetto is a straight, tall tree, with a tuft of branches and palm leaves at its top. The new growth in the centre as it first expands somewhat resembles a cabbage. It is often used for boiling and pickling. The wood of the tree is spongy, and is used for building wharves, as it is impervious to the sea-worm. It is said that a cannon ball will not penetrate it. It is a paltry emblem for a State flag, as its characteristics accurately indicate pride and poverty. When used for wharves, it, however, becomes a veritable 'Mudsill.'

† Before 1700 a colony from Dorchester, Mass., made a settlement on Ashley River, and named it for their native town; afterwards, they sent an offshoot and planted the town of Midway, in Georgia. For more than a century they kept up their Congregational Church, with many of their New England institutions. Their descendants in both States have been famed for their enterprise, industry, and moral qualities down to the present day.

interest here other than agriculture, and as every man may be said to own the plantation he cultivates, there has been as little change of property or condition as possible, and therefore the same land and system of cultivation has passed from father to son through four or five generations. Had there been any emigration or change of population, some alterations, and most likely new enterprise and vigor, would have been infused, and more modern and national feeling have been instituted for their narrow and sectional prejudices. No doubt our national character has been much influenced by the division of land. Where this has been nearly equal, as in our New England towns, a republican form of government has been almost a necessity. But at the South an entirely different arrangement has prevailed. Land was at first distributed in large bodies fitted to accommodate a state of slavery; and the consequence was that a feudal system was inaugurated from the settlement, which has continued with increasing power. This has been one of the permanent causes of Southern pride and exclusiveness.

The inhabitants of South Carolina and Virginia previous to the Revolution were very supercilious towards the North, and even to their less opulent neighbors of Georgia and North Carolina; a feeling which was often the cause of much antagonism among the officers and soldiers during the war. Charleston and Williamsburg gave the tone to good society, and it was haughty and aristocratic to the extreme. While Virginia has for the last half century been in a state of comparative decay, South Carolina has, by its culture of cotton and rice, just been able to hold its own; but the pride and exclusiveness of its people have increased much faster than its material interests. Although the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every State a republican form of government, no thinking person who has resided for a single week within the limits of South Carolina can have failed to see

and feel that a tyranny equal to that of Austria exists there. The freedom of opinion and its expression were not permitted. Strangers were always under espionage, and public opinion, controlled by an oligarchy of slave-holders, overruled laws and private rights. Nowhere, even in South Carolina, was this feeling of *hauteur* so strong as in that portion of the State which we are describing. On the large plantations the owners ruled with power unlimited over life and property, and could a faithful record be found it would prove one of vindictive oppression, productive oftentimes of misery and bloodshed. Most of the wealthier planters in the district have residences at Beaufort, to which they remove during the summer months to escape the malaria arising from the soil around their inland houses. This place may be considered the home of the aristocracy. Here reside the Barnwells,* Heywards, Rhetts† (formerly called Smiths,) Stuarts, Means, Sams,

† The Barnwells can trace their pedigree back about one hundred and fifty years to a Col. Barnwell who commanded in an Indian war. Subsequently the name appears on the right side in the Revolution. This is a long period to trace ancestry in Carolina; for while nearly all New England families can trace back to the Puritans, more than two hundred years, the lordly Carolinians generally get among the 'mudsills' in three or four generations at the farthest.

† Some thirty years ago, R. Barnwell Smith made a figure in Congress by his ultra nullification speeches, and was then considered the greatest fire-eater of them all. He was not 'to the manor born,' but was the son of a Gen. Smith, who founded and resided in the small and poverty-stricken town of Smithville, N. C., at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. As his paternal fortune was small, and some family connection existed with the Barnwells, he emigrated to Beaufort, and there practiced as a lawyer. He was followed by two brothers, who had the same profession. He was the first who openly advocated secession in Congress. They have all been leading politicians and managers of the Charleston *Mercury*, which, by its mendacity and constant abuse of the North, and its everlasting laudations of Southern wealth and power, has done much to bring on the present war.

Desirous to stand better with the aristocracy, some years ago the family sunk the plebeian patronymic of Smith and adopted that of Rhett, a name known in South Carolina a century previous.

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Fullers, ‡ Elliots, § Draytons and others, altogether numbering about fifty families, but bearing not more than twenty different names, who rule and control the country for forty miles around. This is the most complete and exclusive approach to 'nobility' of blood and feeling on our continent. Nowhere else is family pride carried to such an extent. They look with supercilious disdain on every useful employment, save only the planting of cotton and rice. Nothing in any of our large cities can equal the display of equipages, with their profusion of servants in livery, exhibited on pleasant afternoons, when the mothers and daughters of these cotton lords take their accustomed airing. So powerfully has this feeling of exclusiveness prevailed that no son or daughter dares marry out of their circle. For a long series of years has this custom prevailed, and the consequence is that the families above named are nearly of a common blood; and it needs no physiologist to tell us the invariable effect arising from this transgression of natural laws, on the physical and mental faculties of both sexes. In such a state of society is it strange that the present generation should have grown up with ideas better suited to the castes of India than to those of republican America? As a consequence they consider their condition more elevated than that of their neighbors in the adjoining States, and of almost imperial consideration. But no

‡ During Nullification times the Fullers were Union men. Doctor Thomas Fuller, who, a short time since, set fire to his buildings and cotton crop to prevent their falling into Yankee hands, is well known as a kind-hearted physician, and better things might have been expected of him.

His brother is a celebrated Baptist clergyman in Baltimore. He was formerly a lawyer, and afterwards preached to an immense congregation, mainly of slaves, in his native place.

§ Many years ago the Elliots were staunch Union men, and Stephen Elliot, a gentleman of talent, wrote many very able arguments against nullification and in favor of the Union. He always thought that Port Royal must some day be the great naval and commercial depot of the South. He may yet live to see his former anticipations realized, though not in the way he desired.

language can express their bitter contempt for the people of the North, more particularly for those of New England birth.

In perusing the history and progress of any portion of our country, the statistics of population become an interesting study. Let us glance over a brief table, showing what the increase has been in this district for the past forty years, and its miserable deficiency in physical means of strength and defense. In 1820 the district contained 32,000 souls, of which there were 4,679 whites and 27,339 slaves, and 141 free blacks. In 1860 there were 6,714 whites and 32,500 slaves, and 800 free blacks, making a total of 40,014,—an increase of whites of 2,035, of slaves 5,161, of free blacks 650:—total increase 7,855 in forty years. Here we have nearly the largest disproportion of whites to slaves in any part of the South. Of the 6,714 whites, about 1,000 are probably men over twenty-one years of age, and it is not to be presumed that an equal number are capable of bearing arms. Is it possible to find anywhere a community more helpless for its own protection or defense? It is one of the truths of science and philosophy that nature, when forced beyond its own powers and laws, will react, and again restore its own supremacy. So we here find a magnificent space of country, rich in all natural requisites, and unsurpassed in its capabilities of producing not only the necessities of life, but its luxuries, having an exclusive right to some of the most valuable staples of the world, which has been for a century and a half the abode of an impious few, who have, by tyrannical power, wrung from the bones and muscles of generations of poor Africans the means to sustain their luxury, power, and pride. They have also robbed from the mother earth the fertility of its soil to its utmost extent, leaving much of it completely exhausted. This state of things has reacted on them; it has made them proud, domineering, ambitious, and revengeful of fancied injuries. It has

hurried them into rebellion against the best government the world ever saw,—and this has at last brought with it its own punishment and retribution. It has placed their soil, their mansions, their crops and poor slaves in the possession of the hated men of the North, and under the laws and control of the government they affected to despise. When the last gun had sounded from the ramparts at Port Royal, and the Stars and Stripes again resumed their supremacy on the soil of South Carolina, a new era dawned over these beautiful islands and waters, and the day that witnessed the retreat of the rebel forces should hereafter mark, like the flight of Mahomet, the inauguration of a new dispensation for this land and its people. Let us, therefore, in continuing our chronicles, cast the horoscope, and, without claiming any spirit of prophecy, show the duties of our nation in this contingency, and the beneficial results that must flow from it, if carried out with the energy, perseverance, and practical Christianity due to our country and the age in which we live.

The accession to any government of new territory brings with it new duties, which it is always important should be performed with energy and decision, so that the greatest good, to the greatest number, may be the result. A good Providence has placed the domain under consideration in our possession. Its political condition is to us unique, and almost embarrassing. If the question is asked, ‘Can we hold and dispose of a part, or whole, of a sovereign State as a conquered province?’ the answer must be in the affirmative. Government is supreme, and must be exercised, particularly to protect the weak, and for the general good of the whole nation. Here is a region, as fair as the sun shines upon, now in a great measure deserted and lying waste. What is to be done with it? and what is our duty in this exigency? The first want is a government, for without a proper one no progress can be made. Let Congress then at once establish a territorial government over so

much of the State as we now have in our possession, and over what we may in future obtain;—not a government to exhibit pomp, and show, but one practical and useful, with a court and its proper officers. Let every large unrepresented estate be placed in the hands of a temporary administrator, who should be a practical and honest man, and held to a strict account for all properties entrusted to his keeping, and who should act also as guardian to the slaves belonging to the estate. Then enforce the collection of a tax; and if the owner comes forward within sixty days, pays the tax, takes the oath of allegiance, and agrees to remain in the territory and assist in enforcing and executing the laws, during that and the succeeding year, let him resume his property, and be protected in all his rights. But in default of any loyal response from the proprietor, the property should be disposed of, in moderate quantities, to actual settlers, who should be bound to do duty for its defense, whenever called upon.

But then comes the great difficulty, the disposition of the slaves,—the great question which has so long been discussed as a theory, and which now has to be met as a practical measure. Let us meet it as men and patriots, and, rising above the clamor of fanatics, or the proclamations of new-fangled and demagoguing brigadiers, look at the permanent result to our whole country, and the real good of the African race.

Humanity, society, and property, all have claims and acknowledged rights; let them all be considered. It is well known that the slaves on these islands have always been kept in a state of greater ignorance of the world and all practical matters than those inhabiting the border States, or where there is a larger proportion of whites, with whom they often labor and associate. To emancipate them at once would be to do a great wrong to the white man, to the property, in whatever hands it might be, and a still greater injury to the slave. There can be but one way of disposing of this question which will satisfy

the nation, and quiet the fears of the conservative, and preserve the hopes of the radical, which is, to pursue a *middle* course—a policy which shall as nearly as possible equalize the question to all parties. Let the slave be retained on the plantation where he is found; and, as no race are so much attached to their own locality, so let them remain, place them under a proper system of APPRENTICESHIP, with a mild code of laws, where every right shall be protected, where suitable instruction, civil and religious, shall be given, and where the marriage rite shall be administered and respected. Under such laws and beneficent institutions, this territory would soon be settled by men from the West, the North, and from Europe, intelligent, enterprising, and industrious, who would retrieve its worn-out fields, and introduce new systems of culture, with all the modern labor-saving utensils. With kind treatment and new hopes, the simple sons of Africa would have inducements to labor and to await with patient hope the future and its rewards. Then would Beaufort District become what the Giver of all good designed it to be—the abode of an industrious, peaceful, and prosperous community. The production of its great staple, ‘Sea-Island cotton,’ would be immensely increased, and its quality improved, till it rivaled the silks of the Old World. The yield of rice would be doubled, and its gardens and orchards would supply the North with fruits now known only to the tropics.

So soon as the new government was fairly inaugurated, and the condition of the land and its future cultivation settled, a movement would of necessity be made to found here a city which would be the great commercial metropolis of the South.

Charleston was ‘located’ at the wrong place, simply with the object of being as distant as possible from the Spanish settlements, and has always suffered from an insufficient depth of water on its bars to accommodate the largest class of merchant ships. It has barely sixteen feet

of water at high tide, and ships loaded as lightly as possible have often been obliged to wait for weeks to enter or leave the port. A decrease of one or two feet in its main channel would, in its palmiest days, have been fatal to its prosperity. The sinking of a dozen ships loaded with stone has no doubt placed a permanent barrier to the entrance of all but a small class of vessels. The ships themselves may soon be displaced or destroyed by the sea-worm, but the New England granite will prove a lasting monument to the folly and madness of the rebellion. The destruction of the best part of the city by fire seems also to show that Providence has designed it to be ranked only with the cities of the past.

The productions of South Carolina have always been large and valuable, and since the completion of their system of railroad facilities they have greatly increased; therefore a commercial city is a necessity, and Port Royal must be its locality. Here is the noblest harbor south of the Chesapeake, with a draught of water of from twenty-five to thirty feet, enough for the largest-sized ships, and sufficient anchorage room for all the navies of the world. Our government should here have a naval depot to take the place of Norfolk, since there is no more suitable place on the whole coast. In this connection the name, Royal Port, is truly significant.

The precise locality for the new city can not now be indicated, but we would suggest the point some two miles southwest of Beaufort, which would give it a position not unlike New York. It would have the straight Broad River for its Hudson, with a fine channel on the south and east communicating with nu-

merous sounds and rivers. Its situation on an island of about the same length as Manhattan completes the parallel.

The value of the produce conveyed over the sounds and rivers connecting with Port Royal, by sloops and steamers, must be counted by millions of dollars. We may estimate the crop of Sea-Island cotton at about fifteen thousand bales, or six millions of pounds, and of rice about fifty million pounds. Yankee enterprise would soon double the amount, and add to it an immense bulk of naval stores and lumber.

But this is but a moiety of what the exports would be. A branch railroad only ten miles long would connect this port with all the railroads of South Carolina and Georgia, which, diverging from Charleston and Savannah, spread themselves over a large part of five States. This road would make tributary to this place a vast district of country.

Savannah, which has for the last few years competed with Charleston for this trade, will soon feel the power of the government, and it must yield up a large part of its business to the more favorable location of the new city.

A few short years, and what a change may come over these beautiful islands and the waters that hold them in its embrace! A fair city, active with its commerce and manufactures, wharves and streets lined with stores and dwellings, interspersed with churches and schools, inhabited by people from every section of our country, and from every part of Europe, all interested to improve their own condition, and all combining to add strength and wealth to the Union which they agree to respect, love, honor, and defend!

THE ANTE-NORSE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

I. THE MYTHICAL ERA.

Who were the first settlers in America?

Within a few years our school-books pointed to Cristoval Colon, or Columbus, and his crew, as the first within the range of history who 'passed far o'er the ocean blue' to this hemisphere. Now, however, even the school-books—generally the last to announce novel truths—say something of the Norsemen in America, though they frequently do it in a discrediting and discreditable way. However, the old Vikings have triumphed once more, even in their graves, and Professor Rafn can prove as conclusively that his fierce ancestry trod the soil of Boston as that the Mayflower Puritans followed in their footsteps. It is a dim old story, laid away in Icelandic manuscripts, and confirmed by but few relics on our soil; yet it is strong enough to give New England a link to the Middle Ages of Europe, with their wildest romance and strangest elements. It is pleasant to think that far back in the night there walked for a short season on these shores great men of that hearty Norse-Teuton race which in after times flowed through France into England, and from England through the long course of ages hitherward. Among the old Puritan names of New England there is more than one which may be found in the roll of Battle Abbey, and through the Norse-Norman spelling of which we trace the family origin of fierce sea-kings in their lowland isles or rocky lairs on the Baltic.

But there are older links existing between America and Europe than this of the Norseman. Of these the first is indeed buried in mystery—leading us back into that sombre twilight of 'symbolism,' as the Germans somewhat obscurely call the study of the early ages whose records are lost, and which can only be traced by reflection in the re-

semblances between mythologies which argue a common origin, and the monuments remaining, which seem to establish it. Yes, America has this in common with every country of Asia, Europe, and Africa: she has relics which indicate that at one time she was inhabited by a race which had perhaps the same faith, the same stupendous nature-worship, with that of the Old World, and which was, to reason by analogy, possibly identified by the same language and customs. What was this race, this religion, this language? Who shall answer? Men like Faber, and Higgins, and Lajard, with scores of others, have unweariedly gathered together all the points of resemblance between the religions and mythologies of the Hindus and Egyptians and Chinese, the Druids and the Phenicians, the Etruscans and the Scandinavians, and old Slavonic heathen, and found in and between and through them all a startling identity: everywhere the Serpent, everywhere the Queen of Heaven with her child, everywhere the cup of life and the bread and honey of the mysteries, with the salt of the orgie, everywhere a thousand fibres twining and trailing into each other in bewildering confusion, indicating a common origin, yet puzzling beyond all hope those who seek to find it. So vast is the wealth of material which opens on the scholar who seeks to investigate this common origin of mythologies, and with them the possible early identity of races and of languages, that he is almost certain to soon bury himself in a hypothesis and become lost in some blind alley of the great labyrinth.

Certain points appear to have once existed in common to nations on every part of the earth previous to authentic history, and in these America had probably more or less her share, as appears from certain monuments and relics of her early races. They are as follows:—

1. A worship of nature, based on the inscrutable mystery of generation with birth and death. As these two extremes caused each other, they were continually identified in the religious myth or symbol employed to represent either.

2. This great principle of action, developing itself into birth and death, was regarded as being symbolized in every natural object, and corresponding with these there were created myths, or 'stories,' setting forth the principal mystery of nature in a thousand poetic forms.

3. The formula according to which all myths were shaped was that of transition, or *the passing through*. The germ, in the mother or in the plant, which after its sleep reappeared in life, was also recognized in Spring, or Adonis, coming to light and warmth after the long death of winter in the womb of the earth. The ark, which floats on the waters, bearing within it the regenerator, signified the same; so did the cup or horn into which the wine of life was poured and from which it was drunk; so too did nuts, or any object capable of representing latent existence. The passing into a cavern through a door between pillars or rocky passes, or even the wearing of rings, all intimated the same mystery—the going into and the coming forth into renewed life.

4. But the great active principle which lay at the foundation of the mystery of birth and death, or of action, was set forth by the serpent—the type of good and evil, of life and destruction—the first intelligence. It is the constant recurrence of this symbol among the early monuments of America, as of the Old World, which proves most conclusively the existence at one time of a common religion, or 'cultus.' It was probably meant to signify water from its wavy curves, and the snake-like course of rivers, as *inundation* seems to have been, according to early faith, the most prolific source of the destruction of nature, and yet the most active in its revival.

There are in Brittany vast lines of massive Druidic stones, piled sometimes for leagues in regular order, in such a man-

ner as to represent colossal serpents. Those who will consult the French *Dragonaria* will be astonished at the labor expended on these strange temples. Squier has shown that the earth-works of the West represent precisely the same symbol. Mexico and South America abound, like Europe and the East, in serpent emblems; they twine around the gods; they are gods themselves; they destroy as Typhon, and give life in the hands of Esculapius.

In the United States, as in Europe and in the East, there are found in steep places, by difficult paths, always near the banks of streams, narrow, much-worn passages in rocks, through which one person* can barely squeeze, and which were evidently not intended for ordinary travel. The passing through these places was enjoined on religious votaries, as indicating respect for the great principle of regeneration. The peasants of Europe, here and there, at the present day, continue to pass through these rock or cave doors, 'for luck.' It was usual, after the transition, whether into a cave, where mysteries, feasts, and orgies were held, significant of 'the revival,' or merely through a narrow way,—to bathe in the invariably neighboring river; the serpent-river or water which drowns organic life, yet without which it dies.

In England, at a comparatively recent period, and even yet occasionally in Scandinavia, the peasantry plighted their troth by passing their hands through the hole in the 'Odin-stones,' and clasping them. Beads and wedding rings and 'fairy-stones,' or those found with holes in them, were all linked to the same faith which rendered sacred every resemblance to the 'passing through.' The graves of both North and

* An inquiry laid by me a few years ago before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania elicited information as to several of these 'gates' in that State. I have not the work by me, but I believe that FALES DUNLAP, Esq., of New York, asserts on Rabbinical authority, in an appendix to *Sod or the Mysteries*, that the Hebrew word commonly translated as 'pass-over' should be rendered 'passing through.'

South America contain abundant evidence of the sacredness in which the same objects were held. I have a singularly-shaped soapstone ornament, taken from an Indian grave, whose perforation indicates the 'fairy-stone.' The religious legends of Mexico and of Peru are too identical with many of the Old World to be passed over as coincidences; the gold images of Chiriqui, with their Baal bell-ringing figures, and serpent-girt, pot-bellied phallic idols, are too strikingly like those of *Old* Ireland and of the East not to suggest some far-away common origin. I have good authority for saying that almost every symbol, whether of cup or dove, serpent or horn, flower or new moon, boat or egg, common to Old World mythology, may be found set forth or preserved with the emphasis of religious emblems in the graves or ruined temples of ancient North America.

The mass of evidence which has been accumulated by scholars illustrative of a common origin of mythologies and a centralization of them around the serpent; or, as G. S. Faber will have it, the Ark; or, as some think, the heavenly bodies; or, as others claim, simply a worship of paternity and maternity,—is immense. Why they should claim separate precedence for symbols, all of which set forth the one great mystery how GOD 'weaves and works in action's storm,' is only explicable on the ground that 'every scholar likes to have his own private little pet hypothesis.' Enough, however, may be found to show that this stupendous nature-worship *was* held the world over,—possibly in the days of a single language,—in America as in ancient Italy, or around the sacred mountain-crags of India; in Lebanon as in Ireland, in the garden-lands of Assyria, and in the isles of the South.

Yet all this is as yet, for the truly scientific ethnologist, only half-fact, indefinite, belonging to the cloud-land of fable. The poet or the thinker, yearning for a new basis of art, may find in the immense mass of legends and symbols an identification between all the

forms of nature in a vast harmony and mutual reflection of every beautiful object; but for the man of facts it is unformed, not arranged, useless. We know not the color of the race or races which piled the Western mounds; their languages are lost; they are vague mist-gods, living in a dimmer medium than that of mere tradition. So ends the first period of intercommunication between Asia—the probable birthplace of the old mythology—and America.

II. THE CHINESE DISCOVERERS OF MEXICO IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

But there is a second link, ere we come to the Norsemen, which is strong enough to merit the favorable consideration of the scientific man, for it rests on evidence worthy serious investigation. I refer to the fact that the Chinese Annals, or Year Books,—which, according to good authority, have been well kept, and which are certainly prosaic and blue-bookish enough in their mass of dry details of embassies and expenditures to be highly credible,—testify that in the fifth century the Chinese learned the situation of the great peninsula Aliaska, which they named Tahan, or Great China. Beyond this, at the end of the fifth century,—be it observed that the advances in discovery correspond in time in the records,—they discovered a land which Deguignes long after identified with the north-west coast of America. With each discovery, the people of these new lands were compelled, or were represented at court as having been compelled, to send ambassadors with tribute to the Central Realm, or China.

But there had been unofficial Chinese travelers in Western America, and even in Mexico itself, before this time. Those who have examined the history of that vast religious movement of Asia which, cotemporary with Christianity, shook the hoary faiths of the East, while a higher and purer doctrine was overturning those of the West, are aware that it had many external points or forms in common with those of the later

Roman church, which have long been a puzzle to the wise. To say nothing of mitres, tapers, violet robes, rosaries, bells, convents, auricular confession, and many other singular identities, the early Buddhist church distinguished itself by a truly catholic zeal for the making of converts, and, to effect this, sent its emissaries to Central Africa and Central Russia; from the Slavonian frontier on the west to China, Japan, and the farthest Russian isles of the east. On they went; who shall say where they paused? We know that there are at this day in St. Petersburg certain books on black paper taken from a Buddhist temple found in a remote northern corner of Russia. It was much less of an undertaking, and much less singular, that Chinese priests should pass, by short voyages, from island to island, almost over the proposed Russian route for the Pacific telegraph to America. That they *did so* is explicitly stated in the Year Books, which contain details relative to *Fusang*, or Mexico, where it

is said of the inhabitants that 'in earlier times these people lived not according to the laws of Buddha. But it happened in the second "year-naming" "Great Light" of Song (A. D. 458), that five beggar monks, from the kingdom Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners.'

But I am anticipating my subject. In another chapter I propose, on the authority of Professor Neumann, a learned Sinologist of Munich, to set forth the proofs that in the last year of the fifth century a Buddhist priest, bearing the cloister name of Hœi-schin, or Universal Compassion, returned from America, and gave for the first time an official account of the country which he had visited, which account was recorded, and now remains as a simple fact among the annual registers of the government.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

'TWAS a little brass half-circlet,
Deep gnawed by rust and stain,
That the farmer's urchin brought me,
Plowed up on old Monmouth plain;
On that spot where the hot June sunshine
Once a fire more deadly knew,
And a bloodier color reddened
Where the red June roses blew;—

Where the moon of the early harvest
Looked down through the shimmering leaves,
And saw where the reaper of battle
Had gathered his human sheaves.
Old Monmouth, so touched with glory—
So tinted with burning shame—
As Washington's pride we remember,
Or Lee's long tarnished name.

'Twas a little brass half-circlet;
And knocking the rust away,
And clearing the ends and the middle
From their buried shroud of clay,
I saw, through the damp of ages
And the thick disfiguring grime,
The buckle-heads and the rowel
Of a spur of the olden time.

And I said — what gallant horseman,
Who revels and rides no more,
Perhaps twenty years back, or fifty,
On his heel that weapon wore?
Was he riding away to his bridal,
When the leather snapped in twain?
Was he thrown and dragged by the stirrup,
With the rough stones crushing his brain?

Then I thought of the Revolution,
Whose tide still onward rolls —
Of the free and the fearless riders
Of the 'times that tried men's souls.'
What if, in the day of battle
That raged and rioted here,
It had dropped from the foot of a soldier,
As he rode in his mad career?

What if it had ridden with Forman,
When he leaped through the open door,
With the British dragoon behind him,
In his race o'er the granary floor?
What if — but the brain grows dizzy
With the thoughts of the rusted spur:
What if it had fled with Clinton,
Or charged with Aaron Burr?

But bravely the farmer's urchin
Had been scraping the rust away;
And cleansed from the soil that swathed it,
The spur before me lay.
Here are holes in the outer circle —
No common heel it has known,
For each space, I see by the setting,
Once held some precious stone.

And here — not far from the buckle —
Do my eyes deceive their sight? —
Two letters are here engraven,
That initial a hero's might!

‘G. W.’! Saints of heaven !
 Can such things in our lives occur ?
 Do I grasp such a priceless treasure ?
 Was this *George Washington’s spur* ?

Did the brave old *Pater Patriæ*
 Wear that spur like a belted knight —
 Wear it through gain and disaster,
 From Cambridge to Monmouth flight ?
 Did it press his steed in hot anger
 On Long Island’s day of pain ?
 Did it drive him, at terrible Princeton,
 ’Tween two storms of leaden rain ?

And here — did the buckle loosen,
 And no eye look down to see,
 When he rode to blast with the lightning
 The shrinking eyes of Lee ?
 Did it fall, unfelt and unheeded,
 When that fight of despair was won,
 And Clinton, worn and discouraged,
 Crept away at the set of sun ?

The lips have long been silent
 That could send an answer back ;
 And the spur, all broken and rusted,
 Has forgotten its rider’s track !
I only know that the pulses
 Leap hot, and the senses reel,
 When I think that the Spur of Monmouth
 May have clasped George Washington’s heel !

And if it be so, O Heaven,
 That the nation’s destiny holds,
 And that maps the good and the evil
 In the future’s bewildering folds,
 Send forth some man of the people,
 Unspotted in heart and hand,
 On his foot to buckle the relic,
 And charge for a periled land !

There is fire in our fathers’ ashes ;
 There is life in the blood they shed ;
 And not a hair unheeded
 Shall fall from the nation’s head.
 Old bones of the saints and the martyrs
 Spring up at the church’s call : —
 God grant that the Spur of Monmouth
 Prove the mightiest relic of all !

THE FATAL MARRIAGE OF BILL THE SOUNDSER.

READER, possibly you do not know what a 'Soundser' is. Then I will tell you. In the coastwise part of the State of New Jersey in which I live, numerous sounds and creeks everywhere divide and intersect the low, sea-skirting lands, wherein certain people are wont to cruise and delve for the sake of securing their products, and hence come to be known in our homely style as Sounders. The fruitage afforded by these sounds is both manifold and of price. Throughout all the pleasant weather, they yield, with but little intermission, that gastronomic gem, the terrapin; the succulent, hard-shell clam, and the 'soft' crab; the deep-lurking, snowy-fleshed hake, or king-fish; the huge, bell-voiced drum, and that sheen-banded pride of American salt-water fishes, the sheepshead. During the waning weeks of May, and also with the continuance of dog-days, this already profuse bounty receives a goodly accession in the shape of vast flocks of willets, curlews, gray-backs, and other marine birds, which, with every ebb tide, resort to their shoaler bars and flats, to take on those layers of fat which the similarly well-conditioned old gentleman of the city finds so inexplicably delicious. When the summer is once over, and while the cold weather prevails, they furnish another and quite new set of dainties. Then the span-long, ripe, 'salt' oyster is to be had for the raking of their more solidly-bottomed basins; and all along their more retired nooks and harbors, the gunner, by taking proper precautions, may bring to bag the somewhat 'sedgy' but still well-flavored black duck, the tender widgeon, the buttery little bufflehead, the incomparable canvas-back, and the loud-shrieking, sharp-eyed wild goose. All this various booty is industriously secured by the 'sounders,' to find, ere long, a ready market in the larger in-

land towns and cities. But united to this shooting, fishing, and oyster-catching, they have another 'trade' whose scene is on the waters, though it connects itself with the sea, rather than the sounds, and *this* is 'wrecking.' They are prompt for this service whenever the occasion requires; indeed, I sometimes think they prefer it, dangerous though it be, before all others. Inured as they are to every sort of exposure, they are of course a tough and rugged race; and what with their diversity of occupation, calling, as it does, for a constant interchange of the use of the gun, net, boat, fishing line, and some one or other arm or edge tool, they are usually, nay, almost invariably, handy and quick-witted.

By far the most notable 'soundser' our neighborhood ever bred was my hero, BILL. Physically, at least, he was a true wonder. He stood full six feet two, weighed eleven score pounds, and at the same time carried no more flesh than sufficed to hide the exact outline of his bones. Another man so strong as he I have never seen. I have repeatedly known him to lift and walk off with anchors weighing five and six hundred weight; and those big, thick hands of his could twist any horseshoe as if it were a girl's wreath. Certainly he was not in the least graceful; that 'ponderosity' of his could in no way be repressed. But he was still of rude comeliness, his shape being squarely fitted and tolerably proportioned, while his broad, red-maned visage wore a constant glow of plain, though sincere, kindliness and good-humor.

As his physical man was uncommon, so he had uncommon mental endowments. He was the only 'soundser' I ever knew who understood farming. He had inherited a farmstead of some twenty-five or thirty acres, and this he soon had blooming as the rose. When occa-

sion required, he wrought on it, day and night. He divided it, with truest judgment, into proper fields, experimented successfully with various kinds of novel manures (most of which he obtained from the sea), grew stock, planted in rotation, and, with only here and there a sympathizer, gave in his full adherence to the theory of root culture. And he was a mechanic. He could build house or barn to the last beam, and ship or boat to the last joint; nay, he once devised the model of a self-righting life-boat, which I have often heard shipmasters, and even real shipwrights, descant upon in the highest terms of praise. Moreover, I can affirm that he was a navigator. It is true that the *science* of seamanship, as set forth in books, he had never mastered. But he knew right well what winds of a certain force and direction foretold, what waves of a certain height and aspect meant; and this knowledge, combined with a squint, now and then, at his pocket compass, sufficed to enable him to take a vessel with safety anywhere along our coast.

But while my old pal showed high abilities in other arts, as a ‘soundser’ and wrecker he was not to be matched. He brought to the first of these pursuits a clearness of observation which would have met the approbation of many an acknowledged man of science. He knew every sort of food which bird and fish fed upon, where it was to be found, and the circumstances favorable to its production. He knew why the game resorted to certain spots yesterday, and avoided them to-day; what circumstances—and they are very many—impelled it to joyousness or quietude; and what were most of its minor instincts. And all this was done *thoroughly*, withal. There was no hazard or uncertainty in any of his conclusions. Taking thought of sundry conditions, he could tell at any time when such a thing was applicable; how many sheepheads one could catch in the sounds; whether the *honk* of the wild goose, flying overhead, an-

nounced that he was on his way to a fresh-water pool or a bar of gravel; whether the black ducks were cooling their thirsty gizzards in a woodland pond, sitting scattered about the marshes, or huddling together on the bosom of the sea. In a word, his mind had gathered unto itself every law, of the least importance, affecting the existence of such wild creatures about us—as cost any pains to bring to hand; and thus he was literally master over them, and held their lives subject to his will. That this power was really surprising, will hardly be disputed; and since we, his associates, could in no way possess ourselves of the like, it passed among us for something almost miraculous.

Still, brilliant ‘soundser’ as old Bill was, he was far greater as a wrecker; since I am now about to relate an occurrence in this line which proves him a veritable hero. As is perfectly well known, our American coast is often the scene of fearful storms, which deal out wide-spread destruction to mariners. With us, these gales are commonest in February, and hence this month is held in marked dread. Some years ago, in the season referred to, a storm burst upon our shores, whose like only a few of the older among us had ever known. After fitfully moaning from the northward and eastward for a day or two, the wind, one morning, finally settled due north-east,—thus sweeping directly upon the land,—and blew a hurricane. It was excessively cold, too, yet not so cold but that a fine, dry snow was falling, though from the fury of the wind this could settle nowhere, but was driven, whirling and surging, before the blast in dense clouds. In short, it was a time of truly unearthly wildness; and our hearts sank the deeper in us, since we knew what ere long must inevitably occur. At last, within an hour or two of nightfall, the sound of a ship’s bell, rung hurriedly, pealed towards us along the uproar of the tempest, and by this we were made aware that a vessel had been wrecked

on a certain shoal rising up in the ocean, about two miles from that part of the beach nearest our village. To go to the rescue of this vessel, at this time, was absolutely impossible. For, to say nothing of the wrath of the winds, the air was so thick with snow that, in the speedily advancing hours of darkness, in which we should not fail to be entrapped, we would be powerless to find our way at sea a foot. There was no help for it; the poor victims of the shipwreck must that very night know death in one or another most terrifying shape, ‘if it was the will of the Lord.’ With this mournful conviction, about twenty of us gathered at old Bill’s house with the closing in of a darkness as of Tartarus, and kept its watches. The anger of the storm abated in no way whatever till morning, and then the sole change that took place was a somewhat thinner aspect of the driving snow. Yet, even when this was discerned, every man of us hastened to draw over his ordinary winter garb an oil-cloth suit which enveloped him from head to foot, and soberly announced himself ready to do his duty in the strait. That we should be exposed to the greatest dangers was absolutely certain; and whether a single survivor of the terrors of that awful night yet clung to the few frail timbers in the sea, for us to rescue, none but Heaven knew; still, the manhood of each demanded that what was possible to be done in the matter we should at least attempt.

And so we started; the leader being old Bill, who to some end, that I could not then divine, bore a boat-sail bundled on his back. Our first business was to make way to our surf or life boat. This lay about three miles from the village, reckoning as the crow flies, and was sheltered under a rude house which stood on the shores of a bay opening by an inlet into the sea. Our common way of gaining this house was through a circuitous passage of the sounds; but these we soon discovered, in consonance with a previous prediction of old Bill’s,

were entirely frozen over save in certain parts of their channels; and hence, this route being unnavigable for such boats as were at hand, which, without exception, were light gunning and fishing skiffs, we were forced to avail ourselves of a barely practicable land track of which we knew, and which, as it led about among the marshes, was also circuitous. And the necessity of choosing this land path added to our difficulties, in that we were forced to provide ourselves with a small batteau and drag it behind us, to be able to cross many ditches and sloughs with which it was barred, and which, particularly along their edges, were never really frozen. After toiling and battling for a long period, and at the same time having to face the most painfully cutting wind that burst unobstructedly over the level area of the marshes, we at last reached the house wherein the life-boat lay, and when old Bill had scrutinized its oars, and stored it with a mingled collection of cordage, canvas and spars, we ran it into the water. But now another trouble arose. The bay, like the sounds of which indeed it formed a part, was covered with ice,—either in solid sheets, or that thick slush, peculiar to ocean estuaries, which is chiefly known as ‘porridge ice,’—and, from its comparative shallowness, covered so densely, too, that if we had trusted to getting our boat out of it by sheer rowing, it would have taken us the entire day so to do. In this emergency nothing would serve but that we must advance bodily into the water, and, crushing and clearing away the ice with our feet, drag the boat, in a depth at least sufficient for her to float, to the entrance of the inlet, where the current ran so strongly that no ice could gather. After a severely trying amount of labor, this point was finally gained, and we stood fairly in front of the tall, thundering breakers; whereupon each man nimbly jumped to his place in the craft, that of steersman being the post of old Bill.

As we gave way on our oars, we shot along the inlet without much difficulty;

and presently old Bill announced that he caught a faint sight of the wreck in the distance—to all appearance ‘most all gone but the hull.’ But we had little or no opportunity to indulge in speculation or remark on the discovery, for in a moment or two we began to oppose the wildness of the open main, and the hour of our real trial set in. For the first time we could now appreciate the full force of the gale. Good Heavens, how it blew! The waters seemed alive and in direst convulsion. Everywhere huge walls of breakers were constantly upheaved to be felled and shattered with a roar as of some terrific cannonade; while the air became the arena for a helter-skelter tossing of sheets of spray, clots of froth, and spirts of brine, which plentifully assailed our poor boat in their madness, and, besides partially filling her with slush, encased every man in a complete coating of ice. If our craft had not been modeled with the very highest degree of skill, and if our steersman had not been one of a thousand, we could have made no headway at all in this appalling tumult. As it was, our advance was of the weakest, and its success seemed very doubtful, let our efforts be what they might. Not but what we could sufficiently hold our own in the swirl of the vanquished waves; but when they swooped upon us in their full stature, they not only sent the boat back as if she had been a mere feather, but with a second’s awkwardness on the part of old Bill they would have flung her clean over from stem to stern, and our places among the living would have been vacant. Having strained every nerve for nearly two hours, we were still but part way through the breakers, while some of the men began to complain of fatigue; with which old Bill seized a favorable opportunity to put the boat about, and we were swept ashore on the beach as in the twinkling of an eye. Here, we secured our boat by hauling her high and dry on the strand; freed her from the slush and water which had gained in her bottom; and then retired to the leeward of a

range of sand hills near by, to recruit our energies.

With full leisure to ponder over the difficulties confronting our expedition, some few of the crew now began to ‘speak it foully,’ and even to emit gruff proposals to return homewards. But to these waverers old Bill at once administered the sternest rebuke; and, as they at last held their peace, he averred with a gay smile (for he dearly loved the presence of danger, and could never be brought to look on it other than as a rough sort of irresponsible horse-play, over which he was sure in one way or another to gain the mastery), that he had now weighed all the conditions of the pass, and that the next time we attempted it we should assuredly prevail. This assertion, coming from such a source, encouraged one and all very greatly; and ere long we cheerfully launched our boat once more, and again began to tug at the quivering oars. In a very little while it became apparent enough that the tactics that Bill intended to adopt in our present venture were very different from those put in practice with the last. Instead of boldly facing the breakers as he had heretofore done, he now began his manoeuvring by laying us directly in the trough of the sea,—planting the boat a little crosswise, however, so as to prevent an untoward swell from riding over her side and thus filling her,—and the instant he saw an advancing breaker beginning to fracture, as a prelude to its downfall and destruction, he boldly sped us, when the thing was at all practicable, straight in the teeth of the gap, and as it proceeded to widen, we shot through it, with the surf leaping and tossing on either hand high above our heads. This stroke could have been possible only to a steersman possessed of herculean strength, combined with the rarest daring and coolness; and, as the result of these qualities, it was exceedingly effective. It lessened the danger of our being capsized almost entirely. Indeed, the sole mishap that was threatened by so doing, was the liability to being swamped by the

falling fragments of the breakers; but this peril old Bill declared we might safely trust he would also avert. It being the nature of humanity to experience a mood of high exaltation with the surmounting of any serious obstacle, we now worked our way with minds light and cheery, and with all thoughts of anything like fatigue completely forgotten. Though our course was on the whole a zigzag one, and though we certainly met with one or two serious rebuffs, we were constantly gaining headway, and in something over an hour forced the last line of the breakers, and stemmed what on ordinary occasions would have been simply the blue body of the Atlantic. But even here a huge commotion was reigning, though our progress was far less tedious than it had previously been; and with about another hour's labor we were alongside the wreck, and had climbed to her deck.

The plight of the vessel was mournful enough. She had evidently been built for a three-masted schooner, but, as Bill had observed when he first obtained a view of her, everything about her was well-nigh gone save her hull. Her bulwarks had been thoroughly crushed, and so the sea had successively torn away her boats, shivered her galley and wheelhouse, and filled her cabin and hold. Her masts were also destroyed, the fore and mizzen masts being carried away from their steppings, and the main-mast broken completely in twain just above the cross-trees. But a sight still more desolate, as well as harrowing, yet awaited us, as, in overhauling the sail-encumbered shrouds of the partially standing mast, we discovered several ice-bound figures rigidly hanging therein, which, being cut away and lowered to our boat, proved to be the body of a negro perfectly stark and dead, and three most pitiable white sailors, whose life was so far extinguished that they could neither move hand nor foot, nor utter more than the feeblest moans.

When we had covered the face of the dead and sheltered the well-nigh dead as best we could in the bottom of our boat,

of course our chief thought was to return to the shore as swiftly as possible. But on this head there was no call to entertain the smallest solicitude; for after old Bill, from a motive that we could not yet name, had 'stepped' a mast through one of the foremost thwarts of the boat, and rigged a sail all ready to be spread, we cast off from the wreck, and presently, dropping into the full strength of the wind, were swept onward like an arrow, with scarce the least use of any other oar than that in the hands of our stalwart steersman. Speedily crossing the outer waters, we leaped and bounded over the breakers; and when old Bill, as we were rushing along the inlet, gave orders for the hoisting of the sail, we not only hastened to obey him, but immediately saw an all-important reason for the command. For we were now about entering the ice of the sounds; and as the boat flew in its midst, her stiff, tight sail drove her through the stubborn obstruction as easily and in much the same manner as the steam plow rips up the matted bosom of the prairies. In due season we reached the landing where we usually disembarked from the sounds, and where we found a wagon awaiting us, to which we bore our sad freightage, and led the way for old Bill's house. On arriving, we laid the corpse in an outbuilding and carried the sailors into a bedroom. But what was to be next done? To tell the truth, most of us knew no more than so many children. But here our leader again showed his knowledge. Strongly condemning the lighting of a fire in the apartment,—which some one was about to do,—he set us busily at work bringing him a good supply of tubs and buckets of cold water, into which he dipped the naked persons of the sufferers; and as this treatment, combined with a patient, gentle chafing, which was also administered, at last restored the flow of their vital forces, he gave them a few spoonfuls of broth apiece, and, while they looked a gratefulness they could nowise express, lifted them like babes with his giant arms to warm

beds, where they fell into what was at first a fitful, broken slumber, but finally a childlike, placid sleep. They were saved!

If the reader is now curious to know why a man like old Bill was not a patriarch and captain in the campaign of life, rather than the mere private and plebeian he was, I can answer that there were several things which impeded that consummation. His character, though of wonderful height and force in some respects, was, after all, without true discipline, and presented many glaring incongruities. Thus, whatever he had of what could really be named ambition was satisfied when he had surprised us ‘sounders;’ and our praise—and we lavished it upon him in full measure, as we knew he liked it—was all the praise he seemed to desire. Then, he was altogether one of us in his notions of pleasure and recreation. Like the rest of us, he cordially appreciated the sparkling product of the New England distilleries, and far more than any of us—to such a pitch did his animal spirits rule—he relished our broad sea-side jokes and songs, and as well our rattling jigs and hornpipes. As for others attempting to elevate him to a more exalted station, the thing was simply impossible. When led of his own accord to seek other society than ours, he could by no means content himself with the companionship of staid practical persons, who on account of his latent worth would have readily countenanced, and with the least opportunity even served him, but he invariably paid his court to adventurers; such creatures, for instance, as seedy ‘professors’ of one kind or another, who, in the inevitable shawl and threadbare suit of black, were constantly dismounting at the village tavern, with proposals either to ‘lecture’ on something, or ‘teach’ somewhat, as the case might happen to be, and who, having no affinity whatever with the brawny, awkward Viking who fondly hung on their shabby-genteel skirts, amused themselves at his greenness, or pooh-pooh’d him altogether, as they saw fit. And when, as it not un-

frequently happened, official and influential individuals at a distance were moved by the story of his renown to pay him their respects in person, and listen courteously and gravely to his opinions, his discrimination stood him in no better stead, for as soon as he possibly could he bent the conference towards a sailor’s revel, and astonished his stately visitants by singing the spiciest songs, and sometimes even by a Terpsichorean display in full costume; for he was excessively proud of his accomplishments in this line, and implicitly believed that the shaking of his elephantine limbs, and the whirling of his broad, coatless flanks, formed a spectacle so tasteful and entertaining, that no one could fail to enjoy it to the utmost. Assuredly I have now said enough as to old Bill’s incapacities for a grander role in life. In reality that part of a lofty manhood to which he at first sight seemed fitted, was not his; for, properly speaking, he was not an actual man, but a boy—a grand and glorious boy, if you will, but yet a very boy; and at length he met the fate of a boy, as we shall learn.

Once more we were engaged upon a wreck. But this time it was in no hyperborean tempest that we were called forth, but when the very sweetest airs of June were blowing. The case demanding our aid was that of a wrecking schooner which had gaily left her moorings in New York harbor to pick up a summer’s living along the coast, but had inadvertently cut up some of her capers rather too near our beach, and so with one fine ebb tide found herself stranded. As it was an instance of sickness in the regularly graduated and scientific college itself, our whole shore was intensely ‘tickled’ at the accident. And again, as this doctress, like many another ailing leech, was quite incapable of curing her own suffering, her toddy-blossom-faced bully of a New York captain was pleased to salute old Bill with cap high in air, and beg that he would take a sufficient force and heave the distressed craft into deep water. Thus a crew of us were called together and

set to work at the vessel. As the weather was so warm and beautiful, and as bed and board were at this time to be had on the beach, we agreed among us that our convenience would be the better served by taking up our temporary quarters near the scene of our labors. Now, the place where we were offered the necessary accommodation consisted of an ancient plank-built tenement, which stood behind a sand-ridge that a far younger Atlantic than ours had piled up, and then, retreating, abandoned. In winter this rude domicile was bare and tenantless; but in the summer months it was usually occupied by some thrifless gammer or gaffer from the main-land, who, having stocked it with a few of the coarsest household goods, and whatever provisions came to hand, offered entertainment to such wreckers and 'sounders' as happened to be in its vicinity. The present incumbent of the hostel was a woman, claiming to be a widow, of the name of Rose; bearing in most respects no resemblance whatever to any of her predecessors. Where she was born, or had hitherto resided, none of us knew: all that gossip could gather was that she had unexpectedly descended from a passing vessel with her effects and entered directly the abandoned house. When questioned as to the scene of her earlier life, she vaguely gave answer that she had disported herself largely in 'Philadelphia,' but as no 'Philadelphia' woman that ever walked through a doorway was or is able to compound a chowder or bake a clam pie worthy of the name, and as Madame Rose understood how to prepare both these luxuries to a charm, her statement must have been false; she was, undoubtedly, a 'coast-wise' lady, and one who knew who Jack was as well as he himself did. Her appearance was, on the whole, agreeable. She was tall, slender, of regular features, and, though indisputably on the shady side of forty, was still free from any signs that would proclaim her charms to be on the wane. I remember in particular that she had long, white and regular teeth, thereby

strongly contrasting with our native women, who as a rule lose their teeth early. Her manners were very novel to us. She was invariably of a simpering, ducking turn, and interlarded her curt speech with curiously hard words. In dress she carried matters with an incomparably high hand. She wore hoops 'all day long,'—a freak then never even so much as thought of in our village,—adorned her fingers with many rings, and her throat with large florid brooches, and in the evening, after having brought her household duties to a close, sat here or there with her sewing, in silks (though perhaps not of the newest), or other highly-civilized stuffs.

Most of our crew regarded their hostess with greatly mingled feelings; but old Bill entertained but one sentiment for her,—that of unqualified admiration. As we only 'wrought' at the stranded schooner on the high water,—some five hours out of the twenty-four,—he had plenty of opportunity to dangle after his dearie, and did so unremittingly. While the rest of us were either napping, dancing the lively 'straight four,' hunting herns' eggs among the sand-hills, and so on, according to our inclination, he, in far more romantic mood, seized all possible opportunities to quickly gather fire-wood for his charmer, fill her tea-kettle, open whatever clams and oysters she was about to cook, and, above all, to recount for her delight one of those inimitable yarns of his, at whose points he himself was sure to laugh till the rafters of the house shook and the plates in the dresser rattled again. But this was merely the first stage of his passion. Before long, as is not unusual in such cases, it took another and more bodeful turn. That inextinguishable laughter of his was heard no more, or at best gave place to a feeble tittering; his stories dropped from his lips with but flat pungency; and instead of performing his lady-love's 'chores' with a mirthful readiness, he went through them in a heartsick way, the while directing towards her furtive looks of supplication. The

true state of matters was now obvious to all. Old Bill was another fatally-stricken victim of that spooney archer-boy who next to death holds dominion over men; and with his case, thus momentous, we could but feel a renewed interest in his behalf, and busy our tongues about him. I, for my part, thought that as he was a widower, and needful of a wife to comfort him in his advancing age, and that as the present object of his affections, if not a highly 'forcible' woman, seemed at all events to be one of whom no great harm was to be feared, there could be no valid objection to his being joined to her; particularly if nothing was divulged proving her to be other than what she seemed. But this view I found to be on the whole unacceptable to my auditory. Almost to a man they condemned the propriety of the match. It could not actually be said that they disliked Mrs. Rose, but they were jealous of her, as, in her manner and style of array, she considerably dimmed the lustre of their own women; and they distrusted her as she was a stranger; it being a marked habit with most of our folks to distrust all strangers save those from whom they expect pecuniary awards. But meanwhile, notwithstanding this criticism, the little idyl in our midst was developing itself apace. On the afternoon of one beautiful Sunday, a day in which we of course ordinarily did no work, when the dinner-table had been well cleared away, what should we see but old Bill swinging forth with his sailor gait from the house, and arrayed as jauntily as his check shirt and pea-jacket (his only suit of apparel at hand) would permit, to be speedily followed by Mrs. Rose, who with one set of finger-tips held up the light folds of a sweetly blue lawn skirt, and with the other bore aslant before her a bewitching pink parasol. Undoubtedly there was a great indulgence in sly winks and suppressed titterings on the part of such of us as chanced to be witnesses of this at once festal and sentimental sally; but the twain heeded naught whatsoever of these manifesta-

tions, but struck off along the snow-white strand where the sea was droning its hymn so lazily that it would have inevitably put itself to sleep, if the fish-hawks had not so continually disturbed it by mischievously diving headlong into its bosom. At last they returned again; and we soon became aware that the stroll had not been without great results to both; since Mrs. Rose affected to be laboring under a high degree of emotion, and retired to the privacy of her apartment, while old Bill was by no means the dolorous swain of a few hours before, but, making his way among us, with his wide mouth stretching its best, proceeded formally to shake hands with one and all as though he had finally got back from a long and arduous voyage; and then, merrily calling for a certain brown jug which was among our stores, removed the corn-cob which served as a cork, and having wetted his great heart with a draught which I have no doubt measured a full pint, fell, entirely regardless of the day, to performing his most spirited hoe-down, while the most of us looked on with a mirth that knew no bounds.

Yes, old Bill was now 'a happy man.' Mrs. Rose could but accept such a suitor as he, if but from the fact that his ardor and his pain were of the freshest complexion, and of an amplitude fully proportioned to that of his extraordinary physical bulk. As we tendered him our congratulations upon his happy state, he received the courtesy with extreme complacency. But, to tell the truth, those who did thus congratulate him were but few. Most of the men remained of their old mind as to the proposed match; indeed, I ere long found that they looked upon it with less favor than ever. It appeared that they had been inflamed with a rumor that Mrs. Rose intended to beguile her adorer to a foreign shore, where a scion or two of her brilliant house found happy sustenance; and that nothing but evil could accrue from such an act, was of course as clear as noon-day. Now, when I came to trace this rumor to its source, I became apprised that it owed its publicity to an old man

of our number known by the nickname of ‘Mister,’ who was remarkable for a rare amount of credulity, self-conceit, and obstinacy, and at the same time for being the invariable butt of his company. This wiseacre averred that he had succeeded in wringing from Mrs. Rose the confession that directly she and old Bill were made man and wife, they were to depart for Hatteras Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, where the lady gay possessed ‘relations;’ and this narrative, wofully muttered about among our crew, and accompanied with a due amount of sighs and head-shakings, had depressed them most fearfully, notwithstanding the character of the narrator.

The fact of the matter was, that most of the men were actually desirous that a betrothal, contracted directly in the face of public opinion, and without the smallest deference to anybody, as that of old Bill and Mrs. Rose had been, should come to some kind of grief or other, and they were fain to believe that it would do so. As for me, I was without true concern on the subject, as I had ever been. If it should indeed fall out that old Bill was to take a trip to Hatteras with his bride, I was convinced that he would enjoy himself famously among the great abundance of fish and game said to abound in that place, and that in the end he would return to us again, to rule over us in greater splendor than ever; as for his sweetheart or any of her like doing him any actual injury, the idea seemed so preposterous to me, that whenever an opportunity presented itself I did not fail to ridicule it to the utmost. Still, in order to do my whole duty in the matter, I hastened to impress old Bill with the importance of his becoming acquainted with the antecedents of his lady-love, and thus saving himself from the possibility of a misstep. But this counsel did no farther good than to bring a clouded brow to my dear old friend, and so I did not persist in it. Indeed, we communed together but little more in any way; for very shortly after he resigned his place as our ‘boss,’ and left post-haste for the main-land.

Here, as was revealed to me in due season, he amazed the neighborhood by incessantly renting his farmstead to a son with whom he had been on indifferent terms for years; dispatching his daughter, who had heretofore acted as his housekeeper, off to a distant town to become an apprentice to a milliner’s trade; and stowing his clothes and a shot-bag of hard money which he was known to possess into a sailor’s chest, with which, together with his gun and a Methodist preacher, he again hurried off for the asylum of his beloved. Arrived once more in the witching presence, he waited till evening (yet how he was constrained so to do is more than I can tell), and then, as we made it a duty to be gathered about him once more, the wedding took place.

The occasion was one of such interest, that the preacher could but make the most of it. After the nuptial benediction had been pronounced, he straightway launched forth into a homily of such graciousness and force, that but few of us missed being forcibly wrought upon, while Mrs. Rose was stirred apparently to the depths of her being. On the day succeeding the marriage, our light-hearted Benedict abandoned himself to another jollification. But the next morning, a schooner headed in towards the beach, and, slackening the peaks of her sails, sent ashore a yawl, whose crew saluted Mrs. Rose as an old and familiar friend, and with whose apparition, without the least regard as to what shift we wreckers were to make, a great packing was begun in the house. Bedsteads were taken down, beds were bundled up in sheets, crockery was thrust away in barrels, and all borne one after the other to the yawl, where the bride, with her potent parasol full spread, and pretending to shudder at the sight of the gently heaving breakers through which she was soon to pass, mincingly threw herself in the thick of the luggage, and old Bill mounted the stern, with his huge palm extended for a good-by shake. ‘Good-by, old chap,’ said I, as I took his hand the last of all, ‘good-

by! You're not half mean enough to stay away from us forever; so in the meantime do your best to show the Hatteras boys what a nice thing it is to be somebody in the world!' And thus the boat put off, and, reaching the schooner in a few moments, was hoisted to her decks. In a few moments more the vessel had reset her sails, and, with a free wind, bore straight to the southward out of sight.

Now comes the singular part of my story. In a few weeks from the time of their sailing, we heard that old Bill and his wife had safely landed at Hatteras Inlet, and rented a small house on one of the beaches there, with the intention of opening a kind of tavern; but no sooner were they fairly settled in their new abode than old Bill was found one morning *dead in his bed*, with evident signs of having met with foul play; though what kind of death these indications pointed at was very uncertain.

The closest and shrewdest investigation failed to attach a well-grounded suspicion to any one. Poor Bill was dead—and nothing more was ever known. Singular enough, the conduct

of his widow was such as to entirely avert even from her enemies hints of complicity in the crime,—if crime there was,—though none doubted that there had been a murder, and that murder in a few attendant circumstances seemed to indicate female aid. Shortly after this catastrophe, Madame Rose made 'a vendue' of her deceased husband's gun and apparel, packed up her own worldly goods, and vanished, to be heard of no more.

And so our shore lost its best 'soundser'—a man of mark in his way, great of frame and heart, and one long to be recalled in our humble annals of wrecking and of sport. He was one of those vigorous out-croppings of sturdy Northern physique recalling in minute detail the stories told of those giant children, the Vikings and Goths of the fighting ages, and which the blood, though as healthy as ever,—witness the glorious exploits of our soldiers even as I write,—produces less frequently in these days of culture. Such as I have described was the character of Bill the Soundser, and such was literally and truly his mysterious death.

COLUMBIA TO BRITANNIA.

VIA SHAKSPEARE.

THOU cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes,
And wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

GENERAL LYON.

To-DAY all the Northland shouts for joy, flashes its announcements of victory along myriad leagues of wire, hurls them from grim cannon mouths out over broad bays till the seas tremble with sympathy, huzzas in the streets, flames in bonfires, would even clash the clouds together and streak the heavens with lightning—and for what? The flag waves again in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, and the cause is safe! *The cause*—have we all learned what that means, brother Americans? Something broader than mere Union, the pass-word of so many thousands to suffering and death, something more than the freedom of the press and the ballot-box. It means Progress; and until we acknowledge this, all freedom is a vast injustice, luring men on to Beulahs which Fate—the fate they worship—will never have them reach. It would be little enough to regain our foothold upon Southern territory, or repossess Southern forts, even if forts and territory have been wrested from us by treason and perfidy, if with every mile of advance we did not gain a stronghold of principle. We are not straining every nerve, struggling under immense financial burdens, wrenching away tender household ties, sacrificing cheerfully and eagerly private interests, brilliant prospects, and high hopes, only to prove that twenty millions of men are physically stronger than twelve. God forbid! This is no latter-day Olympic game, whose victors are to be rewarded with the applause of a party or a generation. All the dead heroes and martyrs of the past will crowd forward to offer their unheard thanks; all the years to come will embalm with blessings the memory of the patriots who open the door to wide advancement, prosperous growth, and high activity of a universal intelligence.

And among these brave men, whom the world shall delight to honor, let our

deepest grief and our justest pride be for LYON. We have given his honest life too little notice;—this man whose sincerity was equalled only by his zeal; who, in a rarely surpassed spirit of self-abnegation, was content to lie down and die in the first heat of the great conflict, and to leave behind for more favored comrades the triumphal arches and rose-strewn paths of victory. The world has known no truer martyr than he who fell at Wilson's Creek, August 10th, 1861.

'The history of every man paints his character,' says Goethe; and scanty and imperfect as are the recorded details of General Lyon's life, enough is known to prove him to have been high-minded and brave as a soldier, with a perseverance and a penetration that analyzed at once the platforms of contending factions, and read in their elements the principles which are to govern the future of our nation.

He came of the stout Knowlton stock of Connecticut, a family of whom more than one served England in the old French war, and afterward distinguished themselves against her in the Revolution. We hear of the gallant Captain Knowlton at Bunker Hill, throwing up, in default of cotton, the breastwork of hay, which proved such an efficient protection to the provincials during the battle. Once more he appears as colonel, at Harlem Plains, rushing with his Rangers ('Congress' Own') upon the enemy on the Plains, and, cut off shortly from retreat by reinforcements, fighting bravely between the foes before and their reserves behind, and, falling at last, borne away by sorrowing comrades, and buried at sunset within the embankments. 'A brave man,' wrote Washington, 'who would have been an honor to any country.' With the memory of such a hero engrafted upon his earliest childhood, we can not wonder at the bent of the boy Lyon's inclinations. 'Daring and

resolute, and wonderfully attached to his mother,' it is easy to imagine what lessons of endurance and decision he learned from her, whose just inheritance was the stout-hearted patriotism that had flowered into valorous deeds in her kindred, and was destined to live again in her son. It was an ordinary childhood, and a busy, uneventful youth, passed for the most part in the old red farm-house nestled between two rocky hills near Eastport, where he was born. In 1837 he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and was a graduate, with distinction, four years later. Of the years immediately following, we have little information; but we can fancy the young soldier laying, in his obscurity, the foundation for that practical military knowledge which so eminently distinguished his late brilliant career. During his years of service in the Everglades of Florida, and on our Western frontier, he had ample opportunity to gain a thorough insight into his profession.

He first appears in the history of the country in the Mexican war, is present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, dashes after the enemy at Cerro Gordo, capturing on the crest of the hill a battery which he turns upon the discomfited foe. At Contreras his command proves as impenetrable as a phalanx of Alexander; and when at last the victorious Americans fight their way into Mexico, the city of fabulous treasures and associations well-nigh classical, for the first time he receives a wound. He was breveted captain for his gallantry at Churubusco, and at the end of the war received the rank of full captain, and was ordered with his regiment to California. No appointment could have been more felicitous. In the guerilla mode of warfare demanded by the peculiar nature of the country and its inhabitants, his habits of quick decision, and the experience of a war with an enemy equally unscrupulous though less undisciplined, were absolutely invaluable. Here was no scope for the conception and execution of deep-laid schemes; the movements of the enemy were too rapid. Plans that would

elsewhere have been matured only in the process of a long campaign, were here often originated and completed in a single night. Simple strategy was of more avail than the most intricate display of military science, and the impulse of a moment more to be relied upon than the prudent forethought of a month. He had to combat, in the newly-acquired territory, the cunning of tribes whose natural ferocity was sharpened into vindictiveness by the encroachments upon their soil of a new and strange people; and every association with the intruders, who were for the most part men of little reputation and less principle, had developed in the Indians only the fiercest and most decided animosity. To encounter their vigilance with watchfulness as alert, to confound their swift counsels with sudden alarm, to penetrate their ambuscades and anticipate their cunning with incessant activity, to be, in short, ubiquitous, was the duty of Captain Lyon.

After years spent in the uncertain tactics of this half barbaric warfare, he was removed, in the height of political strife in Kansas, to its very centre. Here, while comparatively free from the wearisome requirements of active service such as had been demanded in California, and at a time when events the most portentous proved clearly to the great minds of the country the advance of a political crisis whose consequences must be most important, involving—should deep-laid conspiracy be successful—the bankruptcy of principle and that high-handed outrage, the triumph of a minority,—Captain Lyon had full liberty and abundant opportunity to settle for himself the great questions mooted in the Missouri Compromises, the Lecompton Constitutions and the Dred Scott decisions of the day. To a mind unprejudiced, except as the honest impulses of every honest man's heart are always prejudiced in favor of the right, there was but a single decision. Disgusted with the heartless policy which democracy had for so many years pursued, and which now threatened to cul-

minate either in its utter degradation at the North, or in the establishment in the South of an oligarchy which would annihilate all free action and suppress all free opinion, he severed his connection with that party,—a step to which he was also impelled by the injustice that was then seeking to force upon the people of Kansas an institution which they condemned as unproductive and expensive, to say nothing of their moral repugnance to the very A B C of its principles. It was at this time that Captain Lyon contributed to the *Manhattan Express*, a weekly journal of the neighborhood, a series of papers in which he took an earnest, manly and decided stand in favor of the principles which his thoughtful mind recognized as alone ‘reliable,’ and harmonious with the grand design and end of the great Republic of the West. To these articles we shall hereafter refer, at present hastening through the career, so striking and so sad, which a few brief months cut short, leaving only the memory of General Lyon as a legacy to the country his single aim and wise counsels would have saved.

The guns of Fort Sumter had flashed along our coast an appeal whose force no words can ever compute. The days had been busy with the assembling of armies, the nights restless with their solemn marches, and forge and factory rang with the strokes of the hammer and the whirr of flying shafts, whose echoes seemed measured to the air of some new Marseillaise. From our homes rushed forth sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, followed by the prayers and blessings of dear women, who yielded them early but willingly to their country. And while regiments clustered along the Potomac, and Washington lay entrenched behind white lines of tents, we find our soldier, fresh from Kansas strife, in command of the United States Arsenal at St. Louis; and to his prompt action and decided measures at this important juncture the early success of the Union cause in Missouri is to be attributed. For a time St. Louis was the theatre of action. The police commission-

ers, backed by Governor and Legislature, demanded the removal of the Union troops from the grounds of the arsenal, claiming it as the exclusive property of the State, and asserting that the authority usurped by the general government was but a partial sovereignty, and limited to the occupation, for purposes exclusively military, of the certain tracts of land now pending in this novel court of chancery. This highly enigmatical exposition of State rights, pompous and inflated though it was, failed to convince or convert Captain Lyon, who, being unable to detect, in his occupancy of the arsenal, any exaggeration of the rights vested by the Constitution in the general government, declined to abandon his post, and proceeded to call out the Home Guard, then awaiting the arrival of General Harney, and temporarily under his command. His little army of ten thousand men was then drawn up upon the heights commanding Camp Jackson, then occupied by the Missouri militia under Col. Frost, whose command had been increased by the addition of numerous individuals of avowed secession principles. Uninfluenced by the reception of a note from this officer asserting his integrity and his purpose to defend the property of the United States, and disavowing all intention hostile to the force at the arsenal, Captain Lyon replied by a peremptory summons for an unconditional surrender. He found it incredible that a body assembled at the instigation of a traitorous governor, and acting under his instructions and according to the ‘unparalleled legislation’ of a traitorous legislature, receiving under the flag of the Confederate States munitions of war but lately the acknowledged property of the general government, could have any other than the most unfriendly designs upon its enemies. The force of Camp Jackson (which notwithstanding its professed character, boasted its streets Beauregard and Davis) being numerically inferior, and perhaps not entirely prepared to do battle for a cause whose legitimacy must still have been a question with many of

them, decided, after a council of war, to comply with the demands of Capt. Lyon, and became his prisoners. A few days afterward General Harney arrived, and Captain Lyon was elected Brigadier General by the 1st Brigade Missouri Volunteers.

Convinced of the imminence of the crisis and the peril of delay, Gen. Lyon immediately commenced active operations against the secessionists at Potosi, and ordered the seizure of the steamer which had supplied the offensive army with material of war from the United States property at Baton Rouge. In the meantime, Gen. Harney, with a culpable blindness, had made an extraordinary arrangement with Gen. Price, by which he pledged himself to desist from military movements so long as the command of Gen. Price was able to preserve order in the State. Upon his removal by the authorities at Washington, nine days later, Gen. Lyon was left in command of the department. At this time the rebel general took occasion, in a proclamation to the people of Missouri, to feel assured that 'the successor of Gen. Harney would certainly consider himself and his government in honor bound to carry out this agreement (the Harney-Price) in good faith.' But his assurance was without foundation. The temper of the new commander had been tried in the Camp Jackson affair, and an interview between Price, Jackson and other prominent secessionists and Gen. Lyon, resulted, after a few hours' consultation, in the declaration of the Union general that the authority of his government would be upheld at any cost and its property protected at all hazards. Three days later, Jackson fled to Booneville, fearing an attack upon Jefferson City, which was immediately occupied by Gen. Lyon, who was received with acclamation by the citizens. Unwilling to grant by delay what he had refused to an underhand diplomacy,—opportunity to the enemy to possess the government property, or entrench themselves strongly in their new quarters,—the general, with characteristic promptness, ordered

an advance upon Booneville. The rebel force was stationed above Rockport, but retreated, after a skirmish which did not assume the proportions of a battle; and the Union army, two thousand strong, entered the town, where the national colors and the welcomes of the inhabitants testified their joy at the change.

The army of General Lyon, amounting at one time to ten thousand, had decreased by the first of August—the term of enlistment of many of the soldiers having expired—to six thousand; and it was with this number that, having swept the south-west, and believing the enemy intended to attack him at Springfield, he advanced to meet them at Dug Springs. The army of the enemy was larger and their position a strong one, but they were unable to hold it, and, after a sharp skirmish, fled in disorder, while Gen. Lyon continued his march toward Springfield. His situation had now become a critical one. The reinforcements for which he had telegraphed in vain, and in vain sent messengers to entreat from the chief of the department, Gen. Fremont, then in St. Louis, did not arrive. His army was subsisting on half rations, and wearied with exhausting marches over the uneven country in the extreme heat of midsummer. And now, for the first time, hope seemed to desert the general. Under his direction the cause had hitherto triumphed in Missouri. Now, with zeal unabated and courage unflinching, he must fall before the enemy he had so successfully opposed, or retreat where retreat was disaster, disgrace, and defeat. No wonder that, as from day to day he looked for the expected aid as men in drought for the clouds that are to bless them, he grew restless and perplexed and despairing; no wonder that the face that had never before worn the lines of indecision, should now lose its accustomed cheerfulness and glance of calm purpose, and challenge sympathy and pity for the heart that had never before asked more than admiration and respect. He felt that the hour had its demands, and that they must be met. Action, even in the

face of disaster, was less a defeat than an inglorious retirement. The public, surely unaware of the fearful odds against him, clamored for an engagement; the State expected it of its hero; the government awaited it, and with a brave heart, but no hope, Gen. Lyon prepared for the attack. The result all the world knows. Was it a victory where the conquerors were obliged to retire from the field, and carry out their wounded under a flag of truce? Was it a defeat where the enemy had been thrice repulsed, once driven from the ground, had burned their baggage train, and made no pursuit of the retreating army?

But most mournful are those last moments of the faithful soldier's life; most solemn those last tones of his voice as his orders rang out on that misty morning amid the smoke and shouts of the battle-field. He stands here bare-headed, the blood streaming from two wounds which he does not heed, the cloud of perplexity settling over his face like a pall, his troubled eyes fixed upon the enemy. He turns to head a regiment which has lost its colonel—"Forward! men; I will lead you!" A moment, and he lies there: no more striving for victory here; no more anxious hours of weary watching for the succor that never came; no more goadings from an exacting public, nor any more appeals to an unheeding chief. Even the triumphant hush of life could not smooth out those lines cut by unwonted care upon his face, or answer the mute questioning of that painful indecision there. So from the West they brought him, by solemn marches, to the East, and colors hung at half-mast, and bells were tolled as the flag-draped hero was borne slowly by. And to the music of tender dirges, he, whose whole life had been inspired by the whistling of fifes and rolling of drums, was laid to rest. A handful of clods falling upon his breast, their hollow sound never thrilling the mother heart that lay again so near her son's, a volley fired over the grave, and all was over. Of all the brave men gone, no fate has seemed to us so sad. Winthrop, young and ar-

dent, with the tide of great thoughts rushing in upon his princely heart, died in the flush of hope with the fresh enthusiasm of poetry and undimmed patriotism shining in his eyes, and we laid our soldier to sleep under the violets. Ellsworth fell forward with the captured flag of treason in his hand, and the whole nation cheering him on in his early sally upon the 'sacred' Virginia soil. Brave and honorable, with fine powers cultured by study and earnest thought, death took from him no portion of the fame life would have awarded him. Baker rode into the jaws of death in that fatal autumn blunder; but the ignominy of defeat rested upon other shoulders. His only to obey, even while 'all the world wondered.' But he did not fall before the honor of a country's admiration and the meed of her grateful thanks were his. Soldier, orator and statesman, he had gained in a brilliant career a glory earned by few, and could well afford to die, assured of a memory justified from all reproach. But to Lyon, whom there were so few to mourn, death in the midst of anticipated defeat was bitter indeed. No time to retrieve the losses and disasters the cruel remissness of others had entailed upon him; the fruit of the anxious toil of months wrested from him even as it began to ripen; all his glad hopes chilled by suspicion, but his faith, we may well believe, still strong in the ultimate success of the cause he loved. A whole life he had given to his country, and she had not thought it worth while to redeem it from disgrace with the few thousands that he asked. He had outlived the elasticity of youth, when wrongs are quickly remedied, and new impulses spring, like phœnixes, from the ashes of the old. Uncertain whether he were the victim of a conspiracy, the tool of a faction, or the martyr to some unknown theory, he died, and as the country had been to him wife and children, he left her his all.

It was known to but few that the soldier, whose career had been rather useful than brilliant, had, when the scheming of politicians and their doubly-

refined arguments threatened to deceive and ruin the country, put by his sword and taken up the pen. In a series of articles, short, concise, and to the point, he effectually canvassed the State. They are addressed to thinking men everywhere. Free from all trickery, strictly impartial, relying entirely upon the soundness of his premises for success,—for elegance of diction he had not, and he was too honest even to become a sophist,—these papers manifest at once the true patriot and the intelligent man. Thousands of adherents the Republican cause had in 1860, but not one more indefatigable or more heartily in earnest than Lyon. Outside the limits of party interests, and uninfluenced personally by the predominance of either faction, he had worked out in his own way the problem of national life, and now spread its solution before his readers. ‘Our cause,’ said he, ‘is to honor labor and elevate the laborer.’ Here we have the kernel of the whole matter; the spirit, if not the letter, of the whole republican system of government. The secret that philosophers have elaborated from the unconquerable facts of physics, ethics, and psychology, that men of genius have evolved with infinite difficulty from the mass of crude aesthetic associations that cluster around every object of nature or of art, Lyon, working and thinking alone as a citizen, has discovered, with the sole aid of common sense and the habit of practical observation. Carey and Godwin have proved by statistics for unbelievers the reasonableness of the doctrine enunciated by Lyon. Now, thanks to the untiring efforts of a few stout-hearted patriots, it is no new one to the North; but in the late presidential contest it was a strange weapon glittering in strong hands. Our society, diluted and weakened by the Southern element, revolted at first from the creed that is to prove its salvation. Not alone in our border States had the dragon crept, searing our fair institutions with his hot breath, but even upon the sturdy old Puritan stock were engrafted many of the petty notions that pass for ‘principles’

in Dixie. True, we were educated, all of us, into a sort of decent regard for the good old element of labor,—we call it industry,—more antique, since antiquity is a virtue, than aristocracy, for it began in Paradise. But this was a feature of our Northern character that was to be hurried out of sight, ignominiously buried without candle or bell, when the giant of Southern chivalry stalked across our borders. The bravado and gentlemanly ruffianism of youthful F. F. V.-ism at college, and the supercilious condescension of incipient Southern belle-dom in the seminary, impressed young North America with a respect that was indeed unacknowledged, but that grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength. But this mock romance of ancestry, this arrogant assumption by the South of all the social virtues and courtesies of which the nation, or indeed the universe, could boast, was like the flash of an expiring candle to Lyon. He had little to do with first families North or South; his mission was to the *people*. His practical mind gathered in, sheaf after sheaf, a whole harvest of political facts. He saw that the government of the United States, originally intended to be administered by the people, had been for years in the power of the minority. Against this perversion of the purpose of the founders of the republic, this outrage to the memory of men who labored for its defense and welfare, he entered his earnest protest. The shallow effort of the Democratic party to establish upon constitutional grounds the monstrous phantom of justice they called government, was met by his hearty indignation. He says, ‘With the artfulness of a deity and the presumption of a fiend, our own Constitution is perversely claimed by the Democracy as the aegis for the establishment of a slave autocracy over our country.’

No element more fatal to our growth or freedom could Lyon conceive than this slave autocracy. It sapped the very foundations of republicanism, and, stealthily advancing to the extreme limits of the law, enjoyed the confidence of

the people, while it plotted their subjugation. All the varied machinery of the new social system, falsely styled government, had for its object the extinction of individual rights and the deification of capital. Church and state united in the unholy effort to crush the masses, and intriguing politicians, by dint of dazzling rhetoric and plausible promises, lured the people on to secure their own downfall at the polls. The only remedy for this Lyon saw in the elevation of the masses. 'It is the greatest political revolution yet to be effected,' he says, 'to bring the laboring man to know that honest industry is the highest of merits, and should be awarded the highest honor; and, properly pursued, contributes to his intelligence and morality, and to the virtues needed for official station.' 'The calamity,' says an eminent writer from his far Platonean heights, 'is the masses;' but liberty is a new religion that is to sweep over the world and regenerate them. And to this end Lyon boldly advocated emancipation for the sake of the white man. If to-day, when patriotism is at a premium, men tremble before the acknowledged necessity of this measure, and are either too cowardly or too indolent to meet the demands of the times, it required no little boldness in 1860 to advance a theory so decided, even in a Kansas newspaper. But Lyon knew the inefficiency of half-way measures, and the moral degradation they inevitably entail upon the community so weak or so deluded as to adopt them. The hue and cry of abolitionism did not disturb him; he was not afraid of names. Conservatism that sat in state at Washington, and pulled the wires all over the country,—a tremendous power, none the less fearful in that it was only a galvanized one,—was a dead letter to him, its dignity departed with the age that had demanded it. Conservatism would have resented no impositions, established no new landmarks, asserted no independence; would carry its mails on horseback, creep over the ocean in

schooners, fight by sea in piked brigantines, and by land with spear and battle-axe; it would have emancipated no slaves in Great Britain and France, and no serfs in Russia. But if freedom means anything, it means *Progress*,—liberty to advance, never to retrograde. 'Nothing in the world will ever go backward,' said the old lizard to Heine. All the authority of a new Arcopagus could never sanction that; and yet this liberty the South claims, nay, has already acted upon, so that the world may see the result of the experiment, and against its continuance Lyon protests. In the long silent years of preparation for the fray he has nursed strange thoughts on the ultimate destiny of man. He has seen in dreams, prophetic of a mighty accomplishment, his country growing great, and vigorous, and powerful, extending to struggling humanity everywhere the protection of her friendship, building up noble institutions, encouraging science and the useful arts, and leading the van in the world's great millennial march; and this not through any miraculous interposition of Providence, but by means of an exalted intelligence and the power of thought stimulating to action, and that of the noblest kind.

But you argue the unfitness of the masses for this destiny. Lyon answers, —not in any musically-rounded sentences, in phrases nicely balanced; the man is plain and outspoken,—'This is a truth of philosophy and political economy, that man rises to a condition corresponding to the rights, duties and responsibilities devolved upon him; and therefore the only true way to make a man is to invest him with the rights, duties and responsibilities of a man, and he generally rises in intellectual and moral greatness to a position corresponding to these circumstances.' It is a mistake to suppose the great body of the people ignorant of their position, or unconscious of their growing importance and dignity as representatives of a mighty empire. Vice and poverty have indeed well-nigh quenched humanity in

thousands in our great cities, but these are but a drop in the ocean. Behind lies our vast West, with its teeming population, sturdy, active and energetic. All our mountain districts are alive with men who, thanks to the press, are beginning to feel their power. Every advantage of physical development their hardy life gives them, and the growing consciousness and comprehension of freedom, blooming under a munificent free-school dispensation, will do the rest. Our internal manufacturing and agricultural elements at the North, already powerful and irrepressible, will soon exercise a tremendous influence in our government. Shall it be the influence of ignorance played upon by the sophistry of demagogues and helping to rebuild the vicious doctrines that have stood firmly for so many years, or the healthful influence of intelligent industry tending to our greatness and prosperity? This our war is to decide. No peaceful solution of the great question could be made. This Lyon foresaw in the truckling of politicians North to win the unit of Southern political sympathy: the main end and aim of the South being the appointment of Southern men to the Presidency, 'as security on the one hand against unfavorable executive action toward slavery, and on the other against executive patronage adverse to its interests, the democratic party North succeeded, by trimming party sails and decking party leaders, in suiting their fastidious Southern leaders.' The question once at issue, even a peaceful separation was impossible, though an amendment of the Constitution should sanction it. War was inevitable. The great bugbear of slavery would still exist; fugitive slave laws be forever upon the political carpet; formidable jealousies spring up between two nations founded upon such diverse principles, yet united by very natural circumstance of language and climate; internal wrangling would destroy all unity, conspiracies give the death-blow to all prosperity and all hope of advancement.

All this if there were no great party at the North to rise upon the vast ground of humanity, claiming for its millions the privilege of an unfettered life, for its children a fair start in the future. Only one remedy Lyon knew, and he stood there, the early apostle of Emancipation, and preached it. His doctrine was not accepted then, it is not accepted now; but the time must come, when millions shall have been expended, and blood shall have flowed like water only to delay it, when we will fly to it for salvation. Let those who still cry 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace, learn what is to be its price—Emancipation. It will be a bitter draught; well, so was the independence of her colonies to England. And every day makes it more bitter; the gall in the cup rises to the brim; a few more months and it will overflow; the people will take the matter into their own hands and legislate slavery into the swamps of Florida.

It is a lame and blind philanthropy that cries for a respite. 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber. After us the deluge.' And meanwhile the damnable lies gain ground, and a new generation is lost to its due development. Have we yet to learn that we are no longer individuals, but parts of a mighty nation, and responsible in some sort, every one, women and men, for its destiny? Poland has learned this lesson. Her eyes are upon us now. Shall she, still struggling, find that blood and treasure, and all the thousand dear blessings of peace, have been sacrificed in vain? If you cry 'War is an evil!' we grant it; but is it reserved for the nineteenth century to discover a creed for which there shall be no martyrs? What great gift has the world ever won that was not bought with blood? When has independence of action or thought been purchased otherwise than at the cost of persecution,—more revolution? Then let us not slander revolutions. They are the throes of nature undergoing her purification; if it is as by fire, oh! let us have courage and stand beside her in

her hour of trial. St. George will not fight forever; the dragon of oppression is dying.

'Yes, although so slowly, he *is* dying ;
Many thousand years have fled in darkness,
Since the sword first cut his scaly armor,
And the red wound roused him into madness ;
But the good knight is of race immortal,
Ever young, and passionate and fearless ;
And the strength which oozes from the dragon,
Blooms reviving in the glorious warrior.'

And, after all, the demon of war is not so black as we have painted him. We do not shudder to-day as we read of the siege of Troy or the downfall of Carthage, or the Romance of the Cid. The song of Deborah, 'of the avenging of Israel when the people willingly offered themselves,' is one glorious burst of praise to God and gratitude to the martyrs. There was war in heaven when ambition was cast out: — what quiet pastoral appeals to our noblest impulses as *Paradise Lost* does? Wisely and well speaks the English clergyman when he says: —

'But the truth is that here, as elsewhere, poetry has reached the truth, while science and common sense have missed it. It has distinguished — as, in spite of all mercenary and feeble sophistry, men ever will distinguish — war from mere bloodshed. It has discerned the higher feelings which lie beneath its revolting features. Carnage is terrible. The conversion of producers into destroyers is a calamity. Death, and insults to women worse than death — and human features obliterated beneath the hoof of the war-horse — and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, and broken hearts — they are all awful. But there is something worse than death! cowardice is worse. And the decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse. And it is worse than death, aye, worse than one hundred thousand deaths, when a people has

gravitated down into the creed, that the "wealth of nations" consists, not in generous hearts, "fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow," in national virtues, and primitive simplicity; and heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life — not in *men*, but in silk and *cotton*, and something that they call "capital." Peace is blessed — peace arising out of charity. But peace springing out of the calculations of selfishness is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street, in every town of our once noble country, should run blood.' *

As we write, every telegram proves the vaunted unity of the South a sham, a visionary political bugbear, no longer strong or hideous enough to frighten the most inveterate conservative dough-face. But a few victories do not end the war; still earnestness and effort and sacrifice, for the sick man of America will fight even when his 'brains are out.' Not until we have proved to Breckinridge, the traitor, that we are not 'fighting for principles that three-fourths of us abhor,' and that the Union is not only 'a means of preserving the principles of political liberty,' but that in it is irrevocably bound up every living principle of all liberty, social, religious and individual; that in its shelter only we have security against wrong at home and insult from abroad; not until Emancipation has instituted a new order of things in society as well as in politics, will the death of the out-spoken patriot and brave man, Lyon, be avenged, and the struggle be at an end. 'Genius is patient,' but patience has had her perfect work, and the days of Rebellion are numbered. On with the crusade!

* Robertson's *Lectures and Addresses*. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

I I .

THE voice of Rome is baritone, always excepting that of the Roman locomotive,—the donkey,—which is deep bass, and comes tearing and braying along at times when it might well be spared. In the still night season, wandering among the moonlit ruins of the Coliseum, while you pause and gaze upon the rising tiers of crumbling stone above you, memory retraces all you have read of the old Roman days: the forms of the world-conquerors once more people the deserted ruin; the clash of ringing steel; hot, fiery sunlight; thin, trembling veil of dust pierced by the glaring eyes of dying gladiators; red-spouting blood; screams of the mangled martyrs torn by Numidian lions; moans of the dying; fierce shouts of exultation from the living; smiles from gold-banded girls in flowing robes, with floating hair, flower-crowned, and perfumed; the hum of thrice thirty thousand voices hushed to a whisper as the combat hangs on an uplifted sword; the—

Aw-waw-WAUN-IK! WAW-NIK! WAUN-KI-W-A-W-N! comes like blatant fish-horn over the silent air, and your dream of the Coliseum ends ignominiously with this nineteenth-century song of a jackass.

At night you will hear the shrill cry of the screech-owl sounding down the silent streets in the most thickly-populated parts of the city. Or you will perhaps be aroused from sleep, as Caper often was, by the long-drawn-out cadences of some countryman singing a *rondinella* as he staggers along the street, fresh from a wine-house. Nothing can be more melancholy than the concluding part of each verse in these rondinellas, the voice being allowed to drop from one note to another, as a man falling from the roof of a very high house may catch at some projection, hold on for a time, grow weak, loose his hold, fall,

catch again, hold on for a minute, and at last fall flat on the pavement, used up, and down as low as he can reach.

But the street-cries of this city are countless; from the man who brings round the daily broccoli to the one who has a wild boar for sale, not one but is determined that you shall hear all about it. Far down a narrow street you listen to a long-drawn, melancholy howl—the voice as of one hired to cry in the most mournful tones for whole generations of old pagan Romans who died unconverted; poor devils who worshiped wine and women, and knew nothing better in this world. And who is their mourner? A great, brawny, tawny, steeple-crowned hat, blue-breeched, two-fisted fish-huckster; and he is trying to sell, by yelling as if his heart would break, a basket of fish not so long as your finger. If he cries so over anchovies, what would he do if he had a whale for sale?

Another *primo basso profundo* trolls off a wheelbarrow and a fearful cry at the same time; not in unison with his merchandise, for he has birds—quail, woodcock, and snipe—for sale, besides a string of dead nightingales, which he says he will ‘sell cheap for a nice stew.’ Think of stewed nightingales! One would as soon think of eating a boiled Cremona violin.

But out of the way! Here comes, blocking up the narrow street, a *contadino*, a countryman from the Campagna. His square wooden cart is drawn by a donkey about the size of, and resembling, save ears, a singed Newfoundland dog; his voice, strong for a vegetarian,—for he sells onions and broccoli, celery and tomatoes, *finocchio* and mushrooms,—is like tearing a firm rag: how long can it last, subjected to such use?

It is in the game and meat market, near the Pantheon, that you can more fully become acquainted with the street

eries of Rome; but the Piazza Navona excels even this. Passing along there one morning, Caper heard such an extraordinary piece of vocalization, sounding like a Sioux war-whoop with its back broken, that he stopped to see what it was all about. There stood a butcher who had exposed for sale seven small stuck pigs, all one litter; and if they had been his own children, and died heretics, he could not have howled over them in a more heart-rending manner.

About sunrise, and even before it,—for the Romans are early risers,—you will hear in spring-time a sharp ringing voice under your window, '*Acqua chetosa! Acqua chetosa!*' an abridgment of *acque acetosa*, or water from the fountain of Accetosa, considered a good aperient, and which is drank before breakfast. Also a voice crying out, '*Acqua-vi-ta!*' or spirits, drank by the workmen and others at an expense of a baiocco or two the table-spoonful, for that is all the small glasses hold. In the early morning, too, you hear the chattering jackdaws on the roofs; and then, more distinctly than later in the day, the clocks striking their odd way. The Roman clocks ring from one to six strokes four times during the twenty-four hours, and not from one to twelve strokes, as with us. Sunset is twenty-four o'clock, and is noted by six strokes; an hour after sunset is one o'clock, and is noted by one stroke; and so on until six hours after, when it begins striking one again. As the quarter hours are also rung by the clocks, if you happen to be near one you will have a fine chance to get in a muddle trying to separate quarters from hours, and Roman time from your own.

Another noise comes from the game of *morra*. Caper was looking out of his window one morning, pipe in mouth, when he saw two men suddenly face each other, one of them bringing his arm down very quickly, when the other yelled as if kicked, '*Due!*' (two), and the first shouted at the top of his lungs, '*Tre!*' (three). Then they both went at it, pumping their hands up and down and spreading their fingers with a quick-

ness which was astonishing, while all the time they kept screaming, 'One!' 'Four!' 'Three!' 'Two!' 'Five!' etc., etc. 'Ha!' said Caper, 'this is something like; 'tis an arithmetical, mathematical, etceterical school in the open air. The dirtiest one is very quick; he will learn to count five in no time. But I don't see the necessity of saying "three" when the other brings down four fingers, or saying "five" when he shows two. But I suppose it is all right; he hasn't learned to give the right names yet.' He learned later that they were gambling.

While these men were shouting, there came along an ugly old woman with a tambourine and a one-legged man with a guitar, and seeing prey in the shape of Caper at his window, they pounced on him, as it were, and poured forth the most ear-rending discord; the old lady singing, the old gentleman backing up against a wall and scratching at an accompaniment on a jangling old guitar. The old lady had a bandana handkerchief tied over her head, and whilst she watched Caper she cast glances up and down the street, to see if some rich stranger, or *milord*, was not coming to throw her a piece of silver.

'What are you howling about?' shouted Caper down to her.

'A new Neapolitan canzonetta, signore; all about a young man who grieves for his sweetheart, because he thinks she is not true to him, and what he says to her in a serenade.' And here she screechingly sung,—

But do not rage, I beg, my dear;
I want you for my wife,
And morning, noon, and night likewise,
I'll love you like my life.

CHORUS.

I only want to get a word,
My charming girl, from thee.
You know, Ninella, I can't breathe,
Unless your heart's for me!

'Well,' said Caper, 'if this is Italian music, I don't see it.'

The one-legged old gentleman clawed away at the strings of the guitar.

'I say, '*IllustriSSimo*,' shouted Caper

down to him, 'what kind of strings are those on your instrument?'

'*Excellenza*, catgut,' he shouted, in answer.

'*Benissimo!* I prefer cats in the original packages. There's a *paolo*: travel!'

Caper had the misfortune to make the acquaintance of a professor of the mandolin, a wire-strung instrument, resembling a long-necked squash cut in two, to be played on with a quill, and which, with a guitar and violin, makes a concert that thrills you to the bones and cuts the nerves away.

But the crowning glory of all that is ear-rending and peace-destroying, is carried around by the *Pifferari* about Christmas time. It is a hog-skin, filled with wind, having pipes at one end, and a jackass at the other, and is known in some lands as the bagpipe. The small shrines to the Virgin, particularly those in the streets where the wealthy English reside, are played upon assiduously by the *pifferari*, who are supposed by romantic travelers to come from the far-away Abruzzi Mountains, and make a pilgrimage to the Eternal City to fulfil a vow to certain saints; whereas it is sundry cents they are really after. They are for the most part artists' models, who at this season of the year get themselves up à la *pifferari*, or piper, to prey on the romantic susceptibilities and pockets of the strangers in Rome, and, with a pair of long-haired goat-skin breeches, a sheepskin coat, brown rags, and sandals, or *cioccie*, with a shocking bad conical black or brown hat, in which are stuck peacock's or cock's feathers, they are ready equipped to attack the shrines and the strangers.

Unfortunately for Caper there was a shrine to the Virgin in the second-story front of the house next to where he lived; that is, unfortunately for his musical ear, for the lamp that burned in front of the shrine every dark night was a shining and pious light to guide him home, and thus, ordinarily, a very fortunate arrangement. In the third-story front room of the house of the shrine dwelt a Scotch artist named MacGuilp,

who was a grand amateur of these pipes, and who declared that no sound in the world was so sweet to his ear as the bagpipes: they recalled the heather, haggis, and the Lothians, and the mountain dew, ye ken, and all those sorts of things.

One morning at breakfast in the Café Greco he discoursed at length about the pleasure the pifferari gave him; while Caper, taking an opposite view, said they had, during the last few days, driven him nearly crazy, and he wished the squealing hog-skins well out of town.

MacGuilp told him he had a poor ear for music; that there was a charm about the bagpipes unequalled even by the unique voices of the Sistine Chapel; and there was nothing he would like better than to have all the pipers of Rome under his windows.

Caper remembered this last rash speech of Master MacGuilp, and determined at an early hour to test its truth. It happened, the very next morning at breakfast, that MacGuilp, in a triumphant manner, told him that he had received a promise of a visit from the Duchess of ——, with several other titled English; and said he had not a doubt of selling several paintings to them. MacGuilp's style was of the blood-and-thunder school: red dawns, murdered kings, blood-stained heather, and Scotch plaids, the very kind that should be shown to the sweet strainings of hog-skin bagpipes.

In conversation Caper found out the hour at which the duchess intended to make her visit. He made his preparations accordingly. Accompanied by Rocjean, he visited Gigi, who kept a costume and life school of models, found out where the pipers drank most wine, and going there and up the Via Fratina and down the Spanish Steps, managed to find them, and arranged it so that at the time the duchess was viewing MacGuilp's paintings, he should have the full benefit of a serenade from all the pifferari in Rome.

The next morning Caper, pipe in mouth, at his window, saw the carriage

of the duchess drive up, and from it the noble English dismount and ascend to the artist's studio. The carriage had hardly driven away when up came two of the pipers, and happening to cast their eyes up they saw Caper, who hailed them and told them not to begin playing until the others arrived. In a few moments six of the hog-skin squeezers stood ready to begin their infernal squawking.

'Go ahead!' shouted Caper, throwing a handful of *baiocchi* among them; and as soon as these were gathered up, the pipers gave one awful, heart-chilling blast, and the concert was fairly commenced. Squealing, shrieking, grunting, yelling, and humming, the sounds rose higher and higher. Open flew the windows in every direction.

'*C'est foudroyante!*' said the pretty French modiste.

'What the devil's broke loose?' shouted an American.

'*Mein Gott im himmel! was ist das?*' roared the German baron.

'*Casaccio! cosa faceste?*' shrieked the lovely Countess Grimann.

'*In nomine Domine!*' groaned a fat friar.

'*Caramba! vayase al infierno!*' screamed Don Santiago Gomez.

'*Bassama teremtete!*' swore the Hungarian gentleman.

Louder squealed the bagpipes, their buzz filled the air, their shrieks went ringing up to MacGuilp like the cries of Dante's condemned. The duchess found the sound barbarous. MacGuilp opened his window, upon which the pipers strained their lungs for the Signore Inglesi, grand amateur of the bagpipes. He begged them to go away. 'No, no, signore; we know you love our music; we won't go away.'

The duchess could stand it no longer, her servant called the carriage, the English got in and drove off.

Still rung out the sounds of the six bagpipes. Caper threw them more *baiocchi*.

Suddenly MacGuilp burst out of the door of his house, maul-stick in hand,

rushing on the pifferari to put them to flight.

'*Iddio giusto!*' shouted two of the pipers; 'it is, it is the *Cacciatore!* the hunter; the Great Hunter!'

'He is a painter!' shouted another.

'No, he isn't; he's a hunter. *Gran Cacciatore!* Doesn't he spend all his time after quails and snipe and woodcock? Haven't I been out with him day after day at Ostia? Long live the great hunter!'

MacGuilp was touched in a tender spot. The homage paid him as a great hunter more than did away with his anger at the bagpipe serenade. And the last Caper saw of him he was leading six pifferari into a wine shop, where they would not come out until seven of them were unable to tell the music of bagpipes from the music of the spheres.

So ends the music, noises, and voices, of the seven-hilled city.

SERMONS IN STONES.

One bright Sunday morning in January, Rocjean called on Caper to ask him to improve the day by taking a walk.

'I thought of going up to the English chapel outside the Popolo to see a pretty New Yorkeress,' said the latter; 'but the affair is not very pressing, and I believe a turn round the Villa Borghese would do me as much good as only looking at a pretty girl and half hearing a poor sermon.'

'As for a sermon, we need not miss that,' answered Rocjean, 'for we will stop in at Chapin the sculptor's studio, and if we escape one, and he there, I am mistaken. They call his studio a shop, and they call his shop the Orphan's Asylum, because he manufactured an Orphan Girl some years ago, and, as it sold well, he has kept on making orphans ever since.'

'The murderer!'

'Yes; but not half as atrocious as the reality. You must know that when he first came over here he had an order to make a small Virgin Mary for a Catholic church in Boston; but the order being countermanded after he had commenced

modeling in clay, he was determined not to lose his time, and so, having somewhere read of, in a yellow-covered novel, or seen in some fashion-plate magazine, a doleful-looking female called The Orphan, he instantly determined, cruel executioner that he is, to also make an orphan. And he did. There is a dash of bogus sentiment in it that passes for coin current with many of our traveling Americans; and the thing has "sold." He told me not long since he had orders for twelve copies of different sized Orphans, and you will see them all through his asylum. Do you remember those lines in Richard the Third,—

"Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans — wretched?"'

They found Chapin in his shop, alias studio, busily looking over a number of plaster casts of legs and arms. He arose quickly as they entered and threw a cloth over the casts.

"Hah! gudmornin', Mister Caper. Glad to see you in my studiyō. Hallo, Rocjan! you there? Why haven't you ben up to see my wife and daughters? She feels hurt, I tell you, 'cause you don't come near us. Do you know that Burkings of Bosting was round here to my studiyō yeserday: sold *him* an Orphan. By the way, Mister Caper, air you any relation to Caper of the great East Ingly house of Caper?"

"He is an uncle of mine, and is now in Florence; he will be in Rome next week."

A tender glow of interest beamed in Chapin's eyes: in imagination he saw another Orphan sold to the rich Caper, who might 'influence trade.' His tone of voice after this was subdued. As Caper happened to brush against some plaster coming in the studio, Chapin hastened to brush it from his coat, and he did it as if it were the down on the wing of a beautiful golden butterfly.

"I was goin' to church this mornin' long with Missus Chapin; but I guess I'll stay away for once in me life. I want to show you The Orphan."

"I beg that you will not let me inter-

fere with any engagement you may have," said Caper; "I can call as well at any other time."

"Oh, no; I won't listen to that; I don't want to git to meeting before sermon, so come right stret in here now. There! there's The Orphan. You see I've made her accordin' to the profoundest rules of art. You may take a string or a yard measure and go all over her, you won't find her out of the way a fraction. The figure is six times the length of the foot; this was the way Phidias worked, and I agree with him. Them were splendid old fellows, them Greeks. There was art for you; high art!"

"That in the Acropolis was of the highest order," said Rocjean.

"Yes," answered Chapin, who did not know where it was; "far above all other. There was some sentiment in them days; but it was all of the religious stripe; they didn't come down to domestic life and feelin'; they hadn't made the strides we have towards layin' open art to the million—towards developing *hum* feelings. They worked for a precious few; but we do it up for the many. Now there's the A-poller Belvidiary—beautiful thing; but the idea of brushin' his hair that way is ridicoolus. Did you ever see anybody with their hair fixed that way? Never! They had a way among the Greeks of fixing their drapery right well; but I've invented a plan—for which I've applied to Washington for a patent—that I think will beat anything Phidias ever did."

"You can't tell how charmed I am to hear you," spoke Rocjean.

"Well, it is a great invention," continued Chapin; "and as I know neither of you ain't in the 'trade' (smiling), I don't care but what I'll show it to you, if you'll promise, honor bright, you won't tell anybody. You see I take a piece of muslin and hang it onto a statue the way I want the folds to fall; then I take a syringe filled with starch and glue and go all over it, so that when it dries it'll be as hard as a rock. Then I go all over it with a certain oily préparation

and lastly I run liquid plaster-paris in it, and when it hardens, I have an exact mold of the drapery. There! But I hain't explained The Orphan. You see she's sittin' on a very light chair—that shows the very little support she has in this world. The hand to the head shows meditation; and the Bible on her knee shows devotion; you see it's open to the book, chapter, and verse which refers to the young ravens.'

'Excuse me,' said Caper, 'but may I ask why she has such a *very* low-necked dress on?'

'Well, my model has got such a fine neck and shoulders,' replied Chapin, 'that I re-eely couldn't help showing 'em off on the Orphan: besides, they're more in demand—the low neck and short sleeves—than the high-bodied style, which has no buyers. But there is a work I'm engaged on now that would just soot your uncle. Mr. Caper, come this way.'

Caper saw what he supposed was a safe to keep meat cool in, and approached. Chapin threw back the doors of it like a showman about to disclose the What Is It?" and Caper saw a drop-sical-looking Cupid with a very short shirt on, and a pair of winged shoes on his feet. The figure was starting forward as if to catch his equilibrium, which he had that moment lost, and was only prevented from tumbling forward by a bag held behind him in his left hand, while his right arm and hand, at full length, pointed a sharp arrow in front of him.

'Can you tell me what *that* figger represents?' asked Chapin. As he received no reply, he continued: '*That* is Enterprise; the two little ruts at his feet represent a railroad; the arrow, showin' he's sharp, points ahead; Go ahead! is his motto; the bag in his hand represents money, which the keen, sharp, shrewd business man knows is the reward of enterprise. The wreath round his head is laurel mixed up with lightnin', showin' he's up to the tellygraph; the pen behind his ear shows he can figger; and his short shirt shows economy, that

admirable virtoo. The wings on his shoes air taken from Mercury, as I suppose you know; and—'

'I say, now, Chapin, don't you think he's got a little too much legs, and rather extra stomach on him, to make fast time?' asked Rocjean.

'Measure him, measure him!' said Chapin, indignantly; 'there's a string. Figure six times the length of his foot, everything else in proportion. No, sir; I have not studied the classic for nothin'; if there is any one thing I am strong on, it's anatomy. Only look at his hair. Why, sir, I spent three weeks once dissecchin'; and for more'n six months I didn't do anything, during my idle time, but dror figgers. Art is a kind of thing that's born in a man. This saying the ancients were better sculpters than we air, is no such thing; what did they know about steam-engines or telegraphs? *Fiddle!* They did some fustrate things, but they had no idee of fixin' hair as it should be fixed. No, sir; we moderns have great add-vantagiz, and we improve 'em. Rome is the Cra—'

'I must bid you good-day,' interrupted Caper; 'your wife will miss you at the sermon: you will attribute it to me; and I would not intentionally be the cause of having her ill-will for anything.'

'Well, she is a pretty hard innimy; and they do talk here in Rome if you don't toe the mark. But ree-ly, you mustn't go off mad (smiling). You must call up with Rocjan and see us; and I ree-ly hope that when your uncle comes you will bring him to my studiyō. I am sure my Enterprise will soot him.'

So Chapin saw them out of his studio. Not until Caper found himself seated on a stone bench under the ilexes of the Villa Borghese, watching the sunbeams darting on the little lizards, and seeing far off the Albanian Mountains, snow-capped against the blue sky—not until then did he breathe freely.

'Rocjean,' said he; 'that stone-cutter down there—that Chapin—'

'Chameau!' roared Rocjean. 'He and his kind are doing for art what the Jews did for prize-fighting—they ruin

it. They make art the laughing-stock of all refined and educated people. Art applied solely to sculpture and painting is dead; it will not rise again in these our times. But art, the fairy-fingered beautifier of all that surrounds our homes and daily walks, save paintings and statuary, never breathed so fully, clearly, nobly as now, and her pathway amid the lowly and homely things around us is shedding beauty wherever it goes. The rough-handed artisan who, slowly dreaming of the beautiful, at last turns out a stone that will beautify and adorn a room, instead of rendering it hideous, has done for this practical generation what he of an earlier theoretical age did for his cotemporaries when he carved the imperial Venus of Milos. Enough; *this* is the sermon *not* preached from stones.'

A BALL AT THE COSTA PALACE.

One sunlight morning in February, while hard at work in his studio, Caper was agreeably surprised by the entrance of an elderly uncle of his, Mr. Bill Browne, of St. Louis, a gentleman of the rosy, stout, hearty school of old bachelors, who, having made a large fortune by keeping a Western country store, prudently retired from business, and finding it dull work doing nothing, wisely determined to enjoy himself with a tour over the Continent, 'or any other place he might conclude to visit.'

'I say, Jim, did you expect to see me here?' was his first greeting.

'Why, Uncle Bill! Well, you are the last man I ever thought would turn up. They didn't write me a word of your coming over,' answered Caper.

'Mistake; they wrote you all about it; and if you'll drop round at the post-office, you'll find letters there telling you the particulars. Fact is, I am ahead of the mail. Coming over in the steamer, met a man named Orville; told me he knew you, that he was coming straight through to Rome, and offered to pilot me. So I gave up Paris and all that, and came smack through, eighteen days from New York. But I'm dry. Got

a match? Here, try one of these cigars.'

Caper took a cigar from his uncle's case, lit it, and then, calling the man who swept out the studios, sent him to the neighboring wine-shop for a bottle of wine.

'By George, Jim, that's a pretty painting: that jackass is fairly alive, and so's the girl with a red boddice. I say, what's she got that towel on her head for? Is it put there to dry?'

'No; that's an Italian peasant girl's head-covering. Most all of them do so.'

'Do they? I'm glad of that. But here comes your man with the liquor.'

And, after drinking two or three tumblers full, Uncle Bill decided that it was pretty good cider. The wine finished, together with a couple of rolls that came with it, the two sallied out for a walk around the Pincian Hill, the grand promenade of Rome. Towards sunset they thought of dinner, and Uncle Bill, anxious to see life, accepted Caper's invitation to dine at the old Gabioni: here they ordered the best dishes, and the former swore it was as good a dinner as he ever got at the Planter's House. Rocjean, who dined there, delighted the old gentleman immensely, and the two fraternized at once, and drank each other's health, old style, until Caper, fearing that neither could conveniently hold more, suggested an adjournment to the Greco for coffee and cigars.

While they were in the café, Rocjean quietly proposed something to Caper, who at once assented; the latter then said to Uncle Bill,—

'You have arrived in Rome just at the right time. You may have heard at home of the great Giacinti family; well, the Prince Nicolo di Giacinti gives a grand ball to-night at the Palazzo Costa. Rocjean and I have received invitations, embracing any illustrious strangers of our acquaintance who may happen to be in Rome; so you must go with us. You have no idea, until you come to know them intimately, what a good-natured, off-hand set the best of the Roman nobility are. Compelled by circumstan-

ces to keep up for effect an appearance of great reserve and dignity before the public, they indemnify themselves for it in private by having the highest kind of old times. They are passionately attached to their native habits and costumes, and though driven, on state occasions especially, to imitate French and English habits, yet they love nothing better than at times to enjoy themselves in their native way. The ball given by the prince to-night is what might be called a free-and-easy. It is his particular desire that no one should come in full dress; in fact, he rather likes to have his stranger guests come in their worst clothes, for this prevents the attention of the public being called to them as they enter the palace. After you have lived some time in Rome you will see how necessary it is to keep dark, so you will see no flaring light at the palace gate; it's all as quiet and common-place as possible. The dresses, you must remember, are assumed for the occasion because they are, or were, the national costume, which is fast disappearing, and if it were not for the noble wearers you will see to-night, you could not find them anywhere in Rome. You will perhaps think the nobility at the ball hardly realize your ideas of Italian beauty and refinement, compared with the fine specimens of men and women you may have seen among the Italian opera singers at home: well, these same singers are picked specimens, and are chosen for their height and muscular development from the whole nation, so that strangers may think all the rest at home are like them: it is a little piece of deception we can pardon.'

After this long prelude, Rocjean proposed that they should try a game of billiards in the Café Nuovo. After they had played a game or two, and drank several *mezzo caldos*, or rum punches, they walked up the Corso to the Via San Claudio, No. 48, and entered the palace gate. It was very dark after they entered, so Rocjean, telling them to wait one moment, lit a *cerina*, or piece of waxed cord, an article indispensable

to a Roman, and, crossing the broad courtyard, they entered a small door, and after climbing and twisting and turning, found a ticket-taker, and the next minute were in the ball-room.

Uncle Bill was delighted with the excessively free-and-easy ball of Prince Giacinti, but was very anxious to know the names of the nobility, and Rocjean politely undertook to point out the celebrities, offering kindly to introduce him to any one he might think looked sympathetic; 'what they call *simpatico* in Italian,' explained Rocjean.

'That pretty girl in *Ciociara* costume is the Condessa or Countess Stella di Napoli.'

'Introduce me,' said Uncle Bill.

Rocjean went through the performance, concluding thus: 'The countess expresses a wish that you should order a *bottiglia* (about two bottles) of red wine.'

'Go ahead,' quoth Uncle Bill; 'for a nobility ball this comes as near a dance-house affair as I ever want to approach. By the way, who is that pickpocket-looking genius with eyes like a black snake?'

'Who is that?' said Rocjean, theatrically. 'Chut! a word in your ear; that is An-to-nel-li!'

'The devil! But I heard some one only a few minutes ago call him Ange-lucio.'

'That was done satirically, for it means big angel, which you, who read the papers, know that Antonelli is *not*. But here comes the wine, and I see the countess looks dry. Pour out a half-dozen glasses for her. The Roman women, high and low, paddle in wine like ducks, and it never upsets them; for, like ducks, their feet are so large that neither you nor wine can throw them. I wish you could speak Italian, for here comes the Princess Giacinta *con Marchese*—'

'I wish,' said Uncle Bill, 'you would talk English.'

'Well,' continued Rocjean, 'with the Marchioness Nina Romana, if you like that better. Shall I introduce you?'

'Certainly,' replied the old gentle-

man, 'and order two more what d'ye call 'ems. It's cheap—this knowing a princess for a quart of red teaberry tooth-wash, for that's what this "wine" amounts to. I am going to dance to-night, for the Princess Giacinta is a complete woman after my heart, and weighs her two hundred pound any day.'

The nobility now began begging Rojean and Caper to introduce them to his excellency *Il vecchio*, or the old man; and Uncle Bill, in his enthusiasm at finding himself surrounded with so many princes, Allegrini, Pelligrini, Sapgrini, and Dungreeny, compelled Caper to order up a barrel of wine, set it a-tap, and tell the nobility to 'go in.' It is needless to say that they *went* in. Many of the costumes were very rich, especially those of the female nobility; and in the rush for a glass of wine the effect of the brilliant draperies flying here and there, struggling and pushing, was notable. The musicians, who were standing on what appeared to be barrels draped with white cloth, jumped down and tried their luck at the wine-eask, and, after satisfying their thirst, returned to their duties. There was a guitar, mandolin, violin, and flute, and the music was good for dancing. Uncle Bill was pounced on by the Princess Giacinta and whirled off into some kind of a dance, he did not know what; round flew the room and the nobility; round flew barrels of teaberry tooth-wash, beautiful princesses,

big devils of Antonellis. Lights, flash, hum, buzz, buzz, zzz—ooo—zoom!

Uncle Bill opened his eyes as the sun-light shed one golden bar into his sleeping-room at the Hotel d'Europe, and there by his bedside sat his nephew, Jim Caper, reading a letter, while on a table near at hand was a goblet full of ice, a bottle of hock, and another bottle corked, with string over it.

'It's so-də wa-ter,' said Uncle Bill, musing aloud.

'Hallo, uncle, you awake?' asked Caper, suddenly raising his eyes from his letter.

'I am, my son. Give thy aged father thy blessing, and open that hock and soda water quicker! I say, Jim, now, what became of the nobility, the Colonnas and Aldobrandinis, after they finished that barrel? Strikes me some of them will have an owlly appearance this morning.'

'You don't know them,' answered Caper.

'I am beginning to believe I don't, too,' spoke Uncle Bill. 'I say, now, Jim, where did we go last night?'

'Why, Uncle Bill, to tell you the plain truth, we went to a ball at the Costa Palace, and a model ball it was, too.'

'I have you! Models who sit for you painters. Well, if they arn't nobility, they drink like kings, so it's all right. Give us the hock, and say no more about it.'

HOWE'S CAVE.

FEW persons, perhaps, are aware that Schoharie County, N.Y., contains a cave said to be nine or ten miles in extent, and, in many respects, one of the most remarkable in America. Its visitors are few,—owing, probably, to its recent discovery, together with its comparative inaccessibility;—yet these few are well rewarded for its exploration.

In the month of August, 1861, I started, with three companions, to visit this interesting place.

I will not weary the reader by describing the beauty of the Hudson and the grandeur of the Catskills; yet I would fain fix in my memory forever *one* sunrise, seen from the summit of a bluff on the eastern bank of the river,

when the fog, gradually lifting itself from the stream, and slowly breaking into misty fragments, unveiled broad, smiling meadows, dark forests, village after village, while above all, far in the distance, rose the Catskills, clear in the sunlight.

After two days crowded with enjoyment, we arrived in Schoharie, where we passed the night. Having given orders to be called at five, we took advantage of the leisure hour this arrangement gave us to view, the next morning,

AN OLD FORT.

In reality, the 'fort' is a dilapidated old church, used as a shelter during the Indian wars, and also in the days of the Revolution. On the smooth stones that form the eastern side are carved the names of the soldiers who defended it, with the date, and designation of the regiment to which they belonged. I deciphered also, among other curious details, the name of the person who 'gave the favor of the ground.' I would gladly have indulged my antiquarian tastes by copying these rude inscriptions; but the eager cries of my companions compelled me to hurry on.

The western portion of the structure has also its story to tell. The traces of besieging cannon balls are still to be distinctly seen, and in one place I observed a smooth, round hole, made by the passage of a ball into the interior of the fort.

As I stood on the walls of this ancient building, surveying the valley it overlooked, with its straggling village lying at our feet, and the fair Schoharie Creek, now gleaming in the sunlight of the meadows, or darkening in the shade of the trees that overhung it, the past and the present mingled strongly in my thoughts.

The Stars and Stripes, that on this very spot had seen our fathers repelling a foreign foe, now waved over their sons, forced from their quiet homes, not to contend with the stranger and the alien, but to subdue those rebellious

brothers whose sacrilegious hands had torn down that sacred flag, reared amidst the trials and perils of '76. Not less noble the present contest than the past, nor less heroic the soldier of to-day than the patriot of the Revolution. We continue to-day the fight they fought against injustice and oppression—a conflict that will end only when every nation and every race shall lift unshackled hands up to God in thanksgiving for the gift of freedom. A deeper love of my country, and a firmer trust in the God of truth and justice, sank into my heart as I turned away from those rude walls, sacred to the memory of departed valor.

We hurried back to the breakfast that awaited us, and then drove to

THE CAVE,

which lies six miles from the village of Schoharie. The entrance is at the base of a heavily-wooded mountain that shuts in a secluded little valley. The only opening from this solitary vale is made by a small stream that winds out from among the hills. The entire seclusion of the place has prevented its earlier discovery; but the inevitable 'Hotel' now rears its wooden walls above the cave to encourage future adventurers to explore its recesses.

In the absence of the proprietor of the hotel, who usually acts as cicerone, we took as guide a sun-burnt young man, with an economical portion of nose, closely cut hair, and a wiry little mouth, which we saw at a glance would open only at the rate of a quarter of a dollar a fact. He proved himself, however, shrewd, witty, and, withal, good-natured, and as fond of a joke as any one of us all. Bob, for so our new companion named himself, showed us at once into a dressing-room, advising us to put on, over our own garments, certain exceedingly coarse and ragged coats, hats and pants, which transformed us at once from rather fashionable young men into a set of forlorn-looking beggars. Each laughed at the appearance of the other, unconscious of his own

transformation; but Bob, with more truth than politeness, informed us that we all 'looked like the Old Nick;' whence it appeared that in Bob's opinion the Enemy is usually sorely afflicted with a shabby wardrobe, and that, in the words of the sage,

'Poverty is the devil.'

Being furnished with small oil lamps, we descended to the mouth of the cave. This opens at once into an entrance-hall, one hundred and fifty feet in length and thirty in width, and high enough for a tall man to enter upright.

I inquired of Bob when the cave was discovered. 'In 1842,' he replied. 'And by whom?' I continued. 'Why,' rejoined our guide, 'Mister Howe was a huntin' for caves, and he came across this one.' Rather a queer thing to be hunting for, I thought, though without comment; but in future I allowed Bob to carry on the conversation as best suited himself. He plunged at once into a dissertation on the state of the country, gravely stating that 'Washington was taken.' At the involuntary smile which this astounding piece of news called forth, Bob confessed 'he might be mistaken in this respect, as his paper came but once a week, and frequently only once in two weeks.' Finding him a stanch Union man, and inclined to serve his country to the best of his ability, we undertook 'to post him up' on the present state of affairs, for which the poor fellow was truly grateful.

Entrance Hall leads into Washington Hall, a magnificent apartment, three hundred feet long, and in the lowest part upwards of forty feet high. Our guide favored us at every turn with some new story or legend, repeated in a sing-song, nasal tone, ludicrously contrasting with the extravagance of the tales themselves. Yet he recited all alike with the most immovable gravity. It was a lively waltz of three notes.

Old Tunnel and Giant's Chapel, two fine cave-rooms, were next explored. On entering the latter, Bob favored us

with the rehearsal of an old story from the Arabian Nights, which — unfortunately, not one which will bear repetition — he wished us to believe actually happened in this very locality.

I may here confess that, when we came to 'the dark hole in the ground,' I felt some slight reluctance to trust myself therein. Bob, observing this, immediately drew from his lively imagination such an astonishing increase of the perils of the way, looking complacently at me all the while, that my alarm, strange to say, took flight at once, and I pushed onward defiantly. The journey is, however, one that might justly inspire timidity. Above our heads, and on each side, frowned immense rocks, threatening at every instant to fall upon us; while the dash and babble of a stream whose course we followed, increasing in volume as we progressed, came to our ears like the 'sound of many waters.' We crossed this stream a hundred times, at least, in our journey. Sometimes it murmured and fretted in a chasm far below us; again, it spread itself out in our very path, or danced merrily at our side, until it seemed to plunge into some distant abyss with the roar of a cataract.

We emerged from the windings of our tortuous path into Harlem Tunnel, a room six hundred feet in length. In its sides were frequent openings, leading into hitherto unexplored parts of the cave; but we did not venture to enter many of these. Never have I seen such rocks as we here encountered; at one time piled up on one another, ready to totter and fall at a touch; at another, jutting out in immense boulders, sixty feet above our heads, while, in the openings they left, we gazed upward into darkness that seemed immeasurable.

From Harlem Tunnel we came into Cataract Hall, also of great length, and remarkable for containing a small opening extending to an unknown distance within the mountain, since it apparently cannot be explored. Applying the ear to this opening, the sound of an immense cataract becomes audible, pouring over

the rocks far within the recesses of the mountain, where the Creator alone, who meted out those unseen, sunless waters, can behold its beauty and its terror.

Crossing the Pool of Siloam, whose babbling waters sparkled into beauty as we held our lamps above them, we entered Franklin Hall. Here the roof, although high enough in some places, is uncomfortably low in others; whereupon Bob bade us give heed to the caution of Franklin, 'Stoop as you go, and you will miss many hard thumps.'

We arrived next at Flood Hall, where a party of explorers were once put in great peril by a sudden freshet in the stream. They barely saved themselves by rapid flight, the water becoming waist-deep before they gained the entrance. We had no reason to doubt the truth of this story, as there were evidences of the rise and fall of water all about us.

Congress Hall now awaited us, but I will omit a description of it, as Musical Hall, which immediately succeeded, contains so much more that is interesting. On entering, our attention was first directed to an aperture wide enough for the admission of a man's head. Any sound made in this opening is taken up and repeated by echo after echo, till the very spirit of music seems awakened. Wave after wave of melodious sound charms the ear, even if the first awakening note has been most discordant. If the soul is filled with silent awe while listening to the unseen waterfall in Cataraat Hall, it is here wooed into peace by a harmony more perfect than any produced by mortal invention. A temple-cavern vaster than Ellora with a giant 'lithophone' for organ!

The second wonder of Musical Hall is a lake of great extent, and from ten to thirty feet in depth. The smooth surface of these crystal waters, never ruffled by any air of heaven, and undisturbed save by the dip of our oars as we were ferried across, the utter darkness that hid the opposite shore from our straining sight, the huge rocks above, whose clustering stalactites, lighted by

our glimmering lamps, sparkled like a starry sky, the sound of the far-off waterfall, softened by distance into a sad and solemn music, all united to recall with a vivid power, never before felt, the passage of the 'pious Æneas' over the Styx, which I had so often read with delight in my boyhood. I half fancied our Yankee Bob fading into a vision of the classic Charon, and that the ghosts of unhappy spirits were peering at us from the darkness.

At the end of the lake is Annexation Rock, a huge limestone formation in the shape of an egg. It stands on one end, is twenty-eight feet in diameter, and over forty in height.

We were now introduced into Fat Man's Misery, where the small and attenuated have greatly the advantage. We emerged from this narrow and difficult passage into the Museum, half a mile long, and so called from the number and variety of its formations. We did not linger to examine its curiosities, but pushed on over the Alps, which we surmounted, aided partly by ladders. Very steep and rugged were these Alps, and quite worthy of the name they bear. We descended from them into the Bath-room, where a pool of water and sundry other arrangements suggest to a lively imagination its designation. It certainly has the recommendation of being the most retired bath-room ever known. That of the Neapolitan sibyl is public in comparison to it.

We then entered Pirate's Retreat. Why so named, I can not guess, for I doubt if the boldest pirate who ever sailed the 'South Seas o'er' would dare venture alone so far underground as we now found ourselves.

Leaving the Pirate's Retreat, we were obliged to cross the Rocky Mountains, similar in formation and arrangement to the Alps. The Rocky Mountains lead into Jehoshaphat's Valley, one mile in length. Like its namesake, this valley is a deep ravine, with steep, rugged sides, and a brawling brook running at the bottom.

Miller's Hall next claims our atten-

tion. Here we take leave of the brook, which, with the cave, loses itself in a measureless ravine, where the rocks have fallen in such a manner as to obstruct any further explorations.

From thence, turning to the right, we enter Winding Way, a most appropriate name for the place. The narrow passage turns and twists between masses of solid rock, high in some places, and low in others. The deathlike silence of the solitude that surrounded us impressed us with a vague feeling of fear, and we felt no disposition to tempt the Devil's Gangway, especially as, in consequence of a recent freshet, it was partly filled with water. Our guide informed us that beyond the Gangway were several rooms, among which Silent Chamber and Gothic Arch were the most noteworthy. The portion of the cave visited by tourists terminates in the 'Rotunda,' eight miles from the entrance; although explorations have been made some miles further. The Rotunda is cylindrical in shape, fifteen feet in diameter, and one hundred feet in height.

We were now in a little room six miles from the mouth of the cave, and thought the present a good opportunity to try the effect of the absence of light and sound on the mind. Extinguishing our lights, therefore, we resigned ourselves to the influences of darkness and silence. To realize such a state fully, one must find one's self in the bowels of the earth, as we were, where the beating of our own hearts alone attested the existence of life. We were glad to relight our lamps and begin our return to upper air.

I have already mentioned Annexation Rock; near it is another curious freak of nature, called the Tree of the World's History. It resembles the stump of a tree two feet in diameter, and cut off two feet above the ground, upon which a portion of the trunk, six feet in length, is exactly balanced. A singular type of the changes which time makes in the world above-ground.

In the Museum, whose examination we had postponed till our return, we

were lost in a world of wonders. It were vain to attempt to describe or even enumerate half of the various objects that met us at every turn. Churches, towers, complete with doors and windows, as if finished by the hand of an architect; an organ, its long and short pipes arranged in perfect order; Lot's Wife, a figure in stone, life size; in another place two women, in long, flowing garments, standing facing each other, as if engaged in earnest conversation, and a soldier in complete armor,—these were among the most striking of the larger objects. The vegetable world was also well represented. Here was a bunch of carrots, fresh as if just taken from the ground, sheaves of wheat, bunches of grain and grass hanging from the walls and roofs. Interspersed were birds of every species, doves in loving companionship, sparrows, and hawks. I noticed also in one place a pair of elephant's ears perfect as life. Indeed it was not difficult to believe that these stony semblances had once been endowed with life, and, ere blight or decay could change, had been transmuted into things of imperishable beauty.

While waiting for our guide to unmoor the boat, which was to take us over the lake a second time, I ran up the bank to look at the stalactites that hung in the greatest profusion above the water. The light of my lamp shining through them produced an effect as surprising as it was beautiful. But no words can do justice to the scene. Imagine an immense room whose ceiling is studded with icicles forming every conceivable curve and angle, and you will have only a faint idea of the number and variety of these subterranean ornaments.

A mile from the entrance we found some stray bats,—the first living creatures we had met. We endeavored to attract them by holding up our lamps, and succeeded so well that we were glad to leave them behind us as soon as possible.

It is a singular fact, noted by other cave-explorers, and confirmed by our own experience, that while within a

cave one's usual vigor and activity appears augmented. A slight reaction takes place on coming out into the upper world, and renders rest doubly refreshing and grateful.

Let me, in closing, advise other visitors to Howe's Cave to choose *fair weather*, and *take time enough* for their visit, as the windings of the cave and its curiosities are alike exhaustless.

POTENTIAL MOODS

I sit and dream

Of the time that prophets have long foretold,
Of an age surpassing the age of gold,
Which the eyes of the selfish can never behold,
When truth and love shall be owned supreme.

I think and weep

O'er the thousands oppressed by sin and woe,
O'er the long procession of those who go,
Through ignorance, error, and passions low,
To the unsought bed of their dreamless sleep.

I wait and long

For the sway of justice, the rule of right;
For the glad diffusion of wisdom's light;
For the triumph of liberty over might;
For the day when the weak shall be free from the strong.

I work and sing

To welcome the dawn of the fairer day,
When crime and sin shall have passed away,
When men shall live as well as they pray,
And earth with the gladness of heaven shall ring.

I trust and hope

In the tide of God's love that unceasingly rolls,
In the dear words of promise that bear up our souls,
In the tender compassion that sweetly consoles,
When in death's darkened valley we tremblingly grope.

I toil and pray

For the beauty excelling all forms of art;
For the blessing that comes to the holy heart;
For the hope that foretells, and seems a part
Of the life and joy of the heavenly day.

THE TRUE INTEREST OF NATIONS.

FOR a litigious, quarrelsome, fighting animal, man is very fond of peace. He began to shed blood almost as soon as he began to go alone in company with his nearest relatives; and when Abel asked of Cain, ‘Am I not a man and a brother?’ the latter, instead of giving him the hug fraternal, did beat him to death. Cain’s only object, it should seem, was a quiet life, and Abel had disturbed his repose by setting up a higher standard of excellence than the elder brother could afford to maintain. It was only to ‘conquer a peace’ that Cain thus acted. He desired ‘indemnity for the past and security for the future,’ and so he took up arms against his brother and ended him. He loved peace, but he did not fear war, because he was the stronger party of the two, his weapons being as ready for action as the British navy is ready for it to-day; and Abel was as defenceless as we were a twelvemonth ago. Cain is the type of all mankind, who know that peace is better than war, but who rush into war under the pressure of envy and pride. Ancient as violence is, it is not so old as peace; and it is for peace that all wars are made, at least by organized communities. All peoples have in their minds the idea of a golden age, not unlike to that time so vividly described by Hesiod, when men were absolutely good, and therefore happy; living in perfect accord on what the earth abundantly gave them, suffering neither illness nor old age, and dying as calmly as they had lived. Historical inquiry has so far shaken belief in the existence of any such time as that painted by the poet, that men have agreed to place it in the future. It has never been, but it is to be. It will come with that ‘coming man,’ who travels so slowly, and will be by him inaugurated, a boundless millennial time. In the mean-time contention prevails; ‘war’s unequal game’ is played with transcendent vigor, and at a cost that

would frighten the whole human race into madness were it incurred for any other purpose. But, while fighting, men have kept their eyes steadily fixed upon peace, which is to be the reward of their valor and their pecuniary sacrifices. Every warlike time has been followed by a period in which strenuous exertions have been made to make peace perpetual. Never was there a more profound desire felt for peace than that which prevailed among the Romans of the Augustan age, after a series of civil and foreign wars yet unparalleled in the history of human struggles. One poet could denounce the first forger of the iron sword as being truly brutal and iron-hearted; and another could declare it to be the ‘mission’ of the Romans only to impose terms of peace upon barbarians, who should be compelled to accept quiet as a boon, or endure it as a burden. Strange sentiments were these to proceed from the land of the legions, but they expressed the current Roman opinion, which preferred even dishonor to war. So was it after the settlement of Europe in 1815. A generation that had grown up in the course of the greatest of modern contests produced the most determined and persistent advocates of the ‘peace-at-any-price’ policy; and for forty years peace was preserved between the principal Christian nations, through the exertions of statesmen, kings, philanthropists, and economists, who, if they could agree in nothing else, were almost unanimous in the opinion that war was an expensive folly, and that the first duty of a government was to prevent its subjects from becoming military-mad. Perhaps there never was a happier time in Christendom than it knew between the autumn of 1815 and the spring of 1854, after Napoleon had gone down and before Nicholas had set himself up to dictate law to the world. It was the modern age of the Antonines, into which

was crowded more true enjoyment than mankind had known for centuries; and they are beginning to learn its excellence from its loss,—war raging now in the New World, while Europe lives in hourly expectation of its occurrence. There were wars, and cruel wars, too, in those years, but they faintly affected Europe and the United States, and probably added something to men's happiness, for the same reason that a storm to which we are not exposed increases our sense of comfort. Their thunders were remote, and they furnished materials for the journals. So we saw a Providence in them, and thanked Heaven, some of us, that we no longer furnished examples of the folly of contention.

The friends of peace were actuated by various motives. With statesmen and politicians peace was preferred because it was cheaper than war, and all countries were burdened with debt. England has sometimes been praised because she so uniformly threw her influence on the side of peace, after she had accomplished her purpose in the war against imperial France. Time and again, she might have waged popular wars, and in which she would have probably been successful; but she would help neither the Spaniards against France and the Holy Alliance, nor the Turks against the Russians, nor the Poles against the Czar, nor the Hungarians against the Austrians, nor the Italians against the Kaiser, nor the Greeks against the Turks. She settled all her disputes with the United States by negotiation, and showed no disposition to fight with France, except when she had all the rest of Europe on her side. But this praise has not been deserved. England did not quarrel with powerful countries, because she could not afford to enter upon costly warfare. She had gone to the extent of her means when her debt had reached to four thousand million dollars, and she could not increase that debt largely until she should also have increased her wealth. Time was required to add to her means, and to lessen her debt; and to such a state had

her finances been reduced, that it is now twenty years since she began to derive a portion of her revenue from an income tax, which, imposed in the time of peace, was increased when war became inevitable. The bonds she had given to keep the peace were too great to admit of her breaking it. She did not fight, because she doubted her ability to fight successfully. She had no wish to behold another suspension of cash payments by her national bank; and a general war would be sure to bring suspension. But she was as ready as she had ever been to contend with the weak. The Chinese and the Afghans did not find her very forbearing, though with neither of those peoples had she any just cause for war.

With the disunited States she has been as prompt to quarrel as she was slow to contend with the United States; and now she is one of the high contracting parties to the crusade against Mexico. We say nothing of the Sepoy war, for that was a contest for 'empire,' as Earl Russell would say. She could not, in the days of Clyde, give up what she had acquired in the days of Clive; and no one ought to blame her for what she did in India, though it can not be denied that the mutiny was the consequence of her own bad conduct in the East. With Russia, Austria, and Prussia to back her, in 1840, she went to the verge of a war with France; but, in so doing, the government did that which the English nation by no means warmly approved; and the fall of the whig ministry, in 1841, was in no small part due to Lord Palmerston's policy in the preceding year. The Russian war was brought about by the action of the English people, who were angry with the Czar because his empire had the first place in Europe. The government would have prevented that war from breaking out if it could, but popular pressure was too strong for it, and it had to give way. The event has proved that the English government was wiser than were the English people, France alone having gained anything from the departure from what had become the policy of

Europe; and for France to gain is not altogether for the benefit of England.

Of the motives of the philanthropists, we have little to say. They are always respectable, and it is a pity that the world should be too wicked to appreciate them. But those of the economists are open to remark, and the more so because there has been so much claimed for them. They reduced everything to a matter of interest. Peace, they reasoned, is for the welfare of all men; and, if an enlightened self-interest could be made to prevail the world over, war would be rendered an impossibility. Wars between civilized countries have mostly grown out of mistaken views of interest on the part of governments and peoples. Once enlighten both rulers and ruled, and make them understand that war can not pay, and selfishness will accomplish what religion, and morality, and benevolence, and common sense have failed to accomplish. Cutting throats may be a very agreeable pastime; but no man ever yet paid for anything more than it was worth, with his eyes wide open to the fact that he was not buying a bargain, but selling himself. Nations would be as wise as individuals, unless it be true that the sum of intelligence is not so great as the items that compose it; and when it should have been made indisputably clear that to make war was to make losses, while peace should be as indisputably profitable, there would be no further occasion to expend, annually, immense sums upon the support of great armaments, such as were not kept up, even in times of war, by the potentates of earlier days. The reason of mankind was to be appealed to, and they were to be made saints through the use of practical logic. Neighborhood, instead of being regarded as cause for enmity, was to be held as ground for good feeling and liberal intercourse. Under the old system it had been the custom to call France and England 'natural enemies,' words that attributed to the Creator the origin of discord. Under the new system, those great countries were to become the best of friends,

as well as the closest of neighbors; and one generation of free commerce was to do away with the effects of five centuries of disputes and warfare. England was to forget the part which France took in the first American war, and France was to cease to recollect that there had been such days as Crécy and Agincourt, Vittoria and Waterloo; and also that England had overthrown her rule in North America, and driven her people from India. But it was not France and England only that were to enter within the charmed circle; all nations were to be admitted into it, and the whole world was to fraternize. It was to be Arcadia in a ring-fence, an Arcadia solidly based upon heavy profits, with consols, *rentes*, and other public securities—which in other times had a bad fashion of becoming very insecure—always at a good premium. Quarter-day was to be the day for which all other days were made, and it would never be darkened by the imposition of new taxes, by repudiation, or by any other of those things that so often have lessened the felicity of the fund-holder.

That the new Temple of Peace might be enabled to rise in proper proportions, it became necessary to destroy some old edifices, and to remove what was considered to be very rubbishy rubbish. Protection, tariffs, and so forth, once worshiped as evidences of ancestral wisdom, were to be got rid of with all possible speed, and free trade was to be substituted, that is, trade as free as was compatible with the raising of enormous revenues, made necessary by the foolish wars of the past. In due time, perfect freedom of trade would be had; but a blessing of that magnitude could not be expected to come at once to the relief of a suffering world. England, which had taken the lead in supporting protection, and whose commerical system had been of the most illiberal and sordid character, became the leader in the grand reform, pushing the work vigorously forward, and, with her usual consideration for the feelings and rights of others, ordering the nations of Europe

and America to follow her example. She had discovered that she had been all in the wrong since the day when Oliver St. John's wounded pride led him to the conclusion that it was the duty of every patriotic Englishman to do his best to destroy the commerce of Holland. She was very impatient of those peoples who were shy of imitating her, forgetting that her conduct through six generations had made a strong impression on the world's mind, and that her sudden conversion could not immediately avail against her long persistence in sinning against political economy, if indeed she had so sinned; and the question was one that admitted of some dispute, free trade being but an experiment. Gradually, however, men came round to the British view, in theory at least; and among the intelligent classes it was admitted that commerce without restriction was the true policy of nations, which must be gradually adopted as the basis of all future action, due regard to be paid to those potent disturbing forces, vested interests. France was slow to yield in practice, though she had produced some of the cleverest of economical writers; for she is as little given to change in matters of business as she is ready to rush into political revolutions. But even France at last gave signs of her intention to abandon her ancient practice in deference to modern theories; and Napoleon III. and Mr. Cobden laid their wise heads together to form plans for the completion of the 'cordial understanding,' on the basis of free trade. Less than forty years had sufficed to effect a gradual change of human opinion, and protection seemed about to be sent to that limbo in which witchcraft, alchemy, and judicial astrology have been so long undisturbedly reposing.

Death, we are told, found his way into Arcadia; and disappointment was not long in coming to disturb the modern Arcadians, who had as much to do with cotton as their predecessors with wool. The dream of universal peace, a peace that was to endure because based on en-

lightened selfishness,—that is to say on buying in cheap markets and selling in dear ones,—was as rudely dispelled as had been all earlier dreams of the kind. Interest, it was found, could no more make men live lovingly together than principle could cause them to do so in by-gone times. If there were two nations that might have been insured not to fight each other, because interest was sufficient to prevent men from having resort to war, those nations were Russia and England. They were in no sense rivals, according to the definition of rivalry in the circles of commerce. Between them there was much buying and selling, to the great profit of both. England is an old nation, with the arts of industry developed among her people to an extent that is elsewhere unknown. The division of labor that prevails among her working people is so extensive and so minute, that in that respect she defies comparison. Other countries may have as skillful laborers as she possesses, but their industry is of a far less various character. Russia is a new country, and she requires what England has to dispose of; and England finds her account in purchasing the raw materials that are so abundantly produced in Russia. Commercially speaking, therefore, these two nations could not fall out, could not quarrel, could not fight, if they would. In all other respects, too, they could be counted upon to set a good example to all other communities. They had more than once been allies, each had done the other good services at critical times, and they had had the foremost places in that grand alliance which had twice dethroned Napoleon I. The exceptions to their general good understanding belong to those exceptions which are supposed to be useful in proving a given rule. When the tory rulers of England became alarmed because of the success of Catharine II. in her second Turkish war, and proposed doing what was done more than sixty years later,—to assist the Osmanlis,—the opposition to their policy became so powerful that even the strong ministry

of William Pitt had to listen to its voice ; which shows that the tendency of English opinion was then favorable to Russia. The hostility of Czar Paul to England, in his last days, is attributed to the failure of his mind ; and the immediate resumption of good relations between the two countries after his death, establishes the fact that the English and the Russians were not sharers in the Czar's feelings. During the five years that followed Tilsit, Russia appeared to be the enemy of England, and war existed for some time between the two empires ; but this was owing to the ascendancy of the French, Alexander having to choose between England and France. The nominal enemies did each other as little injury as possible ; and, in 1812, they became greater friends than ever. Most Englishmen were probably of Lord Holland's opinion, that England's interest dictated a Russian connection ; and in the eighteenth century England was, in some sense, the nursing mother of the new empire, though once or twice she was inclined to do as other nurses have done,—administer some punishment to the rude and healthy child she was fostering, and not without reason. So harmonious had been the relations of these two magnificent states, that an eminent Russian author, Dr. Hamel, writing in 1846, could say : 'Nearly three hundred years have now elapsed since England greeted Muscovy at the mouth of the Dwina. So great have been the benefits to trade, the arts, and industry in general, arising from the friendly relations between England and Russia, which, in 1853, will have completed the third century of their continuance, that one might expect to see this period closed, in both countries, with a jubilee to commemorate so remarkable an example of uninterrupted amicable intercourse between nations.' The year 1853 came ; but, instead of being a jubilee to the old friends of three centuries' standing, it brought the beginning of that contest which is known as the Russian war. That was a proper way, indeed, to notice the happy return of the three-hundredth anniversary of

the establishment of 'uninterrupted amicable intercourse' between the nations, whose soldiers were soon slaughtering each other with as much energy as if they had been 'natural enemies' from immemorial time. Interest had no power to turn aside the storm of war. The English people were angry with Russia because the iron-willed Czar had carried matters in Europe with a very high hand, and was, in fact, virtually master of the Old World, and suspected of being on uncommonly good terms with the masters of the New World. Nicholas had succeeded to the place of Napoleon in their ill graces. They liked the Cosackry of the one as little as they had liked the cannonarchy of the other. It was a case of pure jealousy. Russia was too powerful to suit the English idea of the fitness of things, and therefore it was necessary that she should be chastised and humbled. Fear of Russia there could have been none in the English mind. It has been thought that England contended for the safety of her Eastern dominions ; but then the Czar offered her Egypt and Candia, possession of which would not only have much strengthened her Indian empire, but have been the means of making her more powerful at home. Nothing better could have been offered for her acceptance, if valuable territories would have satisfied her feelings ; and much praise has been bestowed upon her because she did not close with the Czar's proposition 'to share and share alike' the lands of the House of Othman ; but that praise is not quite deserved, the desire not to see Russia aggrandized being a stronger sentiment with her than was the desire to aggrandize herself. Had the question been left for British statesmen alone to settle,—had the British premier been as free to act for England as the Czar was for Russia,—poor, sick Turkey would have been cut and carved most expeditiously and artistically ; she would have been partitioned as perfectly as Poland, and Abdul Medjid would have experienced the fate of Stanislaus Poniatowski. But English ministers hold

power only on condition of doing the will of the English nation, and that nation had contracted an aversion to Russia that was uncontrollable, and before its hostility its ministers had to give way, slowly and reluctantly; and the half-measures they adopted, like the half-measures of our own government toward the secessionists, explain the disasters of the war. The English people were determined that there should be an end, for the time at least, to the Russian hegemony, and threw themselves into the arms of France with a vivacity that would have astonished any other French ruler but Napoleon III., who had lived among them, and who knew them well. The war was waged, and, when over, what had England gained? Nothing solid, it must be admitted. The territory of Russia remained unimpaired, and there is not the slightest evidence that her influence in the East was lessened by the partial destruction of Sebastopol. The Russian navy of the Euxine had ceased to exist; but as it consisted principally of vessels that were not adapted to the purposes of modern warfare, the loss of the Russians in that respect was not of a very serious character. Russia's European leadership was suspended; but her power and her resources, which, if properly employed, must soon reinstate her, were not damaged. England *had* fought for an idea, and had fought in vain.

France had as little interest in the Russian war as England, and the French people had no wish to fight the Czar. They would have preferred fighting the English, in connection with the Czar,—an arrangement that would have been more profitable to their country. But the emperor had a quarrel with his arrogant brother at St. Petersburg, and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by that brother's obstinacy to teach him a lesson from which he did not live to profit. Nicholas had cut the new emperor, and had caused him to be taboo'd by most of the sovereigns of Europe; and the Frenchman determined to cut his way to consideration. This

he was enabled to do, with the aid of the English; and ever since the war's close he has held the place which became vacant on the death of Nicholas—that of Europe's arbiter. The French fought well, as they always do, but their heart was not in the war. The emperor had the war party pretty much to himself. Exactly the opposite state of things existed in France to that which existed in England. In the former country, the government was for war, and the people were for peace; in the latter, the government was for peace, and the people were for war. In each country power was in the hands of the war party, and so war was made, in spite of the wishes of the French people and of English statesmen. When Napoleon III. had accomplished *his* purpose, he ordered the English to make peace, and peace was made. In this way he satisfied his subjects, showing them that he had no intention of making England more powerful than she had been, or Russia weaker. He had prevented Russia from extending her dominion, but he had also prevented England from lessening that dominion.

The Italian war was waged in opposition to the sentiments of the French people, which was one of the leading causes of its sudden termination, with its object only half accomplished, and much to the damage of the emperor's reputation for statesmanship and courage. Whether, in a comprehensive sense, that war was entered upon for purposes adverse to the interests of France, may well be doubted; but it is certain that it was an unpopular measure in that country. The French had no objection to the humiliation of Austria; but it would be a grave error to suppose that they have any wish to behold Italy united and powerful. The kingdom of Italy, should it become all that is desired for it by its friends in this country, would be to France a source of annoyance, and probably of danger. The emperor's power was shaken by his Italian policy, and hence it was that he played the confederate game so long, to the astonishment of foreigners, and got

possession of Savoy and Nice, to the astonishment and anger of England; and hence it is that he is seeking Sardinia and other portions of Italy. Thus, the Italian war was begun against the interests of the French people, or what that people believe to be their interests, though this is the age in which there is to be peace, because that is not to be broken except when popular interests require that it shall no longer be preserved.

But the most remarkable instance of the fallacy of the idea that regard for the true interests of nations must banish hostilities from the world, is afforded by the course of France and England toward this country since the beginning of the secession war. Both those countries have great interest not only in the preservation of peace *with* the United States, but in the preservation of peace *in* the United States; and yet they have done all that it lies in their power to do to encourage our rebels, and have been on the verge of war with us: and war with them, and with Spain, is expected by many Americans, who judge of the future by the present and the past. England had a vast trade with the American Union, buying at the South, and selling to the North, and hence any disturbances here were sure to operate adversely to her interests; but no sooner had it become apparent that our troubles were to be of a serious character, than her weight was thrown on to the side of the rebels, who never would have been able to do much but for the encouragement they have received from abroad. The trade of France was not so great with America as that of England; yet it was valuable, and the French have suffered much from its suspension, perhaps we should say its loss. The North has purchased but little from Europe for a year, and the South has sold less to Europe in that time. There has been a trade in food between the North and some European countries, in which grain has been exchanged for gold, though it would have been better for both parties could anything else

than gold have been brought to America, true commerce consisting in the interchange of commodities. For all the sufferings that have been experienced by Englishmen and Frenchmen, they have none but themselves and their governments to censure. That peace has not been preserved is not our fault; and the war that has been blown into so fierce a flame has been fed from Europe; it has been fanned by breezes from France and England. When it was first seen that there was danger of civil war, the governments of those countries, if they had really had any regard for the true interests of their countries, would have discouraged the rebels in the most public and pointed manner imaginable, not because they cared for us, but for the simple reason that they were bound so to act as should best promote the welfare of their own peoples. War in America meant suffering to the artisans and laborers of Europe, who, thus far, have suffered more from the war than have any portion of the American people, except the residents of Southern cities. Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston should have said to the agents of the Confederacy, and have taken care to publish their words, ‘We can afford you neither aid in deeds nor encouragement in words. Our relations with both sections of the American nation are such, that our respective countries must suffer immensely from the course which you are about to pursue, not because you have been oppressed, or fear oppression, but because you have been beaten in an election, and power, for the time, has been taken from your hands. You ask us to act hostilely against the established government of the United States, that government having given us no cause of offense,—to become the patrons of a revolution that has no cause, but the consequences of which may be boundless. To revolutions we are averse; and one of our governments exists in virtue of opposition to the party of disorder in Europe. You ask us to do that which would lessen the means of livelihood to millions of our people; for, granting

that you should succeed, still there would necessarily be so great a change produced by your action, and by our intervention in American affairs, that for years America would not be the good customer to France and England that she has been for a generation. With the merits of your cause we can have nothing to do, our true interests pointing to the maintenance of the strictest neutrality in the contest between you and the federal government; and the dictates of interest are fortified by the suggestions of principle. Your movement is essentially disorderly in its character, and it is undertaken avowedly in the interest of slavery; and not only are we the supporters of the existing order of things the world over, but we are hostile to slavery, having abolished it in all parts of our dominions. Our advice to you is, to submit to the federal government, and to seek for the redress of your grievances, if such you have, by means recognized in the constitution and laws of your country. From us you can receive no aid, and you should dismiss all expectation of it from your minds at once and forever. We are indifferent to the form of the American government, and its internal policy can not concern us; but the interests of our peoples require that we should live in peace with the people of America, whether they be of the South or of the North, slave-holders or abolitionists; and we shall not quarrel with any portion of them for the sake of facilitating the erection of a republic to be founded on the basis of the divine nature of slavery, the first time that so preposterous a pretension was ever put forward by the audacity or the impudence of men.' Had something like this been said to the agents of the rebels, and had the English press supported the same views, the rebellion would have been at an end ere this, and the commercial relations of America and Europe would have experienced no sensible interruption. English interests, in an especial sense, demanded that the rebels should be discouraged, and discouragement from London would have rendered

rebellion hopeless, and have promoted peace in Savannah and New Orleans.

But it was not in England's nature to pursue a course that would have been as much in harmony with her material interests as with that high moral character which she claims as being peculiarly her own. There appeared to have presented itself an opportunity to effect the destruction of the American Republic, and England could not resist the temptation to strike us hard; and, for almost a year, she has been to the Union a more deadly foe than we have found in the South. We do not allude to the *Trent* question, for in that we were clearly in the wrong, and Mason and Slidell should have been released on the 16th of November, and not have been detained in captivity six weeks. Secretary Seward has placed the point so emphatically beyond all doubt, that we must all be of one mind thereon, whether in England or America. England might have been moderate in her action, in view of her repeated outrages on the rights of neutrals, but no intelligent American can condemn her position. It is to other things that we must look for evidence of her determination to effect our extinction as a nation. She has, while dripping with Hindoo blood, and while yet men's ears are filled with accounts of the blowing of sepoy's from the muzzles of cannon by her military executioners, absolutely demanded of us an acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy's independence, on the ground that it is inhuman to wage war for the maintenance of our national life. She has compared our mild and forbearing government with the savage proconsulate of Alva in the Netherlands! She has charged us with waging war against civilization, because we have employed stone fleets to close entrances to the harbor of Charleston, though her own history is full of instances of their employment for similar purposes! She has encouraged her traders and seamen to furnish the rebels with arms of all kinds, and stores of every description! She has excluded our ships-of-war from her

ports, refusing to allow them to coal at places at which she had granted us the privilege, in time of peace, of establishing stations for fuel! She has given shelter and protection to the privateers of the rebels, vessels that had violated her own laws almost within sight of her own shores, and certainly within the narrow seas! She has acknowledged the belligerent character of the South, which is virtually an acknowledgment of its independence, for none but nations can lawfully wage war. She has, through her Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared that our war with the secessionists is of the same character as the war which the Spaniards carried on with their American colonists, and that there is no difference between it and the attempt of the Turks to subdue the Greeks! Monstrous perversions of history for even Earl Russell to be guilty of! Her leading periodicals and journals, with few exceptions, have denounced our country, our course, and our government in the bitterest language, and to the manifest encouragement of the rebels, who see in their language the rapid growth and prompt exhibition of a sentiment of hostility to this country, and which must, sooner or later, end in war; and war between England and America would be sure to lead to the success of the Confederates, even if we should come out of it victoriously.

Thus we see that the attempt to establish peace on the basis of the true interests of nations has not only failed, but that it has failed signally and deplorably. The solid Doric Temple of Mammon has no more been able to stand against the storms of war than has the Crystal Palace of Sentiment. The fair fabric which was the type of materialism has fallen, and it would be most unwise to seek its reconstruction. That which was to have stood as long and as firmly as the Pyramids has fallen before the first moss could gather upon it. Nor is the reason of this fall far to seek, as it lies upon the surface, and ought to have been anticipated — would have been, only that men are so ready

to believe in what they wish to believe. England, as a nation, has two interests to consult, and which do not always accord. She has her commercial interest and her imperial interest; and, when the two conflict, the last is sure to become first. Her position as a nation was threatened only by the United States and Russia. The dynastic disputes of France, which are far from being at an end, and the generally unsettled character of French politics, must long prevent that country from becoming the permanent rival of England. France is great to-day, and England acts wisely in preparing to meet her in war; but to-morrow France may become weak, and her voice be feeble and her weight light in Europe and the world. Three houses claim her throne, and the Republicans may start up into active life again, as we saw they did in 1848. Neither Austria nor Prussia can ever furnish England cause of alarm. With Russia the case is very different, as her government is solidly established; her resources are vast, and in the course of steady development, and her desire to establish her supremacy in the East is a fixed idea with both rulers and ruled. Unchecked, she would have thrown England into the background, and supposing that she had resolved not to allow that country a share of the spoil of Turkey. The hard character and harsh policy of Nicholas ended in furnishing to England an opportunity to throw Russia herself into the background for the time, and that opportunity she made use of, but not to the extent that she had determined upon, owing to her dependence upon France, which became the shield of Russia after having been the sword of England. The United States were a formidable rival of England; and, but for the breaking out of our troubles, we should have been far ahead of her by 1870, and perhaps have stripped her of all her American possessions. When those troubles began, she proceeded to take the same advantage of them that she had taken of the Czar's blunder. To sever the American nation in twain is

her object, as some of her public men have frankly avowed; and she believes that the disintegrating process, once commenced, would not stop with the division of the country into the Northern Union and the Southern Confederacy. She expects, should the South succeed, to see half a dozen republics here established, and is not without hope that not even two States would remain together; and for this hope she has very good foundation. The American nation destroyed, England would become as great in the West as she is in the East, and would hold, with far greater means at her command, the same position that was hers in the last days of George II., when the French had been expelled from America and India. She would have no commercial rival, and there would no longer be an American navy susceptible of gigantic increase. She would be truly the sea's sovereign; and whoso rules the sea has power to dictate to the land. ‘Whosoever commands the sea,’ says Sir Walter Raleigh, ‘commands the trade of the world; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself.’ England never would have gone to war with the *United States* to prevent their growth; but, now that they have instituted civil war, it is certain that she will do all that lies in her power to prevent the reconstruction of the Union. The war of words has been begun, and it is but preliminary to the war of swords. The savage music of the British press is the overture to the opera. The morality of England may be neither higher nor lower than that of all other countries,—may be no worse than our own,—but there is so much that is offensive in her modes of exhibiting her destitution of principle, that she is more hated than all other powerful countries that ever have existed. She

not only sins as badly as other nations, but manages to make herself as odious for her manner of sinning as for the sins themselves. There is no crime that she is not capable of, if its perpetration be necessary to promote her own power. When Sir William Reid was governor of Malta, he said to Mr. Lushington, ‘I would let them (*i.e.* the heathen) set up Juggernaut in St. George’s Square (in Edinburgh), if it were conducive to England’s holding Malta.’ And as this true-blue Presbyterian was ready to allow the solemnization of the bloodiest rites of paganism in the most public place of the Christian city of Edinburgh, if that kind of tolerance would be conducive to England’s retention of Malta,—of which she holds possession, by the way, in consequence of one of the grossest breaches of faith mentioned even in her history,—so do we find the Christian people, peers, and priests of England ready to become the allies of slave-holders and the supporters of slavery, if thereby the American Republic can be destroyed, as they believe that its existence may become the source of danger to the ascendancy of their country.

The last intelligence from England allows us to believe that that country has adopted a more liberal policy, and that her government will do nothing to aid the rebels. Some of the language of Ministers is friendly, and altogether the change is one of a character that can not be otherwise than agreeable to us. France, too, has declared her neutrality as strongly as England. These declarations were made before intelligence of our military and naval successes had reached Europe, which renders them all the more weighty. Peace between America and Europe may, therefore, be counted upon, unless some very great reverses should befall our arms.

AMONG THE PINES.

THE 'Ole Cabin' to which Jim had alluded as the scene of Sam's punishment by the Overseer, was a one-story shanty in the vicinity of the stables. Though fast falling to decay, it had more the appearance of a decent habitation than the other huts on the plantation. Its thick plank door was ornamented with a mouldy brass knocker, and its four windows contained sashes, to which here and there clung a broken pane, the surviving relic of its better days. It was built of large unhewn logs, notched at the ends and laid one upon the other, with the bark still on. The thick, rough coat which yet adhered in patches to the timber had opened in the sun, and let the rain and the worm burrow in its sides, till some parts had crumbled entirely away. At one corner the process of decay had gone on till roof, superstructure, and foundation had rotted down and left an opening large enough to admit a coach and four horses. The huge chimneys which had graced the gable-ends of the building were fallen in, leaving only a mass of sticks and clay to tell of their existence, and two wide openings to show how great a figure they had once made in the world. A small space in front of the cabin would have been a lawn, had the grass been willing to grow upon it; and a few acres of cleared land in its rear might have passed for a garden, had it not been entirely overgrown with young pines and stubble. This primitive structure was once the 'mansion' of that broad plantation, and, before the production of turpentine came into fashion in that region, its rude owner drew his support from its few surrounding acres, more truly independent than the present aristocratic proprietor, who, raising only one article, and buying all his provisions, was forced to draw his support from the Yankee or the Englishman.

Only one room, about forty feet square, occupied the interior of the cabin. It

once contained several apartments, vestiges of which still remained, but the partitions had been torn away to fit it for its present uses. What those uses were, a moment's observation showed me.

In the middle of the floor, which was mostly rotted away, a space about fifteen feet square was covered with thick pine planking, strongly nailed to the beams. In the centre of this planking an oaken block was firmly bolted, and to it was fastened a strong iron staple that held a log-chain, to which was attached a pair of shackles. Above this, was a queer frame-work of oak, somewhat resembling the contrivance for drying fruit I have seen in Yankee farm-houses. Attached to the rafters by stout pieces of timber, were two hickory poles, placed horizontally, and about four feet apart, the lower one rather more than eight feet from the floor. This was the whipping-rack, and hanging to it were several stout whips with short hickory handles, and long triple lashes. I took one down for closer inspection, and found burned into the wood, in large letters, the words 'Moral Suasion.' I questioned the appropriateness of the label, but the Colonel insisted with great gravity that the whip is 'the only "moral suasion" a darky is capable of understanding.'

When punishment is inflicted on one of the Colonel's negroes, his feet are confined in the shackles, his arms tied above his head, and drawn by a stout cord up to one of the horizontal poles; then, his back bared to the waist, and standing on tip-toe, with every muscle stretched to its utmost tension, he takes 'de lashes.'

A more severe but more unusual punishment is the 'thumb-screw.' In this a noose is passed around the negro's thumb and fore-finger, while the cord is thrown over the upper cross-pole, and the culprit is drawn up till his toes barely touch the ground. In this position

the whole weight of the body rests on the thumb and fore-finger. The torture is excruciating, and strong, able-bodied men can endure it but a few moments. The Colonel naively told me that he had discontinued its practice, as several of his women had nearly lost the use of their hands, and been incapacitated for field labor, by its too frequent repetition. ‘My —— drivers,’* he added, ‘have no discretion, and no humanity; if they have a pique against a nigger, they show him no mercy.’

The old shanty I have described was now the place of the Overseer’s confinement. Open as it was at top, bottom, and sides, it seemed an unsafe prison-house; but Jim had rendered its present occupant secure by placing ‘de padlocks on him.’

‘Where did you catch him?’ asked the Colonel of Jim, as, followed by every darky on the plantation, we took our way to the old building.

‘In de swamp, massa. We got Sandy and de dogs arter him—dey treed him, but he fit like de debil.’

‘Any one hurt?’

‘Yas, Cunnel; he knifed Yaller Jake, and ef I hadn’t a gibin him a wiper, you’d a had anudder nigger short dis mornin’—shore.’

‘How was it? tell me,’ said his master, while we paused, and the darkies gathered around.

‘Wal, yer see, massa, we got de ole debil’s hat dat he drapped wen you had him down; den we went to Sandy’s fur de dogs—dey scented him to onst, and off dey put for de swamp. ‘Bout twenty on us followed ‘em. He’d a right smart start on us, and run like a deer, but de hounds kotched up wid him ‘bout whar he shot pore Sam. He fit ‘em and cut up de Lady awful, but ole Caesar got a hole ob him, and sliced a breakfuss out ob his legs. Somehow, dough, he got away from de ole dog, and clum a tree. ‘T was more’n an hour afore we kotched up; but dar he war, and de houns baying ‘way as ef dey know’d wat an ole debil he am. I’d tuk one ob de guns—

you warn’t in de hous, massa, so I cudn’t ax you.’

‘Never mind that; go on,’ said the Colonel.

‘Wal, I up wid de gun, and tolle him ef he didn’t cum down I’d gib him suffin’ dat ‘ud sot hard on de stummuk. It tuk him a long wile, but—he cum down.’ Here the darky showed a row of ivory that would have been a fair capital for a metropolitan dentist.

‘Wen he war down,’ he resumed, ‘Jake war gwine to tie him, but de ole ’gator, quicker dan a flash, put a knife enter him.’

‘Is Jake much hurt?’ interrupted the Colonel.

‘Not bad, massa; de knife went fru his arm, and enter his ribs, but de ma’am hab fix him up, and she say he’ll be ‘round bery sudden.’

‘Well, what then?’ inquired the Colonel.

‘Wen de ole debil seed he hadn’t finisched Jake, he war gwine to gib him another dig, but jus den I drap de gun on his cocoa-nut, and he neber trubble us no more. ‘Twar mons’rous hard work to git him out ob de swamp, ‘cause he war jes like a dead man, and we had to tote him de hull way; but he’m dar now, massa (pointing to the old cabin), and de bracelets am on him.’

‘Where is Jake?’ asked the Colonel.

‘Dunno, massa, but reckon he’m to hum.’

‘One of you boys go and bring him to the cabin,’ said the Colonel.

A negro-man went off on the errand, while we and the darkies resumed our way to the Overseer’s quarters. Arrived there, I witnessed a scene that words can not picture.

Stretched at full length on the floor, his clothes torn to shreds, his coarse carroty hair matted with blood, and his thin, ugly visage pale as death, lay the Overseer. Bending over him, wiping away the blood from his face, and swathing a ghastly wound on his forehead, was the negress Sue; while at his shackled feet, binding up his still bleeding legs, knelt the octóroon woman.

* The negro-whippers and field overseers.

'Is she here?' I said, involuntarily, as I caught sight of the group.

'It's her nature,' said the Colonel, with a pleasant smile; 'if Moye were the devil himself, she'd do him good if she could; another such woman never lived.'

And yet this woman, with all the instincts that make her sex angel-ministers to man, lived in daily violation of the most sacred of all laws,—because she was a slave. Will Mr. Caleb Cushing or Charles O'Conner please tell us why the Almighty invented a system which forces his creatures to break the laws of His own making?

'Don't waste your time on him, Alice,' said the Colonel, kindly; 'he isn't worth the rope that'll hang him.'

'He was bleeding to death; he must have care or he'll die,' said the octoroon woman.

'Then let him die, d—— him,' replied the Colonel, advancing to where the Overseer lay, and bending down to satisfy himself of his condition.

Meanwhile more than two hundred dusky forms crowded around and filled every opening of the old building. Every conceivable emotion, except pity, was depicted on their dark faces. The same individuals whose cloudy visages a half-hour before I had seen distended with a wild mirth and careless jollity, that made me think them really the docile, good-natured animals they are said to be, now glared on the prostrate Overseer with the infuriated rage of aroused beasts when springing on their prey.

'You can't come the possum here. Get up, you—— hound,' said the Colonel, rising and striking the bleeding man with his foot.

The fellow raised himself on one elbow and gazed around with a stupid, vacant look. His eye wandered unsteadily for a moment from the Colonel to the throng of cloudy faces in the doorway; then, his recent experience flashing upon him, he shrieked out, clinging wildly to the skirts of the octoroon woman, who was standing near, 'Keep off them cursed hounds,—keep them off, I say—they'll kill me!—they'll kill me!'

One glance satisfied me that his mind was wandering. The blow on the head had shattered his reason, and made the strong man less than a child.

'You shan't be killed yet,' said the Colonel. 'You've a small account to settle with me before you reckon with the devil.'

At this moment the dark crowd in the doorway parted, and Jake entered, his arm bound up and in a sling.

'Jake, come here,' said the Colonel; 'this man would have killed you. What shall we do with him?'

'Tain't fur a darky to say dat, massa,' said the negro, evidently unaccustomed to the rude administration of justice which the Colonel was about to inaugurate; 'he did wuss dan dat to Sam, massa—he orter swing for shootin' him.'

'That's my affair; we'll settle your account first,' replied the Colonel.

The darky looked undecidedly at his master, and then at the Overseer, who, overcome by weakness, had sunk again to the floor. The little humanity in him was evidently struggling with his hatred of Moye and his desire of revenge, when the old nurse yelled out from among the crowd, 'Gib him fifty lashes, Massa Davy, and den you wash him down.* Be a man, Jake, and say dat.'

Jake still hesitated, and when at last he was about to speak, the eye of the octoroon woman caught his, and chained the words to his tongue, as if by magnetic power.

'Do you say that, boys?' said the Colonel, turning to the other negroes; 'shall he have fifty lashes?'

'Yas, massa, fifty lashes—gib de ole debil fifty lashes,' shouted about fifty voices.

'He shall have them,' quietly said the master.

The mad shout that followed, which was more like the yell of demons than the cry of men, seemed to arouse the Overseer to a sense of the real state of affairs. Springing to his feet, he gazed

* Referring to the common practice of bathing the raw and bleeding backs of the punished slaves with a strong solution of salt and water.

wildly around ; then, sinking on his knees before the octoroon, and clutching the folds of her dress, he shrieked, ‘ Save me, good lady, save me ! as you hope for mercy, save me ! ’

Not a muscle of her face moved, but, turning to the excited crowd, she mildly said, ‘ Fifty lashes would kill him. *Jake* does not say that — your master leaves it to him, and he will not whip a dying man — will you, *Jake* ? ’

‘ No, ma’am — not — not ef you go agin it,’ replied the negro, with very evident reluctance.

‘ But he whipped Sam, ma’am, when he was nearer dead than *he* am,’ said Jim, whose station as house-servant allowed him a certain freedom of speech.

‘ Because he was brutal to Sam, should you be brutal to him ? Can you expect me to tend you when you are sick, if you beat a dying man ? Does Pompey say you should do such things ? ’ said the lady.

‘ No, good ma’am,’ said the old preacher, stepping out, with the freedom of an old servant, from the black mass, and taking his stand beside me in the open space left for the ‘ w’ite folks ; ’ ‘ de ole man dusn’t say dat, ma’am ; he tell ‘em de Lord want ‘em to forgib dar en’mies — to lub dem dat pursyskute em ; ’ then, turning to the Colonel, he added, as he passed his hand meekly over his thin crop of white wool and threw his long heel back, ‘ ef massa’ll ‘low me I’ll talk to ‘em.’

‘ Fire away,’ said the Colonel, with evident chagrin. ‘ This is a nigger trial ; if you want to screen the d—— hound you can do it.’

‘ I dusn’t want to screed him, massa, but I’se bery ole and got soon to gwo, and I dusn’t want de blessed Lord to ax me wen I gets dar why I ‘lowed dese pore ig’nant brack folks to mudder a man ‘fore my bery face. I toted you, massa, fore you cud gwo, I’se worked for you till I can’t work no more ; and I dusn’t want to tell de Lord dat *my* massa let a brudder man be killed in cole blood.’

‘ He is no brother of mine, you old fool ; preach to the nigs, don’t preach to

me,’ said the Colonel, stifling his displeasure, and striding off through the black crowd, without saying another word.

Here and there in the dark mass a face showed signs of relenting ; but much the larger number of that strange jury, had the question been put, would have voted — DEATH.

The old preacher turned to them as the Colonel passed out, and said, ‘ My chil’ren, would you hab dis man whipped, so weak, so dyin’ as he am, ef he war brack ? ’

‘ No, not ef he war a darky — fer den he wouldn’t be such an ole debil,’ replied Jim, and about a dozen of the other negroes.

‘ De w’ite ain’t no wuss dan de brack — dey’m all ‘like — pore sinners all ob ‘em. De Lord wudn’t whip a w’ite man no sooner dan a brack one — He tinks de w’ite juss so good as de brack (good Southern doctrine, I thought). De por-est w’ite trash wudn’t strike a man wen he war down.’

‘ We’se had ‘nough of dis, ole man,’ said a large, powerful negro (one of the drivers), stepping forward, and, regardless of the presence of Madam P—— and myself, pressing close to where the Overseer lay, now totally unconscious of what was passing around him. ‘ You needn’t preach no more ; de Cunnul hab say we’m to whip ole Moye, and we’se gwine to do it, by ——.’

I felt my fingers closing on the palm of my hand, and in a second more they would have cut the darky’s profile, had not Madam P—— cried out, ‘ Stand back, you impudent fellow : say another word, and I’ll have you whipped on the spot.’

‘ De Cunnul am my massa, ma’am — *he* say ole Moye shall be whipped, and I’se gwine to do it — shore.’

I have seen a storm at sea — I have seen the tempest tear up great trees — I have seen the lightning strike in a dark night — but I never saw anything half so grand, half so terrible, as the glance and tone of that woman as she cried out, ‘ Jim, take this man — give him fifty lashes this instant.’

Quicker than thought, a dozen darkies

were on him. His hands and feet were tied and he was under the whipping-rack in a second. Turning then to the other negroes, the brave woman said, ‘Some of you carry Moye to the house, and you, Jim, see to this man — if fifty lashes don’t make him sorry, give him fifty more.’

This summary change of programme was silently acquiesced in by the assembled darkies, but many a cloudy face scowled sulkily on the octoroon, as, leaning on my arm, she followed Junius and the other negroes, who bore Moye to the mansion. It was plain that under those dark faces a fire was burning that a breath would have fanned into a flame.

We entered the house by its rear door, and placed Moye in a small room on the ground floor. He was laid on a bed, and stimulants being given him, his senses and reason shortly returned. His eyes opened, and his real position seemed suddenly to flash upon him, for he turned to Madam P——, and in a weak voice, half-choked with emotion, faltered out, ‘May God in heaven bless ye, ma’am; God will bless ye for bein’ so good to a wicked man like me. I doesn’t desarve it, but ye woant leave me — ye woant leave me — they’ll kill me ef ye do!’

‘Don’t fear,’ said the Madam; ‘you shall have a fair trial. No harm shall come to you here.’

‘Thank ye, thank ye,’ gasped the Overseer, raising himself on one arm, and clutching at the lady’s hand, which he tried to lift to his lips.

‘Don’t say any more now,’ said Madam P——, quietly; ‘you must rest and be quiet, or you won’t get well.’

‘Shan’t I get well? Oh, I can’t die — I can’t die now!’

The lady made a soothing reply, and giving him an opiate, and arranging the bedding so that he might rest more easily, she left the room with me.

As we stepped into the hall, I saw through the front door, which was open, the horses harnessed in readiness for ‘meeting,’ and the Colonel pacing to and fro on the piazza, smoking a cigar. He perceived us, and halted in front of the doorway.

‘So, you’ve brought that d—— blood-thirsty villain into my house!’ he said to Madam P——, in a tone of strong displeasure.

‘How could I help it? The negroes are mad, and would kill him anywhere else,’ replied the lady, with a certain self-confidence that showed she knew her power over the Colonel.

‘Why should *you* interfere between them and him? Has he not insulted you often enough to make you let him alone? Can you so easily forgive his taunting you with?’ — He did not finish the sentence, but what I had learned on the previous evening from the old nurse gave me a clue to its meaning. A red flame flushed the face and neck of the octoroon woman — her eyes literally flashed fire, and her very breath seemed to come with pain; in a moment, however, this emotion passed away, and she quietly said, ‘Let me settle that in my own way. He has served *you* well — *you* have nothing against him that the law will not punish.’

‘By ——, you are the most unaccountable woman I ever knew,’ exclaimed the Colonel, striding up and down the piazza, the angry feeling passing from his face, and giving way to a mingled expression of wonder and admiration. The conversation was here interrupted by Jim, who just then made his appearance, hat in hand.

‘Well, Jim, what is it?’ asked his master.

‘We’s gib’n Sam twenty lashes, ma’am, but he beg so hard, and say he so sorry, dat I tolle him I’d ax you fore we gabe him any more.’

‘Well, if he’s sorry, that’s enough; but tell him he’ll get fifty another time,’ said the lady.

‘What Sam is it?’ asked the Colonel.

‘Big Sam, the driver,’ said Jim.

‘Why was he whipped?’

‘He told me *you* were his master, and insisted on whipping Moye,’ replied the lady.

‘Did he dare to do that? Give him a hundred, Jim, not one less,’ roared the Colonel.

'Yas, massa,' said Jim.

The lady looked significantly at the negro and shook her head, but said nothing, and he left.

'Come, Alice, it is nearly time for meeting, and I want to stop and see Sandy on the way.'

'I reckon I won't go,' said Madam P—.

'You stay to take care of Moye, I suppose,' said the Colonel, with a slight sneer.

'Yes,' replied the lady; 'he is badly hurt, and in danger of inflammation.'

'Well, suit yourself. Mr. K—, come, we'll go—you'll meet some of the *natives*.'

The lady retired to the house, and the Colonel and I were soon ready. The driver brought the horses to the door, and as we were about to enter the carriage, I noticed Jim taking his accustomed seat on the box.

'Who's looking after Sam?' asked the Colonel.

'Nobody, Cunnul; de ma'am leff him gwo.'

'How dare you disobey me? Didn't I tell you to give him a hundred?'

'Yas, massa, but de ma'am tolle me notter.'

'Well, another time you mind what I say—do you hear?' said his master.

'Yas, massa,' said the negro, with a broad grin, 'I allers do dat.'

'You *never* do it, you d—— nigger; I ought to have flogged you long ago.'

Jim said nothing, but gave a quiet laugh, showing no sort of fear, and we entered the carriage. I afterwards learned from him that he had never been whipped, and that all the negroes on the plantation obeyed the lady when, which was seldom, her orders came in conflict with their master's. They knew if they did not, the Colonel would whip them.

As we rode slowly along the Colonel said to me, 'Well, you see that the best people have to flog their niggers sometimes.'

'Yes, I should have given that fellow a hundred lashes, at least. I think the effect on the others would have been

bad if Madam P— had not had him flogged.'

'But she generally goes against it. I don't remember of her having it done in ten years before. And yet, though I've the worst gang of niggers in the district, they obey her like so many children.'

'Why is that?'

'Well, there's a kind of magnetism about her that makes everybody love her; and then she tends them in sickness, and is constantly doing little things for their comfort; *that* attaches them to her. She is an extraordinary woman.'

'Whose negroes are those, Colonel?' I asked, as, after a while, we passed a gang of about a dozen, at work near the roadside. Some were tending a tar-kiln, and some engaged in cutting into firewood the pines which a recent tornado had thrown to the ground.

'They are mine, but they are working now for themselves. I let such as will, work on Sunday. I furnish the "raw material," and pay them for what they do, as I would a white man.'

'Wouldn't it be better to make them go to hear the old preacher; couldnt they learn something from him?'

'Not much; Old Pomp never read anything but the Bible, and he don't understand that; besides, they can't be taught. You can't make "a whistle out of a pig's tail;" you can't make a nigger into a white man.'

Just here the carriage stopped suddenly, and we looked out to see the cause. The road by which we had come was a mere opening through the pines; no fences separated it from the wooded land, and being seldom traveled, the track was scarcely visible. In many places it widened to a hundred feet, but in others tall trees had grown up on its opposite sides, and there was scarcely width enough for a single carriage to pass along. In one of these narrow passages, just before us, a queer-looking vehicle had upset, and scattered its contents in the road. We had no alternative but to wait till it got out of the way; and we all alighted to reconnoitre.

The vehicle was a little larger than an

ordinary hand-cart, and was mounted on wheels that had probably served their time on a Boston dray before commencing their travels in Secessiondom. Its box of pine boarding and its shafts of rough oak poles were evidently of Southern home manufacture. Attached to it by a rope harness, with a primitive bridle of decidedly original construction, was—not a horse, nor a mule, nor even an alligator, but a ‘three-year-old heifer.’

The wooden lynch-pin of the cart had given way, and the weight of a half-dozen barrels of turpentine had thrown the box off its balance, and rolled the contents about in all directions.

The appearance of the proprietor of this nondescript vehicle was in keeping with the establishment. His coat, which was much too short in the waist and much too long in the skirts, was of the common reddish gray linsey, and his nether garments, of the same material, stopped just below the knees. From there downwards, he wore only the covering that is said to have been the fashion in Paradise before Adam took to fig-leaves. His hat had a rim broader than a political platform, and his skin a color half way between that of tobacco-juice and a tallow candle.

‘Wal, Cunnul, how dy’ge?’ said the stranger, as we stepped from the carriage.

‘Very well, Ned; how are you?’

‘Perty wal, Cunnul; had the nagur lately, right smart, but’m gittin’ roun.’

‘You’re in a bad fix here, I see. Can’t Jim help you?’

‘Wal, p’raps he moight. Jim, how dy’ge?’

‘Sort o’ smart, ole feller. But come, stir yerself; we want ter gwo ’long,’ replied Jim, with a manifest lack of courtesy that showed he regarded the white man as altogether too ‘trashy’ to be treated with much ceremony.

With the aid of Jim, a new lynch-pin was soon whittled out, the turpentine

rolled on to the cart, and the vehicle put in a moving condition.

‘Where are you hauling your turpentine?’ asked the Colonel.

‘To Sam Bell’s, at the “Boro.”’

‘What will he pay you?’

‘Wal, I’ve four barr’ls of “dip,” and tu of “hard.” For the hull, I reckon he’ll give three dollars a barr’l.

‘By tale?’

‘No, for two hun’red and eighty pound.’

‘Well, *I’ll* give you two dollars and a half by weight.’

‘Can’t take it, Cunnel; must get three dollar.’

‘What, will you go sixty miles with this team, and waste five or six days, for fifty cents on six barrels—three dollars?’

‘Can’t ‘ford the time, Cunnel, but must git three dollar a barr’l.’

‘That fellow is a specimen of our “natives,”’ said the Colonel, as we resumed our seats in the carriage. ‘You’ll see more of them before we get back to the plantation.’

‘He puts a young cow to a decidedly original use,’ I remarked.

‘Oh no, not original here; the ox and the cow with us are both used for labor.’

‘You don’t mean to say that cows are generally worked here?’

‘Of course I do. Our breeds are good for nothing as milkers, and we put them to the next best use. I never have cow’s milk on my plantation.’

‘You don’t! why, I could have sworn it was in my coffee this morning.’

‘I wouldn’t trust you to buy brandy for me, if your organs of taste are not keener than that. It was goat’s milk.’

‘Then how do you get your butter?’

‘From the North. I’ve had mine from my New York factors for over two years.’

We soon arrived at Sandy the negro-hunter’s, and halted to allow the Colonel to inquire as to the health of his family of children and dogs,—the latter the less numerous, but, if I might judge by appearances, the more valued of the two.

SOUTHERN AIDS TO THE NORTH.

I I .

If war did little else, it would have its value from the fact that it acts so extensively as an institution for the dissemination of useful knowledge. Every murmur of political dissension sends thousands to consult the map, and repair their early neglect of geography. Perhaps if atlases and ethnographical works were more studied we should have less war. And it is by no means impossible that the mutual knowledge which has been or is to be acquired by the people of the South and the North during this present war will eventually aid materially in establishing a firm bond of union.

That we have much to learn is shown in the firm faith with which so many have listened to the threats of 'a united South.' Until recently the fierce and furious assurances of the rebel press, that south of Mason and Dixon's line all were wedded heart and soul to their cause, were taken almost without a doubt. Who has forgotten the late doleful convictions of the dough-faces that the South would hold together to the last in spite of wind or weather, concluding invariably with the old refrain,—'Suppose we conquer them—what then?' Had the country at large known in detail, as it *should* have known from a common-school education, what the South *really* is,—or from experience of life what human nature really is,—it would never have believed that this boasted unanimity was based on aught save ignorance or falsehood. The Southern press itself, almost without an exception, betrays gross ignorance of its own country, and is very superficial in its statistics, inclining more than any other to warp facts and figures to suit preconceived views. We, like it, have tacitly adopted the belief that south of a certain line a certain climate invariably prevailed, and that under its influences, from the Border to the Gulf of

Mexico, there has been developed a race essentially alike in all its characteristics. The planter and the slave-owner, or the city merchant, has been the type with which our writers have become familiar at the hotel and the watering-place, or in the 'store,' and we have accepted them as speaking for the South, quite forgetful that in America, as in other countries, the real man of the middle class travels but little, and when he does, is seldom to be found mingling in the 'higher circles.' Yet even this Southern man of the middle class and of 'Alleghania,' when at the North frequently affects a 'Southern' air, which is not more natural to him than it is to the youthful scions of Philadelphia and New York, who, when in Europe, so often talk pro-slavery and bowie knife, as though they lived in the very heart of planterdom. But the truth is that when we search the South out closely we find that in reality there is a very great difference between its districts and their inhabitants, and, in *fact*, as has been very truly said, 'not only is there no geographical boundary between the free and slave States, but no moral and intellectual boundary.'

In the great temperate region which, parting from either side of the Alleghanies, extends from Virginia to Alabama, and is still continued in the pleasant level of Texas, slavery has rolled away from either mountain side like a flood, leaving it the home of a hardy population which regards with jealousy and dislike both the wealthy planter and the negro. James W. Taylor, in his valuable collection of facts, claims that through the whole extent of the Southern 'Alleghania' slavery has relatively diminished since 1850, and that the forthcoming census tables will establish the assertion. 'The superintendent of the census,' he says, 'would furnish a

document, valuable politically and for military use, if he would anticipate the publication of this portion of his voluminous budget.' If government, indeed, were to communicate to the public what information it now holds, and has long held, relative to the numbers and strength of the Union men of the South, an excitement of amazement would thrill through the North. It was on the basis of this knowledge that our great campaign was planned,—and it can not be denied that thousands of stanch Union men were greatly astonished at the revelations of sympathy which burst forth most unexpectedly in districts where the stars and stripes have been planted. But the Cabinet 'knew what it knew' on this subject. Much of its knowledge never can be revealed, but enough will come to light to show that in our darkest hour we had an enormous mass of aid, little suspected by those weaker brethren who stood aghast at the Southern bugbear, and who, falling prostrate in nerveless terror at the windy spectre, quaked out repeated assurances that *they* had no intention of 'abolitionizing the war,' and even earnestly begged and prayed that the emancipationists might all be sent to Fort Warren,—so fearful were the poor cowards lest the united South, in the final hour of victory, might include *them* in its catalogue of the doomed. What would they say if they knew the number and power of the ABOLITIONISTS OF THE SOUTH,—a body of no trifling significance, whose fierce grasp will yet be felt on the throat of rebellion and of slavery? It is grimly amusing to think of the aid which the South counted on receiving from these Northern dough-faces,—little thinking that within itself it contained a counter-revolutionary party, far more dangerous than the Northern friends were helpful.

It should be borne in mind that where such an evil as slavery exists there will be numbers of grave, sensible men, who, however quiet they may keep, will have their own opinions as to the expediency of maintaining it. The bigots of the South may rave of the beauty of 'the

institution,' and make many believe that they speak for the whole,—a little scum when whipped covers the whole pail,—but beneath all lies a steadily-increasing mass of practical men who would readily enough manifest their opposition should opportunity favor free speech. Such people, for instance, are not insensible to the enormously corrupting influence of negroes on their children. Let the reader recall Olmsted's experiences,—that, for example, where he speaks of three negro women who had charge of half a dozen white girls of good family, 'from three to fifteen years of age.'

Their language was loud and obscene, such as I never heard before from any but the most depraved and beastly women of the streets. Upon observing me they dropped their voices, but not with any appearance of shame, and continued their altercation until their mistress entered. The white children, in the mean time, had listened without any appearance of wonder or annoyance. The moment the ladies opened the door, they became silent.—*Cotton Kingdom*, vol. i. p. 222.

The Southern *Cultivator* for June, 1855, speaks of many young men and women who have 'made shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, and been led to the fatal step by the seeds of corruption which in the days of childhood and youth were sown in their hearts by the indelicate and lascivious manners and conversation of their fathers' negroes.' If we had no other fact or cause to cite, this almost unnamable one might convince the reader that there must be a groundwork somewhere in the South among good, moral, and decent people, for antipathy to slavery,—human nature teaches us as much. And such people exist, not only among the hardy inhabitants of the inland districts, who are not enervated by wealth and 'exclusiveness,' but in planterdom itself.

There are few in the North who realize the number of persons in the South who silently disapprove of slavery on sound grounds, such as I have mentioned. Does it seem credible that nearly *ten millions* of people should socially sympathize with some three hun-

dred thousand slave-holders, who act with intolerable arrogance to all non-slave-holders? ‘Even in those regions where slavery is profitable,’ as a writer in the Boston *Transcript* well expresses it, ‘the poor whites feel the slaveocracy as the most grinding of aristocracies.’

In those regions where it is not profitable, the population regard it with a latent abhorrence, compared with which the rhetorical and open invectives of Garrison and Phillips are feeble and tame. Anybody who has read Olmsted’s truthful narrative of his experience in the slave States can not doubt this fact. The hatred to slavery too often finds its expression in an almost inhuman hatred of ‘niggers,’ whether slave or free, but it is none the less significant of the feelings and opinions of the white population.

As I write, every fresh thunder of war and crash of victory is followed by murmurs of amazement at the enthusiastic receptions which the Union forces meet in most unexpected strongholds of the enemy, in the very heart of slavedom. Yet it was *known* months ago, and prophesied, with the illustration of undeniable facts, that this counter-revolutionary element existed. One single truth was forgotten,—that these Southern friends of the Union, even while avowing that slavery must be supported, had no love of it in their hearts. Emancipation has been sedulously set aside under pretence of conciliating them; but it was needless,—‘old custom’ had made them cautious, and mindful of ‘expediency;’ but the mass of them hate ‘the institution.’ It is for the traitorous Northern *dough-faces*, and the paltry handful of secessionists, ‘on a thin slip of land on the Atlantic,’ that slavery is, at present, cherished. The great area of the South is free from it,—and ever will be.

It has frequently been insisted on that the mere *geographical* obstacles to disunion are such as to render the cause of slavery hopeless in the long run. Yet to this most powerful Southern aid to the North, men seem to have been strangely blind during the days of doubt which so long afflicted us. These obstacles are, briefly, the enormous grow-

ing power of the West, and its inevitable outlet, the Mississippi river. ‘For it is the mighty and free *West* which will always hang like a lowering thunder-cloud over them.’* On this subject I quote at length from an article, in the Danville (Ky.) *Review*, by the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, D. D.: —

Whoever will look at a map of the United States, will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi river, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream—eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe, then, the country drained by this river and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its west bank and Kentucky on its east bank. There are nine or ten powerful States, large portions of three or four others, several large Territories—in all, a country as large as all Europe, as fine as any under the sun, already holding many more people than all the revolted States, and destined to be one of the most populous and powerful regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that these powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that shall put the lower course of this single and mighty national outlet to the sea in the hands of a foreign government far weaker than themselves? If there is any such person he knows little of the past history of mankind, and will perhaps excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the federal government, when Gen. Washington was President, that if the United States did not require Louisiana they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi belong, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of its great valley. Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.

Try another territorial aspect of the case. There is a bed of mountains abutting on the left bank of the Ohio, which covers all Western Virginia, and all Eastern Kentucky, to the width, from east to west, in those two States, of three or four hundred miles. These mountains, stretching south-westwardly, pass entirely through Tennessee, cover the back parts of North Carolina and Georgia, heavily invade the northern part of Alabama, and make a figure even in the back parts of South Carolina and

* *Words to the West. Knickerbocker Magazine*, Oct., 1861.

the eastern parts of Mississippi, having a course of perhaps seven or eight hundred miles, and running far south of the northern limit of profitable cotton culture. It is a region of 300,000 square miles, trenching upon eight or nine slave States, though nearly destitute of slaves itself; trenching upon at least five cotton States, though raising no cotton itself. The western part of Maryland and two-thirds of Pennsylvania are embraced in the north-eastern continuation of this remarkable region. Can anything that passes under the name of statesmanship be more preposterous than the notion of permanent peace on this continent, founded on the abnegation of a common and paramount government, and the idea of the supercilious domination of the cotton interest and the slave-trade over such a mountain empire, so located and so peopled?

As a further proof of the utter impossibility of peace except under a common government, and at once an illustration of the import of what has just been stated, and the suggestion of a new and insuperable difficulty, let it be remembered that this great mountain region, throughout its general course, is more loyal to the Union than any other portion of the slave States. It is the mountain counties of Maryland that have held treason in check in that State; it is forty mountain counties in Western Virginia that have laid the foundation of a new and loyal commonwealth; it is the mountain counties of Kentucky that first and most eagerly took up arms for the Union; it is the mountain region of Tennessee that alone, in that dis-honored State, furnished martyrs to the sacred cause of freedom; it is the mountain people of Alabama that boldly stood out against the Confederate government till their own leaders deserted and betrayed them.

It is not a strong point, but it is worth noting, that even in South Carolina there is an Alleghanian area of 4,674 square miles, equal to the State of Connecticut, in which the diminished proportion of slaves, with other local causes, are sufficient to indicate the Union feeling which indeed struggles there in secret. These counties are:—

	FREE.	SLAVE.
Spartanburgh,	18,311	8,039
Greenville,	13,370	6,691
Anderson,	13,867	7,514
Pickens,	13,105	3,679

Slavery is here large, as compared to the other counties of 'Alleghania,' but the great proportion of free inhabitants,

as contrasted with the districts near the Atlantic, makes it worth citing. In accordance with a request, I give from Jas. W. Taylor's collection, illustrating this subject, the table of population in East Tennessee:—

The following table, from the census of 1850, presents the slave and cotton statistics of this district, in their relation to the free population:

COUNTIES.	FREE.	SLAVE.	COTTON, 400 lb. bales.
Johnson,.....	3,485.....	206....	0
Carter,.....	5,911.....	353....	0
Washington,.....	12,671.....	930....	0
Sullivan,.....	10,603.....	1,004....	153
Hancock,.....	5,447.....	202....	2
Hawkins,.....	11,567.....	1,690....	0
Greene,.....	16,526.....	1,093....	0
Cocke,.....	7,501.....	719....	3
Sevier,.....	6,450.....	403....	0
Jefferson,.....	11,458.....	1,628....	0
Granger,.....	11,170.....	1,035....	1
Knox,.....	16,985.....	2,193....	0
Union, new county,	
Claiborne,.....	8,610.....	660....	0
Anderson,.....	6,391.....	503....	0
Campbell,.....	5,651.....	318....	1
Scott,.....	1,868.....	37....	0
Morgan,.....	3,301.....	101....	9
Cumberland, new county,	
Roane,.....	10,525.....	1,544....	121
Blount,.....	11,213.....	1,084....	6
Munroe,.....	10,633.....	1,188....	0
McMinn,.....	12,233.....	1,568....	2,821
Polk,.....	5,884.....	400....	29
Bradley,.....	11,478.....	744....	1,600
Meigs,.....	4,480.....	395....	2
Hamilton,.....	9,216.....	672....	0
Rhea,.....	3,951.....	430....	0
Bledsoe,.....	5,036.....	827....	0
Squatchie, new county,	
Van Buren,.....	2,481.....	175....	2
Grundy,.....	2,522.....	236....	24
Marion,.....	5,718.....	551....	24,413
Franklin,.....	10,085.....	3,623....	637
Lincoln,.....	17,802.....	5,621....	2,576

The geographical order of the foregoing list of counties is from the extreme north-east—Johnson—south-west to Lincoln, on the Alabama line. I have included a tier of counties on the west, which embrace the summits and western slopes of the Cumberland Hills, regarding their physical and political features as more identified with East than Middle Tennessee. Such are Lincoln, Franklin, Grundy, Van Buren, Cumberland, Morgan and Scott counties.

I estimate the area of this district as about

17,175 square miles, an extent of territory exceeding the aggregate of the following States:	
Massachusetts,.....	7,800 square miles.
Connecticut,.....	4,674 " "
Rhode Island,.....	1,306 " "
	<hr/>
	13,780 " "

Yet it is not many months since even this Tennessee region, it was generally feared, would be false to the Union, on account of its attachment to slavery.

The reader who has studied the facts which I have cited, indicating the existence of a powerful Union party at the South (and the facts are few and weak compared to the vast mass which exist, and which are known to government), may judge for himself whether that party is Union *in spite of pro-slavery principles*, as so many would have us believe. Let him see where these Union men are found, where they have come forth with the greatest enthusiasm, and then say that he believes they are friends to slavery. Let him bear in mind the hundreds of thousands of acres, the vast tracts, equal in extent to whole Northern States, in the South, which are unfitted for slave labor, and reflect whether the inhabitants of these cool, temperate regions are not as conscious of their inadaptability to slave labor as he is himself; and whether *they* are so much attached to the institution which fosters the Satanic pride, panders to the pas-

sions, and corrupts the children of the planter of the low country.

Since writing the above, the long-expected declaration of President LINCOLN has appeared in favor of adopting a plan which may lead to the gradual abolition of slavery. He proposes that the United States shall coöperate with such slave States as may desire Emancipation, by giving such pecuniary aid as may compensate for any losses incurred. No interference with State rights or claims to rights in the question is intended.

It is evident that this message is directed entirely to the strengthening and building up of the Union party of the South, and has been based quite as much on their demands and on a knowledge of their needs, us on any Northern pressure. And it will have a sure effect. It will bring to life, if realized, those seeds of counter-revolution which so abundantly exist in the South. The growth may be slow, but it will be certain. So long as the certainty exists that compensation *may* be obtained, there will be a party who will long for it; and where there is a will there is a way. The executive has finally *officially* recognized the truth of the theory of Emancipation, and thereby entitled itself to the honor of having taken the greatest forward step in the glorious path of Freedom ever made even in our history.

THE MOLLY O'MOLLY PAPERS.

NO. I.

In addressing you for the first time, you will perhaps expect me to give some account of myself and my ancestry, as did the illustrious *Spectator*.

My remote ancestors are Irish. From them I inherited enthusiasm, a gun-powder temper, a propensity to blunder, and a name—Molly O'Molly. The origin of this name I have in vain endeavored to trace in history, perhaps because it

belonged to a very old family, one of the *prehistorics*. As such it might have been that of a demigod, or, according to the development theory, of a *demi-man*. Or it might have been that of an old Irish gentleman, *gentle* in truth;—in the formative stage of society it is the monster that leaves traces of himself, as in an old geologic period the huge reptile left his tracks in the plastic earth, which afterward hardened into rock.

Then, too, I have searched in vain for anything like it in ancient Irish poetry, thinking that my progenitor's name might have been therein embalmed. 'The stony science'—mind you—reveals to us the former existence of the huge reptile, the fragmentary, mighty mastodon, and, imperfect, the mail-clad fish. But, wonder of wonders, we find the whole *insect* preserved in that fossil gum amber. And even so in verse, characters are preserved for all time, that could not make their mark in history, and that had none of the elements of an earthly immortality. Did I wish immortality I would choose a poet for my friend;—an *In Memoriam* is worth all the records of the dry chronicler.

But, it is not with the root of the family tree that you have to do, but with the twig Myself.

As for my physique,—I am not like the scripture personage who beheld his face in a glass, and straightway forgot what manner of man he was. I have, on the contrary, a very distinct recollection of my face; suffice it to say, that, had I Rafaelle's pencil, I would not, like him, employ it on my own portrait.

And my life—the circumstances which have influenced, or rather created its currents, have been trifling; not that it has had no powerful currents; it is said that the equilibrium of the whole ocean could be destroyed by a single mollusk or coralline,—but my life has been an uneventful one. I never met with an adventure, never even had a hair-breadth escape,—yes, I did, too, have one hair-breadth escape. I once just grazed matrimony. The truth is, I fell in love, and was sinking with Falstaff's 'alaerity,' when I was fished out; but somehow I slipt off the hook—fortunately, however, was left on shore. By the way, the best way to get out of love is to be drawn out by the matrimonial hook. One of Holmes' characters wished to change a vowel of the verb *to love*, and conjugate it—I have forgotten how far. Where two set out to conjugate together the verb to love in the first person plural, it is well if they

do not, before the honey-moon is over, get to the present-perfect, indicative. Alas! I have thus far, in the first person singular, conjugated too many verbs, among them *to enjoy*. As for *to be*, I have come to the balancing in my mind of the question that so perplexed Hamlet—'To be, or not to be.' For, with all the natural cheerfulness of my disposition, I can not help sometimes looking on the dark side of life. But there is no use in setting down my gloomy reflections,—all have them. We are all surrounded by an atmosphere of misery, pressing on us fifteen pounds to the square inch, so evenly and constantly that we know not its fearful weight. To change the figure. Have you ever thought how much misery one life *can* hold in solution? Each year, as it flows into it, adds to it a heaviness, a weight of woe, as the rivers add salts to the ocean. I do not refer to the most unhappy, but to all. Some one says,—

'If singing breath, if echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.'

If breath to every hidden prayer were given, could it be *singing* breath? Would it not be a wail monotonous as the dirge of the November wind over the dead summer, a wail for lost hopes, lost joys, lost loves? Or the monotony would be varied—as is the wind by fitful gusts—by shrieks of despair, cries of agony. No, no, there is no use in trying to modulate our woes,—'we're all wrong,—the *time* in us is lost.'

'Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and die.'

But why talk thus? why mourn over dead hopes, dead joys, dead loves? 'Tis best to bury the dead out of our sight, and from them will spring many humbler hopes, quieter joys, more lowly affections, which 'smell sweet' though they 'blossom in the dust,' and they are the only resurrection these dead ones can ever have. I have been reading, in Maury's Geography of the Sea, how the sea's dead are preserved; how they stand

like enchanted warders of the treasures of the deep, unchanged, except that the expression of life is exchanged for the ghastliness of death. So, down beneath the surface currents do some deep souls preserve their dead hopes, joys, loves. Oh, this is unwise ; this is *not* as God intended ; for, unlike the sea's dead, there will be for these no resurrection.

Thus far I wrote, when the current of my thoughts was changed by a lively tune struck up by a hand-organ across the street. I am not 'good' at distinguishing tunes, but this one I had so often heard in childhood, and had so wondered at its strange title, that I could but remember it. It was 'The Devil's Dream.' Were I a poet, I would write the words to it ;—but then, too, I would need be a musician to compose a suitable new tune to the words ! The rattling, reckless notes should be varied by those sad enough to make an unlost angel weep—an unlost angel, for, to the hot eyes of the lost, no tears can come. 'The Devil's Dream'—perhaps it is of Heaven. Doubtless, frescoed in heavenly colors on the walls of his memory, are scenes from which fancy has but to brush the smoke and grime of perdition to restore them to almost their original beauty. I could even pity the 'Father of lies,' the 'Essence of evil,' the 'Enemy of mankind,' when I think of the terrible awaking. But does *he* ever sleep ? Has there since the fall been a pause in *his* labors ? Perhaps the reason this tune-time is so fast is because he is dreaming in a hurry,—must soon be up and doing. But it is my opinion that he has so wound up the world to wickedness, that he might sleep a hundred years, and it would have scarcely begun to run down on his awaking ; when, from the familiar appearance of all things, he would swear 'it was but an after-dinner nap.' Indeed he might die, might to-day go out in utter nothingness like a falling star, and it would be away in the year two thousand before he would be missed, —we have learned to do our own devil-work so rarely. Meanwhile the well-wound world—as a music-box plays

over the same tunes—would go on sinning over the same old sins. Satan is a great economist, but a paltry deviser,—he has not invented a new sin since the flood. My thoughts thus danced along to the music, when they were brought to a dead stop by its cessation ; and it was time, you will think.

But, permit me to remind you that my name is not *acquired*, but *inherited*.

At your service,
MOLLY O'MOLLY.

NO. II.

I detest that man who bides his time to repay a wrong or fancied wrong, who keeps alive in his hardened nature the vile thing hatred, and would for centuries, did he live thus long,—as the toad is kept alive in the solid rock. Hugh Miller says he is 'disposed to regard the poison bag of the serpent as a mark of degradation ;' this venomous spite is certainly a mark of degradation, and it is only creeping, crawling souls that have it, but the creeping and crawling are a part of the curse.

Yet I have a respect for honest indignation, righteous anger, such as the O'Mollys have ever been capable of. And all the O'Molly blood in my veins has been stirred by the contemptuous manner in which some men have spoken of woman. 'Weak woman,—inconstant woman ;' they have made the wind a type of her fickleness. In this they are right ; for it has been proved that the seasons in their return, day and night, are not more sure than the wind. Such fickleness as this is preferable to *man's* greatest constancy. Woman weak ! she's gentle as the summer breeze, I grant ;—but, like this same breeze, when she's roused—then beware ! You have doubtless heard of that gale that forced back the Gulf Stream, and piled it up thirty feet at its source.

Take care how you sour woman's nature,—remember that, once soured, all the honey in the universe will not sweeten it. There is such a thing as making vinegar of molasses, but I never heard of making molasses of vinegar.

Do you wish to know the turning process? Grumbling — everlasting fault-finding — at breakfast, dinner, and supper, the same old tune. I don't see how the man who boards can endure it; he is obliged to swallow his food without complaint. The landlady at the head of the table is a very different-looking individual from the meek woman he afterwards calls wife, — not a word can he say, though he morning after morning, in his breakfast, recognizes, through its various disguises, yesterday's dinner. By the way, this is after Dame Nature's plan; she uses the greatest economy in feeding her immense family of boarders; never wastes a refuse scrap, or even a drop of water. If one of these boarders dies, it is true he is not, like 'the poor work-house boy,' served up as one dish, but he becomes an ingredient in many 'a dainty dish' fit to 'to set before a king.' But I am not, like 'Miss Ophelia' in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' going to explore the good dame's kitchen, — will rather eat what is set before me, asking no questions; which last, what *man* ever did, if he could help it?

For an insignificant man, originally but a cipher, who owes it to his wife that he is even the fraction that he is, to talk about 'woman knowing her place — he's head,' etc.! If he had given her the place that belonged to her, their value, not as individual figures, but as one number, would have been increased a thousand fold. I have made a calculation, and this is literally true, or rather, you will say, *figuratively* true. Well, this kind of figures can not lie.

'The rose,' the Burmese say, 'imparts fragrance to the leaf in which it is folded.' Many a man has had a sweetness imparted to his character by the woman he has sheltered in his bosom — though some characters 'not all the perfume of Arabia could sweeten'; and, strange as it seem, most women would rather be folded in a *tobacco* leaf than 'waste their sweetness on desert air.' Though it is a long time since I have been a man *lover*, I am not a man *hater*. I can not hate anything that has been

so hallowed by woman's love, — *its magnetism* gives a sort of attractive power to him.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about woman's weakness, it is acknowledged that she has a pretty strong will of her own. Well, we need a strong will, — it is the great *centrifugal force* that God has given to all. Only it must be subordinate to the *centripetal force* of the universe — the Divine will.

It is said that the centripetal force of our solar system is the Pleiad Aleyon. I know not whether the other stars of that cluster feel this attraction; if they do, what a centrifugal force the lost Pleiad must have had, to break away from 'the sweet influences' which, through so immense a distance, draw the sun with all his train. This is not without a parallel — when 'the morning stars sang together' over the new-born earth, one 'star of the morning' was not there to join in the chorus.

But Old Sol will probably never so strongly assert *his* centrifugality as to set such an example of *secession* to his planets and comets.

Pardon this astronomical digression. I have just returned from hearing an itinerant lecturer, and it will take a week to get the smoke of his magic lantern out of my eyes. If there is any error in these observations, blame the itinerant, not me.

I had been low-spirited all day, had tried reading, work, — all of no avail. Dyspeptic views of life would present themselves to my mind. Some natures, and mine is of them, like the pendulum, need a weight attached to them to keep them from going too fast. But a wholesome sorrow is very different from this moping melancholy, when the thoughts run in one direction, till they almost wear a channel for themselves — when the channel is worn, there is *insanity*.

Neither are my gloomy religious views to-day those that will regenerate the world. Those lines of Dr. Watts, —

'We should suspect somē danger nigh
When we possess delight,' —

it is said, were written after a disap-

pointment in love—it was ‘sour grapes’ that morning with the grave divine.

As a general rule, where we possess *continued* delight, there is no ‘danger nigh.’ Where an enjoyment comes between us and our God, it casts on us a shadow. When we have plucked a beautiful flower, if poisonous, it has such a sickening odor that we fling it from us. We do not ‘pay too dear for our whistle,’ unless it costs us a sin; then it soon becomes a loathed and useless toy. Otherwise, the dearer we pay, the sweeter its music.

And even if there is ‘danger nigh’—because we are pleased with the beautiful foam, need we steer straight for the breakers? Not every tempting morsel is the enemy’s bait,—though we should be careful how we nibble;—he is no blunderer (a proof positive that he is not Irish), never leaves his trap sprung—and we may get caught.

This is a synopsis of the arguments, or rather assertions, with which I opposed those of the blues; but, finding they were getting the better of me, I started out for a walk. It was a chilly afternoon; the whole sky, except a clear

place just above the western horizon, was covered with those heavy, diluted India-ink clouds; the setting sun throwing a dreary red light on the northern and eastern mountains, adding sullenness to the gloom, instead of dispelling it. But why describe this gloomy sunset, there are so many beautiful ones?—when, as the grand, old, dying Humboldt said, the ‘glorious rays seem to beckon earth to heaven?’

Well, I walked so fast that I left my blue tormentors far in the rear. On the way I met a friend, who invited me to go to the astronomical lecture. Here you have it, after many digressions. My thoughts never strike a plane surface, but always a spherical, and fly off in a tangent.

Sydney Smith says, ‘Remember the flood and be brief.’ You know I belong to a very old family; and from an ancestor, who lived before the flood, has been transmitted through a long line of O’Mollys a disposition to *spin out*. Unfortunately an antediluvian length of time was not an *heir-loom* to

Your humble servant,
MOLLY O’MOLLY.

SKETCHES OF EDINBURGH LITERATI.

BY A FORMER MEMBER OF ITS PRESS.

THERE was a time when the little hamlet of Cockpaine, ten miles from Edinburgh, in addition to the charms of its scenery, was also socially attractive from the high literary talent of several of its residents. It was situated on the banks of the Esk, whose rapid flow affords a valuable water-power. This had been improved under the enterprise of Mr. Craig, an extensive manufacturer, who became at last proprietor not only of the mills, but of the entire village. Mr. Craig was successful for several

years; but the revulsions of trade during the Crimean war swept away his previous profits, and in 1854 he sank in utter bankruptcy.

The extensive domain of the Earl of Dalhousie lay next to Cockpaine, and the village site seemed all that was necessary to its completeness. As soon as the latter was offered for sale, the earl made the long-desired purchase, and then began the immediate eviction of its population. I saw four hundred operatives, of all ages, driven off on one

sad occasion—a scene which reminded me most painfully of Goldsmith's lines in the 'Deserted Village':—

'Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked
their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.'

A subsequent visit to what was once the thriving village, with its embowered cottages reflected from the waters of the Esk, its groups of romping children, its Sabbath melodies and its secular din, now changed to a nobleman's preserves, recalled the following truthful sketch from the same poem:—

'Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In Nature's simplest charms arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling
land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms, a garden and a grave.'

Among those whom Mr. Craig had numbered with the friends of his better days, the first rank might have been conceded to that most eccentric and interesting child of genius, Thomas DeQuincey.

Mr. Craig had thrown open to his use a lovely cottage and grounds, commonly known as 'the Paddock,' which DeQuincey and his family occupied for several years as privileged guests. 'The Opium-eater,' as he was universally called by the villagers, was not more remarkable in character than in appearance. His attenuated form, though but five feet six in height, seemed singularly tall; and his sharply aquiline countenance was strongly indicative of reflection. This aspect was increased by a downward cast of the eyes, which were invariably fixed upon the ground; and in his solitary walks he seemed like one rapt in a dream. Such a character could not but be quite a marvel to the literary coterie of Cockpaine, which found in him an inexhaustible subject of discus-

sion; while the more common class of the community viewed him with solemn wonderment—'aye, there he gaes aff to th' brae—he'll kill himself wi' ower thinkin'—glowrin all the day lang—ah, there's na gude in that black stuff; it's worse nor whiskey and bacey forbye.' Such were some of the ordinary comments on the weird form which was seen emerging from 'the Paddock' and moving in solitude towards the hills. Taciturnity was a striking feature in DeQuincey's character, and was, no doubt, owing to intense mental action. The inner life, aroused to extreme activity by continued stimulus, excluded all perceptions beyond its own limits, and the world in which he dwelt was sufficiently large without the intrusion of external things. In his walks I would often follow in his track, with that fondness of imitation peculiar to childhood, but was never the object of his notice, and never heard him converse but once. Overcome by such recluse habits, DeQuincey showed no desire to court the patronage of the great, and had but little intercourse with the lordly family of the Dalhousies. Indeed, his only intimacy was with Mr. Craig, whose hospitality had won his heart. He was at this time still consuming enormous quantities of opium, having never abated its use, notwithstanding his allusions to reform in the 'Confessions.' His two daughters, like those of Milton, cheered the domestic scenes of 'the Paddock,' and the trio formed a circle whose interest pervaded the literary world.

DeQuincey was at that time writing for Hogg's *Instructor*, a popular Edinburgh periodical, in which his articles were a leading attraction. The *Instructor* was published weekly, and in addition to the pen of the 'Opium-eater,' could boast the editorship of the brilliant George Gilfillan. The former of these devoted himself to a series of interesting miscellanies, in which he brought out many pen-and-ink portraits of striking power. At times, indeed, he was almost considered joint editor; but his use of opium was so little abated,

that it forbade dependence upon his pen. The quantity of the drug consumed by him, according to report, was astonishing. In his daily walk along the Esk, his form was easily distinguished, even at a distance, by the prim black surtout, whose priestly aspect was somewhat in contrast with his 'shocking-bad' hat. DeQuincey had by this time escaped from the poverty of his early days, of which he speaks so bitterly in his 'Confessions,' and was, if not a man of wealth, at least in easy circumstances. He was reputed to own a snug little estate, called 'Lasswade'; but he abandoned it to a tenant, and gave preference to Cockpaine, which charmed him by its romantic scenery. His pay for contributions to the *Instructor* could not have been less than a guinea per page; and Hogg, its publisher (who was no relation to the Ettrick shepherd), would have given him more had it been demanded. The *Instructor* was subsequently merged into the *Titan*, and its place of publication changed to London.

Removing from Cockpaine, my initiation into Edinburgh life was through an acquaintance with the noted publishing house of the Messrs. Black, who were then getting out their splendid edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This vast enterprise, which cost £25,000, was highly profitable, through the energy and cleverness of Robert Black, who conducted it. Among other distinguished contributors, I frequently met in its office Mr., subsequently Lord, Macaulay, who furnished the articles on 'Pitt,' 'Canning,' and other distinguished statesmen. Although at that time a man of slender means, Mr. Macaulay refused compensation for these papers, on the score of strong personal friendship. However, he received an indirect reward, more valuable than mere gold, since Robert Black was his strong political supporter, and frequently presided at public meetings held to further Macaulay's interests. I have often seen Music Hall crowded by an enthusiastic mass while the bookseller

filled the chair, and the great reviewer appeared as a public orator. Macaulay's person was very striking and impressive. He was tall, and of noble build and full development. Although one of the most diligent of readers and hard working of students of any age, his ruddy countenance did not indicate close application, and his appearance was anything but that of a book-worm. Indeed, at first glance, one would have taken him for a fine specimen of the wealthy English farmer; and to have observed his habits of good living at the social dining parties, would have added to the impression that in him the animal nature was far in advance of the intellectual. Macaulay, on all festive occasions, proved himself as elegant a conversationist as he was a writer; his tone was thoroughly English, and his pronunciation, like that of Washington Irving, was singularly correct. As a speaker, he at times rose to splendid flights of oratory, although his delivery from memory was less effective than the extemporaneous style. Macaulay never married, but was always happy in the social circle of his friends.

The Blacks were likewise publishers of Scott's novels, the demand for which was so great that they were seldom 'off the press.' Three standard editions were issued,—one of forty-eight volumes, at a low rate, another of twenty-five volumes, at higher cost, and an additional library edition, of still greater price. Of these, one thousand 'sets' per year were the average of sale.

Shortly after this, I was in connection with the Ballantynes, who published Blackwood's Magazine, one of the most profitable periodicals in the United Kingdom. This connection led to an acquaintance with John Wilson, better known as 'Christopher North,' of 'Old Ebony.' When the printers were in haste, I have frequently walked down to his residence in Gloucester Place, and sat by his side, waiting patiently, hour after hour, for copy. The professor always wrote in the night, and would frequently dash off one of his splendid

articles between supper and daybreak. His study was a small room, containing a table littered with paper, the walls garnished with a few pictures, while heaps of books were scattered wherever chance might direct. At this table might have been seen the famous professor of moral philosophy, stripped to his shirt and pantaloons, the former open in front, and displaying a vast, hirsute chest, while a slovenly necktie kept the limp collar from utter loss of place. This was his favorite state for composition, and was in true keeping with the character and productions of his genius. When in public, the professor was still a sloven; but his heavy form and majestic head and countenance—though he was not a tall man—at once commanded respect. He never appeared anything but the philosopher, and I, who saw him in the dishabille of his study, never lost my awe for his greatness. He had a worthy family, and maintained an excellent establishment. Aytoun, who is now editor of Blackwood, married one of his daughters, and has proved, by his stirring ballads, that he was worthy of such an alliance. In writing, the professor eschewed gas light, and made use of the more classic lamp. A bottle of wine was his companion, and stood at his elbow until exhausted. This will perhaps explain much of the convivial character of the 'Notes.' The old-fashioned quill pen was his preference; and as the hours advanced, and mental excitement waxed in activity, the profuse spattering of ink rattled like rain. As a matter of course, his pay was of the highest rate, and his articles were read with avidity. One reason of this may be found in the boldness with which he drags into the imaginary colloquies of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* the literati of both kingdoms. This liberty was sometimes felt keenly, and sharply resented. Poor James Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' who was just then getting a position in the literary world, sometimes found himself figuring unexpectedly in the scenes, as the victim of relentless wit. As a retaliation, Hogg attacked Wilson in a

sheet which he was then publishing in the Cowgate, under the aid and patronage of a hatter.

It was one of John Wilson's fancies to affect a love of boxing, and it was a favorite theme in the 'Ambrosial Discussions.' From this some have imagined that he was of a pugilistic turn, whereas he knew nothing of the 'science,' and only affected the knowledge in jest.

Next to old 'Kit North,' the most truly beloved contributor to Blackwood was 'Delta,' whose poetry was for years expected, almost of course, in every number. As Wilson's identity was well-nigh lost in his imaginary character, so plain Dr. Moir was, in the literary world, merged in 'Delta' of Blackwood. But to the inhabitants of Musselburg he sustained a character altogether different, and the gentle *Delta* was only known as one worthy of the title of 'the good physician.' I lived at Musselburg two years, and had ample opportunities of personal acquaintance. Dr. Moir was a man of highly benevolent countenance, and of quiet and retiring manners. His practice was very extensive, and at almost all hours he could have been seen driving an old gray horse through the streets and suburbs of the town. The ancient character of Musselburg seemed to have been as congenial to his temperament as Nuremberg was to that of Hans Sachs. Indeed, in antiquity it can glory over 'Auld Reekie,' according to the quaint couplet,—

'Musselboro' was a boro' when Edinburgh was
name;
Musselboro'll be a boro' when Edinburgh is
gane.'

Moir was buried at Inveresk, where his remains are honored by a noble monument; the memory of his genius will be cherished by all readers of Blackwood. He died in 1854.

While engaged on the Encyclopedia to which we have made reference, I made the acquaintance of McCulloch, the distinguished writer of finances, who furnished the article on 'Banking.'

However distinguished may have been the position of this man in point of talent, he failed utterly to command respect; and I chiefly remember his coarse, overbearing tone of boastful superiority, and his abusive language to the compositors who set up his MSS. That they found the latter difficult of deciphering is not surprising, since the sheet looked less like human calligraphy than a row of bayonets. McCulloch had edited the '*Scotsman*' with decided ability, and having attracted the attention of Lord Brougham, had received an appointment in the stationer's office. But in his promotion he quickly forgot his humble origin, and displayed his native vulgarity by lording it over the craftsmen who gave form and life to his thoughts.

Among the giants of Scotland at that time, Thomas Chalmers ranked chief, and the death of Sir Walter Scott had left him without a peer. I used to meet him as he took his early walks, and in his loving way of greeting youth he often bade me a cheerful good-morning. He was then living at Kinghorn, about eight miles from Edinburgh. Dr. Chalmers' robust stature was in keeping with the power of his intellect. He was of massive frame, and displayed a breadth of shoulder which seemed borrowed from the Farnese Hercules. Though so distinguished as a divine, there was nothing clerical in his appearance — nothing of that air of 'the cloth' which at once proclaims the preacher. His noble features were generally overspread with a benevolent smile, which seemed to shed an illumination as though from the ignition of the soul; while at other times he was possessed with a spirit of abstraction as if walking in a dream.

As a theologian, Chalmers was great beyond any of his contemporaries; and yet, strictly speaking, his genius was mathematical, rather than theological. In this respect he resembled that famed American of whom he professed himself a disciple — Jonathan Edwards. Of the latter it is stated by no less a critic than the author of the *Eclipse of Faith* (Henry Rogers), that he was born a mathe-

matician. Chalmers, however, was a master of all science, and it would have been difficult for even a specialist to have taken him at an advantage. As greatness is always set off by simplicity, the latter feature was one of the chief beauties in what we may call the Chalmesian Colossus. I have often seen him leaning upon the half open door of a smithy, conversing with the intelligent workmen, as they rested from the use of the sledge. Having referred to his love of children, I may add, in respect to myself, that when I, in my childhood, spoke to him in the street, I was generally favored with an apple. He was indeed an ardent lover of the young, and his genius seemed to gather freshness from his intercourse with childhood.

Edinburgh will not soon forget his interest in the welfare of the poor, in which he has been so ably seconded by the present Dr. Guthrie. I well remember beholding the two Christian reformers, standing above the slums of the city, contemplating the fields which the latter had assumed. Suddenly Chalmers clapped his friend upon the back, and exclaimed, in rude pleasantry, 'Wow, Tummus Guthrie, but ye ha a bonnie parish.' Chalmers' pronunciation was singularly broad, and not easily understood by many. Stopping once, during a tour in England, at a place where there was a seminary, a gentleman inquired of him how many Scotch boys were in attendance. 'Saxtair or savantain,' was the reply. 'Enough,' says the gentleman, *sotto voce*, to corrupt a whole school.' As regards calligraphy, Chalmers wrote the most illegible hand in Scotland. He could not even read it himself, and was frequently obliged to call his wife and daughters to his aid. Many of his discourses, when intended for the press, were copied by them. His manuscript, when fresh from his hand, looked as though a fly had fallen into the ink-stand, and then crawled over the page. When his letters were received at his paternal home, the language of the father was, 'A letter from Tummus, eh; weel, when he comes

hame, he maun read it himsel.' There was something Homeric in Chalmers' mind; and Hugh Miller always considered him the bard of the Free Church, as well as its great theologian and still greater benefactor; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that he never wrote a line of verse in his life. The simplest truths, when announced by him, took a poetic shape, and moved along with all the majesty of his towering genius. Speaking of Hugh Miller brings him before us at the time that he was writing for the *Caledonia Mercury*. He was then editor of *The Witness*, but gave to the former paper such moments as he could abstract from his more serious duties. His department in the *Mercury* was the reviewing new publications. Besides his engagement with these two journals, he was pursuing those studies which made him the prince of British geologists. Geology was his passion. Indeed, while writing leaders for the *Witness*, or turning over the leaves of hot-pressed volumes, his mind was wandering among such scenes as the 'Lake of Stromness,' and the 'Old Red Sandstone' of his native Cromarty. His geological sketches in the *Witness* were a new feature in journalism, and formed the basis of that work which so admirably refuted the 'Vestiges of Creation.' I met Miller daily for several years. He was tall, and of a well-built and massive frame, and evidently capable of great endurance, both of mind and body. Considered as one of the distinguished instances of self-made men, Hugh Miller finds his only parallel in Horace Greeley, although the path to greatness was in the first instance even more laborious than in the latter. Let any one read Miller's experiences and adventures, as described in 'My Schools and my Schoolmasters,' and he will find a renewed suggestion of the thought which Johnson so pathetically breathes in his 'London':—

'The mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.'

Miller's appearance, when in trim attire, was that of the Scottish 'Dominie,'

or parish schoolmaster; but, like the great American editor, he was exceedingly slovenly, both by nature and by long habits of carelessness. When in the street, he always wore the plaid, although that garment was quite out of use, and indicated at once something quaint or rustic in the wearer. At this time Miller was living in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, called Porto Bello. When we exchanged greetings in the street, his countenance, usually overcast with the pale hue of thought, would light up with a bright and open smile, which continued as long as he was speaking, but soon yielded to returning abstraction. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was the groups of youth whom Miller used to invite as companions of an afternoon walk. None were forbidden on the score of childhood, and many a 'wee bairn' trotted after the larger lads who accompanied 'the gude stane-cracker,' and 'the bonnie mon what gaes amang the rocks.' He might well be called the 'stane-cracker,' since I have seen him on Calton Hill, or Arthur's Seat, or among the crags, lecturing, in a calm, quiet tone, on the mysteries which his hammer had brought to light. These were the only recreations of one whose days and nights were, with the exception of a brief and often wakeful season of rest, given to laborious study. Had he indulged more freely in them, he might have escaped the terrible fate which overtook him. But he never could emancipate himself from the labor to which he was chained. His 'Impressions of England,' which is one of the most delightful of his books, was the product of a subsequent tour for health. If such were his recreations, what must have been his labors? Miller's domestic life did much to cheer an over-worked system. He gives, in the 'Schools and Schoolmasters,' a pleasing allusion to the fascination of his courtship; and his subsequent life was graced by one whose appearance, as I remember her, was singularly lovely and interesting. In his home circle, Miller was truly a happy man. I may remark, in

passing, that this is a feature in Scottish genius. While Shelley, Byron, Bulwer, Dickens, and other English authors, have been wrecked by home difficulties, Scott, Chalmers, Miller, Wilson, and the whole line of Scottish authors, drank deep of domestic felicity. Perhaps this may be explained by the contrast between the warmth of Scottish character, and the saturnine and unsocial disposition of the English. Edinburgh could at that time boast of two distinguished men of the name of Miller; and the great geologist had almost his fellow in the professor of surgery. The two were very intimate, and the one found in the other not only a friend, but a faithful medical adviser. Professor Miller was then printing his leading work, and I had frequent occasion to visit him with reference to its publication. One morning, as I rang, the professor came to the door with a hurried and nervous step. As it opened, I noted that his tall form was peculiarly agitated, and his countenance was deadly pale. In a calm, subdued voice, he informed me that Hugh Miller had just committed suicide with a pistol. The terrible news overcame me with a shudder, and I almost sank to the floor. The fact was not yet generally known; and oh, when it should be made public, what a blow would be felt by the moral and scientific world! The professor knew that the affair might possibly be ascribed by some to accident, but he at once referred it to insanity. The overworked brain of the geologist had been for some time threatened with a collapse. He had, in addition to the management of the *Witness*, been elaborating a work of deep and exhausting character, and the mental excitement which accompanied its completion was like devouring fire. I have frequently gone to his room at a late hour of the night, and found him sitting before the smouldering grate, so absorbed in thought that, as he balanced the probabilities of contending theories, he unwittingly accompanied the mental effort by balancing the poker on the bar. I have seen, on such an occasion, a greasy stream oozing from the pocket

of his fustian coat, and supplied by the roll of butter which at morning market he had purchased for home use. On the table lay his MSS., so marred with interlinings and corrections, that notwithstanding his neat and delicate hand, it was almost a complete blot. These habits could not but terminate in utter wreck, and I have ever coincided with the professor's opinion as to the cause of his death. This gentleman stated to me a fact not generally known, that a few days before the awful catastrophe, the unfortunate man called on him in great distress, and sought his advice. He complained of a pain in his head, and then added an expression of fears with regard to that which was to him of untold value. This was his mineral and geological collection in Shrub Place, which was, no doubt, the most valuable private one in the kingdom. He was haunted by apprehension of its robbery by a gang of thieves, and asked what measures of safety would be advisable. The professor endeavored to expel the absurd idea by playful remark, and supposed himself somewhat successful. The next thing he heard was the intelligence of his death. It is quite evident that the fatal revolver was purchased for the defense of his treasures. What a lesson is this of the danger of excessive application, of unreasonable toil, of late hours, and mental tension. A continued exhaustion of his energies had brought upon the geologist a state of mental horror from which death seemed the only relief. The reaction of the nervous system was, no doubt, similar to that arising from delirium tremens; and thus extremes met, and the *savant* perished like the inebriate.

The tragedy did not seem complete until another victim should be added. The professor took the revolver to Thompson's, on Leith Walk, in order to learn by examination how many shots had been fired by the unfortunate suicide. The gunsmith took the weapon, but handled it so carelessly, that it went off in his hands, and the ball caused his death.

Speaking of excessive labor, we may

observe that this is the general rule among men of science or letters. They are, as a class, crushed by engagements and duties, as well as by problems and questions of which the world can not even dream.

The Edinburgh literati know but little of rest or recreation; from the editor's chair up to the pulpit, they are under a lash as relentless as that of the taskmaster of Egypt. For instance, we might refer to Buchanan, of the *Mercury*. He has sat at his desk until he has become an old man, with the smallest imaginable subtraction of time for food and sleep, writing night and day, and carrying, in his comprehensive brain, the whole details of an influential journal. This feature, however, is not confined to the Old World, and may easily be paralleled in the journalism of America. Both Raymond, of the *Times*, and Bennett, of the *Herald*, almost live in the editorial function; and the former of these, though now Speaker of the Assembly, will either pen his leaders in his desk, during the utterance of prosy speeches, or in hours stolen from sleep after adjournment. In addition to these, we might quote the caustic language of Mr. Greeley, in reference to some mechanics who had 'struck,' in order to reduce their day's labor (we think to nine hours). 'He was in favor of short days of work, and having labored eighteen hours per diem for nearly twenty years, he was now going to "strike" for fifteen during the rest of his life.' But I doubt the success of Mr. Greeley's 'strike,' and apprehend that his early application has continued with but little abatement.

Before leaving Edinburgh for the New World, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Jeffrey. He was at this time not so much distinguished as the reviewer, as he was by his new title of Lord Jeffrey, Judge of Court Session, with a salary of £3000 per annum. Lord Jeffrey was a small man, of light

but elegant make, and peculiarly symmetrical. His head was quite small, but his countenance was of an imposing character; and his eye, brilliant but not fierce, often melted into a pensive tenderness. Such was Jeffrey's appearance on the bench in his latter days. I should have little judged from it that he was the relentless critic, whose withering sarcasm was felt from the garrets of Grub Street to the highest walk of science or university life. My intimacy with Ballantyne, who published the *Edinburgh Review*, often brought the different MSS. before me, and I could contrast the exquisite neatness of Wardlaw with the slanting school-boy hand of Jeffrey. The tone and style of review literature have changed greatly since its inception, when each quarterly gloried in the character of a literary ogre, and dead men's bones lay round its doors, as erst about the castle of Giant Despair. Authors are not now thrown to the wild beasts for the entertainment of the multitude, as in former days; and had John Keats, or even poor Henry Kirke White, written and published fifty years later, they would never have perished by the critic's pen. Yet the same malignant assault which crushed their tender muse was the only thing which could amuse the latent powers of a far greater genius; and had not Byron been as cruelly attacked by the *Edinburgh*, he would never have given 'Childe Harold' to the world. The authorship of that most unjust and malignant *critique*, which, however brief, was sufficient to make the author of 'the Hours of Idleness,' for the time, contemptible, was long a secret; but it is now admitted that it was by Jeffrey. Little did the murderous critic think that his challenge would bring out an adversary who would soon unhorse him, and then dash victoriously over the field under the especial patronage of fame.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILIES IN AMERICA.

III.

THE HUGUENOTS OF ULSTER.

It is said that the lands of the early Huguenot settlers in Ulster County were so arranged in small lots, and within sight of each other, as to prevent surprise from the Indians whilst their owners were cultivating them. Louis Bevier, one of the most honored patentees, was the ancestor of the highly-respectable family bearing his name in that region. When he was about to leave France, his father became so exasperated, that he refused to bestow upon him the commonest civilities. Nor would he condescend to return the kind salutations of another son in the public streets, affectionately offered by the pious emigrant, and for the last time.

Another of the patentees, Deyo, visited France to claim his confiscated estates, but, failing of success, returned. Kingston, at this early period, was the only trading post or village for the French Protestants, and sixteen miles distant from their settlement, although in a straight line. Paltz was not more than eight miles west of the Hudson River; this route, M. Deyo undertook, alone, to explore — but never returned. It was thought that the adventurous Huguenot died suddenly, or was devoured by the wild beasts. A truss and buckle which he owned were found about thirty years afterwards, at the side of a large hollow tree. His life seems to have been one full of toils and dangers, having endured severe sufferings for conscience' sake, before he reached Holland from France. For days he concealed himself in hiding places from his persecutors, and without food, finally escaping alone in a fishing boat, during a terrific storm.

The descendants of the Ulster Dubois are very influential and numerous in our day, but there is a tradition that this family at one time was in great danger

of becoming extinct. For a long while it was the custom of parents to visit Kingston, for the purpose of having their children baptized. M. Dubois and wife were returning from such a pious visit, and while crossing the Roundout, on the ice, it gave way, plunging the horses, sleigh and party in the rapid stream. With great presence of mind, the mother threw her infant, an only son, upon a floating frozen cake, which, like the ark of Moses, floated him safely down the stream, until he was providentially rescued. For some time this child was the only male, Dubois among the Paltz Huguenots, and had he perished on that perilous occasion, his family name would also have perished with him; still there were seven females of the same house, called the *seven zuisters*, all of whom married among the most respectable French Protestant families. To no stock do more families in Ulster County trace their origin than that of Dubois. Some antiquarians deny this tradition of the seven sisters, but contend that they were *Lefevres*.

There were two Le Fevres among the Ulster patentees. Their progenitors it is said were among those early Protestants of France who distinguished themselves for intellectual powers, prominence in the Reformed Church, with enduring patience under the severest trials, and death itself. Le Fevre, a doctor of theology, adorned the French metropolis when Paris caught the first means of salvation in the fifteenth century. He preached the pure gospel within its walls; and this early teacher declared '*our religion has only one foundation, one object, one head, Jesus Christ, blessed forever. Let us then not take the name of Paul, of Apostles, or of Peter. The Cross of Christ alone opens heaven and shuts the gates of hell.*' In 1524, he published a

translation of the New Testament, and the next year a version of the Psalms. Many received the Holy Scriptures from his hands, and read them in their families, producing the happiest results. Margaret, the beautiful and talented Princess of Valois, celebrated by all the wits and scholars of the time, embraced the true Christianity, uniting her fortune and influence with the Huguenots, and the Reformation thus had a witness in the king's court. She was sister to Francis the First, the reigning monarch. By the hands of this noble lady, the Bishop of Meuse sent to the king a translation of St. Paul's Epistles, richly illuminated, he adding, in his quaint and beautiful language, 'They will make a truly royal dish of fatness, that never corrupts, and having the power to restore from all manner of sickness. The more we taste them, the more we hunger after them, with desires that are ever fed and never cloyed.'

Abraham Hasbroucq, which is the original orthography of the name among the patentees, was a native of Calais, and the first emigrant of that family to America, in 1675, with a party of Huguenot friends; they resided for a while in the Palatinate on the banks of the Rhine. To commemorate their kindness, when they reached our shores the new settlement was called '*De Paltz*', now '*New Paltz*', as the Palatinate was always styled by the Dutch. Here, also, the beautiful stream flowing through New Paltz was known by the name of *Waelkill*, after the river Wael, a branch of the Rhine, running into Holland.

The first twelve patentees, or the '*Duzine*', managed the affairs of the infant settlement as long as they lived, and after their death it was a custom to elect a court officer from among the descendants of each, at the annual town meetings. For a long period they kept in one chest all the important papers of their property and land titles. The pastor or the oldest man had charge of the key, and reference was made to this depository for the settlement of all difficulties about boundaries. Hence

they were free from legal suits as to their lands; and to this judicious, simple plan may be traced the well-known harmony of the numerous descendants in this region,—the fidelity of their landmarks, with the absence of litigation.

We know of no region in our land where property has remained so long in the same families, as it has at New Paltz; since its first settlement, there has been a constant succession of intermarriages among the French descendants, and many continue to reside upon the venerable homesteads of their early and honored forefathers.

Devoted as the Huguenots ever had been to the worship of the Almighty, one of their first objects at New Paltz was the erection of a church. It was built of logs, and afterwards gave place to a substantial edifice of brick, brought from Holland, the place answering the double purpose of church and fort. Their third house of worship was an excellent stone building, which served the Huguenots for eighty years, when it was demolished in 1839, and the present splendid edifice placed on the venerable spot and dedicated to the service of Almighty God. It is related that a clergyman of eccentric dress and manners, at an early period, would occasionally make a visit to New Paltz, and, for the purpose of meditation, would cross the Walkill in a canoe, to some large elms growing upon a bank opposite the church; on one occasion the stream was low, and while pushing across with a pole, it broke, and the Dominie, losing his balance, pitched overboard. He succeeded, however, in reaching the shore, and proceeded to the nearest house, for the purpose of drying his clothes. This partly accomplished, he entered the pulpit and informed his congregation that he had intended to have preached a sermon on baptism; but, eyeing his garments, he observed that *circumstances* prevented, as he could now sympathize with Peter, and take the text, 'Lord, save, or I perish.'

To serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience, had ever been a

supreme duty with the French Protestants, and paramount to everything else. For this they had endured the severest persecutions in France, and had sacrificed houses, lands, kindred and their native homes; they had crossed a trackless ocean, and penetrated the howling wilderness, inhabited by savage tribes—and for what?—To serve their MAKER, and the RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE. They had been the salt of France, and brought over with them their pious principles, with their Bibles,—the most precious things. Some of these faded volumes are still to be found among the children of the American Huguenots, and we have often seen and examined one of the most venerable copies. It is Diodati's French Bible, with this title:—

LA SAINTE
BIBLE,
INTERPRETEE PAR JEAN DIODATI,
MDCXLIV.
IMPRIMEE A GENEVE.

The sacred book is 219 years old, in excellent condition, and well covered with white dressed deerskin, its ties of the same material. It was brought to America by Louis Bevier, a French Protestant of Ulster, and has been preserved as a precious family relic through nine generations. It was carried from France to Holland, and thence to New Paltz. ‘Blessed Book! the hands of holy martyrs have unfolded thy sacred pages, and their hearts been cheered by thy holy truths and promises!’ There is also a family record written in the volume, faintly legible, of the immediate descendants of Louis Bevier and his wife, Maria Lablau, from the year 1674 to 1684.

Above anything else did the Huguenots of France love their BIBLES. Various edicts, renewed in 1729, had commanded the seizure and destruction of *all* books used by the Protestants, and for this purpose, any consul of a commune, or any priest, might enter the houses to make the necessary search. We may therefore compute by millions

the volumes destroyed in obedience to these royal edicts. On the 17th of April, 1708, about 40,000 books were burned at one time in Bordeaux; and it is also well known that at Beaucaire, in 1735, there was an auto-da-fé almost equal to that of Bordeaux. It was a truly sad day, in France, when the old family BIBLE must be given up; the book doubly revered and most sacred, because it was the WORD of GOD, and sacred too from the recollections connected with it! Grandparents, parents, and children, all, from their earliest infancy, had daily seen, read and touched it. Like the household deities of the ancients, it had been always present at all the joys and sorrows of the family. A touching custom inscribed on the first or last pages, and at times even upon its margins, the principal events in all those beloved lives. Here were the Births, Baptisms, Marriages, and the Deaths. Now all these tender, pious records must perish at once in the flames.

But mind, immortal mind, could not be destroyed; for free thought, and truth, and instruction, among the people, were companions of the Reformation, and books would circulate among all ranks throughout Protestant France. The works generally came from Holland through Paris, and from Geneva, by Lyons or Grenoble. Inside of baled goods, and in cases and barrels of provisions, secretly, thousands of volumes were sent from north to south, from east to west, to the oppressed Huguenots. The great work which Louis XIV. believed buried beneath the ruins of his bloody edicts still went on silently. At Lausanne was established a seminary, about the year 1725, where works for the French Protestant people were printed and circulated. The Bishop of Canterbury, with Lord Warke, and a few foreign sovereigns, actively assisted in the founding of this institution. Thus did that beautiful town become the source of useful and religious knowledge to thousands, although it was conveyed far and wide in a very quiet and secret way. One man was condemned to the galleys

for having received barrels, marked ‘*Black and White Peas*,’ which were found full of ‘Ostervald’s Catechisms.’

How strange it seems to us, writing in our own Protestant land, that cruel authority should ever have intervened with matters of faith! What can be more plain or truthful than that there should be liberty of conscience; and that God alone has the power and the right to direct it, and that it is an abuse and a sacrilege to come between God and conscience? After the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the death of Louis XIV., his royal successor sometimes vaguely asked himself why he persecuted his Protestant subjects? when his marshal replied, that his majesty was only the executor of former edicts. He seemed to have consoled himself that he had found the system *already* established, and he only carried out the errors of his predecessor. Forty years of remorseless persecutions against his best subjects, without asking himself why! Of all the weaknesses of his reign, this was the most odious and the most guilty; his hand was most literally weary of signing cruel edicts against the Protestants of his kingdom, without even reading them, and which obedience to his mandates had to transcribe in letters of fire and blood, on the remotest parts of his realm.

Let us return to the Frenchmen of Ulster, who for some time after their emigration used their own language, until a consultation was held to determine whether this, or the English or Dutch, should be adopted in the families. As the latter was generally spoken in the neighboring places,—Kingston, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh,—and also at the schools and churches, it was decided to speak Dutch only to their children and servants. Having for a while, however, continued the use of their native tongue, some of the Huguenot descendants in the Paltz still write their names as their French ancestors wrote them more than two centuries ago. Dubois, Bevier, Deyeau, Le Fevre, Hasbroque, are well-known instances.

Petronella was once an admired name

among the Huguenot ladies, and became almost extinct in Ulster at one time. The last was said to have been Petronella Hasbroque, a lady distinguished for remarkable traits of character. Judge Hasbroque, of Kingston, the father of the former President of Rutger’s College, was very anxious that his son would give this name to one of his daughters. In case of compliance, a handsome marriage portion was also promised; but the parents declined the generous offer, whether from a dislike to the name, or a belief that the property would be theirs, at any rate, some day, is not known. A granddaughter, however, of a second generation, named her first-born Petronella, and thus gratifying the desire of her near kinsman, secured a marriage portion for the heir, and preserved the much-admired name from oblivion—certainly three important results.

It was a well-known and distinguished trait of the New Paltz Huguenots, that but few intermarriages have taken place among their own families (*Walloon*); they differed in this respect from all other French Protestants who emigrated to America and mingled with the other population by matrimonial alliances. In Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and other neighborhoods, near by, there is an unusual number of Dutch names—the Van Deusens, Van Benschotens, Van Kleeds, Van Gosbeeks, Van De Bogerts, Van Bewer, and others, almost *ad infinitum*, whilst for miles around the populous and wealthy town of Old Paltz scarcely a family can be found with such patronymics. Notwithstanding, somewhat like the Israelites, these Frenchmen classed themselves, in a measure, as a distinct and separate people; still, the custom did not arise from any dislike to the Hollanders,—on the contrary, they were particularly attached to that people, who had been their best friends, both in Holland and America; and these associations were ever of a most friendly and generous character. After a while, the Huguenots of Ulster adopted not only the language, but the customs and habits of the Dutch. After the destruc-

tion of the Protestant churches at Rochelle, in 1685, the colonists of that city came in such numbers to the settlement of New York, that it was necessary sometimes to print public documents not only in Dutch and English, but French also.

We do not wish to make our articles a Doomsday-book for the Huguenots, still it is pleasant for their descendants to know that they came from such honorable stock, and, with all of our boasted republicanism, we are not ashamed that we *are* so born. Here are some of the names to be found in the old records of Ulster: — Abraham Hausbrough, Nicholas Antonio, ‘Sherriffe’ Moses Quartain, ‘Leon,’ Christian Dubois, Solomon Hasbrook, Andries Lafeever, Hugo Freeer, Peter Low, Samuel Bovee, Roeleff Eltinge, ‘Esq.’ Nicholas Roosa, Jacobus DeLametie, Nicholas Depew, ‘Esq.’ Philip Viely, Boudwyn Lacounti, ‘Capt.’ Zacharus Hoofman, ‘Lieut.’ Benjamin

Smedes, Jr., ‘Capt.’ Christian Dugo, James Agmodi, Johannis Low, Josia Eltin, Samuel Sampson, Lewis Pontenere, Abra. Bovier, Peter Dejo, Robert Cain, Robert Hanne, William Ward, Robert Banker, John Marie, Jonathan Owens, Daniel Coleman, Stephen D’Laney, Elias Nezereau, Abraham Jounneau, Thomas Bayeuk, Elia Neau, Paul Droilet, Augustus Jay, Jean Cazeale, Benjamin Faneil, Daniel Cromelin, John Auboyneau, Francis Vincent, Ackande Alliare, James Laboue (Minister). In 17¹³₁₄ we find, in an address of the ministers and elders of the Huguenot Church in New York, ‘Louis Rou, Minister of the French Church, in New York, John Barberie, Elder, Louis Cané, *ancien* (the older), Jean Lafont, *ancien*, André Feyneau, *ancien*.’ To another religious document there are Jean la Chan, Elias Pelletrau, Andrew Foucault, James Ballereau, Jaque Bobin, N. Cazalet, Sam'l Bourdet, David Le Telier, Francois Bosset.

‘TEN TO ONE ON IT.’

WHEN the Union was broken, truly then
One Southron was equal to Yankees ten.
When the Union war began to thrive,
One Southron was equal to Yankees five.
When Donaldson went, 't was plain to see
One Southron scarce equalled Yankees three.
Now, Manassas is lost; yet, to Richmond view,
One Southron still equals Yankees two.
And lo! a coming day we see,—
And Oh! what a day of pride 't will be,—
When a Northern mechanic or merchant can
Rank square with a Dirt-eater, man for man.
Perhaps this point we may fairly turn,
And Richmond, to her amazement, learn,
When peace shall have come, and war be fled,
And its hate be the tale of time long sped,
That where there is work or thought for men,
One Yankee is equal to Dirt-eaters ten.

LITERARY NOTICES.

UNDER CURRENTS OF WALL STREET. A Romance of Business. By Richard B. Kimball, Author of 'St. Leger,' 'Romance of Student Life,' &c. New York: G. P. Putnam; Boston: A. K. Loring. 1861.

In the United States about one person in a hundred is engaged in mercantile pursuits—in other words, in 'broking,' or transferring from the producer to the consumer. Of this number, a larger proportion than in any other country are brokers in the strict sense of the word, buying, selling, or exchanging money or its equivalents, and managing credit so that others may turn it into capital. A more active, eventful, precarious and extraordinary life, or one calling more for the exercise of sharpness and shrewdness, does not exist, than that of these men. They are among regular business men what the 'free lance' is among military men, or the privateer among those of the true marine. Any one who has been familiar with one of the 'craft,' has probably heard him say at one time or another—'what I have seen would make one of the most remarkable novels you ever read,' and he spoke the literal truth.

Realizing this fact, Mr. KIMBALL, a lawyer of twenty years' standing in Wall St., and consequently perfectly familiar with all its characteristics, has devoted literary talents, which long ago acquired for him not merely an enviable American but a wide European celebrity, to describing this broker-life, with its lights and shadows. Choosing a single subject and a single class, he has elaborated it with a truthfulness which is positively *startling*. As we often know that a portrait is perfect from its manifest verisimilitude, so we feel from every chapter

of this book that the author has, with strictest fidelity, adhered to real life with pre-Raphaelitic accuracy but without pre-Raphaelitic servility to any tradition or set mannerism. The pencil of a reporter, the lens of the photographer, are recalled by his sketches, and not less life-like, simple and excellent are the reflections of the business office as shown in its influence in the home circle. The reader will recall the extraordinary popularity which certain English romances, setting forth humble unpoetic life, have enjoyed of late years. We refer to the *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marnier* school of tales, in which every twig is drawn, every life-lineament set forth with a sort of DENNER minuteness—truthful, yet constrained, accurate but petty. In this novel, Mr. KIMBALL, while retaining all the accuracy of *Adam Bede*, has swept more broadly and forcibly out into life;—there are strong sorrows, great trials seen from the stand-point of a man of the world, and a free, bold color which startles us, while we, at the same time, recognize its reality.

The 'hero' of the work is a merchant, who, like many others after incurring bankruptcy, takes to Wall Street—to selling notes as an under-broker for a living. In describing his trials, the author has, with consummate skill and extraordinary knowledge of both causes and effects, pointed out the peculiarities, institutions, and good or bad workings of the American mercantile system, in such a manner as to have attracted from the soundest authority warm praise of his work, as embodying practical knowledge of a kind seldom found in 'novels.' From 'broking' to speculating—from that again to the old course—alternate

ly buoyed up or cast down, through trials and troubles, the bankrupt, at last, in his darkest hour, lands on that 'luck' which in America comes sooner or later to every one. It is worth remarking that in all his characters, as in his scenes, the author is careful to maintain the balance of truth. He shows us that among the sharks and harpies of Wall Street there are phases of honor and generosity—that the arrogance or coldness of a bank-officer may have a rational foundation—that feelings as intense are awakened in common business pursuits as in the most dramatic and erratic lives. In this *just* treatment of character,—this avoiding of the old saint and angel system of depicting men,—KIMBALL is truly pre-eminent, and under it even the casual SOL DOWNER strikes us with an individuality and a force not inferior to that of the hero himself.

We can not take leave of this truly remarkable book without referring to the under-current of kindly, humane feelings with which it abounds. There is a delicate, tremulous sympathy for the sufferings and joys which he depicts, which reflects the highest credit on the author. There are, in this book, unaffected touches of pathos, founded on the most natural events in the world, which have never been surpassed by any novelist.

We are glad that novelists are leaving romance and going to real life. One breaking into the harsh industry of the factory and market, another taking down the joys and sorrows of the humble weaver, another describing, as in this work, the strange hurrying life of the 'outside broker' to the sharpest-cut detail,—all giving us truth and observation in the place of vague imagination;—such are the best results of late literature; and prominent among these the future historian will place the Under-currents of Wall Street.

MARGARET HOWTH. A Story of To-Day.
Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

We know of no other truly American novel into which so many elements have been forced by the strength of genius

into harmony, as in *Margaret Howth*. One may believe, in reading it, that the author, wearied of the old cry that the literature of our country is only a continuation of that of Europe, had resolved to prove, by vigorous effort, that it is possible to set forth, not merely the incidents of our industrial life in many grades, in its purely idiomatic force, but to make the world realize that in it vibrate and struggle outward those aspirations, germs of culture and reforms which we seldom reflect on as forming a part of the inner-being of our very practical fellow-citizens. The work has two characteristics,—it breaks, with a strong intellect and fine descriptive power, into a new field, right into the rough of real life, bringing out fresher and more varied forms than had been done before, and in doing this makes us understand, with strange ability, how the thinkers among our people *think*. We all know how it flows in to them, from lecture and book, from the *Tribune* and school—but few, especially in the Atlantic cities, know what becomes of culture among men and women who 'work and weave in endless motion' in the counting-house, or factory, or through daily drudgery and the reverses from wealth to poverty. Others have treated a single line of life, dramatically and by events, as well as Miss HARDING, but no one American has dared such intricacies of thought and character in individuals—has raised them to such a height, and developed them with such a powerful will, without falling into conventionalism or improbability. Unlike most novels, its 'plot,' though excellent, is its least attraction—we can imagine that the superb pride which gleams out in so many rifts has induced the author to voluntarily avoid display of that ingeniously spinning romantic talent in which novelists excel precisely in proportion to their lack of all nobler gifts. It is a certain rule, as to literary snobs, that in proportion as the food which they give diminishes in excellence, does the plate on which it is served increase in value. But let none imagine that *Margaret Howth* lacks in-

terest—it is replete with burning, vivid, thrilling interest—it has the attraction which fascinates *all* readers, based in a depth of knowledge so extraordinary that it can be truly appreciated by but few. The immense popularity which it has acquired and the general praise awarded it by the press, proves that it has gone right to the hearts of the people—whence it came.

Those who accuse *Margaret Howth* of harshness and a lack of winsomeness, have neither understood the people whom it describes nor the degree of stern strength requisite to wrest from life and nature fresh truth. The pioneers of every great natural school (and every indication shows that one is now dawning) have quite other than lute-sounding tasks in hand, however they may hunger and thirst for beauty, love, and rose-gardens. Under the current of this book runs the keenest, painfulest craving to give freely to life these very elements—its intensest inner-spirit is of love and beauty; it throbs and burns with a sympathy for suffering humanity which is at once fierce and tearful. As regards the minor artistic defects of *Margaret Howth*, they are, if we regard it entirely, the shadows inseparable from its substance, felt by those who remain in them, but in no wise detracting from the beauty of the edifice when we regard it from the proper point of view.

ETHICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUIRIES, CHIEFLY RELATIVE TO SUBJECTS OF POPULAR INTEREST. By A. H. Dana. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street; Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

A delightful collection of essays of the most valuable character, in which the agreeable is throughout fully qualified with the useful. The titles of several of these chapters are of themselves attractive: Races of Men, Compensations of Life, Authorship, Influence of Great Men, Lawyers, Hereditary Character, Sensuality, Health, Narcotic Stimulants, Theology, and The Supernatural,

—all of them treated with a clearness and comprehensiveness which can not fail to earn for the work extensive popularity.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S WORKS, VOL. III. Caxton Edition. At Home and Abroad. Second Series. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The third volume of this exquisitely, printed and fully-illustrated series of the works of BAYARD TAYLOR is, in all respects, fully equal to its predecessors, both as regards typographic and literary merit.

THOMAS HOOD'S WORKS, VOL. III. 'Aldine Edition.' Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The materials of the present volume, as we are informed by the editor, have been chiefly drawn from the collections of humorous pieces published by THOMAS HOOD under the title of *Hood's Own, Whimsicalities, and Whims and Oddities*. In connection with the first volume of this series it completes the reprint of *all* of HOOD's poems. The present volume is, like its predecessors, most exquisitely printed and bound. It contains a grotesque title-page from the pencil of HOPPIN, with a fine steel engraving of the author.

A SOUTH CAROLINA PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

A very interesting letter from HENRY LAURENS, second President of the Continental Congress, to his son, Col. JOHN LAURENS, dated Charleston, S. C., Aug. 14, 1776, now first published from the original letter. It contains a vehement plea for Emancipation, and speaks with bitter contempt of England for encouraging the slave-trade in America.

THE REBELLION; ITS LATENT CAUSES AND TRUE SIGNIFICANCE. In Letters to a Friend abroad. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

An excellent work, discussing the social peculiarities of the South with great ability.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PAMPHLETS ON THE WAR.

AMONG the many publications on the War which have from time to time found their way to our table, are the following pamphlets:—

RELATION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS TO SLAVERY. By Charles K. Whipple. Boston: R. F. Walcutt. 1861.

WITHIN FORT SUMTER. By one of the Company. New York: N. Tibbals & Co. 1861.

A LECTURE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Noble Butler. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Maton. 1862.

THE WAR. Correspondence between the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va., and the City of New York. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861.

SPEECH OF GEN. HIRAM WALBRIDGE, of New York, at Tammany Hall, Aug. 21, 1856, on the Reorganization of our Navy. New York. 1862.

THE REBELLION: OUR RELATIONS AND DUTIES. Speech of Hon. Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 14, 1862. Washington. 1862.

ARE THE SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS PIRATES? Letter to the Hon. Ira Harris, United States Senator. By Charles P. Daly, LL.D., First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the City of New York. New York: Jas. B. Kirker, 599 Broadway. 1862.

SPECIAL MESSAGE DELIVERED TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF IOWA. By Governor S. J. Kirkwood. Des Moines, Iowa: F. W. Palmer. 1862.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE—SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND MILITARY. Written for *The London Times*, by William Howard Russell, LL.D., Special Correspondent. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MT. KISCO, Westchester Co., New York, July 4, 1861. By John Jay, Esq. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

THE REJECTED STONE; OR, INSURRECTION VS. RESURRECTION IN AMERICA. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

THE INDISSOLUBLE NATURE OF THE AMERICAN UNION, considered in connection with the assumed Rights of Secession. A Letter to Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York. By Nahum Capen. Boston: A. Williams & Co. New York: Ross & Tousey. 1862.

THE UNION. An Address, by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, delivered before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, July 10, 1861. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. 1861.

ALLEGHANIA. The Strength of the Union and the Weakness of Slavery in the High Lands of the South. By JAMES W. TAYLOR. Saint Paul: James Davenport. 1862.

A pamphlet deserving close study and general circulation.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, in Tremont Temple, Boston, Dec. 16, 1861.

This address has enjoyed great popularity, and will deservedly take place among the most characteristic and valuable pamphlets of the war.

AMERICA, THE LAND OF EMANUEL; OR, CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY A REFUGE FOR THE GATHERING TO SHILOH. By Lorenzo D. Grosvenor, of Shaker Community, South Groton, Mass. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington St., Boston. 1861.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY HON. J. M. ASHLEY, OF OHIO, ON THE REBELLION, ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, at the College Hall, in the City of Toledo, Nov. 26, 1861. Towers & Co., Washington, D. C. 1861.

An excellent pamphlet, which has been extensively and favorably noticed by the press, and been several times reprinted.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS, its Cause, Significance and Solution. By Americus. Chicago, Ill.: John R. Walsh. 1861.

A vigorous and able document.

WAR AND EMANCIPATION. A Thanksgiving Sermon preached in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday, Nov. 21, 1861. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Philadelphia: W. Peterson & Brothers. 1861.

Concise, spirited, and full of sound ideas.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON the ninth of March President LINCOLN made the first announcement of an official endorsement of the great principle of gradual Emancipation, by transmitting to Congress a message recommending that the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt a gradual emancipation of slavery, by giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used at its discretion, to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, which may be produced by any such change of system.

Any member of Congress, with the census tables and the treasury notes before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State. Such a position on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject, in each case, to the State and its people immediately interested.

It is almost needless to point out to the reader that the views, both direct and implied, which are urged in this message, are in every respect identical with those to advance which the CONTINENTAL was founded, and for which it has strenuously labored from the beginning. There is nothing in them of the 'Abolitionism' which advocates 'immediate and unconditional' freeing of the blacks; while, on the other hand, the only persons who can object to them are those who hold that slavery is a good thing in itself, never to be disturbed. It is, in short, all that the rational friends of progress can at present desire — an official recognition of the great truth that slavery ought to be abolished, but in such a manner as to cause the least possible trouble.

It is amusing to observe the bewilderment of the pro-slavery Northern Dem-

ocratic press, which has so earnestly claimed the Executive as 'conservative,' and on which this message has fallen like a thunder-clap. They have, of course, at once cried out that, should it receive the sanction of Congress, it would still amount to nothing, because no legislature of a slave State will accept it; an argument as ridiculous as it is trivial. That the South would, for the present, treat the proposal with scorn, is likely enough. But the edge of the wedge has been introduced, and emancipation has been at least *officially* recognized as desirable. While such a possible means of securing property exists, there will always be a strong party *forming* in the South, whether they attain to a majority or not, and this party will be the germ of disaster to the secessionists. There are men enough, even in South Carolina, who would gladly be paid for their slaves, and these men, while maintaining secession views in full bluster, would readily enough find some indirect means of realizing money on their chattels. It may work gradually — but it *will* work. As disaster and poverty increase in the South, there will increase with them the number of those who will see no insult or injury in the proposition to buy from them property which is becoming, with every year, more and more uncertain in its tenure.

Let it be remembered that this message was based on the most positive knowledge held by the Executive of the desires of the Union men in the South, and of their strength. The reader who will reflect for a moment can not fail to perceive that, unless it had such a foundation, the views advanced in it would have been reckless and inexplicable indeed. It was precisely on this basis, and in this manner, that the CONTINENTAL, in previous numbers, and before it the

New York KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, urged the revival of the old WEBSTER theory of gradual remunerated emancipation, declaring that the strength of the Union party in the South was such as to warrant the experiment.* We have also insisted, in our every issue, that, while emancipation should be borne constantly in view and provided for as something which must eventually be realized for the sake of the advancing interests of WHITE labor and its expansion, everything should be effected as gradually as possible, so as to neither interfere with the plans of the war now waging, nor to stir up needless political strife. We simply asked for some firmly-based official recognition of the rottenness of the 'slavery plank in the Southern platform,' and trusted that the *utmost* caution and deliberation would be observed in eventually forwarding emancipation. We were literally alone, as a publication, in these views, and were misrepresented both by the enemies who were behind us and the zealous friends who were before us. We have never cried for that 'unconditional and immediate emancipation of slavery' with which the *Liberator*, with the kindest intentions, but most erroneously, credits us. We should be glad enough to see it, were it possible; but, knowing that the immediate-action theory has been delaying the cause for thirty years, we have invariably suggested the *firm* but gradual method. That method has at last been formally advanced by the President, in a manner which can reasonably give offense to no one. The beginning has been made: it is for the country to decide whether it—the most important suggestion of the age—shall be realized.

THE news of the capture of Fort Donelson had barely reached us, the roar of the guns celebrating our rapid successes had not died away, ere that fragment of the Northern ultra pro-slavery party which had done so much towards delud-

ing the South into secession, impudently raised its head and began most inopportune and impertinently to talk of amnesty and the rights of the South. There are things which, under certain limitations, may be right in themselves, but which, when urged at the wrong time, become wrongs and insults; and these premature cries to restore the enemy to his old social and political standing are of that nature. They are insufferable, and would be ridiculous, were it not that in the present critical aspect of our politics they may become dangerous. Since this war began, we have heard much of the want of true loyalty in the ultra abolitionists, who would make the object of the struggle simply emancipation, without regard to consequences; and we have not been sparing in our own condemnations of such a limited and narrow view,—holding, as we do, that emancipation, if adopted, should be for the sake of the *white man* and the Union, and not of the negro. But 'Abolition' of the most one-sided and suicidal description is less insulting to those who are lavishing blood and treasure on the great cause of freedom, than is the conduct, at this time, of those men who are now, through their traitorous organs, urging the cry that the hour is at hand when we must place slavery firmly on a constitutional basis; this being, as they assert, the only means whereby the Union can ever be harmoniously restored.

In view of the facts, it is preposterous to admit that this assumption is even plausible. He must be ignorant indeed of our political history during the past twenty years, or strangely blind to its results, who has not learned that a belief that the North is ever anxious to concede for the sake of its 'interests' has been the great stimulus to the arrogance of the South. While the principles of the abolitionists have been the shallow *pretence*, the craven cowardice of such men as BUCHANAN and CUSHING has been the *real* incitement to the South to pour insult and wrong on the North. Concession has been our bane. It was paltering and concession that

* *Continental Magazine*, March, 1862. See article, *Southern Aids to the North*.

palsied the strong will and ready act which should have prevented this war; for had it not been for such men as the traitors who are now crying out for Southern rights, the rebellion would have been far more limited in its area, and long since crushed out. No cruelties on our part, no threats to carry all to the bitter end, would so encourage the South at present, as this offer to shake hands ere the fight be half over.

When the time comes for amnesty and 'Southern Rights,' we trust that they will be considered in a spirit of justice and mercy. Till it comes let there be no word spoken of them. The South has, to its own detriment and to ours, firmly and faithfully *believed* that Northern men are cowards, misers, men sneaking through life in all dishonor and baseness. When millions believe such intolerable falsehoods of other millions of their fellow-citizens, they must be taught the truth, no matter what the lesson costs. Even now the Southern press asserts that our victories were merely the results of overwhelming majorities, and that the Yankees are becoming frightened at their own successes. There is not one of these traitorous, dough-face meetings of which the details are not promptly sent—probably by the men who organize them—all over the South to inspire faith in a falling cause. When the rebels shall have learned that these traitors have positively *no* influence here,—and the sooner they learn it the better,—when they realize that the people of the North are as determined as themselves, and their equals in all noble qualities, then, and not till then, will it be time to talk of those concessions which now strike every one as smacking of meanness and cowardice.

The day has come for a new order of things. The South must learn—and show by its acts that it has been convinced—that the North is its equal in those virtues which it claims to monopolize. But this it will only learn from the young and vigorous minds of the new school,—from its *enemies*,—and

not from the trembling old-fashioned traitors, who have been so long at its feet that they shiver and are bewildered, now that they are fairly isolated, by the tide of war, from their former ruler. Politicians of this stamp, who have grown old while prating of Southern rights, can not, do not, and never will *realize* but that, some day or other, all will be restored *in statu quo ante bellum*. They expect Union victories, but somehow believe that their old king will enjoy his own again—that there will be a morning when the South will rule as before. It is this which inspires their craven timidity. They cry out against emancipation in every form,—blind to the onward and inevitable changes which are going on,—so that when the South comes in again they may point to their record and say, 'We were ever true to you. We, indeed, urged the war, for we were compelled by you to fight, but we were always true to your main principles.' They have wasted time and trouble sadly—it will all be of no avail. Be it by the war, be it by what means it may, the social system and political rule of the South are irrevocably doomed. It may, from time to time, have its convulsive recoveries, but it is doomed. The demands of free labor for a wider area will make themselves felt, and the black will give way to the white, as in the West the buffalo vanishes before the bee.

We are willing that the question of emancipation should have the widest scope, and, if expediency shall so dictate, that it should be realized in the most gradual manner. We believe that, owing to the experiences of the past year, more than one slave State will, ere long, contain a majority of clear-headed, patriotic men, who will be willing to legalize the freedom of all blacks born within their limits, after a certain time; and if this time be placed ten years or even fifteen hence, it will make no material difference. By that time the pressure of free labor, and the increase of manufacturing, will have rendered some such step a necessity. Should the payment

of all loyal slave-holders, in the border States, for their chattels, prove a better plan,—and it could hardly fail to promptly reduce the rebellious circle to a narrow and uninfluential body,—let it be tried. If any of the arguments thus far adduced in favor of assuming slavery to be an institution which is *never* to be changed, and which *must* be immutably fixed in the North American Union, can be proved to be true, we would say, then let emancipation be forever forgotten—for the stability of the Union must take precedence of everything. But we can not see it in this light. We can not see that peace and Union can exist while the slave-holder continues to increase in arrogance in the South, and while the abolitionists every day gather strength in the North. Every day of this war has seen the enemies of slavery increase in number and in power, until to expect them to lose power and influence is as preposterous as to hope to see the course of nature change. Should a peace be now patched up on the basis of *immutable* slavery, we should, to judge from every appearance, simply prolong the war to an infinitely more disastrous end than it now threatens to assume. We should incur debts which would crush our prosperity; we should bequeath a heritage of woe to our children, which would prove their ruin. While the great cause of all this dissension lies legalized and untouched, there will continue to be a party which will never cease to strive to destroy it. The question simply is, whether we will be wounded now, or utterly slain by and by.

Meanwhile let us, before all things, push on with the war! It is by our victories that slavery will be in the beginning most thoroughly attacked. If the South, as it professes, means to fight to the last ditch, and to the black flag, all discussion of emancipation is needless; for in the track of our armies the contraband assumes freedom without further formula. But we are by no means convinced that such will be the case. The first ditches have, as yet, been by no

means filled with martyrs to secession,—armistices are already subjects of rumor,—and it should not be forgotten that the Union men of the South are powerful enough to afford efficient aid in placing the question of ultimate emancipation on a basis suitable to all interests.

All that the rational emancipationist requires is a *legal beginning*. We have no desire to see it advance more rapidly than the development of the country requires—in short, what is really needed is simply the assurance that by war or by peace *some* basis shall be found for ultimately carrying out the views of the fathers of the American Union, and rendering this great nation harmonious and happy. Every day brings us nearer the great issue,—not of slavery and anti-slavery,—but whether slavery is to be assumed as an immutable element in America, or whether government will bring such influences to bear as will lead the way to peace and the rights of free labor. Every step is leading us to

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

O Lord, look kindly on this work for thee!
Yes, smile upon the side that's for the right!
To them O grant the glorious arm of might,
And in the end give them the victory!
Free principles are rushing like the sea
Which opened for the fleeing Israelite,—
Free principles, to test their worth in fight,—
And woe to them that 'twixt the surges be!
And as, O Lord, thou then did'st show thy care,
And mad'st a grave to drink thy enemy,
So now, O Father, sink him in despair—
The only blight we own—cursed Slavery.
O then will end the conflict! Yes, God, then
We'll be indeed a nation of FREE MEN!

THE N. O. *Delta* is full of indignation at the Southern men who are alarmed for their property, and betrays, in its anger, the fact that these disaffected persons are not few in the Pelican State. But, plucking up courage, it declares that—

Our people will retire into the interior, and in their mountains and swamps they will maintain a warfare which must ultimately prove successful.

Doubtful—very. In the first place,

'our people' can not very well swamp it like runaway negroes, and, secondly, they will encounter, in the mountains, the Union men of the South. Give us the cities and the level country for a short time, and we shall very soon find the Pelicandidates for comfortable quarters rolling back, by thousands, into Unionism.

As we write, there is a panic in Richmond, caused by the discovery that there is a large body of Union men in the city itself, headed by JOHN MINOR BOTTS, who seems to have determined to 'head off' the secession party in its stronghold, 'or die'—he having, since the decease of JOHN TYLER, turned his 'heading off' abilities against JEFF DAVIS. The *Examiner* mentions, in terror, the confession of the Union prisoners, that there are in Richmond 'thousands of arms concealed, and men enrolled, who would use them on the first approach of the Yankee army.' One of the arrested, a Mr. STEARNS, when led to the prison, surveyed it in a most contemptuous manner, remarking, 'If you are going to imprison all the Union men in Richmond, you will have to provide a much larger jail than this.'

It is the German residents of Richmond who are said to constitute the majority of these Union men. All honor to our German friends of the South! They have received, thus far, too little credit for their staunch adherence to the principles of freedom. Let them take courage; a day is coming when we shall all be free—free from *every* form of slavery! *Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren!*—'Freedom is not lost as yet.' Some of them remember that song of old!

A PARAGRAPH has recently gone the rounds, which impudently assures the friends of Emancipation that, unless they promptly desist from further interference or agitation, they will speedily build up a Southern party in the North, which will seriously interfere with the prosecution of the war!

That is to say, that the majority of the people of the North fully acquiesce in the justice of the main principles held by the South—the only difference of opinion being whether these slavery and slavery-extension doctrines can be practically developed under our federal Union! Yet we, knowing, seeing, feeling, in this war, the enormously evil effects of the slave system on the free men among whom it exists, are expected to endure and legalize the *cause* which stirred it up! Either the South is right or wrong—there is no escaping the dilemma. Either it was or was not justly goaded by 'abolition' into secession. If the South is *quite* right in wishing to preserve slavery intact forever, surely those are in the wrong who would make war on it for wishing to secede from a government which tolerates attacks on legalized institutions! What a precious paradox have we here. Yet these virtual justifiers of the South in the great cause of the war, claim to be zealous and forward in punishing that secession which, according to their own views, is constitutional and right!

If slavery be right, then the South is right. No impartial foreigner could fail to draw this conclusion under the circumstances of this war. But is it right; we do not say as a thing of the past, and of a rapidly vanishing serf-system, but as an institution of the progressive present? Witness the words of G. BATELLE, a member of the Western Virginia Constitutional Convention,—as we write, in session at Wheeling,—and who has published an address to that body on the question of Emancipation, from which we extract the following:—

The injuries which slavery inflicts upon our own people are manifold and obvious. It practically aims to enslave not merely another race, but our own race. It inserts in its bill of rights some very high-sounding phrases securing the freedom of speech; and then practically and in detail puts a lock on every man's mouth, and a seal on every man's lips, who will not shout for and swear by the divinity of the system. It amuses the popular fancy with a few glittering gen-

erallies in the fundamental law about the liberty of the press, and forthwith usurps authority, even in times of peace, to send out its edict to every postmaster, whether in the village or at the cross-roads, clothing him with a despotic and absolute censorship over one of the dearest rights of the citizen. It degrades labor by giving it the badge of servility, and it impedes enterprise by withholding its proper rewards. It alone has claimed exemption from the rule of uniform taxation, and then demanded and received the largest share of the proceeds of that taxation. Is it any wonder, in such a state of facts, that there are this day, of those who have been driven from Virginia mainly by this system, men enough, with their descendants, and means and energy, scattered through the West, of themselves to make no mean State? . . .

It has been as a fellow-observer, and I will add as a fellow-sufferer, with the members of the Convention, that my judgment of the system of slavery among us has been formed. We have seen it seeking to inaugurate, in many instances all too successfully, a reign of terror in times of profound peace, of which Austria might be ashamed. We have seen it year by year driving out from our genial climate, and fruitful soil, and exhaustless natural resources, some of the men of the very best energy, talent and skill among our population. We have seen also, in times of peace, the liberty of speech taken away, the freedom of the press abolished, and the willing minions of this system, in hunting down their victims, spare from degradation and insult neither the young, nor the gray-haired veteran of seventy winters, whose every thought was as free from offense against society as is that of the infant of days.

When an evil attains this extent, he is a poor citizen, a poor cowardly dallier with opinions, whatever his fighting mark may be, who can make up his mind to calmly acquiesce in establishing its permanence, or to stiffly oppose every movement and every suggestion tending in the least towards its abrogation.

IN the present number of the CONTINENTAL will be found an article on General LYON, in which reference is made to the generally credited assertion, that the

deceased hero was not reinforced as he desired during the campaign in Missouri. This is one of the questions which time alone will properly answer. In accordance with the principles involved in *audi alteram partem*, we give on this subject the following abridgment of a portion of General FREMONT's defense, published in the New York Tribune of March 6:—

Lyon's and Prentiss's troops were nearly all three months men, whose term of enlistment was about expiring. Arms and money were wanted, but men offered in abundance. The three months men had not been paid. The Home Guards were willing to remain in the service, but their families were destitute. Gen. Fremont wrote to the President, stating his difficulties, and informing him that he should peremptorily order the United States Treasurer there to pay over to his paymaster-general the money in his possession, sending a force at the same time to take the money. He received no reply, and assumed that his purpose was approved.

Five days after he arrived at St. Louis he went to Cairo, taking three thousand eight hundred men for its reinforcement. He says that Springfield was a week's march, and before he could have reached it, Cairo would have been taken by the rebels, and perhaps St. Louis. He returned to St. Louis on the 4th of August, having in the meantime ordered two regiments to the relief of Gen. Lyon, and set himself to work at St. Louis to provide further reinforcements for him; but he claims that Lyon's defeat can not be charged to his administration, and quotes from a letter from General Lyon, dated on the 9th of August, expressing the belief that he would be compelled to retire; also, from a letter written by Lyon's adjutant general, in which he says 'General Fremont was not inattentive to the situation of General Lyon's column.'

A DAILY cotemporary, in an onslaught on Emancipation, contains the following:—

Delaware has recently had a proposition before its legislature to abolish the scarcely more than nominal slavery still existing in it; but the legislature adjourned without even listening to it, though it contemplated full pecuniary compensation.

Yes; and the legislature of Delaware, a few years ago, legalized lotteries,—one of the greatest social curses of the country,—and made itself a hissing and a by-word to all decent men, by sanctioning the most widely-destructive method of gambling known. The Delaware legislature indeed!

WE are indebted to a friend for the following paragraph:—

It is deeply significant that since the late Federal victories, the Southern press, even in Richmond itself, speaks nervously and angrily of the Union men among them, and of their increasing boldness in openly manifesting their sentiments. A few months since, this belief in Union men in the South was abundantly ridiculed by those who believed that all the slave-holding States were unanimous in rebellion, and that therefore it would be preposterous to hope to reconcile them to emancipation. Now that the Union strength in that region is beginning to manifest itself, we are informed that we shall lose it if we do aught contrary to Southern rights. And this too, although the Southern Union men have never been spoken of by their rebel neighbors as aught save 'the abolitionists in our midst!'

THE following communication from a well-known financier and writer on currency can not fail to be read with interest by all:—

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

These are, men and money, but especially MONEY, for on the money depends the men. In a good cause, with an educated, intelligent people, every man able to discern for himself the right side of the question presented, there is no difficulty about men; the state has only to say how many are needed, and the want will be promptly supplied. The experience of the last six months gives us evidence sufficient on this point: an army of six hundred thousand men drawn together without an effort, every man a volunteer,—a spectacle never before exhibited to the world,—puts at rest all doubt upon it; and not only that, it settles beyond all cavil the superiority of self-government, based on the broadest principles of freedom and the broadest system of education, over any other

form which has ever been adopted. Passing from this, however, as a fact which needs no argument or illustration, we come to the more difficult question of how to raise the other sinew—money.

In calling for men the state relies upon the intelligence and patriotism of its citizens; upon their intelligence to understand the cause, on their patriotism to respond to its call. It offers them no inducements in the shape of pay, nothing more than to feed and clothe them, to aid them hereafter if wounded, to keep their families from starvation if they are killed. This is all; and this is enough. But these assumed obligations of the state must be sacredly and promptly kept. Our noble volunteers must be fed, and clothed, and cared for, and to this end the state must have the requisite means. And to obtain the needed supply without oppressive taxation on the one hand, or placing a load on posterity too heavy to be borne on the other hand, is a question of difficult solution; and yet we shall see that there is in the present administration the ability and the will to solve it.

It is said that our expenditures in this great struggle will, by the first of June, amount to the enormous sum of \$600,000,000. It is said by the arch traitor at the head of the rebels that under this load of debt we shall sink. It is said by the leading papers of England that we have no money, have exhausted our credit, must disband our armies, and make the best terms we can with rebellion. Doubtless, our credit in Europe is at a low ebb just now, and we are thrown upon our own resources, and on these we must swim or sink. There is nothing to reject in this. We have shown the world how a free state can raise troops and create a navy out of its own materials; and now we will show the world how a free state can maintain its army and navy out of its own resources; and if the result proves—as it will prove—that our free institutions are the safest, strongest, and best for the people in war as well as in peace, then the great struggle we are now going through will be worth more to the true interests of humanity everywhere than all the battles which have been fought since the dawn of the present century. For a hundred years, openly or covertly, but without intermission, has war been going on between despotism and freedom, with varied success, but on the whole with a steady gain for freedom; and now

here, on the same field where it originated, is the long strife to be finally settled. On these same fields the same freedom is to culminate in unquenchable splendor, or to set forever, leaving mankind to grope in darkness and ignorance under the misrule of despotic tyranny. We are in arms not only to suppress an odious uprising of despotism against freedom within our own borders, but to show by our example, to all the nations of the earth, what freedom is and what freedom means.

In seeking aid of the money power, we go beyond the line where patriotism gives us all we need, promptly and liberally, into the cold region of selfishness, whose people are too much absorbed in adding to and counting up their gains to be able to spare much time or thought on country or freedom. No voluntary sacrifices to be expected here. What we want we must buy, and pay for; it is only to see that we do not pay too much for it. Selfish, timid, grasping, these people are a skittish set to deal with. Nobody understands better the game of 'the spider and the fly,' and they are as ready to play it with the state as with smaller opponents, if the state will but let them. From his first visit to this region, to the present time, our able Secretary of the Treasury was, and continues to be, '*master of the position*'

When the Secretary held his first sociable with the representatives of the money power, neither he nor they had a very keen perception of what they wanted of each other; the rebellion was not then developed in the gigantic proportions it has since assumed; and it was hoped and expected, with some show of reason, that two or three hundred millions would be enough to put it down. This amount the power could and would willingly furnish for a 'consideration,' the half presently, on condition that it should be allowed the refusal of the other half when it should be wanted; and so a bargain was quickly struck, to the mutual content of both parties. But, as the thunder grew louder and the storm fiercer, it became evident that our wants would soon be doubled, at least. The money power hung back; the $7\frac{3}{10}$ remained in the banks. The representatives said they were only agents, the agents stopped payment, and the whole circulation of gold fell to the ground at once, not only putting a sudden check upon all business operations, but leaving the Treasury without any sort of currency to pay out: a sad state of things enough.

The money power drew in its head, pretending not to see anything, waiting for propositions, expecting to reap a rich harvest out of the state's necessities, by making its own terms. How could it be otherwise? must not the state have several hundred millions? must not the astute Secretary sell the state's promises to pay, *secured by a first mortgage on all Uncle Sam's vast possessions*, on their own terms?

It was not a pleasant predicament for a nervous or a faint-hearted man to be placed in. But then Mr. Chase is neither nervous nor faint-hearted, and when Congress came together he not only told his wants frankly, but proposed a neat little plan for supplying them without selling notes at fifty per cent. discount. Taking into view the want of a sound currency for business purposes, and the want of some currency to pay out from the Treasury instead of the gold which had disappeared and left a vacuum, he proposed to borrow \$150,000,000, by issuing Treasury Notes, payable on demand, without interest, and making them a *legal tender for the payment of all debts*, with a proviso that any parties who should at any time have more on hand than they wanted should be allowed to invest them in bonds bearing six per cent. interest. It was a very simple proposition—almost sublime for its simplicity; there was no mystery about it; and yet it was the very turning point of the ways and means of crushing the rebellion, without being ourselves crushed under an unbearable burden of debt. The money power stood aghast, and hardly recovered breath in time to oppose its passage through Congress; but the common sense of the people hailed Mr. Chase as a deliverer, and Congress endorsed common sense. Seriously, this splendid invention of the Secretary has given a new face to our financial affairs by placing the money power where it always should be,—in subservience to the people,—instead of allowing it to become a grinding task-master. The importance of this measure can hardly be appreciated yet. A member of Congress, himself a merchant, and an able financier, says:

'My theory in regard to it is, that as the currency is increased by the addition of these notes to its volume, prices generally will rise, including the price of U. S. bonds, until they reach par; at that point, these notes, being convertible into bonds, the rise in the price of bonds will stop, because further additions to the currency, whether of these

notes, bank notes, or coin, will only stimulate the conversion of notes into bonds; and that conversion will check the increase of currency. The excess of notes will then be gradually withdrawn from circulation for conversion,—leaving only such an amount in circulation as a healthy and natural condition of the currency will require.'

A theory in which we fully concur. We see growing out of it a restoration of business: government creditors paid in a currency equal to gold; low prices for all government contracts; a consequent diminished expenditure for supplies, and an annual payment for interest on the debt we shall owe, which can be easily met without heavy taxation. However it may turn out in the conduct of the war,—and we have full faith in that also,—it is very certain that in the conduct of the finances we have found the man for the times. The whole country feels this, and breathes easier for it. The arch rebel, in a recent address to his satellites, admits that he altogether underestimated the patriotism and loyalty of the men of the North, but takes fresh courage from the certainty that we shall shortly back down under our load of debt. A little further on and he will find that he has just as much mistaken our power in that respect,—that as his own worthless promises, based upon nothing, fall to nothing, the notes of the Union will stand as firm and as fair in the money market as her banner will on the battle-field.

Men and money are the sinews of war. In our first trial, patriotism has furnished the men, and the presiding genius of the Treasury has clearly pointed out the means for obtaining the money. *Laus Deo!*

NOTE.—For the benefit of those of our readers who do not understand currency facts and theories, we make the following explanation. The relation of currency, or circulation medium, to the industry and business of the state, is similar to that of steam in an engine: a certain amount is required to keep up a regular and natural movement; an excessive amount causes too rapid motion, and a deficiency the reverse. Currency is made up of several things. Bank deposits, circulating by checks, bank notes, and coin, are the most important and best understood. The aggregate amount of these three items before the suspension of specie payments was above \$150,000,000; and this sum is required to give a healthy movement to business affairs. Take away any portion of it, and prices fall and labor languishes, because the motion from it is too small for the work required; add considerably to it, and prices rise, because the motive power, being superabundant, is too freely used. When specie payment was

suspended this motive power was reduced; the circulating medium fell from four hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty millions, perhaps less; and unless this loss is replaced it is quite clear that prices must fall and the employment of labor be curtailed. The issue of treasury notes will fill the gap, making the business motive power of the same strength and ability as before. Thus it will be seen that the emission of treasury notes plays an important part upon the industry and business of the state, which, under existing circumstances, can hardly be over-valued, as well as in the national finances.

THE Darwin-development theory has of late attracted no little attention. One of our contributors favors us with his views in the following 'wild-verse,' which is itself rather of the transition order:—

MODERN ANSWERS TO ANCIENT RIDDLES.

'Whar did ye come from? Who d'ye belong to?'—*Ethiops.*

PHILOSOPHERS say, deny it who may,
That the man who stands upright so
bravely to-day,
Once crawled as a reptile with nose to the
sod,
His grandfather Monad a bit of a clod.

To be sure, man's descent is not made out
quite plain,
But one or two *guesses* might piece out the
chain;
If the chain is quite long a few links won't be
missed;
Or, if you must join it, *just give it a twist.*

A bold Boston doctor, by stride superhu-
man,
Makes only a step from a snake to a wo-
man;
Or, inspect your best friends by Gran-
ville's good glass,
And the difference's as small 'twixt a man
and an ass.

'From the company he keeps we may learn a
man's nature;'
If he will play with monkey, dog, cat, or such
creature,
The schoolmen will say, as a matter of course,
'Cum hoc ergo propter hoc.' Notice its force!

If with doubts you're still puzzled, and
wonder who can
Answer all your objections, why Darwin's
your man.
He can bridge o'er a chasm both broad
and profound;
The last thing he needs for a theory is
ground.

Bring your queries and facts, no matter how tough;

Development doctrine makes light of such stuff.

One example of these will perhaps be enough:—

'These crawlers,' for instance, 'should they be still here,'

'Not yet become bipeds?' The answer is clear:

In our strangely unequal organic advance,
He is the most forward who has the best chance.

By braving the weather and struggling with brother,

The one who survives it all gains upon t'other.

The old Bible 'myth,' now, of Jacob and Esau,
Is the struggle 'twixt species, the monkey and man law;

One hairy, one handsome, one favored, one cursed;

And sometimes the last one turns out to be first.

Still, through cycles enough let the lagard persist,

Let the weak be suppressed since he can not resist,

And, proceeding by logic which none may dispute,

Can't we safely infer there's an end to the brute?

You may, if you please, supersede Revelation,
By wholly new methods of ratiocination;
Though, since head and heart *need be* in contradiction,

Why should reason hold faith under any restriction?

Shut your eyes, and guess down heaven's good pious fiction.*

Noah's ark was superfluous. Where were his brains,

For those beasts and those sons to provide with such pains,

When they might to a deluge cry Fiddle di dee,

And sprout fins and scales, if they took to the sea?

Well, perhaps in those days they had not yet known

That *by need of new functions new organs are grown.*

* Don't speak of quacks; just take your dose;
Why should you try to mend it,
If Doctor H—— concocts the pill,
And Parsons recommend it?

See Amer. Jour. of Sci., Vol. xxx., 2d Ser.,
pages 10-12.

Those drowned chaps were sure a 'degenerate' crew,

Or else, on their plunge into element new,
Some 'law of selection' had rescued a few.

And, 'if wishes were fishes' I think one or two

Would have wished, and swam out of their scrape, do not you?

Can it be that those 'Fish Tales' of mermen are true?

No wonder that racing was always in fashion,—

All orders of beings were born with the passion—

But it seems that at length Genus Man will be winner.

You cry 'Lucky dog!' But what now about dinner?

No oysters, no turtle, fresh salmon, fried sole,
No canvas duck nor fowl casserole.

All these he has seen disappear from the stage,
A sacrifice vast growing age after age.

Their successive growth upward he's watched with dismay;

They have come to be men, having all had their day!

Though he took, while its lord, quite a taste of the creature,

By rule Epicurean 'dum vivim.,' etcetera.

In Paradise, Adam and Eve, to be sure,
Since they didn't have flesh, ate their onion sauce pure,

But, as our old friend John P. Robinson he Said, 'they didn't know everything down in Judee.'

Now the better taught modern he very well knows

What to beef and to mutton society owes.
What are homes without hearths? What's a hearth without roasts?

Or a grand public dinner with *nothing* but toasts?

Yet, what government measure, or scheme philanthropic,

Or learned convention in hall philosophic,
But is mainly sustained upon feasts and collations?

At least, it is so in all civilized nations.

Here's a fix! Yet indeed, soon or late, the whole race

Must the problem decide on, with good or ill grace.

We can not go hungry; what are we to do?
Shall we pulse it, like Daniel, that knowing young Jew?

Letting Grahamite doctors our diet appoint,

Eat our very plain pudding without any joint?

Or, shall we the bloody alternative take,
And cannibal meals of our relatives make,
Put aside ancient scruples (for what's in a
name?)

And shake hands with the dainty New Zeal-
ander dame,
Who thought that she really might relish a bit
Of broiled missionary brought fresh from the
spit?

'Twere surely most cruel in Nature our
nurse,
Man's march of improvement so quick to
reverse.
Will she offer a choice which we may not
refuse,
When we're sure to turn savage however
we choose?

We may slowly creep up to a lofty position,
Then go back at one leap to the lower condi-
tion.

Even so, my good friend, in a circle he goes,
Who would follow such theories on to their
close.

If you've started with Darwin, as sure as
you're born,
You're in a dilemma; pray take either horn.

T.

WHO has not belonged in his time to a
debating society? What youth ambitious
of becoming 'a perfect Hercules
behind the bar?'—as a well meaning
but unfortunate Philadelphian once said
in a funeral eulogy over a deceased legal
friend—has not 'debated' in a club
'formed for purposes of mutual and
literary improvement of the mind?' All
who have will read with pleasure the fol-
lowing letter from one who has most
certainly been there:—

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

I AM a man that rides around over the
'kedn'try.' In the little village where I am
now tarrying, the school-house bell is ringing
to call together the members of that ancient
institution peculiar to villages, the debating
society. A friend informs me that the time-
honored questions—Should capital punish-
ment be abolished?—Did Columbus deserve
more praise than Washington?—Is art
more pleasing to the eye than nature?—have
each had their turn in their regular rotation,
and that the question for to-night is—as you
might suppose—Has the Indian suffered
greater wrongs at the hands of the White
man than the Negro? As I have a distinct
recollection of having thoroughly investiga-

ted and zealously proclaimed on each of the
above topics in days lang sync, I shall ex-
cuse myself from attendance this evening, on
the ground that I am already extensively in-
formed on the subject in hand, and my mind
is fully made up. But I hereby acknowledge
my indebtedness to the good fellow who told
me the object of the ringing of the bell—
for he has unconsciously started up some of
the most amusing recollections of my life.
Sitting here alone in my room, I have just
taken a hearty laugh over a circumstance
that had well-nigh given me the slip. The
question was the same Negro-Indian-White-
man affair. One of the orators, having,
a long time previously, seen a picture in
an old 'jography' of some Indians mak-
ing a hubbub on board certain vessels, and
reading under it, *Destruction of Tea in Bos-
ton Harbor*, brought up the circumstance,
and insisting with great earnestness that the
white man had received burning wrongs at
the hands of the Indian, and that the latter
had *no reason at all to complain*, dwelt with
great emphasis on the ruthless destruction
of the white man's tea in Boston Harbor by
the latter, in proof of his 'point.'

I remember also a debating society in the
little village of R——, which numbered
some really very worthy and intelligent
members, but of course included some that
were otherwise, among whom was a silly
young fellow, who had mistaken his proper
calling—(he should have been a wood-
chopper), and was suffering under an attack
at medicine. The question for debate on
one occasion was—Is conscience an infallible
guide? Being expected to take part in
the discussion, he was bent on thorough
preparation, and ransacked his preceptor's
professional library—(almost as poor a
place as a lawyer's) for a work on *conscience*.
He found abundance of matter, however, for
a lengthy chapter on the subject, as he sup-
posed, occurring in several of the dusty octa-
vos, and he thumbed the leaves with most
patient assiduity. He had misspelled the
word however, and was reading all the while
on *consciousness*—a subject which would
very naturally occur in some departments of
medicine. But it was all one to him, he
didn't see the difference, and the ridiculous
display he made to us of his 'cramming' on
consciousness can be better imagined than
described.

Years after found me inside college walls
—but colleges in the West, be it remem-

bered, sometimes include preparatory departments, into which, by the courtesy of the teachers, many young men are admitted who would hardly make a respectable figure in the poorest country school, but who by dint of honest toil finally do themselves great credit.

I 'happened in' on a number of such, one evening, whose affinities had drawn them together with a view to forming a debating society, to be made exclusively of their own kind. I listened with much interest and pleasure to the preliminaries of organization, and smiled, when they were about to 'choose a question,' to see them bring out the same old coaches mentioned in the beginning of this article; when one of their number arose, evidently dissatisfied with the old beaten track, and seemed bent on opening a new vein. He was a good, honest, patient fellow, but his weakness in expressing himself was, that, although his delivery was very slow, he didn't know how he was going to end his sentences when he began them. 'Mr. President,' said he, 'how would this do? Suppose a punkin seed sprouts in one man's garden, and the vine grows through the fence, and bears a punkin on another man's ground — now — (a long pause) — the question is — whose punkin — *does it belong to?*' The poor fellow subsided, as might be supposed, amid a roar of voices and a crash of boots.

There is a legal axiom which would settle the pumpkin-vine query — that of *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad celum* — 'ownership in the soil confers possession of everything even as high as heaven.' Our friends in Dixie seem determined to prove that they have also fee simple in their soil downwards as far as the other place, and by the last advices were digging their own graves to an extent which will soon bring them to the utmost limit of their property!

DOES the reader remember Poor Pillioddy, and the mariner who was ever expected to turn up again? Not less eccentric, as it seems to us, is the re-appearance chronicled in the following story by a friend: —

TURNING UP AGAIN!

'You were all through that Mexican war, and out with Walker in Niggerawger. —

Well, what do you think 'bout Niggerawger? Kind of a cuss'd 'skeeter hole, ain't it?'

'Tain't so much 'skeeters as 'tis snails, scorpions and the like,' answered the gray-moustached corporal. 'It's hot in them countries as a Dutch oven on a big bake; and going through them parts, man's got to move purty d——d lively to git ahead of the yaller fever; it's right onto his tracks the hull time.'

'Did you git that gash over your nose out there?'

'Yes, I got that in a small scrimmage under old GRAY EYES. 'Twas next day *after a fight* though, cum to think on it. We'd been up there and took a small odoe hole called Santa Sumthin', and had spasificated the paperlashun, when I went to git a gold cross off an old woman, and she up frying-pan of *frijoles* and hit me, so!' Here the corporal aimed a blow with his pipe at the face of the high private he was talking with; — the latter dodged it.

'That was a big thing, that fight at Santa Sumthin'; the way we went over them mud walls, and wiped out the Greasers, was a cortion. I rac'lect when we was drawed up company front, afore we made the charge, there was a feller next me in the ranks — I didn't know him from an old shoe, 'cause he'd ben drafted that morning into us from another company. Says he, —

'We're going into hair and cats' claws 'fore long, and as I'm unbeknownst amongst you fellers, I'd like to make a bargain with you.'

'Go it,' says I; 'I'm on hand for ennything.'

'Well,' says he, 'witchever one of us gits knocked over, the tother feller 'll look out for him, and if he ain't a goner 'll haul him out, so the doctor can work onto him.'

'Good,' says I, 'you may count me in there; mind you look after ME!'

The fight began, and when we charged, the fust thing I knowed the feller next me, wot made the bargain, he went head over heels backwards; and to tell the honest trooth, I was just that powerful egssited I never minded him a smite, but went right ahead after plunder and the Greasers, over mud walls and along alleys, till I got, bang in, where I found something worth fighting about it. 'Bout dusk, when we was all purty full of *agwadenty*, they sent us out to bury our fellers as was killed in the scrimmage; and as we hadn't much time to spare, we didn't dig a hole more'n a foot or two deep,

and put all our fellers in, in a hurry. Next morning airy, as I was just coming out of a church where I'd ben surveyin' some candlestix with a jack-knife to see ef they were silver, [witch they were not, — hang em!] — as I was coming out of the church I felt a feller punch me in the back — so I turned round to hit him back, when I see the feller, as had stood by me in the ranks the day before, all covered over with dirt, and mad as a ring-tail hornet.

'Hello!' said I.

'Hello! yourself,' said he. 'I want ter know what yer went and berried me for, afore I was killed for?'

I never was so put to for a answer afore in all my life, 'cause I wanted to spasificate the feller, so I kind of hemmed, and says I — 'Hm! the fact was, this dirty little hole of a town was *rayther* crowded last night, and I — just to please you, yer know — I lodged you out there; but I swear I was this minute going out there to dig you up for break-fuss!'

'If that's so,' said he, 'we won't say no more 'bout it; but the next time you do it, don't put a feller in so deep; for I had a uncommon hard scratch turning up again!'

H. P. L.

WE are indebted to the same writer for the following Oriental market-picture — we might say scene in a proverb:

PROVERBially WISE.

ACHMET sat in the bazaar, calmly smok-ing: he had said to himself in the early morning, — 'When I shall have made a hundred piastres I will shut up shop for the day, and go home and take it easy, *al'hamdu lillah!*' Now a hundred piastres in the land of the faithful, where the sand is and the palms grow, is equal to a dollar in the land of Jonathan: and the expression he conclud-ed his sentence with is equivalent to — Praise be to Allah!

Along came a blind fakir begging; then ACHMET gave him five paras, although his charity was unseen; neither did he want it to be seen, for he said to himself,—

'Do good and throw it into the sea — if the fishes don't know it, God will.'

And as he handed the poor blind fakir the small coin, he said to him, in a soothing voice,—

'Fa'keer' (which in the Arabic means poor fellow), 'the nest of a blind bird is made by Allah.'

Then along came SULIMAN BEY, who was high in office in the land of Egypt, and was wealthy, and powerful, and very much hated and feared. And ACHMET bowed down before him, and performed obeisance in the manner of the Turks, touching his own hand to his lips, his breast, his head: — and the SULIMAN BEY went proudly on. Then ACHMET smiled, and YUSEF, who had a stall in the bazaar opposite to him, winked to ACHMET, saying, in a low voice, —

'Kiss ardently the hands which you can not cut off: —'

and they smiled grimly one unto the other.

'Did you hear the music in the Esbekieh garden yesterday?' asked YUSEF of ACHMET. 'I think it was horrible.'

'It cost nothing to hear it,' quoth ACHMET: 'there was no charge made.'

'Aio! true,' answered YUSEF; 'but there were too many drums; I wouldn't have one if I were Pacha.'

'Welcome even pitch, if it is gratis.'

'Wanting to make the eyebrows right, pull out the eyes,' said ACHMET, contentedly. 'And as for your disliking the music, — A cucumber being given to a poor man, he did not accept it because it was crooked! —

'Come, let us shut up shop and go to the mosque. It is fated that we sell no goods to-day. *Wajadna bira'hmat allah ra'hah* — By the grace of ALLAH we have found re-pose!'

OUR correspondent gives us a pun in our last number over again. It is none the worse, however, for its new coat, as set forth in

GETTING AHEAD OF TIME.

'Well now, I declare, this is too bad. Here it is five minutes past ten and BUDDEN ain't here. Did anybody ever know that man to keep an engagement?'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor to the Squire, 'I knew him to keep one.'

'Let it out,' said the Squire.

'An engagement to get married.'

'Hm!' replied the Squire, looking over his spectacles with the air of one who had been deceived. At this moment JERRY BUDDEN, a jolly-looking, fat, middle-aged man entered the office quietly and coolly, having all the air of one who arrived half an hour before the appointed time of meeting.

'Got ahead of time this morning, any way,' said Jerry.

'The devil you did!' spoke the Squire, testily; 'you are seven minutes behind time this morning; you would be behindhand tomorrow and next day, and so on as long as you live. Confound it, Jerry, you make me mad with your laziness and coolness. Ahead of time! why look at that watch?'—Here the Squire, pulling out a plethoric-looking, smooth gold watch, about the size of a bran biscuit, held it affectionately in the palm of his right hand. 'Look at *that* watch!'

'Nice watch,' said Jerry, 'very nice watch. The best of watches will sometimes get out of order though. How long since you had it cleaned?'

The Squire looked indignant, and broke out, 'I've carried that watch more'n thirty year; I have it cleaned regularly, and it is always right to a minute, always! It's *you* that want regulating.'

'Can't help it,' spoke Jerry; 'I got ahead of time this morning.'

'Bet you a hat on it,' said the Squire.

'Done!' answered Jerry. And, putting his hand in his pocket, he deliberately produced the torn page of an old almanac, and, pointing to part of an engraving of the man with an hour-glass, said to the Squire,—

'Hain't I got a Head of Time — this morning?'

Jerry now wears a new hat!

'What poor slaves are the American people!' says the *Times*' own RUSSELL. 'They may abjure kings and princes, but they are ruled by hotel-keepers and waiters.' The following translation from the Persian shows, however, that a man may be a king or a prince and a hotel-keeper at the same time.

A ROYAL HOTEL-KEEPER.

FROM THE PERSIAN. BY HENRY P. LELAND.

IBRAM BEN ADHAM at his palace gate,
Sits, while in line his pages round him wait;
When a poor dervish, staff and sack in hand,
Straight would have entered IBRAM's palace
grand.

'Old man,' the pages asked, 'where goest thou now?'

'In that hotel,' he answered, with a bow.
The pages said, — 'Ha! dare you call hotel
A palace, where the King of Balkh doth
dwell?'

IBRAM the King next to the dervish spoke:
'My palace a hotel? Pray, where's the
joke?'

'Who,' asked the dervish, 'owned this palace first?'

'My grandsire,' IBRAM said, while wrath he nursed.

'Who was the next proprietor?' please say.

'My father:' thus the king replied straightforward.

'Who hired it then upon your father's death?'

'I did,' King IBRAM answered, out of breath.

'When you shall die, who shall within it dwell?'

'My son,' the King replied. 'Why ask'st thou? Tell!'

IBRAM! then spoke the dervish to him straight,

'I'll answer thee, nor longer make thee wait.

The place where travelers come, and go as well,

Is, really, not a palace, but — hotel!'

Yea, friends; and, as another genial poet has discovered, life itself is but a hosterie or tavern, where some get the highest rooms, while others, of greater social weight, gravitate downwards into the first story, sinking like gold to the bottom of the hotel pan,—that is O. W. HOLMES', his idea, reader, not ours. *Apropos* of HOLMES and kings — his thousands of reader friends have ere this seen with pleasure that the Emperor of all the French was not unmindful of one of his brother-potentates,—in the world of song,—when he paid OLIVER WENDELL the courteous compliment which has of late gone the rounds, and which conferred as much honor on the giver as the taker thereof.

THE Spring poems have begun. *Vide licet.*

TO AN EARLY BIRD.

In homely phrase we oft are told
'Tis early birds that catch the worms;
But certainly that Spring bird there
Don't half believe the aforesaid terms.

He's sorry that he hither flew,
In hopes a forward March to find,
And towards warm climates, whence he came,
To backward march is sore inclined.

Lured by one ray of sunlight, he
Flew northward to our land of snow;
And now, with frozen toes, he stands
On frozen earth: — the worms — below!

Tu whit! whit! whit! he tries in vain
To whistle in a cheerful way;
He feels he's badly sold, and that —
He came *too early* in the day.

I sprinkle seed and crumbs around ;
He quickly flies and famished eats :—
He would have starved to death had he
Relied on proverb-making cheats.

Of the same up-Springings, in higher vein, we have the following :—

APRIL.

BY ED. SPRAGUE RAND.

Now with the whistling rush of stormy winds,
'Mid weeping skies and smiling, sunny hours,
Comes the young Spring, and scatters, from
the pines,
O'er the brown woodland soft, balsamic showers.

Wake, azure squirrel cups, on grassy hills !
Peep forth, blue violets, upon the heath !
The epigaea from the withered leaves
Sends out the greeting of her perfumed breath.

Nodding anemones within the wood
Shake off the winter's sleep, and haste to greet;
Where in the autumn the blue asters stood,
The saxifrage creeps out, with downy feet.

Nature is waking ! From a wreath of snow,
Close by the garden walls, the snowdrop springs;
And the air rings with tender melodies,
Where thro' the dark firs flash the blue-bird's wings.

A few days hence, and o'er the distant hills
A tender robe of verdure shall be spread,
And life in myriad forms be manifest,
Where all seemed desolate, and dark, and dead.

E'en now, upon the sunny woodland slopes,
The fair vanessa flits with downy wing;
And in the marshes, with the night's approach,
The merry hylas in full chorus sing.

Patience and faith, all will be bright again.
Take from the present, for the future hours,
The tendered promise. In the storm and rain,
Remember suns shine brighter for the showers.

To us, my countrymen, the lesson comes ;
Our night of winter dawns in brightest day ;
The storm is passing, and the rising sun
Dispels our doubts, drives cloudy fears away.

The sun of freedom, veiled in clouds too long,
Sheds o'er our land its rays of quickening life ;
And liberty, our starry banner, waves,
Proclaiming freedom 'mid the battle's strife.

STRIKING TURPENTINE.

Not a bad story that of the physician, who, vaccinating several medical students, 'performed the ceremony' for a North Carolinian from the pitch, tar and turpentine districts. The lancet entering the latter's arm a little too deep, owing to the Corn-cracker jerking his arm through nervousness, one of the medical students called out,—

'Take care there, doctor, if you don't look out you'll strike turpentine.'

The Corn-cracker — full of spirit — wanted to fight.

We should have handed this anecdote over to X., who travels through the Pines, that he might pronounce on its authenticity. The following, however, we know to be true — on the word of a very *spirituelle* dame, long resident in the Old North State. When the present war first sent its murmurs over the South, an old bushman earnestly denied that it 'would ruin everything.' 'Kin it stop the turpentine from running ?' he triumphantly cried. 'In course not. Then what difference *kin* it make to the *country* ?'

THE following sketch, 'Hiving the Bees and what came of it,' from a valued friend and correspondent in New Haven, is a humorous and truthful picture of the old-fashioned rural 'discipline' once so general and now so rapidly becoming a thing of the past :—

HIVING BEES AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

When a boy at school in the town of G— I became acquainted with old Deacon Hubbard and his wife — two as good Christian people as could be found, simple in their manners and kind-hearted. The deacon was 'well to do in the world,' having a fine farm, a pleasant house, and, with his quiet way of living, apparently everything to make him comfortable.

He took great delight in raising bees, and the product of his hives was every year some hundreds of pounds of honey, for which there was always a ready market, though he frequently gave away large quantities among his neighbors.

One Sunday morning, when passing the place of Deacon Hubbard on my way to meeting, I saw the deacon in his orchard near his house, apparently in great trouble

about something in one of his apple trees. I crossed the road to the fence and called to him, and asked him what was the matter. He was a very conscientious man, and would not do anything on the Lord's day that could be done on any other; but he cried, 'Oh, dear! my bees are swarming, and I shall surely lose them. If I was a young man I could climb the tree and save them, but I am too old for that.' I jumped over the fence, and as I approached him he pointed to a large dark mass of something suspended from the limb of an apple tree, which to me was a singular-looking object, never having before seen bees in swarming time. I had great curiosity to see the operation of hiving, and suggested that perhaps I could help him, though at the time afraid the bees would sting me for my trouble. The gratification to be derived I thought would repay the risk, and calling to mind some lines I had heard,—

'Softly, gently touch a nettle,
It will sting thee for thy pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
Soft and harmless it remains,—'

I told him that I would assist him. He assured me that if I could only get a rope around the limb above and fasten it to the one on which the bees were, then saw off that limb and lower it down, he could secure them without much trouble.

With saw and rope in hand I ascended the tree, and, after due preparation, severed the limb and carefully lowered it within the deacon's reach. I was surprised, and felt repaid for my trouble, to see with what ease and unconcern Dea. Hubbard, with his bare hands, scooped and brushed the swarm of bees into a sheet he had prepared, and how readily he got them into a vacant hive. Many thanks did the deacon proffer me for my timely assistance, and moreover insisted on my staying with him to dine. It seemed to me that I was never in a more comfortable house, and I am sure I never received a more cordial greeting than that bestowed upon me by his venerable spouse.

The place where I boarded with several other boys was with a widow lady by the name of White, who was very kind to me, but who had the misfortune to have had three husbands, and her daughters did not all revere the memory of the same father, and consequently there were oftentimes differences among them.

For several days after this transaction I

had noticed on the table at our daily meal a nice dish of honey, an unusual treat, but to which we boys paid due respect.

My term at school expired, and I went home to my father's, a distance of some thirty miles, and assisted him on the farm during the fall months, employing much of my leisure time in studying.

My father was a stern, straight-forward man — a member of the Orthodox church, and one who professed to believe in all the proprieties of life, and endeavored to impress the same on the minds of his children.

One day, after dinner, he said to me, in his stern way of speaking, — ' Gilbert, what kind of scrape did you get into in G——? '

For my life I could not tell what I had been doing, and had but little chance to think, ere he tossed a letter across the table and said, ' Read that, and tell me what it means! ' The letter was directed to me, but he had exercised his right to open and read it for me. It was from G——, and signed by the four deacons of the church there, asking explicit answers to the following questions: — 1st. Did you help Deacon Hubbard hive his bees? 2d. If so, did you receive any remuneration from him for your services? 3d. Will you state what it was? You are expected to answer the questions fully.'

' What have you to say to that, young man? ' said my father, with more than usual sternness; and I began to think that I had got into some kind of difficulty.

I told him that I would answer the letter, so went to my room and wrote, saying that I *did* help Deacon Hubbard hive his bees, and that I *had* been paid a thousand times by the many acts of kindness of himself and wife, and should always feel happy in doing anything for them that I could.

As my father read this letter I had written, I noticed a smile on his countenance, which lasted but an instant, when he said, ' You may send it; but I want to know what this scrape is, and I will.'

A few days after the reply was sent, another letter arrived from the four deacons, stating that I had not been explicit enough in my answer, and wanted me to say, 1st. Whether I had helped Deacon Hubbard hive his bees on Sunday. 2d. Whether I had ever received from him a large pan of honey in the comb? 3d. Whether my father was a member of the church? 4th. Whether he would give his consent for me to come to

G—— on business of great importance if they would pay my expenses, and how soon I could come?

It was cold weather, several months after I left G——, when this letter came to hand, and I did not fancy a ride of thirty miles at that time; I however had permission to promise that I would be there on the first Monday in May, which was the day of 'General Training,' and a great day at that period. In my answer to the second letter I said that I thought I had answered their first question sufficiently before; and in answer to the second I would say, that I had never received any honey from Deacon Hubbard; to the third, that my father *was* a member of the church; and to the fourth, that I would come there on the day named above.

The first Monday in May was a bright and lovely day, and at an early hour I mounted a horse and started for G——, arriving there before noon. On my way into the village I had to pass the house of Deacon Hubbard, who, knowing that I was expected that day, was looking for my approach, and as I drew near the house I saw his venerable form in the road. It was my intention to pass his house without being seen, but that was impossible. He insisted on my going into the house. His good wife met me at the door with a cordial greeting, but, with tearful eyes, said she feared there was some dreadful trouble in store for me, for the deacons of the church had been watching for me all the morning. After explaining as well as I could the reason of my visit, with the little information I had, Deacon Hubbard exclaimed—'Well, I don't know but they'll make you walk the church aisle, for there's some trouble somewhere.' We had but little time for conversation before Mrs. H. saw the venerable deacons approaching the house; and I shall never forget the solemn look and steps with which they advanced, the senior deacon, Flagg, leading the procession. As they were ushered into the front room they seated themselves in a row according to their respective ages, each wearing the solemn countenance of a Pilgrim father. When I entered the room they all arose and took me by the hand, thanking me for faithfully keeping my promise, and hoped the Lord would reward me therefor. Deacon Flagg, after a few preliminary remarks, said: 'Young man, there has been a grievous sin committed

among the Lord's anointed in our church, and we have sent for you that we may be enabled to detect the erring one! and we hope you will so far consider the importance of the matter as to answer truly the questions that may be propounded to you. My young friend, will you have the goodness to say, in the hearing of our good brother, Deacon Hubbard, whether or not you ever received from him a present of a large pan of honey for helping him hive his bees?'

I answered that I never had. All eyes were turned on Deacon H., and an audible groan came from Deacon Harris as I made my reply. Deacon Flagg addressed me as follows:—'My youthful friend, will you be willing to accompany these gentlemen to the house of sister White, and say the same before her?' I was willing, provided my friend Deacon Hubbard would go along, which he consented to do, and we started.

It was but a short way across the Common, and ours was a solemn, silent procession, and I must have appeared like a very culprit. On nearing the house, Deacon Flagg said he would first enter and inform sister White of our business, and return when she was ready to receive us. He returned in a short time, with a longer face than before, and as he approached us, clasping his hands, he said with an agonized tone, 'Dear brethren, Oh! it is all too true! Satan entered her heart,—she coveted the honey,—and fell.' A groan of holy horror came from all the good old men. It was not necessary for us to enter the abode of wickedness, he said, for she would confess all.

The whole proceeding had been a mystery to me, but I soon learned that the next day after hiving the bees, Deacon Hubbard had sent a large pan of honey to sister White's house, intended for me, but she gave us boys a little for a few days and put the rest away; or, as she afterwards said, she coveted it, and said nothing to me about it; and I should probably have known nothing of it had it not been for a disagreement between herself and daughters about a division of the honey, which finally got to be a church matter.

Deacon Hubbard insisted on my going to dine with him; so, with a parting shake of the hand with the other four venerable men, we started for his house. Such a feast as dame Hubbard had provided on that occasion boys do not often see; substantial food enough for half a score of men, aside from

the pies and plum pudding which made their appearance in due course; and in front of the dish assigned to me was a dish of the purest honey. After dinner Deacon Hubbard took me to see his bees, and explained many things in relation to them curious and instructive, promising more information on the subject if he could prevail upon me to remain in G—— till the next morning. The fatigue of the long ride that day, and my desire to see a little of the 'Training,' decided me to remain over night.

In the morning my horse was fresh, having been well taken care of by my friend; so, after a hearty breakfast, I bade adieu to the good couple, with a pleasant recollection of their hospitality and kindness. When ready to start, dame Hubbard, with the best intentions, brought me a large pail of honey, wishing I would carry it home to my parents, but as it was impossible for me to carry it on horseback, I had to decline.

It was near noon the next day when I reached home, and my first greeting from my father was, 'Well, Gilbert, now let me know about the scrape you got into last summer in G——.'

I told him all I had learned about the matter, to which he expressed his pleasure that it was no worse, and gave me much good advice as to the future.

A few weeks after I reached home there was a large tub of honey left at my father's house, with a letter for me, informing me that sister White had been expelled from the church in G—— for covetousness; that my friends the Hubbards were well; that the four deacons spoke very highly in my praise, and hoped I would *feel rewarded* for the trouble I had taken. Years have passed since the matters here mentioned took place, but up to this time nothing has been said to me about 'paying my expenses.'

JAY G. BEE.

MRS. MALAPROP founded a school which has been prolific in disciples. From one of these we learn that —

Old Mr. P. died a short time ago, much to the regret of his many friends, for he was a good neighbor, and had always lived honestly and uprightly among his fellow-men. At the time of his funeral Mrs. L. was sorrowing for his loss, with others of her sex, and paid the following tribute to his memory:

'Poor Mr. P., he was a good man, a

kind man, and a Christian man—he always lived according to HOYLE, and died with the hope of a blessed immortality.'

' Played the wrong card there.'

ADAM'S FAMILY JARS.

IN CRACKED NUMBERS.

ONE fact is fundamental,
One truth is rudimental;
Before man had the rental
Of this dwelling of a day,
He was in nothing mental,
But an image-man of clay.

In the ground
Was the image found;
Of the ground
Was it molded round;
And empty of breath,
And still as in death,
Inside not a ray,
Outside only clay,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Deadest of the kind,
There it lay.

Unto what was it like? In its shape it was
what?

The world says 'a man,'—but the world is
mistaken.
To revive the old story, a long time forgot,
'Twasn't man that was made, but a pot that
was baken.

And what if it was human-faced like the
Sphinx?

There's no riddle to solve, whate'er the world
thinks:
The flat that made it, from its heels to its
hair,
Wasn't simply 'Be man!' but 'Stand up
and Be Ware!'

And straightway acknowledging its true kith
and kin
With that host of things known to be hollow
within,

It took up a stand with its handles akimbo,
Bowels and bosom in a cavernous limbo.

Curving out at the bottom, it swelled to a
jug;

Curving in at the top, narrow-necked, to the
mug;

Two sockets for sunshine in the frontispiece
placed,

A crack just below—merely a matter of
taste;

A flap on each side hiding holes of resound-
ing,

For conveyance within of noises surrounding;

And a nozzle before,
All bespitted to snore,
Was a part of the ware
For adornment and air.

Now for what was this slender and curious
mold?

Had it no purpose? Had it nothing to hold?
A world full of meaning, my friend, if 'twere
told.

You remember those jars in the Arabian
Night,
As they stood 'neath the stars in Al' Baba's
eyesight:

Little dreamed Ali Baba what a jar could ex-
cite —

For how much did betide
When a man was inside!

When from under each cover a man was to
spring,
Where then was the empty, insignificant

thing?

It was so with this jar,
'Twasn't hollow by far;

Breathless at first as an exhausted receiver,
When the air was let in, lo! man, the
achiever!

But an accident happened, a cruel surprise;
How frail proved the man, and how very un-
wise!

As if plaster of Paris, and not Paradise,
No more of clay consecrate,
He broke up disconsolate,
Pot-luck for his fortune, though the world's
potentate.

It brings to our memory that Indian camp,
Where men lay in ambush, every one with a
lamp,
Each light darkly hid in a vessel of clay,
Till the sword should be drawn, and then on
came the fray.

'Twas so in the fortunes of this queer earthen
race,
(It happened before they were more than a
brace).

The fact of a fall
Did break upon all!

The lamp of each life being uncovered by sin,
The pitcher was broken, and the devil pitched
in!

So much for his story to the moment he erred,
When from dignified pot he became a pot-
sherd.

Since that day the great world,
Like a wheel having twirled,
Hath replenished the earth from the primitive
pair,
And turned into being every species of ware.

There are millions and millions on the planet
to-day,

Of all sorts, and all sizes, all ranks we may
say;
There's a rabble of pots, with the dregs and
the scum,
And a peerage of pots, above finger and
thumb.

Look round in this pottery, look down to the
ground,
Where bottle and mug, jug and pottle abound;
From the plebeian throng see the graded ar-
ray;

There is shelf above shelf of brittle display,
As rank above rank the poor mortals arise,
From menial purpose to princely disguise.

See vessels of honor, emblazoned with cash,
Of standing uncertain, preparing to dash.
See some to dishonor, in common clay-bake,
Figure high where the fire and the flint do
partake.

There's the bottle of earth by glittering glass,
As by blood of the gentlest excelling its class,
Becoming instanter
A portly decanter!

There's the lowly bowl, or the basin broad,
By double refinement a punch-bowl lord!
There's the beggarly jug, ignoble and base,
By adornment of art the Portland vase!

But call them, title them, what you will,
They're bound to break, they are brittle still;
No saving pieces, or repairing,
No Spaulding's glue for human erring;
All alike they will go together,
And lie in Potter's field forever.

At length the whole secret of life is told:
'Tis because we're earth, and not of gold,
'Tis because we're ware that beware we
must,
Lest we crack, and break, and crumble to
dust.

What wonder that men so clash together,
And in the clash so break with each other!
Or that households are full of family jars,
And boys are such pickles in spite of papas!
That the cup of ill-luck is drained to the
dregs,

When a man's in his cups and not on his legs!
That meaning should be in that word for a
sot,
He's ruined forever — he's going to pot!

So goes the world and its generations,
So go its tribes, and its tribulations;
Crowding together on the stream of time,
It almost destroys the chime of my rhyme,
While they strike, and they grind, and rub
and dash,
And are sure to go to eternal smash.

Lamentable sight to be seen here below!
Man after man sinking,—blow after blow,—
A bubble, a choke,—each blow is a knell,—
Broken forever! There's no more to tell.

There is more to tell, of a promise foretold;
Though now 'tis a vessel of homeliest mold,
Yet 'tis that which will prove a crock of gold,
When the crack of doom shall the truth unfold.

'Tis hard to believe, for so seemeth life,
A curse full of oil, with nothing more rife;
Yet what saith the prophet? It never shall fail:
Life is perennial, of immortal avail.

'Tis hard to believe, for to dust we return,
To lie like the ashes in a burial urn;
But look at the skies! see the heavenly bowers!

The urn is a vase—the ashes are flowers!

'Tis hard to believe; like a jar full of tears,
Life is filled with humanity's griefs and fears;
'Tis a tear-jar o'erflowing, close by the urn,
Even weeping for those in that gloomy sojourning.

And yet, when with time it has crumbled away,
The omnipotent Potter will in that day
Turn again to the pattern of Paradise,
Will fashion it anew and bid it arise,
A jar full adorned and with richest designs,
With tracery covered, and heavenly signs,
With jewels deep-set, and with fine gold inlaid,

Enamel of love,—yes, a nature new made.
And then from the deep bottom, as from a cup

Of blessing, there ever will come welling up
The living waters of a pellucid soul,
A gush of the spirit, from a heart made whole.

So, like the water-pots rough, by the door at the East,
Our purpose will change, and our power be increased,
When we stand in the gate of the Heavenly Feast:

The word will be spoken: we'll flow out with wine,
The blood of the true Life, pressed from the true Vine,
Perpetual chalice, inexhaustible bowl,
Of pleasures immortal, overflowing the soul!

Dust we are and to dust we must return—but, as the old epitaph said of Catherine Gray, who sold pottery,—

'In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in life's shop may live again,'—

so, in a higher sphere we may all become vases unbreakable, filled with the wine of life.

WERE the enemy in their senses they would probably admit that the annexed proposal is far from being deficient in common-sense:—

DEAR CONTINENTAL:

I see that it is proposed by the Southern press that the rebels, as they retreat, shall burn all their tobacco.

I have a proposition to make.

Let General McCLELLAN send a flag of truce and inform them that if they need any assistance in that work, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to assist in the consummation.

I have an enormous meerschaum and a corps of friends equally well piped. If the seceders have no time to ignite the weed, we are quite ready, and a great deal more willing, considering the late frightful rise in Lynchburg, to do it for them. I can answer for burning one pound a day myself. What do you think of it? It isn't traitorous in me, is it, to thus desire to aid and assist the enemy?

Yours truly,
RAUCHER.

A CURE FOR STEALING.

FAR back among the days of yore
There's many a pleasing tale in store,
Rich with the humor of the time,
That sometimes jingle well in rhyme.
Of these, the following may possess

A claim on 'hours of idleness.'

When Governor Gurdon Saltonstall,
Like Abram Lincoln, straight and tall,
Presided o'er the Nutmeg State,
A loved and honored magistrate,
His quiet humor was portrayed
In Yankee tricks he sometimes played.
The Governor had a serious air,
'Twas solemn as a funeral prayer,
But when he spoke the mirth was stirred,—
A joke leaped out at every word.

One morn, a man, alarmed and pale,
Came to him with a frightful tale;
The substance was, that Jerry Style
Had stolen wood from off his pile.
The Governor started in surprise,
And on the accuser fixed his eyes.
'He steal my wood! to his regret,
Before this blessed sun shall set,
I'll put a final end to that.'
Then, putting on his stately hat,
All nicely cocked and trimmed with lace,
He issued forth with lofty grace,

Bade the accuser 'duty mind,'
And follow him 'five steps behind.'
Ere they a furlong's space complete,
They meet the culprit in the street;
The Governor took him by the hand—
That lowly man! that Governor grand!—
Kindly inquired of his condition,
His present prospects and position.
The man a tale of sorrow told—
That food was dear, the winter cold,
That work was scarce, and times were hard,
And very ill at home they fared,—
And, more than this, a bounteous Heaven
To them a little babe had given,
Whose brief existence could attest
This world's a wintry world at best.

A silver crown, whose shining face
King William's head and Mary's grace,
Dropped in his hand. The Governor spoke,—
His voice was cracked—it almost broke,—
'If work is scarce, and times are hard,
There's a large wood-pile in my yard;
Of that you may most freely use,
So go and get it when you choose.'
Then on he walked, serenely feeling
That there he'd put an end to stealing.
The accuser's sense of duty grew
The space 'twixt him and Governor too.

'THE Anaconda is tightening its folds,' and at every fold the South cries aloud. The following bit of merry nonsense, which has the merit of being 'good to sing,' may possibly enliven more than one camp-fire, ere the last fold of the 'big serpent' has given the final stifle to the un-fed-eralists.

THE 'ANACONDA.'

Won't it make them stop and ponder?
Yes! 't will make them stop and ponder!
What?—The fearful Anaconda!

(All.) Yes! The fearful Anaconda!

(Chorus.) Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, big and fearful,
Big and fearful Anaconda!

Is not that the Rebel South?

Yes! that is the Rebel South.

Arn't they rather down in mouth?

(All.) Yes! they're rather down in mouth!

(Chorus.) Rebel South, down in mouth,
Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, &c. &c.

Is not that the traitor DAVIS?

Yes! that is the traitor DAVIS!

Don't he wish he could enslave us?

(All.) Yes! he wanted to enslave us!

(Chorus.) Traitor DAVIS, can't enslave us.
Rebel South, down in mouth,
Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, &c. &c.

Isn't that the gallows high there?
Yes! that is the gallows high there!
And JEFF DAVIS that I spy there?
(All.) 'Tis JEFF DAVIS that you spy there.
(Chorus.) Hanging high there, DAVIS spy
there.

Traitor DAVIS, you enslave us!
Rebel South, down in mouth,
Stop and ponder!—Anaconda!
Big and fearful, big and fearful,
BIG AND FEARFUL ANACONDA!

OUR ever-welcome New Haven friend re-appears this month, with the following jest:—

The other day lawyer JONES, of Hartford, Conn., wrote a letter to my friend PLOPP, whom he supposed to be in Hartford at the time. The missive was forwarded to PLOPP, who is in Newport. It requested him to 'step in and settle.' PLOPP replied:

My dear JONES:—

Yours of 10th is rec'd. I reply,—

1st. I can't step in, because I am not in Hartford.

2d. I can't settle, because I am not in the least riled.

3d. I notice you spell Hartford without a t. This is an error. Allow me, as per example, to suggest the correct orthography, to wit, Hartford.

I shall always be glad to hear from you.

Yours,

I. PLOPP.

THE present aspect of the great question is well set forth by a correspondent, 'LEILA LEE,' in the following sketch:—

OUR OLD PUMP.

The writer was once placed in circumstances of peculiar interest, where a word in season was greatly needed, and that word was not spoken, because it would have been thought unseemly that it should fall from the lips of a woman. Our supply of water had failed. The well was deep, and, like Jacob's well, many had been in the habit of coming thither to draw. My father had called in advisers, men of experience, and they decided that the lower part of the pump was rotten, and must be removed. It had probably stood there more than fifty years, and had been so useful in its day, that it was like an old and familiar friend.

The work was commenced, and all the family stood by the closed window, the chil-

dren's faces pressed close to the glass, as with eager eyes we all watched the heavy machinery erected over the old well. A mother came out of a neighboring house, and stood with a babe in her arms to see the work. A large rope was firmly placed around the pump, and made fast to the derrick. Then came the tug of war, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, the wooden pump rose up gradually from its hiding-place of years.

'Oh, mother! mother!' I exclaimed; 'see, the derrick is not long enough to raise the pump out of the well! Why don't they saw it off, and take out the old pump in two or three pieces?'

Just then papa screamed to Mrs. Rice, 'Run out of the way, quick, with your baby!'

There stood all the workmen in dismay. What was to be done? My father had no idea that he had undertaken such a tremendous job, and now he was in great perplexity. Who, indeed, could have believed that the well was deep enough to hold a pump of such immense size as this, that had become so old and rotten? Oh, for ropes longer and stronger! Oh, for muscle and nerve! Oh, for men of herculean strength to meet this terrible crisis! At that moment, a timely suggestion, from any quarter, would have been welcome. But, even then, it might have been too late; for the pump fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it all the machinery. Papa fell upon the ground, but the derrick had safely passed over him, prostrating the fences, and endangering the lives of the workmen.

This scene, which was soon almost forgotten, is recalled by the fearful crisis that is now upon us. While we rejoice in our recent victories, and believe that this wicked rebellion will soon be subdued, we must rejoice with trembling, so long as SLAVERY, the acknowledged *casus belli*, still remains. The unsightly monster, in all its rotteness and deformity, is drawn up from the hiding-place of ages, and it can no more be restored to its former *status*, than, at the will of the workmen, our old pump could be thrust back, when, suspended in the air, it threatened their destruction. God forbid that our rulers should desire it! What, then, is to be done? No giant mind has yet been found to grapple successfully with this great evil — no body of men who can concentrate a moral power sufficient to remove this worn-out sys-

tem, without endangering some interest of vital importance to our beloved country.

Zion must now lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, for the wisdom of the wise has become foolishness, that God alone may be exalted. He will surely bring down every high thought, and every vain imagination, and his own people must learn what it is 'to receive the kingdom of God as little children.' How shall liberty be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, and, in obedience to the will of God, this year become a year of jubilee to the poor and oppressed of our nation? How shall the emancipation of slavery conduce to the best interest of the master, no less than to the happiness of the slave?

Probably some very simple solution will be given to this question, in answer to the earnest cry of God's people. Should it please him to hide this thought for the crisis from the wise and prudent, and reveal it unto babes, God grant that it may be in our hearts to respond, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

The simple solution has already been begun by our Executive, in recognizing the principle — its extraordinary advance among all classes will soon fully develop it. In illustration of this we quote a letter which the editor of the New Haven *Journal and Courier* vouches to come from an officer in the navy, known to him: —

From what we see and know of the operations of the rebels in this part of the South (the Southern coast, where he has been stationed), and from what we see perfidious Englishmen doing for the rebels, we are fast becoming strong abolitionists. We feel that now Slavery must receive its death-blow, and be destroyed forever from the country. You would be surprised to see the change going on in the minds of officers in our service, who have been great haters of abolitionists; and the Southerners in our navy are the most bitter toward those who have made slavery the great cause of war. They freely express the opinion that the whole system must be abolished, and even our old captain, who is a native of Tennessee, and who has hitherto insisted that the abolitionists of the North brought on this war, said last night, 'If England continues to countenance the *institution*,

I hope our government will put arms in the hands of the slaves, and that slavery will now be the destruction of the whole South, or of the rebels in the South.' He further said, 'The slaveholder has, by the tacit consent and aid of England, brought on the most unjustifiable, iniquitous and barbarous war ever known in the history of the world.'

Too far and too fast—it is not Abolition, or the good of the black, but Emancipation, or the benefit of the *white* man, which is really progressing so rapidly with the American people. But whatever causes of agitation are at work, whether on limited or general principles of philanthropy and political economy, one thing is at least certain—the day of the triumph of free labor is dawning, while the cause of progress

'Careers with thunder speed along!'

It is almost a wonder that the late offer of the king of Siam to stock this land with elephants was not jumped at, when one remembers the American national fondness for the animal, and how copiously our popular orators and poets allude to a sight of the monster. Among the latest elephantine tales which we have encountered is the following, from our New Haven correspondent:—

Dr. H., of this pleasant city of Elms, has been noted for many years for always driving the gentlest and most sober, but at the same time the most fearfully 'homely' of horses. His steeds will always stand wherever he pleases to leave them, but they have rather a venerable and woful aspect, that renders them anything but pleasant objects to the casual observer. A few years ago there came a caravan to town, and several horses were badly frightened by the elephants, so that quite a number of accidents took place. A day or two after, old Dr. Knight met Dr. H., and speaking of the accidents, Dr. Knight remarked that he had not dared to take his horse out while the procession was passing through the streets. 'Oh, ho!' said Dr. H., 'why, I took my mare and drove right up alongside of them, and she wasn't the least bit scared!'

'Hum — yes,' says Dr. K., 'but how did the elephant stand it?'

By particular request we find room for the following:—

Hon. ——— then read his Poem entitled the 'Boulder,' which must be heard before we can form an idea of the genius of the poet. First we are reminded of the style of the sweet songs of Pherimoraz as his enchanting strains fell upon the enraptured soul of the fair Lady of the Lake. Then away, on painted wings of gratified imagination, is the mind carried to the zephyr wooings of the dying sunset, over the elevated brow of the dark Maid of the Forest, as she reclines upon her couch of eagles' feathers, and down from angles wings, hearing the last whisper of the falling echo from the world of sound.

Whether the wild chaos of storm and whirlwind which madly raged over the benighted earth before 'light was,' rushed to the dark caverns where the fettered earthquake lay, when order was demanded by the Father of Lights, we can not tell; but surely it is a pleasing thought for the mind engulfed in the unfathomed darkness of un-created light, to be brought out and suffered to rest on the peaceful bosom of the new creation. Whether 'the world that then was' was overflowed and perished by the causes set forth, we can not tell. We regret that we can not now give a more extended and particular notice of this poem; let us hope that ere long we may enjoy the delight of reading its printed form.

That must indeed have been a poem which could inspire such poetry in others.

THE Boston *Courier* published, over the signature of 'MIDDLESEX,' during the months of February and March, a number of articles entitled, *Through the Gulf States*. So far as we have examined and compared the series, it appears to be a literal reprint, with a few trivial alterations of dates and statistics, of the *Letters from the Gulf States*, originally published in the *Knickerbocker New York Monthly Magazine*, in 1847.

THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

THE first blood that was shed in our Revolutionary struggle, was in Boston, in March, 1770. The next at Lexington, in June, 1775.

The interval was filled with acts of coercion and oppression on the one side and with complaints and remonstrances on the other. But the thought of Independence was entertained by very few of our people, even for some time after the affair at Lexington. Loyalty to the mother country was professed even by those most clamorous in their complaints, and sincerely so, too. The great majority thought that redress of grievances could be obtained without severance from Great Britain.

But events hurried the people on, and that which was scarcely spoken of at the beginning of the struggle, soon became its chief object.

Is it not the same with our present contest with the South? We took up arms to defend the Constitution, to sustain our Government, to maintain the Union; and in the course of performing that work, it would seem as if Emancipation was forced upon us, and as if it was yet to be the prime object in view.

Lo! how much has already been done toward that end, even though not originally intended! As our armies advance

into the enemies' country, thousands of slaves are practically emancipated by the flight and desertion of their rebel masters. The rules and articles of war have been so altered by Congress as to forbid our military forces from returning to bondage any who flee from it. The President has proposed, and Congress has entertained, the proposition of aiding the States in emancipation. Fremont, who has been regarded as the representative of the emancipation feeling, has been restored to active command. And multitudes of our people, who have hitherto considered themselves as bound by the Constitution not to interfere with the subject, have become open in the avowal that as slavery has been the cause of the evil, so it must now be wiped out forever.

It would seem, therefore, as if it was inevitable that the question of emancipation is to be thrust upon us, and we must be prepared to meet it. It is in this view, and irrespective of the question of right and wrong in slavery, that some considerations present themselves, which can not be ignored.

The difference of race between the white and the negro will ever keep them apart, and forbid their amalgamation. One or the other must ultimately go

to the wall, and it is worth our while to see what time is doing with the question: ‘Which must it be in this country?’

Hence it is important to note the progress of both the races with us.

In the course of seventy years, that is, from the census of 1790 to that of 1860, the slave population has increased from 697,897 to 4,002,996. So that our colored population is now six times as great as when our Government was formed.

During the same period the free population has increased from 3,231,975 to 27,280,070, or nearly nine times as great as in 1790. Of this increase about 3,000,000 is the result of emigration; so that the native-born population has increased to about 24,000,000, or about eight times as many as in the beginning of our Government. If due allowance be made for those born of emigrant parents,* it would seem that the two races have about kept pace with each other in their natural increase.

A more minute examination, however, will show that the natural increase of the colored race has been in a greater ratio than that of the whites, native-born to the soil.

The following tables will show how this is, both as to the colored and the white races.

INCREASE OF SLAVE POPULATION.

Years.	No. of Slaves.	Increase.	Per ct. of Increase.
1790,	697,897		
1800,	893,041	195,144	28
1810,	1,191,364	298,323	22
1820,	1,538,064	346,700	29
1830,	2,009,031	470,967	29
1840,	2,487,355	478,324	24
1850,	3,204,313	716,958	29
1860,	4,002,996	798,683	25

The average increase in every ten years during the seventy years has been about 28 per cent.

INCREASE OF WHOLE POPULATION, INCLUDING SLAVES AND EMIGRANTS.

Years.	Population.	Increase.	Per ct. of Increase.
1790,	3,929,872	1,376,080	
1800,	5,305,952	1,376,080	37
1810,	7,239,814	1,932,862	36
1820,	9,638,181	2,398,317	33
1830,	12,866,920	3,228,789	34
1840,	17,063,353	4,196,433	33
1850,	22,191,876	6,128,523	36
1860,	31,676,217	8,484,341	36

The average increase in every ten years would be about 35 per cent.

Deducting from this latter table the slaves, the emigrants, and children born of emigrants, now included in it, and the ratio of increase is below 27 per cent every ten years. So that if any thing should occur to check the tide of emigration, the blacks in this country would increase in a faster ratio than the whites.

We can form some idea as to the danger of such a check, when we advert to the fact that the emigration which in 1854 was 427,833, fell off in 1858 to 144,652.

To finish the picture which these figures present to us, let us carry the mind forward a decade or two. At the average rate of increase of the blacks, namely, 28 per cent, we shall have, of the slave population alone, and excluding the free blacks, 5,060,585 in 1870, and 6,577,584 in 1880. And by that time they will be increasing at the rate of 150,000 to 200,000 a year.

Carl Schurz, in his speech at the Cooper Institute, in New-York, put to his audience a pertinent inquiry: ‘You ask me, What shall we do with our negroes, who are now 4,000,000? And I ask you, What will you do with them when they will be 8,000,000—or rather, *what will they do with you?*’

* By the Seventh Census, (that of 1850,) it appears that 2,210,828 of our then population, were of foreign birth. We have not at hand the means of saying how that appears in the Census of 1860.

Surely, surely the question involves the greatest problem of the age.

If our fathers had met the question seventy years ago, we should not now behold the spectacle of 6,000,000 of our people in rebellion, and an army of 400,000 men arrayed against the integrity of the Union. And we may well profit by the example so far as to ask ourselves the question, What will be the condition of our country and of our posterity, fifty years hence, if we, too, shirk the question as painful and difficult of solution ?

Whether ultimate and universal emancipation will be one of the necessary modes of dealing with it, time must show. In the mean time there is a question immediately pressing upon us. Day by day our armies are advancing among them, and every news of a contest that comes, brings us accounts of the swarms of 'contrabands' who are flocking to us for protection. At one place alone, Port Royal, S. C., the Government Agent reports that there are at least fifteen thousand slaves deserted by their masters, and thus practically emancipated. Untaught and unwonted to take care of themselves — our armies consuming the fruits of the earth and finding no employment for these 'National Freedmen' — the danger is great that want, and temptation, and the absence of the government to which they have been accustomed, may yet drive them to become lawless hordes, preying on all.

The same state of things must of necessity exist wherever the slave-owner flies from the approach of our armies ; and we have now presented to us the alternative of either allowing their state to be worse by reason of their emancipation, or better, according as the wise and the humane among us may deal with the subject.

Some measures, we learn, have already been initiated for the emergency. 'The Educational Commission' of Boston, at the head of which is Governor Andrews; 'The Freedman's Relief Association,' in New-York, with Judge

Edmonds as its President ; and a similar society in Philadelphia, of which Stephen Colwell is Chairman, are societies of large-hearted men and women, banded together, as they express it, to 'teach the freedmen of the colored race civilization and Christianity ; to imbue them with notions of order, industry, economy and self-reliance, and to elevate them in the scale of humanity, by inspiring them with self-respect.'

The task is certainly a high and holy one, and eminently necessary. How far it will be sustained by the Government or the people, or how far the purpose can be carried out with a race who have been intentionally kept in profound ignorance, is part of the great problem that we are to solve. But not all of it, by any means. There is much more for enlightened patriotism and wise humanity yet to do, before the task shall be accomplished and the work begun by the Revolution shall be finished ; and to prevent a conflict of races, which can end only in the extermination of one or the other.

The 16,000,000 of natives who were once masters of this whole continent are now dwindled into a few insignificant tribes, 'away among the mountains.' Is such to be the fate of the negro also ? Or has the spirit of God's charity so far progressed among us that, unlike our fathers, we can redeem rather than destroy, can emancipate rather than enslave ?

Be the answer to those questions what it may, there are other considerations, immediately affecting ourselves as a nation and a race.

Slavery would seem to retard our advancement in both respects.

During the ten years from 1850 to 1860, the total population of our country increased about 37 per cent.

In 1790, there were seventeen States in the Union, and of those seventeen, eight are now slave States, and the following table of those States will show how the increase of slavery retards the advance of the whites :

	Free Whites.			Slaves.		
	1850.	1860.	Ratio of increase.	1850.	1860.	Ratio of increase.
Delaware,.....	71,169	110,648	56	2,290	1,805	*
Georgia,.....	521,572	615,336	18	381,682	467,461	23
Kentucky,.....	761,417	933,707	22	210,981	225,902	7
Maryland,.....	417,943	646,183	55	90,368	85,382	*
N. Carolina,..	552,028	679,965	23	288,548	328,377	14
S. Carolina,...	274,567	308,186	9	384,984	407,185	7
Tennessee,...	756,753	859,528	14	239,460	287,112	20
Virginia,.....	894,800	1097,373	23	472,528	495,826	5

* Decrease.

From these facts, it would seem that, in the two States in which slavery has decreased, the increase of the whites has been 55 and 56 per cent, exceeding the average ratio of increase in the whole nation. While in all the other States, where slavery has increased, none of them have come up to the average national ratio of increase, and in

one of them, (South-Carolina,) the increase is not one quarter the national average.

In respect to South-Carolina, it is a remarkable fact that while she has now nearly four times as many slaves as she had in 1790, her whole population (slaves and all) is not three times what it then was, and her free population is only a little more than twice its number in 1790. In other words, while in seventy years her slave population has increased four-fold, her free population has only a little more than doubled.*

These facts teach their own lesson; but they compel all who value the Union and the peace of the nation, to ask how far they have had to do with the troubles of nullification and secession, which for thirty years have been plaguing us, and have now culminated in a terrible rebellion!

A PHILOSOPHIC BANKRUPT.

THE great financial storm that swept over our country and Europe, in the 'fall of 1857,' overwhelming so many large and apparently staunch vessels, did not disdain to capsize and send to the bottom many smaller craft; my own among the number. She was not as heavily freighted (to continue for a moment the nautical metaphor) as some that sunk around her; but as she bore my all, it looked at first pretty much like a life-and-death business, especially the latter. For a time, all was horror and confusion; but as the wreck cleared away, I soon discovered that there would, at any rate, remain to me the consolation that others would not lose through my misfortunes; that the calamity, if such it were, would affect no one but myself. My own experience, and my observation of those around me, has led me, naturally enough, to ponder a good deal on the subject of reverses in life, and as no page of genuine experience can be considered wholly valueless, it

may do no harm to record my own. Though many have undergone reverses, few, with the exception of ministers, ever seem to have written about them, a class of men who, whatever their other troubles, in these days of bronchitis and fastidious parishes, have usually been exempt from trials of this peculiar character.

Bishop Butler, in one of his sermons on Human Nature, alludes to a sect in philosophy, representing, I suppose, the 'selfish system,' one of whose ideas is that men are naturally pleased on hearing of the misfortunes of others. La Rochefoucauld expresses the same sentiment as his own. Couched in plain lan-

* Some of the contrasts which the census shows are startling. While South-Carolina has, in seventy years, only about doubled her free population, New-York, in the same period, has increased hers nearly ten-fold. Ohio, in ten years less time, has increased hers fifty-two fold. Indiana, in the same period, increased hers two hundred and eighty fold! and Illinois, in fifty years, increased hers one hundred and forty fold!

guage, this appears to be a gloomy and heartless doctrine ; but probably nothing more is meant than a refinement of the common adage, ‘Misery loves company,’ and that very good and benevolent persons, if themselves overtaken by misfortune, can not but feel some alleviation for their sorrows, in reflecting that others have trials equally great and that they are but partakers of a common though bitter lot. If there be really any consolation in reflections of this kind, history furnishes us many striking examples, and, as far as great changes in worldly condition are concerned, the prince and the plebeian, the emperor and the exile, have often found themselves for a time on the same level.

The wheel of fortune, in its revolutions, generally produces changes of two descriptions, either exalting the lowly or pulling down the great. In rarer instances, not satisfied with giving the individual a single turn, it grants him the benefit of a more varied experience. It carries the country-boy to wealth and power, and then transports him back to his native fields, whose pure air is not less wholesome, after all, than the heated atmosphere of the ball-room or caucus-chamber ; or it may roll the wave of revolution over a kingdom, banishing the prince to wander an exile, perhaps a schoolmaster, in distant lands, to contend with poverty or duns, and then, on its receding tide, landing him once more safely on his throne. Frequent revolutions have, however, taught princes wisdom in this respect. Most of them now seem to be well provided for in foreign countries, beyond the reach of contingencies in their own, and if time is given them to escape with their lives, it is generally found that they have ‘laid up treasure’ where at any rate the thieves of the new dynasty can not ‘break through and steal.’ A very recent instance is afforded us by his majesty Faustin I., who, notwithstanding his confidence in the affection of his subjects, seems to have preferred taking the Bank of England as collateral security.

The first French Revolution probably

affords as striking examples of change in worldly condition as any other period, and among those whom it affected for the time, few were more remarkable than two persons whom it sent to our own shores, Talleyrand and Chateaubriand. During the residence of the former in Philadelphia, he appears at one time to have been in the most abject poverty. We read of his pawning a watch and smaller articles, to provide himself and his companion with food ; any care for their wardrobes, beyond the faded garments they were then wearing, being apparently out of the question. If one who then met the needy foreigner walking the wide streets of that respectable city, had predicted that in a few years this shabby Frenchman would be looked up to as the leader of the diplomacy of Europe, he might with perfect justice have been regarded as a fit subject for one of that city’s excellent asylums. But a few years did witness this change, and saw him powerful and the possessor of millions ; unfortunately for the Abbé’s reputation, much of the latter being the wages of corruption.*

Chateaubriand speaks feelingly of the sufferings he and his companion underwent in London, about the same period. Lodged in a dismal garret, they were at one time obliged to economize their food almost as closely as the inhabitants of a beleaguered town. He speaks of walking the streets for hours together, utterly uncertain what to do, passing stately houses and groups of blooming English children, and then returning late at night to his attic, where his companion, ‘trembling with cold,’ would rise from his ill-clad bed to open the door for him. He strikingly contrasts his position then with his approach to London twenty years later, as ambassador from France,

* Chance threw in our way, many years ago, in Philadelphia, a man whose life boasted one event. While a boy, he had for some time been sent every morning by his employer to inquire after the health of ‘Mr. TALLEYRAND.’ When a few years shall have passed, there will only be here and there one who can remember having met in New-York or Philadelphia JOSEPH BONAPARTE or LOUIS NAPOLEON.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

driving in coach-and-four through towns whose authorities came out to welcome him in the usual pompous manner, and, while in London, giving magnificent balls in one of the stately houses, and perhaps numbering among his guests some of the blooming children he had once passed, now expanded into full-blown and gorgeous flowers of aristocracy. These are, of course, uncommon instances ; but they teach that the most brilliant present may have had the darkest past ; that there is always ground for hope, and that the caprices of fortune, if we take no higher view of them, are mysterious enough.

The man who has been overtaken by reverses, need not look far abroad to see that a system of compensation is pretty generally dealt out in this life. Set him adrift in the world, with scarcely a dollar ; let him walk, almost a beggar, through the same streets he once trod, a man of wealth, and it would be idle to assert that he will not be almost overwhelmed by the force of bitter recollections. In proportion as other days were happy, will these be miserable. As Dante has truly said, the memory of former joys, so far from affording relief to the wretched, serves only to embitter the present, as they feel that these joys have forever passed away. But unless his lot be one of unusual calamity, as time blunts the keenest edge of sorrow, he must be devoid of both philosophy and religion, if he does not feel that life with a mere competence still has many joys. It is unquestionably true that one's style of living has not much to do with the sum of his happiness, though this is said with no disposition to undervalue even the luxuries of life. So far from the finest houses in a city having the greatest air of comfort about them, I think rather the reverse is the case. No dwellings have a snugger look than many of the plain, two-story houses in all our cities ; no children merrier than those that play around their doors ; no manlier fathers than those that struggle bravely for their support. One would suppose that Stafford House, with its

wealth of pictures and furniture, and its beautiful views over Hyde Park, must contain much to add to the pleasure of its possessors ; but probably the sum of happiness enjoyed by this noble family has been very little increased by these things. I believe that palaces are more envied by 'outsiders' than enjoyed by their owners. In proportion to the number of each, probably far more of those dreadful tragedies that cast ineffaceable gloom over whole families, have occurred in these splendid houses than in plainer ones. Our Fifth Avenue, with all its grandeur, is one of the gloomiest looking streets in the world, as strangers generally remark. But as all preaching is vain against many a besetting sin, so will all the talking in the world do little to convince men that happiness does not lie in externals. One generation does not learn much from its predecessors in this respect ; it seems to have been intended that each should acquire its own experience. The task of talking beforehand is therefore an unprofitable one ; but it is a satisfaction to feel that when much that is thought indispensable has been taken from us, there still remains that which can afford us happiness.

It is easy to recall instances in which it seemed as if adversity was really required to bring out the noblest qualities in man, and enable him to set an example calculated to console and stimulate those who are treading the sometimes difficult path of duty. Portions of the diary of Scott, written during the last and most troubled years of his life, have for many a deeper interest than the most brilliant pages of his novels. In these days of 'compromise,' which seems to be too often the cant term for an eternal adieu to all previous obligations, no matter how just, and no matter what good fortune the future may have in reserve for the debtor, it is refreshing to read this record of perfect integrity and long-continued sacrifice. Though carried, in his case, to a point beyond the strictest requirements of honor, inasmuch as it involved the ruin of his health, the ex-

ample is noble and strengthening. It may be said, on the other hand, that Scott was the possessor of a 'magic wand,' and did right in attempting what to other men would be impossible. Carlyle, if I remember his article, attributes Scott's conduct partly to worldly pride, and thinks he should have owned at once that he had made a great mistake, involving others in his ruin, and should have abandoned the tremendous struggle still to bear up under such a weight. This is a singular view of the matter, and one that a man of Scott's sense of honor never would have felt satisfied in taking. The lives of Scott and Charlotte Brontë are worth more than their novels, after all.

One of the minor evils of loss of fortune has, I think, been exaggerated, and that is the idea that persons are frequently slighted, sometimes even cut, by their fashionable acquaintances; and connected with this is the other idea, that what some sneeringly call 'fashionable society,' is generally more heartless than any other. For the honor of human nature, I am glad to believe that the first is not the case, nor does the second exactly stand to reason. In every city, there is a class of persons, moneyed or not as the case may be, who, living only for selfish enjoyment, pay court to those that can yield it to them, and are sometimes rude enough to slight those who can not. Whether the companionship of such persons is very desirable, or their loss much to be deplored, each man must decide for himself. Persons who, when rich themselves, have been overbearing to others, are perhaps those who notice most difference when misfortunes overtake them. What is called fashionable society, generally comprises a good deal of the education and refinement of a city; with a portion of what is hollow and worthless, it includes much that is substantial and true. Certainly, the finer and more delicate feelings of our nature, and those which lead us to sympathize with the unfortunate, are partly the result of education, and we should naturally expect

to find these in the higher rather than in the humbler walks of life. There is a vast deal of genuine charity in humble life, and the poor of every city derive a large part of their support from those but moderately blessed with worldly goods themselves; but many a well-meaning man will unintentionally make a remark that wounds your feelings and makes you uncomfortable for hours afterwards, while a person whose perceptions and sympathies have been more nicely trained would spare you the infliction. A certain fortune is indispensable to those who wish to keep with the party-going world, and those who have not this competence can not indulge much in this more expensive mode of life; but that they are forgotten is not because persons wish to neglect them, but because men naturally forget those they are not often in the habit of meeting. Might not the aged, even if wealthy, say they are forgotten, excepting by their immediate connection? They are forgotten because, in the rush and turmoil of life, every thing is soon forgotten. The dead, who were beloved and honored while living, are soon comparatively forgotten beyond their families and familiar circle. This is not exactly owing to the heartlessness of men, but rather to the fact that their minds are occupied with the persons and things they see every day around them, and this is probably as much the case with the poor as with the rich; but it seems to have become a sort of custom to speak of the heartlessness of society. It is rather owing to the imperfection of our constitution. Loss of fortune renders us more sensitive, and we are apt to fancy slights where none were intended; but we may be pretty certain that the better men and women of society do not make money the index of their treatment of others.

Persons sometimes speak lightly and hastily of reverses sustained by others as mere trifles, compared with loss of friends. I hold that these persons are wrong, and believe that to many, and those not particularly selfish and nar-

row-minded people either, loss of fortune may prove a greater and more lasting sorrow than loss of dear friends; nay, that a great reverse, such as a plunge from prosperity into utter poverty, (and many such instances can be cited,) is perhaps the heaviest trial that can be imposed on man. Let any one call up the instances he has known of the tenderest ties being severed, and except in those rare cases we sometimes meet with of persons pining away and following the beloved object to the grave, do we not see the overwhelming grief gradually subsiding into a gentler sorrow, and, as was intended by a merciful providence, other objects closing in, and though not entirely filling up the void, still furnishing other sources of happiness? This happens with the best and tenderest beings on earth. The departed one is not forgotten, nor have the survivors ceased to mourn him; but their feelings now cling more affectionately than before to the remaining members of the circle. This is not so in the case of a reverse such as I have imagined, and many of us have seen. Where, as in the failure of some great bank or 'Life and Trust Company,' reckoned perfectly impregnable, the fortune of delicate ladies, always accustomed to luxury, has been swept away; where there are no relatives able or willing to render much assistance, and daughters have to seek employment that will give themselves and an aged mother a bare competence, with all my disposition to bear things bravely and philosophically, I contend that human nature can hardly be visited with a heavier trial. For men, it is comparatively easy; but there are instances, in every large city, of ladies, once wealthy, now reduced to a sort of genteel beggary, that a man would shrink from, but that women can not very well avoid. Fancy the bitterness of such a life; the constant memory of happier days contrasted with the present condition, which has no prospect of improvement; the keenness of present sorrow rendered more acute by education and refinement; the necessity not merely of

economy, for most of us can bear a large portion of this pretty cheerfully; but the difficulty, with close economy, of supplying the decent comforts of life, and tell me, as some who have never been visited by any trial of this kind would tell me, if it is selfish and sordid to compare this lasting sorrow with that great ordinance of death and separation which all must share alike? Alas! these are objects not generally reached by charitable societies; but not less deserving, and subjected to trials no less hard than those whose lot has always been one of poverty.

Having admitted that, under some circumstances, the loss of property may occasion grief so deep and lasting as to make it worthy of comparison even with loss of dear friends, I would say, on the other hand, that instances often occur where no comparison can be made between the two evils. We hear sometimes of dreadful calamities at sea, where entire families are swept away; where, as on the 'Austria,' the only alternative is the *mode* of death, whether it shall be on the burning ship or beneath the cold, dark billow. What experience can be more awful, in the life of any man, than that which compelled this father to throw child after child into the sea, not with any hope of rescue, but merely to prolong for a few moments a life that could no longer be endured on the burning deck? Different, but scarcely less painful, the burial of hope in a father's breast, as in the death of the sons of Hallam. Industry may repair the wrecks of fortune; but the hopes and affections that have centered here must be laid aside forever.

Are there many of us, after all, who would care for a career of unbroken prosperity? Men of talent and worth have been crushed and hurried to their graves by the iron hand of poverty; but for one such, there have probably been ten who have passed through life with energies and talents never fully called forth; because easy circumstances have never demanded any great exertion from them. This leaves out a class larger

probably in our country than in any other, of children of fortune, who have plunged headlong into ruin, finding an early and dishonored death, who, had they been compelled to work, would at least have acquitted themselves decently in life. Some of the most dreadful death-scenes on record are those of men who have had few earthly trials to bear, men of wealth, who have wrought their own ruin, and half of whose lives have been passed in efforts to work the ruin of the young and innocent of the other sex. If Chatterton and Otway are sad instances of genius subdued and crushed by adversity, Beckford and many others show where the too lavish gifts of fortune have perverted talent and rendered its possessor far worse than a merely useless member of society.

The world-wide Burns Celebration probably caused many humble men to think of the number of great minds who have been compelled to undergo this ordeal of poverty. How perfectly, in some instances, does the man's soul and intellect seem to have been separated from *the man himself*. It does seem a marvel that seventy years ago *this* man should have been in want and harassed by fears for the family he was to leave behind him, when now so many hundred thousand men seem ready to worship him. How many envy fame! and how proud men are, for generations afterward, who can trace back their descent to one who, while on earth, may have suffered all the annoyances and discomforts of penury! The poet seemed to know that he would be more highly esteemed after he had left the world than while he was in it; but did this thought really afford him much consolation, or would he have been willing, if possible, to sacrifice a more prosperous present for a great posthumous fame? How many great men have languished long years in dungeons, as some languish in them even now. How many have borne years of bodily infirmity. How many have died just as they seemed about to realize the fruit of years of preparation and exer-

tion. These reflections tend to make us contented with a comparatively humble lot, as all great trials tend to lessen our undue attachment to life.

Finally, it occurs to me that very few men have lost fortunes, without spending too much time in unavailing regrets that they should have lost them just in the manner they did. If they had only avoided this or that particular investment, all would have been well. This is nonsense. Undoubtedly, a great deal of money is lost very foolishly, but though no fatalist, I do not believe that all the care and prudence in the world will materially alter the great Scriptural law, that the riches of this world will often take wings to themselves and flee away. There is far too much recklessness, far too much of what is called in business circles 'expansion'; but the time will never come, in our country, when generation after generation, in one family, will keep on in the path of success. Great fortunes will still melt away, and the shrewdest maxims of those who built them up will fail sometimes. Nothing can be considered certain in regard to worldly goods, beyond the fact that industry, good principles, and average capacity will always, in the long run, secure a competence; but wealth will still be the prize that only a few need expect to draw.

I have endeavored to call up a few of the reflections that may console a man under adversity, remembering that drooping fortunes may revive, that many of the noblest men have suffered the same privations, and remembering how much lighter this form of affliction generally is than some others that Providence often sees fit to lay upon us. Trite as it is, I can not help echoing the remark, how vastly the sum of human happiness would be increased, if men could only learn to prize more highly the blessings they have. Those of us who are in moderate circumstances find it so much easier to envy our rich neighbors than to think with gratitude of our happy lot, contrasted with the many thousand of our needier brethren.

We enjoy so many blessings, that we become unmindful of them. We rarely think at all about our health, until a few days' sickness reminds us of the boon we have been enjoying so unconsciously. In the darkest days of the great crisis, accounts reached us every week from India, telling us that refined and delicately-reared English men and women were being brutally slaughtered or exposed to the loathsome horrors of a lingering siege. What a paradise the humblest cottage at home would have seemed to these poor creatures, though some of them had been accustomed to 'stately homes.'

How beautifully this sentiment of gratitude for the common blessings of life has been expressed by Emile Souvestre, one of the purest and noblest writers of our time, and one whose

early history presents an instance of great obstacles and trials nobly met and overcome!

'If a little dry sand be all that is left us, may we not still make it blossom with the small joys we now trample under foot. Ah! if it be the will of God, let my labor be still more hard, my home less comfortable, my table more frugal; let me even assume a workman's blouse, and I can bear it all willingly and cheerfully, provided I can see the loved faces around me happy, provided I can feast upon their smiles and strengthen myself with their joy. O holy contentment with poverty! it is thy presence I invoke. Grant me the cheerful gayety of my wife, the free, unrestrained laughter of my children, and take in exchange, if necessary, all that is yet left me.'

THE MOLLY O'MOLLY PAPERS.

NO. III.

WHEN Dogberry brought Conrade before Leonato, the only offense he seems to have had a clear idea of, was the one against himself: 'Moreover, sir, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass. I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment.' Shakspeare has, by this 'one touch of nature,' made Dogberry kin to the whole world. It would be the most terrible of punishments to run the gauntlet of a company, every one of which you had called an ass; whatever may have been the original offense, this would be the one most remembered in your punishment. I don't think it would be possible to believe any thing good of one who had given you this appellation; on the contrary, the reputed long ears would be worse than the famous 'diabolical trumpet' for collecting and distorting the merest whispers of evil against him who planted them, or discovered them peeping through the assumed lion's

skin. Apollo's music probably sounded no sweeter to Midas after he received his 'wonderful ear.'

But my object in introducing Dogberry was not to give a dissertation on this greatest of insults, but to illustrate our selfishness. Our patience will bear great *crimes* against others, but how it gives way under the slightest *insult* to ourselves. Now I am not going to denounce selfishness; I'd as soon think of denouncing gravitation. There is, in the best of us, an under-current of selfishness; indeed, selfishness and unselfishness are convertible terms; this is a higher kind of that, as the upper-current of the ocean is but the under-current risen to the surface.

Saint James says: 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' I am not exactly prepared to agree with him; it is a great branch, almost the trunk; but I think selfishness is the root. You know Hahnemann thought all diseases but a modification of one disease—*psora*.

However it may be with his theory, the one moral disease is not an itching palm. This is but a modification of selfishness, which is not merely cutaneous.

But the form it is supposed to take in the system of Yankees, is the above-named plebeian form. The supposition may be correct. Don't we most feel our national troubles, the shock of the great national earthquake, when it causes an upheaval from the depths of the pocket? If Uncle Sam's sentiments are, as they are supposed to be, only a concentration of those of the majority, isn't his lamentation over his run-away South, who has changed her name without his consent, that of Shylock: 'My daughter! Oh! my ducats!'? Though not exactly connected with this branch of selfishness, I may as well, while speaking of our national difficulties, mention what struck me very forcibly: It is said, that on the eminence from which the spectators of the Bull Run battle so precipitately fled, were found sandwiches and bottles of wine; and that these refreshments actually lined the road to Washington. From this might be inferred that 'to-day's dinner' not only 'subtends a larger visual angle than *yesterday's* revolution,' but that it also subtends a larger angle than *to-day's* revolution. If one could ever forget one's own personal gratifications and comforts, it would be, I should think, in overlooking a nation's battle-field—*our* nation's battle-field. But it is not for a humble lay member, whose business it is to practice rather than preach, to criticise. Are not the honorable members representatives of the people; and when they are cheered and refreshed, are not the 'dear people' through them cheered and refreshed? Besides, they may have so reluctantly dropped the wine and sandwiches because they were loth to leave them to 'give aid and comfort to the enemy.' There are always envious people to rail at those above them; pawns on the world's chess-board, they pride themselves on their own straightforward course; but let them push their way to the highest row, how soon do

they exchange this course for the 'crooked policy of the knight,' or jump over principles with queen, castle, or bishop! Woe to the poor pawn in their way.

How I have skipped! what connection can there be between members of Congress and crooked policy, or jumping over principles? yet there must have been a train of association that led me off the track; doubtless it was purely arbitrary. Well, we'll let it go; poor pawn as I am, I have but stepped aside to nab an idea.

But to return to the Yankee. The form which selfishness takes in his system is not that of the most intensified exclusiveness. You know the story of Rosicrucius' sepulcher, with its ever-burning lamp, guarded by an armoured, truncheon-armed statue, which statue, on the entrance of a man who accidentally discovered the sepulcher, arose, and at his advance, raised its truncheon and shivered the lamp to atoms, leaving the intruder in darkness. On examination, under the floor springs were found, connecting with others within the statue. Rosicrucius wished thus to inform the world that he had reinvented the ever-burning lamp of the ancients, but meant that the world shouldn't profit by the information. Had a Yankee reinvented these lamps, he would have got out a patent, and some brother Yankee would have improved upon it, and invented one warranted to burn 'forever and a day.' They would probably have thus raked together a great deal of the 'filthy lucre;' possibly this would have been their main object; but the world would have been benefited by them. All selfishness, to be sure, but exclusive selfishness benefits the world.

[Speaking of *filthy lucre*, I begin to see why those who have lost it all are said to be '*cleaned out*.' But this is only *par parenthèse*.]

But exclusiveness is not peculiar to the Rosicrucians; there is too much of it in even the religious sects of this enlightened age; it is too much, 'Lord, bless me and my sect;' 'Lord, bless us,

and no more.' There are self-constituted mountain-tops that would extract all the mercy and grace with which the winds come freighted from the great ocean of Love, so that they would pass over beyond them hot, dry winds of wrath. But I am glad that this is impossible; that in the moral world there are no Andes, no rainless regions.

I fear that I have not stuck very closely to the text furnished me by thick-headed, thick-tongued Dogberry.

Allow me to compress into closing sentences, a few general remarks. . . . Those lakes that have no outlet, grow salt and bitter; we all know the ennui and bitterness of those souls that receive many blessings, sending forth none; better drain your soul out for others, than have it become a *Dead Sea*. . . . Black, that absorbs all rays, reflecting none, is an anomaly in nature; it is true, but one earthly character has reflected all the rays of goodness, absorbing none, making the common light 'rich, like a lily in bloom;' yet every man can reflect at least one ray to gladden the earth. . . . It is not necessary, even in the cold atmosphere of this world, to become contractedly selfish; cold expands noble natures as it does water. . . . Lastly. . . .

Yours, MOLLY O'MOLLY.

NO. IV.

THE old trout knows enough to keep off the fisherman's hook; the squirrel never cracks an empty nut; the crow soon learns the harmlessness of the scarecrow. But man, though he may have twenty times wriggled off the hook, the patient angler catches him at last. He always cracks the empty shell, then cries: 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' This cry he might be spared would he learn a lesson from the squirrel, who weighs his nuts and throws away the light, hollow shell. . . . And there are scarecrows, the harmlessness of which the human biped learns not in a lifetime. How long is it since that horned, cloven-footed monster whom the monks made of Pan *theos* and called

him *Devil*, was an object of fear? How 'the real, genuine, no mistake' (savin' his presence) must have laughed at his own effigy! Then there is Grim Death, too, a creation of the Dark Ages, for in no age of light could this horror have been ever conceived. Unlike the *other*, against him no exorcism avails. . . . As if the soul about to be launched on the dim sea Eternity, after all lights and forms of the loved shore have become indistinct, must be cut loose from her moorings by this phantom. The idea that 'Death comes to set us free,' would hardly make us 'meet him cheerily, as our true friend,' were this his real shape. But were I disposed to enumerate our scarecrows, the list would be incomplete; as there are doubtless many that I have not the shrewdness to recognize as such.

The only humbugs are not those that work on our fears. There are humbugs that work on our hopes. These have been likened to bubbles that dance on the wave, burst, and are no more. They are too often like bomb-shells, that in exploding scatter ruin on all around. They have also been named air-castles, *cha-teaux en Espagne*, 'baseless fabrics of a vision.' The baseless fabric of a vision is built of 'airy nothingness'; but men found on a wish, structures that tower to heaven, put real, solid material into them, and when they fall, as fall they must—I'll not attempt to give an idea of the utter desolation they leave, of the *waste place* they make of the heart, lest you should think I have thus humbugged myself; for *self-humbug* it certainly is; and this is the most intensely *human*. Not a fish, or reptile, bird, or beast; not a thing crawling, swimming, flying, or walking, but the human creature, humbugs himself. 'Man was made to mourn,' I would change into, Man was made to be humbugged. It is better to be greatly gullible, than a 'cunning dog,' for gulled we will be. It is better to be caught at once, than to have our gills torn by wriggling off the hook the twenty times, to be caught at last. It is better to walk straight into the net than to

fatigue ourselves by coming to it in a roundabout way. A Nova-Scotian once rallied a Down-Easter on the famous wooden hams. ‘Yaas,’ was the reply, ‘and they say that one of you actilly ate one and didn’t know the difference.’ Well, it is better to swallow our humbugs, as the Nova-Scotian did the Connecticut-cured ham, without detecting any thing peculiar in their flavor, than it is to find our mistake at the first cut or *saw*. By the way, saltpeter is so needed for other purposes, that probably the *Virginia cured* will not now have as fine a flavor as formerly.

But, *in the way*: You dissent from some of these remarks? You’ve cut your eye-teeth, have you? Possibly you forget that trip in the cars, when you ’cutely passed by the swell in flashy waistcoat and galvanized jewelry, and took a seat by a ‘plain blunt man’ in snuff-color; and after he had left the cars at the first station, and the conductor came to you and demanded, ‘Your ticket, sir!’ you probably forgot how in fumbling for it in your pocket, you found it, but *not* your porte-monnaie. You perhaps set down in your mental memorandum, under the head of Appearances, not to be deceived by plain bluntness and snuff-color. There you were wrong; your boasted reason is of no avail in detecting humbugs; there is no such thing as classifying them. Then, too, we are in greater danger of being humbugged by another class of appearances.

In material things we are compelled to acknowledge that things the most reliable are the most unpretending. The star, by which the mariner has steered for ages, is not a ‘bright particular star;’ the needle of his compass is shaped from one of the baser metals, (though in a figurative sense gold is highly magnetic.) The inner bears such a relation to the outer, that the inner senses are named

from the outer; we are slow to perceive that also all objects of the outer senses, are but types of those of the inner. You see how I have been obliged to borrow from the outer vocabulary. I give this idea, in a nebular state, trusting that you will consolidate it. Were we, in a figurative sense, to choose a guiding-star, it would be a comet, we are so taken with flash and show. A great truth, though angels heralded its birth, and a star were drawn from its orbit to stand over its cradle, if that cradle were a manger, we would reject it; if it assumed not the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of royalty, though it worked miracles, we would cry, *Away with it*. Eighteen hundred years have not completely transformed or transmuted the world; we are yet ready to reject the true, and be humbugged by the false. More than eighteen hundred and sixty-two years may yet elapse before the bells that ‘ring out the old and ring in the new,’ will ‘ring out the false and ring in the true.’ Then farewell humbug.

Yes, it is altogether probable that long before humbug is no more, you and I will—I was about to say be in the narrow house, but prefer an expression of Carlyle’s—we will have ‘vanished into infinite space.’ I prefer this for the same reason that one of Hood’s characters was thankful that ‘Heaven was boundless.’ She it was whom the physician pronounced ‘dying by inches.’ ‘Only think,’ exclaimed the *consternated* husband, ‘how long she will be dying!’ I suppose to the poor man Grim Death appeared to hold in his skeleton fingers, instead of an hour-glass, a twenty-year glass.

That the sands of his glass may, for you, married or single, neither run too fast nor too slow, is sincerely the wish of

Your well-wisher,

MOLLY O'MOLLY.

A L L T O G E T H E R .

OLD friends and dear ! it were ungentle rhyme,
 If I should question of your true hearts, whether
 Ye have forgotten that far, pleasant time,
 The good old time when we were all together.

Our limbs were lusty and our souls sublime ;
 We never heeded cold and winter weather,
 Nor sun nor travel, in that cheery time,
 The brave old time when we were all together.

Pleasant it was to tread the mountain thyme ;
 Sweet was the pure and piny mountain ether,
 And pleasant all ; but this was in the time,
 The good old time when we were all together.

Since then I've strayed through many a fitful clime,
 (Tossed on the wind of fortune like a feather,)
 And chanced with rare good fellows in my time ;
 But ne'er the time that we have known together :

But none like those brave hearts, (for now I climb
 Gray hills alone, or thread the lonely heather,)
 That walked beside me in the ancient time,
 The good old time when we were all together.

Long since, we parted in our careless prime,
 Like summer birds no June shall hasten hither ;
 No more to meet as in that merry time,
 The sweet spring-time that shone on all together.

Some to the fevered city's toil and grime,
 And some o'er distant seas, and some — ah ! whither ?
 Nay, we shall never meet as in the time,
 The dear old time when we were all together.

And some — above their heads, in wind and rime,
 Year after year, the grasses wave and wither ;
 Ay, we shall meet ! — 'tis but a little time,
 And all shall lie with folded hands together.

And if, beyond the sphere of doubt and crime,
 Lie purer lands — ah ! let our steps be thither ;
 That, done with earthly change and earthly time,
 In God's good time we may be all together.

A TRUE STORY.

ALONE in the world! alone in the great city of Paris, a world in itself! alone, and with scarcely a livre in my purse!

Such were my reflections as I turned away from the now empty house, in which for two-and-twenty years I had dwelt with my poor, wasteful, uncalculating father. My father was a scholar of most stupendous attainments, particularly in Oriental literature, but a perfect child in all that related to the ordinary affairs of life. Absorbed in his studies, he let his pecuniary matters take care of themselves. Consequently, when death suddenly laid him low, and deprived me of my only friend and protector, his affairs were found to be in a state of inextricable confusion. His effects, including the noble library of Eastern lore which it had been the labor of his life to collect, were seized, and sold to pay his debts, and were found insufficient.

My mother had died when I was a child, and my father had educated me himself, pouring into my young and eager mind the treasures of knowledge he possessed. I was—I say it without boasting—a prodigy of learning; but in all that relates to domestic economy, as well as to the ordinary attainments of woman, I was as ignorant as my father himself.

I lingered in the house until the sale was over and the last cart-load of goods had been removed. Then I repaired to a wretched garret in the Rue du Temple, where I had found a refuge, and where I designed to remain until such time as I could, by the exercise of my talents, replenish my purse and procure a better lodging. Here I sat down, took a calm survey of my position, and questioned myself as to what employment I was fit for.

Of the usual feminine accomplishments, I possessed none. I could neither draw nor paint; I could not play a note of music on any instrument; I

could sing, it is true, but knew nothing of the science of vocal music; I did not know a word of Spanish, or Italian, or German, or English; even with the literature of France I was but little acquainted; but I could read the cuneiform characters of Babylon and Persepolis as readily as you read this page, while Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldaic, flowed from my tongue as freely as a nursery rhyme. As an instructress of young ladies, therefore, I could not hope to find a livelihood, but as an assistant to some learned man or body of men, I knew that my attainments would be invaluable.

Full of hope, therefore, and with a cheerful heart, I set about obtaining a situation.

Hearing that the Oriental department of the Bibliothèque du Roi was about to undergo some alterations, and that an assistant librarian was wanted to rearrange and re-catalogue the books, I applied at once for the situation. I was closely examined as to my qualifications, and much surprise manifested at the proficiency I had attained in these unwonted studies; but my application was refused, because—I was a woman.

I next answered by letter the advertisement of a distinguished *savant* who was about to undertake the translation of the Sacred Vedas, and was in want of an amanuensis. To this I received the following reply:

'MADEMOISELLE: If your attainments in Sanscrit are such as you represent them, I am convinced that you would exactly suit me, were you a young man. But I am a bachelor; there is not a single female in my establishment; your sex, therefore, renders it impossible for me to employ you as my amanuensis.'

My sex again! Discouraged, but not daunted, I applied successively to the Société Asiatique, to the librarian of the Institute, and to three or four private individuals of more or less note. From

all of them I received the same answer—the situation was not open to women.

Meantime the few francs I had had at my father's death vanished, one by one. The woman from whom I hired my room became clamorous for the rent. I had a few superfluous articles of clothing. I disposed of them at the Mont-de-Piété, and thus kept the wolf from the door a little longer. When they were all gone, what should I do?

I persevered in my quest for employment. It was all in vain. Many people added insults to their harsh refusal of my application, accusing me of being an impostor; for who ever heard, said they, of a young girl like me being acquainted with these abstruse studies! Day after day, week after week, I plodded on through the mire and dirt, for it was winter, the weeping winter of Paris, and the obscure and narrow streets (traversed by a filthy kennel in the center, and destitute of sidewalks) through which my researches led me, were in a dreadful condition. And evermore the question recurred to me, What shall I do?

As day after day passed, and still no opening appeared, I thought of the river, rolling darkly through the heart of the city, in whose silent tide so many a poor unfortunate has sought a refuge from present misery. One day, as in the course of my peregrinations I passed the Morgue, I saw the dead body of a young woman which had been taken that morning from the river, and laid out for recognition by her friends. As I looked on her livid, bloated face, her drenched and tattered garments, her long dark hair hanging in dank matted masses, and streaming over the edge of the table on which she lay, my heart was moved with pity. Yet I half envied her position, and might have followed her example, but for my belief in a future state. Her body was free from every mortal ill, but her poor soul, where was it?

But besides, looking at it from a merely human point of view, there is in my nature a certain stern and rugged resolution, a sort of 'never-give-up' feeling,

which induces me to hope and struggle on, and leads me to think, with the great Napoleon, that suicide is the act of a coward, since it is an attempt to fly from those evils which God has laid upon us, rather than to bear them with a brave, enduring trust in Providence.

Still, as I passed by the river, spanned by its noble bridges, and covered with those innumerable barges in which the washerwomen of Paris ply their unceasing trade, eating, sleeping, and living constantly in their floating dwellings, I would think, with a shudder, that unless relief soon arrived, I must choose between its silent waters and a lingering death by starvation.

True, there are in Paris many employments open to women, but what was that to me? Could I stand behind a counter and set forth with a glib tongue the merits of ribbons and laces; or bend over the rich embroidered robe of the fashionable lady; or even, like those poor washerwomen, earn my scanty livelihood by arduous manual labor? I knew nothing of business; I knew nothing of embroidery; and I had neither the strength nor the capital necessary to set up the establishment of a *blanchicuisse*.

I had returned home, one evening, after another weary tramp. As I looked from my lofty attic, and saw Paris glittering with her million lights, I said to myself: 'Must I perish of hunger in these streets? Must I starve in the midst of that abundance which might be mine but for the fact that I am a woman? No! I shall abjure my sex, and in the semblance of themselves, win from men that subsistence which they deny to a woman.'

The 'thought was no sooner conceived than executed. Tearing off part of my woman's attire, I threw around me an old cloak of my father's, which now served as a coverlet to my lowly bed, and descended the long flights of stairs to the street. Determined to have legal sanction for what I was about to do, I went straight to the Prefecture of Police. It was not yet very late, and

the Prefect was still in his *bureau*. I entered his presence, told him my story, and demanded permission to put on male attire, and assume a masculine name, in order to obtain the means of subsistence. He heard me respectfully, treated me kindly, and advised me to ponder well before I took a step so unusual and unseemly. But I was firm. Seeing my determination, he granted me a written permission.

Early next morning I took what remained of my feminine wardrobe and hastened to the Marché de Vieux Linge, old clothes market,) which was not far distant from my place of abode. Built on the site of the ancient Temple, the princely residence of the Knights Templar of old, and in later times the prison of Louis XVI. previous to his execution—this vast market, with its eighteen hundred and eighty-eight stalls, hung with the cast-off garments of both sexes, and of every age, condition and clime, presents the appearance of a miniature city. Men's apparel, women's apparel, garments for children of all sizes, boots and shoes, hats and bonnets, tawdry finery of every description, sheets and blankets, carpets, tattered and stained, military accouterments, swords and belts, harness, old pots and kettles, and innumerable other articles, attract attention in the different stalls. There, on every side, sharp-faced and shrill-voiced dealers haggle with timid customers over garments more or less decayed. There the adroit thief finds a ready market for the various articles he has procured from chamber and entry, or purloined from the pockets of the unwary. There the petted lady's maid disposes of the rich robe which her careless mistress has given her, and the Parisian grisette, with the money her nimble fingers have earned, purchases it to adorn her neat and pretty form for the *Bal paré et masqué*, to which her lover takes her, at Belleville or Montmartre. In yonder stall hangs a tattered coat which once belonged to a marquis, but has gone through so many hands since then, and accumulated so much dirt and grease in

the process, that one wonders how the dealer would have ventured to advance the few sous which its last wretched owner had raised upon it.

In this place I exchanged, without much difficulty, my female habiliments for a suit of respectable masculine attire. I took it home, and with a feeling of shame of which I could not get rid, but yet with unflinching resolution, arrayed myself in it. As a woman I know I am not handsome; my mouth is large and my skin dark; but this rather favored my disguise; for had I been very pretty, my beardless face and weak voice might have awakened more suspicion. I cut my hair off short, parted it at one side, brushed it with great care, and crowned it with a jaunty cap, which, I must say, was very becoming to me. In this dress I appeared a tolerably well-looking youth of nineteen or thereabout, for the change of garments made me look younger than I was.

As I surveyed myself in the little cracked looking-glass which served me as a mirror, I could not forbear laughing at the transformation. Certainly no one would have recognized me, for I could scarcely recognize myself.

Folding the old cloak around me, I sallied forth. With the long, thick braid of hair I had cut from my head, I purchased a breakfast, the best I had eaten in a long time.

Then I went direct to the residence of the gentleman who had said I would suit him exactly, if I were a young man. There had been something in the tone of this gentleman's letter that attracted me, I could not tell why. To my great joy, he had not yet found the person he wanted; and after a short conversation he engaged me, at what seemed to me a princely salary.

He told me laughingly that a young woman had applied for the situation a short time previous; and seemed very much amused at the circumstance.

My employer was a man already past his prime. His hair was slightly sprinkled with gray, and his form showed that tendency to fullness so frequently found

in persons of sedentary habits. But in his fine, thoughtful eyes, and expansive brow, one saw evidence of that noble intellect for which he was distinguished, while his beaming smile and pleasant voice showed a genial and benevolent heart. The kindness of his voice and manner went straight to my lonely and desolate heart, and affected me so much that I almost disgraced my manhood by bursting into tears.

He occupied a modest but commodious house in the Quartier Latin. His domestic affairs were administered by a respectable-looking elderly man, who performed the part of cook, to his own honor and the entire satisfaction of his master; while a smart but mischievous imp of a boy ran of errands, tended the fires, swept the rooms, and kept old Dominique in a continual fret, by his tricks and his shortcomings.

Here, in the well-furnished library of my new master, with every convenience for annotation and elucidation, the translation of the Vedas was commenced. Like my father, my employer was possessed of vast erudition; but, unlike him, he was also a man of the world, high in favor at court, wealthy, honored, and enjoying the friendship of all the most noted savans and other celebrities of the metropolis. During the progress of the work some of these would occasionally enter the study where I sat writing almost incessantly, and I saw more than one to whom I had applied in the days of my misery, and been rejected. But happily no one recognized me.

My kind master expressed great astonishment at my proficiency in Sanscrit, and frequently declared my services to be invaluable to him. I was sometimes able to render a passage which he had given up as intractable; and he more than once asserted that my name should appear on the title-page as well as his own. My name? Alas! I had no name.

My master frequently chid me for my unceasing devotion to my work; and would sometimes playfully come be-

hind, as I sat writing, snatch the manuscript from my desk, and substitute in its place some new and popular book, or some time-honored French classic, to which he would command me to give my whole attention for the next two hours, on pain of his displeasure.

His kindness to me knew no bounds. He ordered Dominique and the boy Jean to treat me with as much respect as himself. He took me with him to the Oriental lectures of the Bibliothèque du Roi. He procured for me the *entrée* to the discussions of several literary and scientific bodies, and afforded me every facility for the improvement of my mind and the development of my powers. He introduced me to all that was noblest and best in the great aristocracy of intellect, and constantly spoke of me as a young man of great promise, who would one day be heard of in the world.

He used to rally me on my studious habits, and often expressed surprise that a young man of my years should not seek the society of his compeers, and especially of that *other sex*, to which the heart of youth usually turns with an irresistible, magnet-like attraction. Little did he dream that the person he addressed belonged to that very sex of which he spoke.

One day he startled me by saying: 'What pretty hair you have, Eugene; it is as soft and fine as that of a young girl.'

The conscious blush rushed to my face, for I thought he had surely discovered my secret; but one glance at his calm countenance reassured me. In his large, open, honest heart there never entered a suspicion of the 'base deception', that had been practiced upon him.

He did not notice my emotion, and I answered, in as calm a voice as I could command: 'My mother had fine, soft hair; I have inherited it from her.'

Thus passed a year, the happiest I had ever known. My master became kinder and more affectionate every day. He would often address me as '*mon fils*', and seemed indeed to regard me with feelings as warm as those of a father to a son.

And I—what were my sentiments toward this good and noble man who was so kind to me? I worshiped him; he was every thing to me. Father and mother were gone, sisters and brothers I had none, other friends I had never known. My master was all the world to me. To serve him was all I lived for. To love him, though with a love that could never be known, never be returned, was enough for me.

I have said that I was happy; but there was one drawback to my happiness. It lay in the self-reproach I felt for the deception practiced on my benefactor. Many times I resolved to resume my woman's garments, (a suit of which I always kept by me, safe under lock and key,) fall at his feet, and confess all. But the fear that he would spurn me, the certainty that he would drive me from his presence, restrained me. I could not exist under his displeasure; I could not endure life away from him.

Although he was, of course, unconscious of the intensity of the feeling with which I regarded him, he knew—for I did not conceal it—that I was much attached to him; and I was aware that I, or rather Eugene, was very dear to him. On one occasion, as we sat together in the study, he said to me, abruptly :

'How old are you, Eugene?'

'Twenty-two,' I answered.

He sat silent for some moments; then he said:

'If I had married in my early years, I might have had a son as old as you. Take my advice, Eugene, marry early; form family ties; then your old age will not be lonely as mine is.'

'O my dear master!' cried I, safe under my disguise, 'no son could love you as dearly as I do. A son would leave you to win a place for himself in the world; but your faithful Eugene will cling to you through life; he only asks to remain with you always—always.'

'My good Eugene!' said my master, grasping my hand warmly, 'your words

make me happy. I am a lonely man, and the affection which you, a stranger youth, entertain for me, fills me with profound and heart-felt joy.'

Ah! then my trembling heart asked itself the question: 'What would he think if he knew that it was a young girl who felt for him this pure and tender affection?' Something whispered me that he would be rather pleased than otherwise, and a wild temptation seized me to tell him all—but I could not—I could not.

As my labors approached their completion, a gloomy feeling of dread oppressed me. I feared that when the Vedas were finished my master would no longer require my services. But he relieved my fears by reengaging me, and expressing a desire to retain me as his secretary until I became too famous and too proud to fill the office contentedly.

Scarcely was this cause of dread removed when another, more terrible still, overtook me.

One evening he took me with him to a literary *réunion*, at which every *bel-esprit* of the capital was to be present. At first I refused to go, for I feared that the eyes of some of my own sex might penetrate my disguise; but he seemed so much hurt at my refusal that I was forced to withdraw it. The soirée was a very brilliant one. But little notice was taken of the shy, awkward, silent youth, who glided from room to room, hovering ever near the spot where his beloved master stood or sat, in conversation with the gifted of both sexes. How I envied the ladies whose hands he touched, and to whom his polite attentions were addressed. For, as I have said, my master was a man of the world, wealthy and distinguished; and notwithstanding his advanced years, ladies still courted his attentions.

There was one lady in particular, who spared no pains to attract him to herself. She was the widow of a celebrated *littérateur* and was herself well known as a brilliant but shallow writer. She was not young, but she was well-preserved, and owed much to the arts of the toilet.

I saw her lavishing her smiles and blandishments on my dear master; I saw that he was not insensible to the power of her charms, artificial as they were; and a cruel jealousy fastened, like the vulture of Prometheus, on my vitals.

Could I but have entered the lists with her on equal ground; could I but have appeared before him in my own proper person, arrayed in appropriate and maidenly costume, I felt sure of gaining the victory, for I had youth on my side; I had already an interest in his heart; but, alas! I could not do this without first announcing myself as an impostor, as a liar and deceiver, to the man whose good opinion I prized above all earthly things.

A dreadful thought now rested on my mind day and night: What if this woman should accomplish her designs? What if my master should marry her? What would then become of me?

But I was spared this trial.

The translation was finished; it was in the hands of the publisher; and the proof-sheets had been carefully revised, partly by my master, partly by myself. He had insisted on putting my name with his own on the title-page; but I refused my consent with a pertinacity which he could not comprehend, and which came nearer making him angry than any thing that had ever transpired between us.

One day, as I sat in the library, I saw my master come home, accompanied by two gentlemen. He did not, as was his custom with his intimates, bring them into the library, but received them in the little used reception-room. They remained some time.

When they left, my master came into the library, rubbing his hands and looking exceedingly well-pleased. But at sight of me, his countenance fell. He approached me, and in a tone of regret, said:

'My poor Eugene! we must part.'

Part? It seemed as if the sun was suddenly blotted from the heavens.

I started up, and looked at him with a face so white and terror-stricken that

he came up to me and laid his hand kindly on my shoulder.

'My poor Eugene!' he repeated, 'it is too true—we must part.'

I tried to speak. 'Part!' I cried. 'O my master—'

Tears and sobs choked my utterance, in spite of all my efforts to restrain them. I sat down again, and gave free vent to my irrepressible grief.

My master was much affected by the sight of my emotion; and for some minutes the silence was unbroken, save by my heart-wrung sobs.

'Nay, Eugene, this is womanish; bear it like a man,' said he, wiping the tears from his own eyes. 'Most gladly would I spare you this sorrow; most gladly retain you near me; but in this matter I am powerless. I have received an appointment from government, to travel in Northern Asia, in order to study the dialects of that vast region. Every individual who is to accompany me has been officially specified, and there is no place left for my poor Eugene.'

'O my dear, dear master! cried I, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, 'take me with you—I shall die if you leave me—put me in the place of some one else.'

'Impossible,' said he. 'The government has filled up every place with its own creatures—except,' he added, with a faint smile, 'that they have left provision for my wife—if married. I would I had the wand of an enchanter, Eugene, that I might transform you to a woman, and make you my wife.'

His wife! his wife! Had I heard the words aright? I sprang to my feet. I tried to say, 'I am a woman—I will be your wife!' but my tongue refused its utterance—there was a rushing sound in my ears—I grasped the air wildly—I heard my master cry, 'Eugene! Eugene!' as he rushed forward to support me, and the next moment I lost consciousness.

When I recovered my senses, I was still in the arms of my master. He had borne me to the window, and torn open

my vest and shirt-collar. I looked up in his face. One glance revealed to me that my secret was discovered.

Blushing and trembling, I tried to raise myself from his arms ; but he held me fast.

'Eugene,' said he, in earnest tones, 'tell me the truth. Are you indeed a woman ?'

'I am. My name is Eugenie D——. O my dear master ! forgive the deception I have practiced. Do not despise me.'

'Eugenie !' cried he, in joyful accents, 'you shall go with me to the East ! You shall go as *my wife* ! *Vive l'Empereur !*

'But wherefore this disguise ?' he added.

I told him my story in few words ;

and informed him that I was that very young woman who had applied to him for the office I now held.

'Is it possible ?' exclaimed he. 'But, Eugenie, tell me—do you really love me as you have so often protested you did ?'

'Yes, my dear master,' I whispered.

'*Vive l'Empereur !*' cried he again ; but for his strictness I should never have found it out. Now go ; array yourself in your woman's gear, and let me see you as you really are.'

I went ; and resumed, with a pleasure I can not describe, the garments I had for a whole year forsworn.

When I returned, my master caught me to his heart, and thanked Heaven for the 'charming wife' so unexpectedly sent him.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

III.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

THERE was an indefinable charm, to a lively man like Caper, in spending a day in the open country around Rome. Whether it was passed, gun in hand, near the Solfatara, trying to shoot snipe and woodcock, or, with paint-box and stool, seated under a large white cotton umbrella, sketching in the valley of Poussin or out on the Via Appia, that day was invariably marked down to be remembered.

On one of those golden February mornings, when the pretty English girls tramp through the long grass of the Villa Borghese, gathering the perfumed violets into those modest little bouquets, that peep out from their setting of green leaves, like faith struggling with jealousy, Caper, Rocjean, and a good-natured German, named Von Bluhmen, made an excursion out in the Campagna. They hired a one-horse vetturo in the

piazza di Spagna, and packing in their sketching materials and a basket well filled with luncheon and bottles of red wine, started off, soon reaching the Saint Sebastian gate. Further on, they passed the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and saw streaming over the Campagna the Roman hunt-hounds, twenty couples, making straight tails after a red fox, while a score of well-mounted horsemen —here and there a red coat and white breeches—came riding furiously after. Along the road-side were handsome open carriages, filled with wit and beauty, talent and petticoats ; and bright were the blue eyes, and red the healthy cheeks of the English girls, as they saw how well their countrymen and lovers led off the chase. Englishmen *have* good legs.

Continuing along the Appian way, either side of which was bordered by tombs crumbling to decay ; some of

them covered with nature's lace, the graceful ivy, others with only a pile of turf above them, others with shattered column and mutilated statue at their base—the occupants of the vetturo were silent. They saw before them the wide plain, shut in on the horizon by high mountains, with snow-covered peaks and sides, while they were living in the warmth of an American June morning; the breeze that swept over them was gentle and exhilarating; in the long grass waving by the way-side, they heard the shrill cries of the cicadas; while the clouds, driven along the wide reach of heaven, assuming fantastic forms, and in changing light and shadow mantling the distant mountains, gave our trio a rare chance to study cloud-effects to great advantage.

'I say, driver, what's your name?' asked Rocjean of the *vetturino*.

'Cæsar, *padrone mio*,' answered the man.

'Are you descended from the celebrated Julius?' asked Caper, laughing.

'Yes, sir, my grandfather's name was Julius.'

'That every like is not the same, O Cæsar! The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon,'

soliloquized Caper; and as by this time they had reached a place where both he and Rocjean thought a fine view of the ruined aqueduct might be taken, they ordered the driver to stop, and taking out their sketching materials, sent him back to Rome, telling him to come out for them about four o'clock, when they would be ready to return.

While they were yet in the road, there came along a very large countryman, mounted on a very small jackass; he was sitting side-saddle fashion, one leg crossed over the other, the lower leg nearly touching the ground; one hand held a pipe to his mouth, while the other held an olive branch, by no means an emblem of peace to the jackass, who twitched one long ear and then the other, in expectation of a momentary visit from it on either side of his head. Following, at a dutiful distance behind,

came a splendid specimen of a Roman peasant-woman, a true *contadina*: poised on her head was a very large round basket, from over the edge of which sundry chickens' heads and cocks' feathers arose, and while Caper was looking at the basket, he saw two tiny little arms stuck up suddenly above the chickens, and then heard a faint squall—it was her baby. An instantaneous desire seized Caper to make a rough sketch of the family group, and hailing the man, he asked him for a light to his cigar. The jackass was stopped by pulling his left ear—the ears answering for reins—and after giving a light, the man was going on, when Caper, taking a *scudo* from his pocket, told him that if he would let him make a sketch of himself, wife, and jackass, he would give it to him, telling him also that he would not detain them over an hour.

'If you'll give me a *buona mano* besides the *scudo*, I'll do it,' he answered.

The *buona mano* is the ignis fatuus that leads on three fourths of the Italians; it is the bright spark that wakes them up to exertion. No matter what the fixed price for doing any thing may be, there must always be a something undefined ahead of it, to crown the work when accomplished. It makes labor a lottery; it makes even sawing wood a species of gambling. Caper promised a *buona mano*.

The man told his wife that the Signore was to make a *ritratto*, a picture of them all, including the jackass, at which she laughed heartily, showing a splendid set of brilliantly white teeth. A finer type of woman it would be hard to find, for she was tall, straight, with magnificent bust and broad hips. Her hair, thick and black, was drawn back from her forehead like a Chinese, and was confined behind her head with two long silver pins, the heads representing flowers; heavy, crescent-shaped, gold earrings hung from her ears; around her full throat circled two strings of red coral beads. Her boddice of crimson cloth was met by the well-filled out-

folds of her white linen shirt, the sleeves of which fell from her shoulders below her elbows, in full, graceful folds; her skirt was of heavy white woollen stuff, while her blue apron, of the same material, had three broad stripes of golden yellow, one near the top and the other two near each other at the bottom; the folds of the apron were few, and fell in heavy, regular lines. A full, liquid-brown pair of eyes gazed calmly on the painter, as she stood beside her husband, easily, gracefully; without a sign from the artist, taking a position that the most studied care could not have improved.

'*Benissimo!*' cried Caper, 'the position couldn't be better;' and seizing his sketch-book and pencils, unfolding his umbrella and planting its spiked end in the ground, and arranging his sketching-stool, he was in five minutes hard at work. As soon as he could draw the basket, he told the woman she might take it from her head and put it on the ground, for he believed the weight must incommod her. This done, she resumed her position, and Caper, working with all his might, had his sketch sufficiently finished before the hour was over to tell his group that it was finished, at the same time handing the man a *scudo* and a handsome *buona mano*.

Rocjean and Von Bluhmen, who had assiduously looked on, now and then joking with the *contadino* and his wife, proposed, after the sketch was finished, that Caper should ask his friends to help them finish their luncheon; this was joyously agreed to, and the party, having left the road and found a pleasant spot, under a group of ilex-trees, were soon busy finishing the eatables. It was refreshing to see how the handsome *contadina* emptied glass after glass of red wine. The husband did his share of drinking; but his wife eclipsed him. Having learned from Caper that his first name was Giacomo, she shouted forth a rondinella, making up the words as she went along, and in it gave a ludicrous account of Giacomo, the

artist, who took a jackass's portrait, herself and husband holding him, and the baby squalling in harmony. This met with an embarrassment of success, and amid the applause of Rocjean, Caper, and Von Bluhmen, the *contadino*, wife, and baggage departed. She, however, told Caper where she lived in the Campagna, and that she had a beautiful little sister, whose *ritratta* he should take, if he would come to see her.

[It is needless to inform the reader that *he went*.]

Lighting cigars, Rocjean and Caper declared they must have a siesta, even if they had to doze on their stools, for neither of them ever could accustom himself to the Roman fashion of throwing one's self on the ground, and sleeping with their faces to the earth. Von Bluhmen, a fiery amateur of sketching, walked off to take a 'near view' of the aqueduct, and the two artists were left to repose.

'I say, Caper, does it ever come into your head to people all this broad Campagna with old Romans?' asked Rocjean.

'Yes, all the time. Do you know that when I am out here, and stumble over the door-way of an old Roman tomb, or find one of those thousand caves in the tufa rock, I often have a curious feeling that from out that tomb or cave will stalk forth in broad daylight some old Roman centurion or senator, in flowing robe.'

'Do you ever think,' asked Rocjean, 'of those seventy thousand poor devils of Jews who helped build the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus? Do you ever reflect over the millions of *slaves* who worked for these same poetical, flowing-robed, old senators and centurions? *Ma foi!* for a Republic, you men of the United States have a finished education for any thing but republicans. The great world-long struggle of a few to crush and destroy the many, you learn profoundly; you know in all its glittering cruelty and horror the entire history, and you weave from it no god-like moral. Nothing astonished me

more, during my residence in the United States, than this same lack of drawing from the experience of ages the deduction that you were the only really blessed and happy nation in the world. Your educated men know less of the history of their own country, and feel less its sublime teachings, than any other race of men in the world. The instruction your young men receive at school and college, in what way does it prepare them to become men fit for a republic?

'You are preaching a sermon,' said Caper.

'I am reciting the text; the sermon will be preached by the god of battles to the roar of cannons and the crack of rifles, and I hope you'll profit by it after you hear it.'

'Well,' interrupted Caper, 'what do you think of the English?'

'For a practical people, they are the greatest fools on the earth. Thoroughly convinced at heart that they have no *esprit*, they rush in to show the world that they have a superabundance of it. . . . It interferes with their principles, no matter; it touches their pockets, behold it is gone, and the cold, flat, dead reality stares you in the face.'

'You are a Frenchman, Rocjean, and you do them injustice. Had Shakspeare no *esprit*?' asked Caper.

'Shakspeare was a Frenchman,' replied Rocjean.

'We—ll!'

'Prove to me that he was not?'

'Prove to me that he was!'

'Certainly. The family of Jacques Pierre was as certainly French as Raymond de Rocjean's. Jacques Pierre became Shakspeare at once, on emigrating to England, and the 'Immortal Williams,' recognizing the advantages to a poor man of living in a country where only the guineas dance, took up his abode there and made the music for the money to jump into his pockets.'

'Very ingenious. But in relation to Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and — as we are in Italy — Rogers?'

'*Mon ami*, if you seriously prefer ice-

cream and trifle to venison and *dindon aux truffes*, choose. If either one of the four poets — I do not include Rogers among poets — ever conceived in his mind, and then produced on paper, a work, composed from his memory, of things terrible in nature, more sublime than Dante's *Inferno*, I will grant you that he had *esprit* and imagination; otherwise, not. It is of the English as a nation, however, that I make my broad and sweeping assertion, one that was fixed in my mind yesterday, when I saw a well-dressed and well-educated Englishman deliberately pick up a stone, knock off the head of a figure carved on a sarcophagus, found in one of those newly-discovered tombs on the Via Latina, and put the broken head in his pocket What man, with one grain of *esprit* or imagination in his head, would mutilate a work of ancient art, solely that he might possess a piece of stone, when memory had already placed the entire work forever in his mind. *Basta!* enough. Look at the effect of the sunlight on the Albanian mountains. How proudly Mount Gennero towers over the desolate Campagna! Hallo! Von Bluhmen down there is in trouble. Come along.'

Throwing down his umbrella, under which he had been sitting in the shade, Rocjean grasped the iron-pointed shaft, into which the handle of the umbrella fitted, and, accompanied by Caper, rushed to the rescue of the German. It was none too soon. While sketching, a shepherd, with a very large flock of sheep, had gradually approached nearer and nearer the spot where the artist was sitting at his task; his dogs, eight or ten in number, fierce, shaggy, white and black beasts, with slouching gait and pointed ears and noses, followed near him. As Von Bluhmen paid no attention to them, the shepherd had wandered off; but one or two of his dogs hung back, and the artist, dropping a pencil, suddenly stooped to pick it up, when one of the savage creatures, thinking or 'instincting' that a stone was coming at him, rushed in,

with loud barking, to make mince-meat of the German noble. He seized his camp-stool, and kept the dog at bay ; but in a moment the whole pack were down on him. Just at this instant, in rushed Rocjean, staff in hand, beating the beasts right and left, and shouting to the shepherd, who was but a short distance off, to call off his dogs. But the *pecorajo*, evidently a cross-grained fellow, only blackguarded the artists, until Rocjean, whose blood was up, swore if he did not call them off, he would shoot them, pulling a revolver from his pocket and aiming at the most savage dog as he spoke. The shepherd only blackguarded him the more, and, just as the dog grabbed him by the pantaloons, Rocjean pulled the trigger, and with foaming jaws and blood pouring from his mouth, the dog fell dead at his feet. The shot scared the other dogs, who fled, tails under. The shepherd ran for the entrance of a cave, and came out in a minute with a single-barreled gun : coming down to within twenty feet of Rocjean, he cocked it, and taking aim, screamed out : 'Give me ten *scudi* for that dog, or I fire.'

'Do you see that pistol?' said Rocjean to the shepherd, while he held up his revolver, 'I have five loads in it yet.' And then advancing straight toward him, with death in his eyes, he told him to throw down his gun, or he was a dead man. Down fell the gun. Rocjean picked it up. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'inquire of the chief of police in Rome for this gun and for the ten *scudi* !'

They were never called for.

'You see,' said Caper, as, shortly after this little excitement, the one-horse vetturo, bearing Cæsar and his fortunes, hove in sight, and they entered and returned to Rome; 'you see how charming it is to sketch on the Campagna.'

'Very,' replied Von Bluhmen; 'but, my dear Rocjean, how long were you in America ?'

'Twelve years.'

'*Mein Gott!* they were not wasted.'

BACCHUS IN ROME.

It is not at all astonishing that a god who was born to the tune of Jove's thunderbolts, should have escaped scot-free from the thunders of the Vatican, and should prove at the present time one of the strongest opponents to the latter kind of fire-works. We read, in the work of that learned Jesuit, Gal-truchius, that—

'Bacchus was usually painted with a mitre upon his head, an ornament proper to Women. He never had other Priests but Satyrs and Women ; because the latter had followed him in great Companies in his Journeys, crying, singing, and dancing continually. Titus Livius relates a strange story of the Festivals of Bacchus in Rome. Three times in a year, the Women of all qualities met in a Grove called Simila, and there acted all sorts of Villainies ; those that appeared most reserved were sacrificed to Bacchus ; and that the cries of the ravished Creatures might not be heard, they did howl, sing, and run up and down with lighted Torches.'

The May and October Festivals in Rome, at present, are substituted for the Bacchanalian orgies, and are, of course, not so objectionable, in many particulars, as the ancient ceremonies ; still, no stranger in Rome, at these times, should neglect to attend them. Caper entered Rome at night, during the October festival, and the carriage-loads of Roman women, waving torches and singing tipsily, forcibly reminded him that the Bacchante still lived, and only needed a very little encouragement to revive their ancient rites in full.

Sentimental travelers tell you that the Romans are a temperate people—they have never seen the people. They have never seen the delight that reigns in the heart of the *plebs*, when they learn that the vintage has been good, and that good wine will be sold in Rome for three or four cents *la foglietta*, (about a pint, American measure.) They have never visited the *spacii di vini*, the wine-shops ; they have never heard of the murders committed when the wine was in and the wit out. None of these things ever appear in the *Gior-nale di Roma* or in the *Vero Amico del*

Popolo, the only newspapers published in Rome.

'Roman newspapers,' said an intelligent Roman to Caper, 'were invented to conceal the news.'

The first thing that a foreigner does on entering Rome is to originate a derogatory name for the juice of the grape native to the soil, the *vino nostrale*. He calls it, if red wine, red ink, pink cider, red tea; if white wine, balm of gooseberries, blood of turnips, apple-juice, alum-water, and slops for babes; finally if not killed off with a fever, from drinking the adulterated foreign wines, spirits, and liqueurs sold in the city, he takes kindly to the Roman wines, and does not worry his great soul about them.

The truth is, that while other nations have done every thing to improve wine-making, Italy follows the same careless way she has done for centuries. Far more attention was bestowed on the grape, too, in ancient times than now; and we read that vineyards were so much cultivated, to the neglect of agriculture, that, under Domitian, an edict forbade the planting of any new vineyards in Italy.

One brilliant morning, in October, Caper, who was then living in a town perched atop of a conical mountain, descended five or six miles on foot, and passed a day in a vineyard, in order to see the vintage. The vines were trained on trees or on sticks of cane, and the peasant-girls and women were busy picking the great bunches of white or purple grapes, which were thrown into copper *conche* or jars; these *conche*, when filled, were carried on the head to a central spot where they were emptied on fern leaves, placed on the ground to receive them. And from these piles, the wooden barrels of the mules returning from the town were filled with the grapes which were carried up there to be pressed.

The grape-crop had been so affected by the *malattia* or blight, that the yield being small, the fruit to an extent was not pressed in the vineyards, and

the juice only brought up to the town in goat-skins as usual; but the fruit itself was carried up, by those having the proper places, and was pressed in tubs in the *cantine* or rooms on the ground-floor, where the wine is kept. Across the huge saddles of the mules, they swung a couple of truncated cone-shaped barrels, and filled them with grapes; these were tumbled into tubs, ranged in the *cantina*, good, bad and indifferent fruit all together; and when enough were poured in, in jumped the *pistatore d'uve* or grape-presser, with bare legs and feet, and began pressing and stamping, until the juice ran out in a tolerable stream. This juice was then poured into a headless hogshead, and when more than half-full, they piled on the grapeskins and stones and stems that had undergone the pressure, until the hogshead was full to the top. A weight was then placed over all. In twenty days, fermentation having taken place, they drew from the hogshead the new wine, which was afterward clarified with whites of eggs.

In this rough-and-ready way, the common wine is made. Without selection, all grapes, ripe, unripe, and rotten, sweet and sour, are mashed up together, hurriedly and imperfectly pressed, and the wine is sent to market, to sell for what it will bring. Having thus seen it made, let us see it disposed of.

Of all the monuments to Bacchus, in Rome, the one near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and still nearer the Protestant burying-ground, is by far the most noticeable. Jealous of the lofty manner in which it lifts its head above the surrounding fields and walls of the city, the church has seen fit to crown its head with a cross, which it seems inclined to shake off. This small mountain of a monument is conical in shape, and is composed entirely of broken crockery; hence its name, *Testaccio*. In its crockery sides, they have found a certain coolness and evenness of temperature exactly suited to the storage of wine, and to maturing it; hence, all around the mountain are deep vaults,

filled with red and white wines, working themselves up for a fit state to enter into the joy and the gullets of the Roman *minenti*.

If the reader of this sketch is at all of a philosophical frame of mind, and should ever visit Rome, it is the writer's advice that, in the first place, having learned Italian enough, and in the second place, having his purse fairly filled — silver will do — he should, during the month of October, on a holyday, go out to Monte Testaccio alone, or at least in company with some one who knows enough to let him be alone when he wants to be with somebody else, and then and there fraternizing for a few hours with the Roman *plebs*, let him at his ease see what he shall see. Then shall he sit him down at the door of the *Antica Osteria di Cappanone*, at the rough wood table, on a rougher wooden bench; talk right and left, with tailors, shoemakers, artists, soldiers, and God knows what, drinking the cool, amber-colored wine of Monte Rotonda, gleaming brightly in the sunlight that dashes through his glass, and so cheerfully winning the good-will of them all — and of some of the young women who are with them — that he shall find himself at some future time either the sheath for a Roman knife, or the recipient of a great deal of affection, and the purchaser of indefinite *bottiglie* of *vino nostrale*.

In his ardent pursuit of natural art, Caper believed it his duty to hunt up the picturesque wherever it could be found, and it was while pursuing this duty, in company with Roejean, that he found himself at Monte Testaccio, one October day, and there made his *début*. After a luncheon of raw ham, bread, cheese, sausage, and a *bottiglia* of wine, they ascended the mountain, and sitting down at the foot of the cross, they quietly smoked and communed with nature unreservedly.

Crumbling old walls of Rome that lay below them; wild, uncultivated Campagna; purple range of mountains, snow-tipped; thousand-legged, ruined

aqueducts; distant sea, but faintly revealed through the veil of haze-bounded horizon; yellow Tiber, flowing along crumbling banks; dome of St. Peter's, rising above the hill that shuts the Vatican from sight; pyramid of Caius Cestius; Protestant burying-ground, with the wind sighing through the trees a lullaby over the graves of Shelley and Keats; distant view of Rome, slumbering artistically, and not manufacturingly, in the sunlight of that morning — ye taught one man of the two wild hopes for Rome of the future.

At the foot of the mountain, and adjoining the Protestant burying-ground, there is a powder-magazine. Here a French soldier, acting as sentry, paced his weary round. It was not long before a couple of Roman women passed him. They saluted him; he saluted them. They passed behind the magazine. The sentry, with the courtesy which distinguishes Frenchmen, evidently desired to make his compliments and pay his addresses to the *dames*. How could this be done? Before long, two of his compatriots, evidently out for a holiday, passed him. He beckoned to one of them, who at once took his gun and turned sentry, while the relieved guard flew to display to the *dames* his national courtesy. Before Caper had time to smoke a second cigar, the soldier returned to duty, and the one who had relieved him sprung to pay his addresses. During the two hours that Caper and Roejean studied the scenery, guard was relieved four times.

'Ah!' said Roejean, 'we are a gallant nation. Let us therefore descend and mingle with what the high-minded John Bulls call 'the lower orders.'

Down they went, and at the first table they came to, they found their shoemaker, the Signore Eugenio Calzolajo, artist in leather, seated with three Roman women. They all resembled each other like three pins. The eldest one held a baby, the *caro bambino*, in her arms; she was probably twenty years old. The next one was not over

eighteen; while the youngest had evidently not passed her sixteenth year.

The artist in leather saluted Caper and Rocjean with the title of *Illustrissimi*, (they both paid their bills punctually,) and, as he saw that the other tables were full, he at once made room for them, introducing them to his wife and her two sisters. Caper, who saw that the party had just arrived, and had not as yet had time to order any thing from the waiters, told them that the day being his birthday, it was customary among the North-American Indians always to celebrate it with a feast of roast dogs and bottled porter; but, as neither of these articles were to be found at Monte Testaccio, he should command what they had; and arresting a waiter, he ordered such a supply of food and wine, that the eyes of the three Roman girls opened wide as owls'. Their tongues were all unloosened at once, as if by magic, and Caper had the satisfaction of seeing that for what a bottle of Hotel Champaigne costs in the United States, he had provided joy unadulterated, and happy memories for many days, for several descendants of the Cæsars.

While the wine circulated freely, the eldest of the unmarried girls, named Eliza, began joking Caper about his being a heretic and 'a little devil,' and asked him to take off his hat, to see if he had horns. Caper told her he was as yet unmarried, and that among the Indians, bachelors were never allowed to take their hats off before maidens. 'But,' said he, 'what makes you think I am a heretic? Wasn't I at Saint Peter's yesterday, and at the confessionals?'

'Yes, you were at them like an old German gentleman I once knew,' said Eliza. 'Some of his friends saw him one morning at the German confessional-box, and knowing that he was a heretic, asked him what he was doing there? 'Diavolo!' said he, 'can't a man have a comfortable mouthful of German, without changing religions?'

'For my part,' said Rita, the young-

est sister, 'I only go to confessional, because I *have* to, and I only confess what I want to.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed Rocjean, 'I must paint your portrait.'

'*Benissimo!* and who will paint mine?' asked Eliza.

'I will,' said Caper, 'but on condition that you let me keep a copy of it.'

Arrangements completed, Rocjean ordered more wine; and then the artist in leather ordered more; then Caper's turn came. After this, the party—which had been gradually growing jolly and jollier, would have danced, had they not all had a holy horror of the prison of San Angelo. The married sister, Dominica, was a full-blooded *Trasteverina*, in her gala dress, and had one of those beautiful-shaped heads that Caper could only compare to a quail's; her jet-black hair, smoothed close to her head, was gathered in a large roll that fell low on her neck behind, and held by a silver *spadina* or pin, that, if occasion demanded, would make a serviceable stiletto; her full face was brown, while the red blood shone through her cheeks, and her lips were full and ripe. Her eyes of deep gray, shaded with long black lashes, sparkled with light when she was aroused. Her sisters resembled her strikingly, except Rita, the youngest, whose face was of that singularly delicate hue of white, the color of the magnolia-flower, 'as one of our American writers has it; or like the white of a boiled egg next to the yolk, as Caper expressed it. Be this as it may, there was something very attractive in this pallor, since it was accompanied by an *embonpoint* indicating any thing but romantic meagreness of constitution.

Dominica had, without exaggeration, the value of a dozen or two pairs of patent-leather boots hung on her neck, arms, fingers, ears, and bosom, in the shape of furious-sized pieces of gold jewelry; and it was solid gold. The Roman women, from the earliest days—from the time when Etruscan artists made those ponderous chains and brace-

lets down to this present date—have had the most unbridled love for jewelry. Do we not know* that—

Sabina's garters were worth,.....	\$200,000
Faustina's finger-ring,.....	200,000
Domitia's ring,.....	300,000
Cæsonia's bracelet,.....	400,000
Poppæa's earrings,.....	600,000
Calpurnia's (Cæsar's wife) ear-rings, 'above suspicion,'	1,200,000
Sabina's diadem,.....	1,200,000

And after this, is it at all astonishing that the desire remains for it, even if the substance has been plundered and carried off by those *forestieri*, the Huns, Vandals, Goths, Visigoths, Norsemen, and other heretics who have visited Rome?

While they were all busily drinking and talking, Caper had noticed that the wine was beginning to have its effects on the large crowd who had assembled at the Osterias and Trattorias around the foot of the Bacchic mountain. Laughing and talking, shouting and singing, began to be in the ascendant, and gravity was voted indecent.

'Ha!' said Rocjean, 'for one hour of the good old classic days!'

'What!' answered Caper, 'with those twenty thousand old Jews you were preaching about the other day?'

'Never!—with the Bacchante. But here our friends are off: let us help them into the carriage.'

As the sun went down, the *minentî* began to crowd toward Rome. More than one *spadina* flashed in the hands of the slightly-tight maidens who were on foot. Those of the men who had carriages, foreseeing the inflammable spirit aroused, packed the women in by themselves, gave them lighted torches, and cut them adrift, to float down the Corso; they following in separate carriages.

'Ah! really, and pray, Mrs. Jobson, don't you think that it's—ah! a beautiful sight; they tell me—ah! it's the

peasants returning from visiting the shrine of the—ah! Madonna—ah?'

'And I think it is *most* charming, Mister Lushington; and I remember me now that Lady Fanny Errol, poor thing, said it would be a *charming* sight. And the poor creatures seem *much* happier than our own lower orders; they do, to be sure.'

'O Lord!' groaned Caper, as he overheard the above dialogue, 'allow me to retire.'

CAPER 'STARTS' A MENAGERIE.

As an animal-painter, Mr. Caper was continually hunting up materials for sketches. He made excursions into the Campagna, to see the long-horned gray oxen and the hideous buffaloes; watching the latter along the yellow Tiber, when, in the spring-time, they coquetted in the mud and water. He sketched goats and sheep, tended by the picturesquely-dressed shepherds and guarded by the fierce dogs that continually encircled them. In four words, he studied animal-ated nature.

On his first arrival in Rome, he had purchased one of those sprightly little *vetturo* dogs, all wool and tail, that the traveler remarks mounted on top of the traveling carriages that enter and leave Rome. With a firm foothold, they stand on the very top of all the baggage that may be piled on the roof of the coach; and there, standing guard and barking fiercely, seem to thoroughly enjoy the confusion attendant on starting the horses or unloading the baggage. They are seen around the carriage-stands where public hacks are hired, and as soon as one moves off, up jumps the *vetturo* dog alongside the driver, and never leaves the vehicle until it stops; then, if he sees another hack returning to the city, he will jump into that, and be carried back triumphant. This sounds like fiction; but its truth will be confirmed by any one who has ever noticed the peculiarities of this breed of dogs, which love to ride.

Caper kept this dog in his studio, and

* Vide *Gems and Jewels*. By Madame de Barrera.

had already made several very life-like studies of him. One morning, leaving his lodgings earlier than usual, he met on the stairway of his house a countryman driving a goat up-stairs to be milked; the Romans thus having good evidence that when they buy goat's milk, they don't purchase water from the fountains. As Caper was going out of the door that led into the street, he saw among the flock of goats assembled there, a patriarchal old Billy, whose beard struck him with delight. He was looking at him in silent veneration, when the goats'-milk man came down-stairs, driving the ewe before him. He asked the man if he would sell the patriarch; but found that he would not. He promised, however, to lend him to Caper until the next day, for a good round sum, to be paid when the goat was delivered at the studio, which the man said would be in the course of an hour.

Our artist then went down to the Greco, where he breakfasted; and there met Rocjean, who proposed to him to go that morning to the Piazza Navona, as it was market-day, and they would have a fine chance to take notes of the country-people, their costumes, etc. They first went around to Caper's studio, where they had only to wait a short time before the milk-man came, driving the old Billy-goat up-stairs before him. Caper made him fast with a cord to a heavy table, the top of which was a vast receptacle of sketch-books, oil-colors, books, and all kinds of odds and ends.

Rocjean and he then strolled down to the Piazza Navona, where, while walking around, Caper suddenly stumbled over the smallest and most comical specimen of a donkey he had ever seen. The man who owned him, and who had brought in a load of vegetables on the donkey's back, offered to sell him very cheap. The temptation was great, and our animal artist bought him at once for five *scudi*, alias dollars; but with the understanding that the countryman

would deliver him at his studio at once. In twenty minutes' time, the donkey was climbing up a long flight of stairs to Caper's studio, as seriously as if he were crossing the *pons asinorum*. Once in his studio, Caper soon made arrangements to have the donkey kept in a stable near by, when he was not sketching him. This matter finished, Rocjean helped Caper pen him up in a corner of the studio, where he could begin sketching him as soon as he had finished portraying the billy-goat. The patriarch had made several attempts to rush at the vetturo-dog; but the string held him fast to the table. Rocjean mentioned to Caper that he ought to feed his menagerie, and the porter being called and sent out for some food for the goat and donkey, soon returned with a full supply.

Both artists now set to work in earnest; Caper with paints and brushes, and Rocjean with crayons and sketch-book, determined to take the patriarch's portrait while he was in a peaceful frame of body and spirit.

With an intermission for luncheon, they worked until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, when Rocjean proposed taking a walk out to the Villa Borghese, and as they returned, on their way to dinner, they could stop in at the studio, and see that the donkey and goat were driven out to the stable, where they could be kept until wanted again. Accordingly, both artists walked out to the villa, and had only taken a short turn toward the Casino, when they met a New-York friend of theirs, alone in a carriage, taking a ride. He ordered the driver to stop, and begged them both to get in with him, and after passing through the villa and around the Pincio, to come and take dinner with him sociably in his rooms in the Via Frattina. They accepted; and at ten o'clock that night, while going home in a very happy frame of mind, it suddenly occurred to Caper that his menagerie ought to have been attended to. Rocjean consoled him with the reflection that, having the

key in his pocket, they could not possibly get out ; so the former thought no more about it.

Early in the morning, having met as usual at the Greco, and breakfasted together, Caper and Rocjean walked round to the former's studio. Before they entered the door of the building, they noticed a small assembly of old women surrounding the porter, and as Caper entered the passage-way, they poured a broadside into him.

'Accidente, Signore, nobody around here has been able to sleep a wink all night long. *Santa Maria!* such yells have come from your studio, such groans, such horrible noises, as if all the devils had broken loose. We are going to the police ; we are going to the *gendarmeria* ; we are going to ——'

'Go there—and be hanged !' shouted Caper, breaking through the crowd, and running up-stairs two steps at a time, he nearly walked into the lap of a tall female model, named Giacinta, dressed in Ciociara costume, who was calmly seated on the stair-case, glaring at another female model, named Nina, who stood leaning against the door of his studio.

'Signor Giacomo, good morning !' said Giacinta, 'didn't you tell me to be here at nine o'clock ?'

'To be sure I did,' replied he.

'Then,' continued she, 'what is *that* person there taking the bread out of my mouth for ? *Cospetto !*'

'*Iddio giusto !*' cried Nina, 'hear her ; she calls *me*, *ME*, a person ! I who have a watch and chain, and wear a hooped petticoat ! I take the bread out of her mouth. I a person ! I'm a lady, *per Bacco !*'

'Tace !' said Rocjean to Nina, 'or the Signore Giacomo will send you flying. What do you want, Nina ?'

'I only wanted to see if the Signore intended to paint the Lady Godeeva, that he told me about the other day.'

'Wait till I open the studio-door, and get out of this noise. Those old women down below, and you young ones up here, are howling like a lot of

hyenas. Here, come in ! As Caper said this, he unlocked the studio-door and threw it open ; the two models were close at his elbows, while Rocjean drew to one side to let them pass in.

In the next minute, Caper, the two models, a he-goat, a dirty little donkey, and a yelping dog, were rolling head over heels down-stairs, one confused mass of petticoats and animals.

Rocjean roared with laughter ; he could do nothing but hold his sides, fearful of having an apoplectic fit or bursting a blood-vessel.

The small donkey slid down-stairs on his back, slowly, gradually, meekly ; his long ears rubbing the way before him. But the billy-goat was on his feet in an instant, and was charging, next thing, full force into the knot of old women at the foot of the stairs, who, believing that their last hour had come, and that it was old Nick in person, yelled out, 'Tis he ; the devil ! the devil !' and fled before the horns to come.

Giacinta was the first one on her legs, and after picking up the *caro Giacomo*, alias Caper, and finding he was not hurt, she then good-naturedly helped Nina to arrange her tumbled garments.

Rocjean rushed to open the studio-windows, to air the room, for it had not the odors of the Spice Islands in it. Caper hastened to pick up paints, brushes, books, easel ; but they were too many for him, and at last, giving it up in despair, he sat down on a chair.

'Well !' said he, 'there *has* been a HARD fight here ! The dog must have tackled the billy-goat ; the goat must have upset this table, broken his string, and pitched into that dirty little donkey ; and the donkey must have put his heels through that canvas ; and all three must have broken loose and upset us. I say, Rocjean, send out for some wine ; I am dry, and these girls are, I know.'

Peace was soon made. Nina was promised that she should sit for Lady Godiva, as soon as the donkey was caught ; for she was to be represented

seated on him instead of a horse. Giacinta poséd for a *contadina* at a fountain. Rocjean passed round the wine, and helped put the studio in order; and Caper, brush in hand, painted away,

determining that under any circumstances, he never would open another menagerie, until he was able to pay a keeper to look after the animals.

F A I R I E S.

OUR fathers, when the race was young,
And therefore some say better,
With fresh simplicity, believed
In Dryad, Faun, and Satyr.
The Zephyrs breathéd throughout the air,
And when the scene was fitting,
The Naiads combed their golden hair,
Beside the waters sitting.

And we ourselves in childhood loved
A faith so sweet as this is;
We felt the touch of rose-leaf palms,
And almost felt their kisses:
We tracked them through the shadowy grass,
Or when the evening glistened,
We lay in wait to see them pass,
And to their singing listened.

The hawthorn stretches wide its arms,
And all the woods are fragrant,
But Fancy walks in high-heeled shoes,
And is no more a vagrant.
No Satyrs from the greenwood peer,
No more we see at gloaming,
The Naiads sit, their golden hair
Beside the waters combing.

Alas! our early faith is cold,
And all things are so real!
Now, grown too wise, we shut our eyes,
And laugh at the ideal.
The charméd dusk still settles down
Upon the happy prairies;
But twilight's chiefest charm is flown,
For where are now the fairies?

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE late misunderstanding between this country and Great Britain, relative to Mason and Slidell, elicited a free expression of opinion from the statesmen of the mother country, as to the contest now proceeding in this country; and while we regretted to witness so many proofs of the prejudice and jealousy which seem to hold possession of the minds of our transatlantic cousins, we were gratified by the heroic and brilliant defense of our cause by one so eminent in intellectual and moral qualities as JOHN BRIGHT. The boldness and vigor of his efforts to dispel the hostility of his compatriots toward America, and the masterly ability with which he disarmed the weapons of our opponents, elicited the respect of our people and have made his name one of veneration among them. His position in our favor, amid the many discouragements which beset him, justifies an attempt to lay before our readers an account of his career and character, which, we doubt not, they will be interested to hear.

John Bright, Member of Parliament for the great city of Birmingham, is the son of respectable Quaker parents, and was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, in the year 1811. His family being largely interested in the cotton manufacture, he was bred to a participation in this employment, and is now the senior member of an extensive and enterprising firm, in company with his brothers. It is hardly to be expected that one whose early youth had been devoted to the restricted sphere of a counting-room, would be remarkable for an extensive knowledge of men and events, liberal opinions, freshness of intellect, and vigorous brilliancy of declamation; and yet Mr. Bright has always manifested superiority in these qualities. Known, while occupied exclusively in the details of his proper avocation, for skill, promptness, and enterprise, he has also been distinguished,

since his sphere of usefulness has been extended to the national councils, for the scope and accuracy of his general information, the comprehensiveness of his mind, the richness of his imagination, and the effective energy of his eloquence. He early manifested an interest in politics, which was intensified by the agitation of questions nearly affecting his own business interests. The celebrated Anti-Corn-Law League, which was instituted in the time of Lord Melbourne's ministry, by some eminent Whigs, for the purpose of opposing the tariff erected by the corn-laws, excited his enthusiastic coöperation, and afforded him an early opportunity of entering political life. The enlightened ideas of the Reformers had already effected a glorious renovation in the machinery of the government; and the regeneration of the commercial system was next to be accomplished, by a successful resistance to the selfish restrictions imposed upon trade by the landed proprietors. In such a cause, John Bright embarked in his twenty-seventh year; and his subsequent career has been a consistent adherence to the same views which marked his entrance into public notice. He espoused with ardor the principles avowed by the League, and leaving the management of his private interests in the hands of the junior members of the firm, began to discuss them publicly, with great force and effect. The League soon perceived the valuable acquisition they had made in the young Quaker, and not only encouraged him to exertion but gave him opportunities to appear before many important assemblages. On the list of orators whom the League commissioned to go into the agricultural districts to advocate their cause, Mr. Bright's name soon became prominent. By the irresistible cogency and energetic expression which characterized his speech before many thousands in Drury Lane Theatre, his reputation became

national, and printed copies being distributed throughout England, a desire to hear him on the important question of the day became every where manifest. He went about among the farmers and gentry, instilling with ability the principles of free trade, developing arguments with telling effect, and rapidly organizing branches of the League throughout the kingdom. The distrust of the lower classes, which was awakened in some degree against the nobles and nabobs who sustained the League, did not operate against him, who, as a man directly from the people, educated in the stern school of labor, and as the daily witness of and sympathizer with the suffering of the poor, at once elicited their confidence in his honesty and their respect for his intellectual power. Political advantage, which might be sought by life-long politicians and hereditary nobles, could, they well knew, offer no inducement to nor corrupt the ingenuous principles of one who showed so little respect to party distinction, and who was entirely independent of great connections.

The statesmen with whom he acted, in favor of free trade, were unwilling to be without so valuable an ally on the floor of the House of Commons; and, in April, 1843, he was placed in nomination by his numerous friends at Durham, for the seat to which that city was entitled.

On the first trial, he was defeated; but a new election for the same city becoming necessary in the following July, he was returned, by a gratifying majority, to represent a place noted for its conservative proclivities. He continued the member for Durham until 1847.

His first efforts, after entering Parliament, were directed to the repeal of the Corn-Laws, in which beneficent measure he coöperated with such men as Charles P. Villiers, brother of Lord Clarendon, Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, Lord John Russell, and his friend, Mr. Richard Cobden. Sir Robert Peel, who was at that time Prime Minister, had always adhered to the protect-

ive doctrines of Pitt and Wellington; and it was mainly due to the clear and cogent reasoning of Bright and his associates, that the illustrious statesman at the head of the Treasury finally yielded, with a magnanimity never surpassed in the annals of ministerial history, to the enlightened policy of free trade in respect to corn. The distress which had for years resulted from the stringent enactments of Lord Liverpool's government to the lower class, was, by this patriotic sacrifice of the first minister, done away with; and not least among those who contributed to the accomplishment of so auspicious a result, we must reckon the subject of this sketch. The Tory party, headed by such chiefs as Wellington and Lyndhurst, in the Lords, and Stanley and Disraeli, in the Commons, made a stern and pertinacious resistance to the repeal; and no one was more feared by the intellectual giants of that party than was Bright. His severe wit, his plain, blunt manner of exposing the defects of his opponents, and his impulsive and overwhelming declamation, were hardly exceeded by the fluent exuberance of Stanley and the keen sarcasm of the Hebrew novelist, Disraeli.

While he generally acted with the party of which Lord Russell and Lord Lansdowne were the chiefs, he did not place himself supinely under the dictation of the caucus-room. Professing to be bound by the precepts of no faction, acting frequently with the conservatives, although oftener with the liberals, independent of ministerial control, and disdaining to attain power by the sacrifice of any principle, he was excluded from a participation in the government, when those with whom he in general sympathized succeeded to the administration in 1846. He early adopted ultra-liberal views, and has always been known as the advocate of universal suffrage, the separation of Church and State, and the diminution of the influence of hereditary nobles; and although he could not but be aware that many of his doctrines were repugnant to those

of his auditors, and a majority of his countrymen, he has not hesitated to uphold and express them with great perseverance and ingenuousness.

Had he lived in the days of Russell and Sidney, he had perhaps shared their fate, and paid the penalty of unpopular politics on the scaffold. That bold spirit which he has ever manifested, exciting his great talents in the advocacy of repugnant theories, would not have feared the restraints which a ruder age encouraged despotic kings to put upon freedom of political action. Luckily, he has been living in an age which respects independent thought and proscribes the conscience of no man. While he is certainly premature in his theories of equality, the tendency of popular feeling is toward him rather than from him. Tory policy to-day was Whig policy a century ago. Walpole would have sustained the younger Pitt, and Derby and Lyndhurst will hardly dispute the benefits of the reform of 1832.

Mr. Bright was returned to Parliament for Manchester, in 1847, and again in 1852. This great town, which is the market for Rochdale, and consequently in which he was well known, sent him to the Commons by a handsome majority of eleven hundred. In the early session of 1857, Mr. Cobden introduced a motion condemning the war into which the administration had entered with China, on which the government was defeated. Mr. Bright, though absent on account of ill-health, used his influence in favor of the motion, by reason of which, on the appeal of Lord Palmerston to the country, during the summer of that year, he was defeated in his constituency by over five thousand votes; his successful opponent, though agreeing with him in general, being a supporter of the Chinese war.

In 1859, he was reinstated in Parliament, by the electors of Birmingham, of whose manufacturing interests he had always shown himself a consistent and ardent friend. For this constitu-

ency he is now member. He has been twice married; first, to the daughter of Jonathan Priestley, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who died in 1841; and secondly, to his present wife, the eldest daughter of W. Leatham, Esq., of Wakefield, York.

His career of nineteen years in the House of Commons has been a series of successful efforts, not only contributing to his lasting fame as an orator and legislator, but achieving many important modifications in the commercial system and in public sentiment. He has been the life of the radical party, leading them on in their crusades against existing abuses with fearless audacity, encouraging them to renewed contests, animating them by the hopefulness and enthusiasm of his own soul, and by his lucid logic attracting new converts to his views with every year. The Radicals who, when he entered Parliament, were a mere handful, are already assuming, under the vigorous lead of Bright, Cobden, and Villiers, the proportions of a systematic and powerful element in the lower house. Caring little for the impotent sneers of an aristocracy in its dotage, and mindful only to advance systems of popular improvement and alleviation, he has become a nucleus around which has gathered the extreme wing of the liberal party. The last century beheld the profligate Wilkes and the shallow Burdett at the head of the ultraists; our own time is more fortunate in superseding vicious and unprincipled radical leaders by men more virtuous and ingenuous. The great manufacturing towns and districts, composed mainly of the lower orders of society, and devoted to the interests of commerce, as opposed to the narrow demands of the agricultural interest, have, owing in a great degree to Mr. Bright's exertions, become pillars of his party. Lord Palmerston, than whom a more sagacious politician does not or has not existed, testified his knowledge of the influence of the Bright party, by offering Mr. Cobden a seat in the Cabinet, and afterward by sending him as special

agent of England to negotiate a commercial treaty with France.

John Bright has always shown himself a staunch friend to the prosperity of the United States. Whenever an opportunity offered in which to propose this country as an example worthy of the imitation of his own countrymen, he has never failed to urge the superiority of our system. His political ideas, approaching to republicanism, and abhorring the dominance of hereditary aristocrats, and a political Church, have found their theories realized in the admirable machinery of our own government. Untainted with that jealous prejudice which appears to animate many of his fellow-citizens, he can discern, and is ready to acknowledge, the superior efficacy of the principles which underlie our Constitution. No one has, of late, been more earnest in denunciation of the irritating policy of Great Britain toward America, than Mr. Bright.

His personal appearance is that of a hearty, good-natured, and yet determined Englishman, and both his form and face beoken the John Bull as much as any member of the House. His morals are of a high order, his honesty proverbial, his courage undoubted, his social character amiable, and calculated to make him welcome to every circle. It is said, that although opposed in the extreme to the political doctrines of Lord Derby, his personal relations with that aristocratic nobleman are not only friendly, but intimate; and that, after abusing one another lustily at Westminster, they retire together arm in arm, chatting and laughing as familiarly as if there never had been the least difference of opinion between them. Like Fox, in this particular, he never allows his partisan views to interfere with his social relations; and although he is a fierce and bitter antagonist on the benches of Parliament, no one is a more constant or a more zealous friend in private life. His efforts have always been enlisted in behalf of the education of the masses; conceiving that this is the foundation of a thoroughly popular political system,

such as he is desirous to introduce into the British Constitution. Bred among a timid and peaceful sect, his opposition to wars has been determined and earnest; and he was one of those who, in 1854, sent a deputation to the Emperor Nicholas to urge an abandonment of his war policy, and the maintenance of peace, as the duty of a Christian race. He is, however, rather fitted to be a reformer and agitator than a statesman. He has all that enthusiasm, all that energy, all that courage, all that stubborn perseverance in the pursuit of his purpose, which distinguish the characters of those men who have conducted the great revolutions of society to a successful issue. Perhaps he would be found deficient in judging how far to proceed in innovation; but this, though an important, is not an essential element in the composition of the mere reformer. It is for him to lead on the people to great and startling changes, to overturn tyrannies, to break down old forms, to inculcate novel precepts, to regenerate public sentiment. These rather require an impetuous spirit, a bold heart, an active and restless mind, than calmness, judgment, and deliberation. It is when a new polity is to be erected, when revolution has passed away, and the crisis reached and left, when a constitution is to be framed, and new principles are to be brought to their test, that the steady process of a sound judgment is called into requisition. Then it is that the reformer yields to the statesman; that impulse retires before reason; that passion and confusion become subordinated to the elements of order and the authority of intellect. Many have been both the reformers producing and the statesmen correcting, revolutions; minds which, with the fire of enthusiasm, and the hot impulse of indignation at wrongs done, have united a judicious discrimination, a cool faculty of reflection, and the power of separating the benefits from the evils of revolution.

It is certain that Mr. Bright would be a fearless and zealous reformer; it is

doubtful whether he would not give place to others in the after-work. Well qualified to lead an enthusiastic faction to a crusade against precedent and authority, he has thus far failed to show himself capable of conducting an administration. Among the statesmen of modern times, honesty and enthusiasm are not qualities which control the policy of the state. Compare the crafty demeanor, the dubious expressions, the cautious statements of Earl Russell, with the plain, rude, blunt harangues of Mr. Bright, and we perceive the qualities which have elevated the former, and those which have kept the latter in the background. Lord Russell thinks what is for his interest to think; Mr. Bright thinks what that homely monitor, his conscience, urges on him. Lord Russell might adopt all the consequences of universal suffrage, and the principles of free trade, if he could still sit at the council-board, and dictate dispatches with a double meaning to foreign governments; but he fears to go beyond, though he nearly approaches, the line which separates the popular from the unpopular reformer. Expediency, on the contrary, forms no part of Mr. Bright's creed; and, not being a scion of a noble and illustrious house, nor having attained a position in the state which might have made him a conservative, he has no hesitation in announcing his opinions in favor of universal suffrage and free trade, in opposition to a dominant aristocracy, and in defiance of a religious establishment, and dares with provoking coolness the retaliation of the great and powerful of the land.

Mr. Bright's oratory is of a fresh, vigi-

orous, and versatile character, and never fails to draw a multitude to the House when it is announced that he is to speak. Unlike the hesitating and timid delivery of Russell, the rapid jargon of Palmerston, the rich and graceful intonation of Gladstone, or the splendid sarcasm of Disraeli, his eloquence is bold, masculine, and ringing, and gives a better idea of intellectual and physical strength than any other speaker in the House. Although blunt, and careless of the feelings of others, there is a certain elegance in every sentence, which softens the rude sentiment into a vigorous anathema. Accurate in fact, naturally easy in delivery, bitter in irony, and ingenuous in argument, few are ready to meet him on the floor of the Commons. He is a fair specimen of what we hear called 'the fine old English gentleman,' without the ignorance, the bigotry, the awkwardness, and the peevishness, which go to make up the characters of a large proportion of the country baronets and gentry; that is, he is hearty, cordial, and merry, entering with enthusiasm into whatever he proposes to do, and determined to leave no stone unturned to accomplish it. If he should live to see the day when his countrymen shall adopt the views of which he is the foremost champion, no honor of the state will be denied him, and his name will rank with those of William of Orange, and Lord Grey, as the regenerators of the British Constitution; and if he does not, he can not but be respected, as Milton and Sidney are, by future generations, for his honesty, his patriotism under difficulty, and his fearless spirit.

THE ANTE-NORSE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE CHINESE IN MEXICO IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

THE reader who would ascertain by the map whether it was likely that at an early period intercourse could have taken place between Eastern Asia and Western America, will have no difficulty in deciding on the geographical possibility of such transit. At Behring's Straits only forty miles of water intervene between the two continents, while routes by the Aleutian Islands, or through the Sea of Ochotsk, present no great difficulties, even to a timid navigator. And the Chinese and Japanese of earlier ages were by no means timid in their voyages. It is only within two centuries that their governments, alarmed by the growing power of the Western world, and desirous of keeping their subjects at home, prohibited the construction of strictly sea-worthy and sea-faring vessels. Even within the memory of man, Japanese junks have been driven to the California coasts.

Impressed by the probability of such intercommunication, Johann Friedrich Neumann, a learned German Orientalist, while residing in China, during the years 1829-30, for the purpose of collecting Chinese works, after investigating the subject, published its results in a work, subsequently translated by me, under his supervision. Among the first results of his inquiries, was the fact that 'during the course of many centuries, the Chinese acquired a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the north-east coast of Asia, extending, as their records in astronomy and natural history prove, to the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and even to the Arctic Ocean.' From the Chinese *Book of Mountains and Seas*, it appears that the Esquimaux and their country were well known to the Chinese, and that in the sixth century, natives of

the North and of the islands bordering on America, came with Japanese embassies to China. When it is borne in mind that the early Chinese geographers and astronomers determined on the situations of these northern regions, with an accuracy which has been of late years surprisingly verified by eminent European men of science, and when we learn that the Year Books or annals of China continually repeat these observations, and that their accounts of the natives of the islands within a few miles of the American shore are as undoubtedly correct as they are minute, we certainly have good reason for assuming that their description of the main land and its inhabitants is well worthy, if not of implicit belief, at least of an investigation by the savans of the Western World. Be it borne in mind, also, that during the first eight centuries of our own Christian era, a spirit of discovery in foreign lands was actively at work all over the East. In the words of Neumann:

'In the first century of our reckoning, the pride and vanity induced by the Chinese social system was partly broken by the progress of Buddhism over all Eastern Asia. He who believed in the divine mission of the son of the King of Kaphilapura, must recognize every man as his brother and equal by birth; yes, must strive (for the old Buddhism has this in common with the Christian religion) to extend the joyful mission of salvation to all the nations on the earth, and to attain this end must suffer, like the type of the God Incarnate, all earthly pain and persecution. So we find that a number of Buddhist monks and preachers have at distant times wandered to all known and unknown parts of the world, either to obtain information with regard to their distant co-religionists, or to preach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity to unbelievers. The official accounts which these missionaries have rendered of their travels, and of which we possess several *entire*, considered as sources of information with regard to different lands

and nations, belong to the most instructive and important part of Chinese literature. From these sources we have derived, in a great degree, that information which we possess regarding North-eastern Asia and the Western coasts of America during centuries which have been hitherto veiled in the deepest obscurity.'

The earliest account given of extended travels on the North-American continent describes a journey from Tahan or Aloska to a distance, and into a region which indicates the north-west coast of Mexico and the vicinity of San Blas. The following is a literal translation made from the original Chinese report, by Neumann :

'THE KINGDOM OF FUSANG, OR MEXICO.

'During the reign of the dynasty *Tsi*, in the first year of the year-naming * 'Everlasting Origin,' (Anno Domini 499,) came a Buddhist priest from this kingdom, who bore the cloister name of Hœi-schin, that is, Universal Compassion, (*Allgemeines Mitteilen*): according to King-tscheu it signifies 'an old name, †') to the present district of Hukuang, and those surrounding it, who narrated that 'Fusang is about twenty thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Tahan, and east of the middle kingdom. Many Fusang-trees grow there, whose leaves resemble the Dryanda Cordifolia; ‡ the sprouts, on the contrary, resemble those of the bamboo-tree,* and are eaten by the inhabitants of the land. The fruit is like a pear in form, but is red. From the bark they prepare a sort of linen, which they use for clothing, and also a sort of ornamented stuff.† The houses are built of wooden

* Jahresbenennung.

† King-tscheu is the sixth of the nine provinces which are described in the tax-roll of Ju, (which contains the sixth of the included divisions of the Annal-book.) It extended from the north side of the hill Hong. Compare Hongtingta, the celebrated exponent of King in the times of Tang, with the already mentioned extracts from the Annal-book.

‡ In the Leang-schu we find an error in the writing, (a very frequent occurrence in Chinese transcriptions.) Instead of the character Tong (4233 Bas) we have Tang, (11,444 B.) which signifies *copper*, and according to which we must read, 'Their leaves resemble copper,' which is evidently an error.

|| This is also the case in China with the bamboo sprouts, on which account they are termed Sun, (7449 B.) that is, the buds of the first ten days, since they only keep for that time.

§ The year-books of Leang have a variation; instead of the character Kin, (11,492 B.) 'embroidered stuff,' (meaning, of course, embroidered or ornamented stuff in general,) we have Mien, which signifies 'fine silk.'

beams; fortified and walled places are there unknown.

'THEIR WRITING AND CIVIL REGULATIONS.

'They have written characters in this land, and prepare paper from the bark of the Fu-sang. The people have no weapons, and make no wars, but in the arrangements of the kingdom they have a northern and a southern prison. Trifling offenders were lodged in the southern, but those confined for greater offenses in the northern; so that those who were about to receive grace could be placed in the southern prison, and those to the contrary in the northern. Those men and women who were imprisoned for life were allowed to marry. The boys resulting from these marriages were, at the age of eight years, sold for slaves; the girls not until their ninth year. If a man of any note was found guilty of crimes, an assembly was held: it must be in an excavated place, (*Grube*.) There they strewed ashes over him, and bade him farewell, as if he were dying. If the offender were one of a lower class, he alone was punished; but when of rank, the degradation was extended to his children and grandchildren. With those of the highest rank it attained to the seventh generation.

'THE KINGDOM AND THE NOBLES.

'The name of the king is pronounced *Ihi*. The nobles of the first class are termed Tu-ilu; of the second, Little Tuilu; and of the third, Na-to-scha. When the prince goes forth he is accompanied by horns and trumpets. The color of his clothes changes with the different years. In the first two of the ten-year cyclus they are blue; in the two next, red; in the two following, yellow; in the two next, red; and in the last two, black.

'MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

'The horns of the oxen are so large that they contain ten bushels, (Schaeffel.) They use them to hold all manner of things. Horses, oxen and stags, are harnessed to their wagons. Stags are used here as cattle are used in the Middle Kingdom, and from the milk of the hind they make butter. The red pears of the Fusang tree keep good throughout the year. Moreover, they have apples and reeds; from the latter they prepare mats. *No iron is found in this land; but copper, gold, and silver are not prized, and do not serve as a medium of exchange in the market.*

'Marriage is determined upon in the following manner. The suitor builds himself a hut before the door of the house where the one longed for dwells, and waters and cleans the ground every morning and even-

ing. When a year has passed by, if the maiden is not inclined to marry him, he departs; should she be willing, it is completed. When the parents die, they fast seven days. For the death of the paternal or maternal grandfather they lament five days; at the death of elder or younger sisters or brothers, uncles or aunts, three days. They then sit from morning to evening before an image of the ghost, absorbed in prayer, but wear no mourning clothes. When the king dies, the son who succeeds him does not busy himself for three years with state affairs.

'In earlier times these people lived not according to the laws of Buddha. But it happened that in the second year-naming 'Great Light,' of song, (A.D. 458,) five beggar monks, from the kingdom Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners.'

Such is the account of Mexico, as given by the old Buddhist monk Hoei-schin. What is there authentically known of ancient America and its inhabitants which confirms his account?

In the Fusang tree we have, according to the opinion of Neumann, the *Agave Americana* or Great American Aloe, called by the Indians Maguey, which is remarkably abundant in the plains of 'New-Spain,' and which supplies so many of the wants of its inhabitants even at the present day. An intoxicating drink, paper, thread, ropes, pins, and needles, (from the thorns,) and clothing, are all furnished by it, so that a traveler, observing the ease with which these are obtained, declares that in Mexico the Maguey plant must first be exterminated ere the sloth and idleness which now so generally afflict them, can be checked. Such a curious plant, supplying to such an extent, and so exclusively, so many of the needs of life, would naturally be the first object noted by an explorer.

Very remarkable is the observation that 'in this land no iron is found, and that copper, gold, and silver, are not prized;' from which we may infer that they were known, and probably abundant, and that they 'do not serve as a

medium of exchange in the market.' It is needless to point out the fact that this was the case not only in ancient Mexico, but also in Peru, and that these were probably the only countries on the face of the earth where 'the precious metals' were held in such indifference. Be it observed that the monk Hoei-schin says nothing of the abundance of gold and silver; he simply remarks as a curious fact, that they were not used as a circulating medium.

In commenting on this record, Neumann judiciously reminds the reader that the information given by Hoei-schin and other Buddhist travelers, 'goes back into a period long anterior to the most remote periods alluded to in the wavering legends of the Aztecs, resting upon uncertain interpretations of hieroglyphics. One thing we know, that in America as in Europe, one wave of emigration and conquest swept after another, each destroying in a great measure all traces of its predecessor. Thus in Peru, the Inca race ruled over the lower caste, and would in time have probably extinguished it. But the Incas themselves were preceded by another and more gifted race, since it is evident that these unknown predecessors were far more gifted than themselves as architects. 'Who this race were,' says Prescott, (*Conquest of Peru*, chap. i. pp. 12, 13, ed. 1847,) 'and whence they came, may afford a tempting theme for inquiry to the speculative antiquarian. But it is a land of darkness that lies far beyond the domain of history.'

But as the American waves of conquest flowed South, it is no extravagant hypothesis to assume that the race of men whom the monk encountered in Mexico may possibly have had something in common with what was afterward found further south, in the land of the Incas. One thing is certain; that there is a singularly Peruvian air in all that this short narrative tells us of the land 'Fusang.' Fortified places, he says, were unknown; and Prescott speaks of the system of fortifications established through the empire as though

it had originated—as it most undoubtfully did—with the Incas. Most extraordinary, however, is the remark of the monk, that the houses are built with wooden beams. As houses the world over are constructed in this manner, the remark might seem almost superfluous. It is worth observing that the Peruvians built their houses with wooden beams, and as Prescott tells us, ‘knew no better way of holding the beams together than tying them with thongs of *maguey*.’ Now be it observed, that the monk makes a direct transition from speaking of the textile fiber and fabric of the maguey to the wooden beams of the houses—a coincidence which has at least a color of proof. It may be remarked, by the way, that this construction of houses ‘tied up,’ was admirably adapted to a land of earthquakes, as in Mexico, and that Prescott himself testifies that a number of them ‘still survive, while the more modern constructions of the conquerors are buried in ruins.’

Most strikingly Peruvian is the monk’s account of ‘the Kingdom and the Nobles.’ The name *Ichi*, is strikingly suggestive of the natural Chinese pronunciation of the word *Inca*. The stress laid on the three grades of nobles, suggests the Peruvian Inca castes of lower grade, as well as the Mexican; while the stately going forth of the king, ‘accompanied by horns and trumpets,’ vividly recalls Prescott’s account of the journeys of the Peruvian potentate. The change of the color of his garments according to the astronomical cycle, is, however, more thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of the institutions of the Children of the Sun than any thing which we have met in the whole of this strange and obsolete record. ‘The ritual of the Incas,’ says Prescott, ‘involved a routine of observances as complex and elaborate as ever distinguished that of any nation, whether pagan or Christian. Each month had its appropriate festival, or rather festivals. The four principal had reference to the Sun, and commemorated the great periods of his annual progress, the solstices and equinoxes.

Garments of a peculiar wool, and feathers of a peculiar color, were reserved to the Incas. I can not identify the blue, red, yellow, and black, but it is worthy of remark that the rainbow was his special attribute or scutcheon, and that the mere fact that his whole life was passed in accordance with the requisitions of astronomical festivals, and that different colors were reserved to him and identified with him, establishes a strange analogy with the narrative of *Hoei-schin*.

Of this subject of the cycles and change of colors corresponding to astronomical mutations, it is worth noting that Montesinos* expressly asserts that the Peruvians threw their years into cycles of ten; a curious fact which has escaped the notice of Neumann, who conjectures that ‘it may have been a subdivision of the Aztec period, or have even been used as an independent period, as was indeed the case by the Chinese, who term their notations ‘stems.’ It is worthy of remark,’ he adds, ‘that among the Mongols and Mantchous these ‘stems’ are named after colors which perhaps have some relation to the several colors of the royal clothing in the cycles of ‘Fusang.’ These Tartaric tribes term the first two years of the ten-year *cycles*, ‘green and greenish,’ the two next, ‘red and reddish,’ and soon, yellow and yellowish, white and whitish, and finally, black and blackish.’

I am perfectly aware that Peru is not Mexico; but I beg the reader to keep in mind my former observation, that Mexico *might* have been at one time peopled by a race who had Peruvian customs, which in after-years were borne by them far to the South. The ancient mythology and ethnography of Mexico presents, however, a mass of curious identities with that of Asia. Both Mexico and Peru had the tradition of a deluge, from which seven prisoners escaped; in the hieroglyphs of the former country, these seven are represented as issuing from an egg.

It is remarkable that a Peruvian tra-

* Montesinos, *Mem. Antiguas*, ms. lib. 2, cap. 7.
Vide Prescott’s *Conquest of Peru*, Book I. p. 128.

dition declares the first missionaries of civilization who visited them to have been white and bearded. 'This may remind us,' says Prescott, 'of the tradition existing among the Aztecs, in respect to Quetzalcoatl, the good deity, who, with a similar garb and aspect, came up the great plateau from the East, on a like benevolent mission to the natives.' In like manner the *Aesir*, children of Light, or of the Sun, came from the East to Scandinavia, and taught the lore of the Gods.

The Peruvian embalming of the royal dead takes us back to Egypt; the burning of the wives of the deceased Incas, reveals India; the singularly patriarchal character of the whole Peruvian policy is like that of China in the olden time; while the system of espionage, of tranquillity, of physical well-being, and the iron-like immovability in which the whole social frame was cast, brings before the reader Japan, as it even now exists. In fact, there is something strangely Japanese in the entire *cultus* of Peru, as described by all writers.

It is remarkable that the Supreme Being of the Peruvians was worshiped under the names of *Pachacamac*, 'he who sustains, or gives life to the universe,' and of *Viracocha*, 'Foam of the Sea,' a name strikingly recalling that of Venus Aphrodité, the female second principle in all ancient mythologies. Not less curious was the institution of the Vestal Virgins of the Sun, who were buried alive if detected in an intrigue, and whose duty it was to keep burning the sacred fire obtained at the festival of Raymi.

'Vigilemque sacraverat ignem
Excubias divum aeternas.'

This fire was obtained as by the ancient Romans, on a precisely similar occasion, by means of a concave mirror of polished metal. The Incas, in order to preserve purity of race, married their own sisters, as did the kings of Persia and other Oriental nations, urged by a like feeling of pride. Among the Peru-

vians, *Mama* signified 'mother,' while *Papa*, was applied to the chief priest. 'With both, the term seems to embrace in its most comprehensive sense, the paternal relation, in which it is more familiarly employed by most of the nations of Europe.'

It should be borne in mind, that as in the case of the Green Corn festival, many striking analogies can be established between the Indian tribes of North-America and the Peruvians. Gallatin has shown the affinity of languages between all the American nations; at the remote age when the monk visited Mexico, it is possible that the *first race* which subsequently spread southward occupied the entire north.

Let the reader also remember that while the proofs of the existence or residence of Orientals in America are extremely vague and uncertain, and supported only by coincidences, (singular and inexplicable as the latter may be,) the *antecedent probability* of their having come hither, is far stronger than that of the Norse discovery of this country, or even that of Columbus himself. When we see an aggressive nation, with a religious propaganda, boasting a commerce and gifted with astronomers and geographers of no mean ability, (and the accuracy of the old Chinese men of science has been frequently verified,) advancing century after century in a certain direction, chronicling correctly every step made, and accurately describing the geography and ethnography of a certain region, we have no good ground to deny the last advance which their authentic history claims to have made, however indisposed we may be to admit it. One thing, at least, will probably be cheerfully conceded by the impartial reader; that the subject well deserves further investigation, and that it is to be hoped that it will obtain it from those students who are at present so earnestly occupied in exploring the mysteries of Oriental literature.

STATE RIGHTS.

THE theory of State Rights, as expounded by its advocates in its application to the several States of the American Union, is subversive of all government, and calculated to destroy our political organization. Its tendency is to weaken the central government by minute division of the power necessary for its maintainance. Without power to make its authority respected, no government can live. The doctrine of State Sovereignty detracts from this authority by lessening the power which upholds it. Thirty-four States, each claiming exclusive authority to act independently on any given subject, have only one thirty-fourth part of the strength that they would have, were they all acting under and controlled by one central head. That central head in our Union is the Federal Government, formed by and growing out of the Constitution, and it must exist for the protection of each of its thirty-four members, as well as for itself, the connecting power. Its acts must not be disputed by any one of the States or by any number of them acting in concert. If one or more States may defy the central authority or attempt to withdraw from its government, any other States may do likewise, to the ruin of the political fabric erected at so much cost, and in its place would spring up scores of weak and unprotected communities. But, says the State rights advocate, this central power will have too much authority, too much control over the States; will become despotic, and in time destroy the liberties of the people. How? By whom will those liberties be destroyed? This central power, styled the Federal Government, is formed by the people, is of the people, is for the people, and has only such power as the people gave it; and thus being of and from the people, it (or they) can not destroy its (or their) own liberties. Were our government hereditary instead of elective; were our institutions monarchical instead of

republican; had we privileged classes perpetuated by primogeniture, there might be some danger of placing too much power in the hands of the Federal Government; but formed as our institutions are, framed as our Constitution is, educated as our people are, there can be no fear of having the central power or general Federal Government too strong, or its authority supreme. Without strength there can be no authority; without authority there can be no respect; without respect there can be no government; without government there can be no civilization. The doctrine of State rights as applied to the communities forming the American Union, elevates the State over the nation, demands that the Federal shall yield to the State laws, and completely ignores the supremacy of the united authority of the whole people. This theory carried out logically, would make counties equal to States; towns equal to counties; wards and districts equal to towns; neighborhoods equal to districts and wards; and to come down to the last application of the principle, every one man in a neighborhood equal to the whole, in fact, superior, if the State rights doctrine be true, that the State is supreme within its own limits. The application of this principle ends society by destroying the order based on authority, and placing the State above the Nation, and the individual above the State. Civilized societies are but the aggregation of persons coming or remaining together for mutual interest and protection. This mutual interest requires certain rules for the protection of the weak from the encroachments of the strong in the society, as well as from outside enemies. These rules take the form of laws. These laws must be administered; their administration requires power. This power is placed in the hands of certain members of this society, community, or State, as the case may be, for the good

of the whole State, and each individual claiming protection from the State, or whose interest is promoted by being a member thereof, is under moral as well as legal obligations to submit to this authority thus exercised by the chosen executors of the public will. Rights that might pertain to one man on an island by himself, do not attach to man in civilized communities. There he must not go beyond the landmarks established by law, and he agrees to this arrangement by remaining in the State or community. The same principle is equally applicable to the States of the American Union. Before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, they were separate, distinct, and so far as any central head or supreme governing power was concerned, independent States, or, in fact, sovereignties. True, they had tried to get along under a sort of confederation agreement, a kind of temporary alliance for offensive and defensive ends, but which failed from its own inherent weakness, from the lack of that cohesiveness which nothing but centralization can give. Prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, these different States were like so many different individuals outside of any regular society; were merely so many isolated aggregations of non-nationalized individuals. Experience showed them their unfortunate condition; as separate States they had no strength to repel a common enemy, no credit, no money, no authority, commanded no respect. So it is with an individual outside of society. These States were then in the enjoyment—no, not in the enjoyment, but merely in possession—of State rights to the fullest extent. They had the right to be poor; the right to be weak; the right to get in debt; the right to issue bills of credit, (was any one found who thought it right to take them?) the right to wage war with any of their neighbors; the right to do any and all acts pertaining to an independent sovereignty; but these rights were not all that the people of these States desired; and after trying the independent and the

confederate State policy until experience had shown the utter fallacy of both, they met in convention and passed the present Constitution, and formed themselves into ONE NATION. This Constitution, compact, copartnership, confederation, combination, or whatever it may be called, was and is the written foundation (voluntarily made) on which the NATION is built and maintained.

The charter, instrument, or Constitution, defines, by common consent and mutual agreement of the parties voluntarily forming it, the powers, rights, and duties of the national government growing out of and based on this Constitution. Among the powers thus delegated to the National or Federal Government, and to be used by the legislative authority thereof, are the following:

'ARTICLE I.—SECTION 8.

'The Congress shall have power—

'1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts, and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.

'2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.

'3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.

'4. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the United States.

'5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures.

'6. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States.

'7. To establish post-offices and post-roads.

'8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.

'9. To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court.

'10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations.

'11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water.

'12. To raise and support armies; but no

appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years.

'13. To provide and maintain a navy.

'14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

'15. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.

'16. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia, according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.

'18. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.'

The first two words in this section—'the Congress'—completely annul the separate integrity of States. The Congress of what, and for what? The Congress of the UNITED STATES, acting for the UNITED States, as a UNIT, a WHOLE, a UNION. The only allusion in this section to any thing like a right existing in any State after the adoption of the Constitution, is the right to officer the militia, and these officers are to 'train' the militia, *under the direction of Congress*, and not under State laws—a clause which of itself strikes a decisive blow at the theory of independent State rights. In no one of these specifications is there a single allusion to any 'State.' Every power enumerated is given to the 'United States,' to the 'Union' formed by virtue of the Constitution. Never was there a more perfect absorption of atoms into one mass, than in these specifications; but to make the principle still stronger, and as if to remove any doubt as to 'State rights,' the first clause of the Ninth Section of the same Article expressly prohibits any State from importing certain persons after a given date, which, when it arrived, (in 1808,) Congress passed a national law stopping the slave-trade—a trade that some of the States would have been glad to encourage, or at least, allow, if they had had authority to do

so. This right was taken from them by the Constitution, in the year 1808; up to that time they had that right; but after that date the right no longer existed, and Congress passed the law referred to, in accordance with the power given them by this clause of the Constitution.

But this First Article of Section Nine is not all in that section that smothers State rights; for Article Five declares that vessels bound to or from one State need not enter, clear, or pay duties in another. Why this specification, if the States were to be supreme in their own limits? (and this doctrine of State rights is, in its essence, supremacy.) Independent states exact clearances and entrances, and demand duties from foreign vessels, but never from their own. State rights are ignored in this Article. But to prevent any possibility of any State ever exercising the rights of sovereignty now claimed by the advocates of this most pernicious doctrine, from which has grown the present gigantic rebellion, Section Ten, of the same Article, goes on to declare that—

'1. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.

'2. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress. No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war.'

Language can not be stronger; intentions were never more clearly expressed; thoughts were never more explicitly set forth in words. Nothing is left for doubt; all is concise, positive, and bind-

ing. Nothing is left to be guessed at; nothing left that could be construed to mean that States 'may' or 'may not.' 'SHALL' and 'SHALL NOT,' are the words used to define what the States are to do or not to do. The very slight 'right' given to the States to lay duties for executing their inspection laws, carries with it a proviso, or command, that the proceeds of such duties must be paid into the National Treasury, and the very laws that the States might pass for this purpose must be approved by 'THE CONGRESS.' What Congress? The Congress of the UNITED STATES—of the UNION. Every vestige of State sovereignty, of 'State rights,' is utterly annihilated in these clauses.

Independent, sovereign states may and do make treaties, alliances, grant letters of marque, or coin money; in fact, no 'State' or sovereignty can exist without these powers; and the fact that these powers are all taken from and denied to the States of the American Union, is conclusive proof that the framers of the Constitution did not intend to allow the States the sovereignty now claimed for them, and which the rebellious States are endeavoring to maintain. This heresy must be exorcised now and forever.

Is there any thing more in the Constitution (and bear in mind that no right is claimed for any State except in accordance with this instrument, which is still in full force except in those rebellious States where this disorganizing doctrine of 'State rights' has uncontrolled sway) making the Union supreme and the States subordinate? What says the following section?

'Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.'

A State, therefore, *may* so legislate, that is, it *may* have acts and records, but each other State *SHALL* give to the records and proceedings of all the rest

'full faith and credit.' Does not this enactment thoroughly negative all theories of the exclusive supremacy of State rights? Independent sovereign States do not, in the absence of treaties, give any faith or credit to the records or proceedings of other independent states. Our States are not only compelled to do this, by this section, but must do so in accordance with the manner prescribed 'by 'the Congress' of the UNITED STATES, of the UNION, and of the NATION. No other congress is mentioned.

'SECTION 2.'

'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'

By this clause a native or naturalized citizen of Maine can conduct business, hold and convey real estate (the highest civil, social, and judicial tests of citizenship) in the State of Georgia. The citizen of Minnesota can do likewise in New-York, and so of each and in all the States. Independent states or supreme sovereignties do not allow these privileges to any but their own citizens. The United States do not, neither do other nations. Citizenship must precede the right to hold and convey real estate. All governments are naturally jealous of the alien. By this clause, no American citizen can be an alien in any State of the American Union. He is a citizen of the nation. No State can pass any law demanding more of a citizen not born, though residing within its limits, than from one born therein, or place him under any restrictions not common to the native or other citizen of such State. Not a vestige of 'State' exclusiveness is there in the clause. Every idea of State supremacy is blotted out by it. A heavier blow is, however, dealt at State rights in the following section:

'The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive, (when the Legislature can not be convened,) against domestic violence.'

The greatest of all rights that an independent state can or may have, is the right to adopt its own form of government; but this clause completely destroys such right on the part of any State of this Union to frame its own form of government. No State, for example, can have a monarchical government; since the United States are to guarantee a *republican* form: and no State can adopt an hereditary or theocratic government, because the UNITED STATES are bound to give each State a republican government. In like manner we might run through all the forms of government that have ever blessed or cursed our race, without finding one which can be adopted by any State of this Union, except the single form of 'republican,' named in the Constitution. But can a State bereft of the right to frame its own mode of government be said to be possessed of '*sovereign*' 'State rights,' or could a more effectual provision against their development have been formed than this?

'This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby; any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

'The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several STATE LEGISLATURES, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the SEVERAL STATES, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution.'

This Constitution, these laws, these treaties, *shall be the supreme law*, no matter what 'State' constitutions and 'State' laws may declare. 'Shall!' is the word, and there can be no doubt as to its meaning. Again, members of the State Legislatures, and all officers of the several States 'shall' be bound to support the 'Constitution.' Where are the 'State rights' in these clauses? Every State and every State official is made subordinate to and an executive of the acts of the 'United States,' and the

United States constitutes a '*nation*.' That is the only word which meets our case. WE ARE A NATION, not 'a tenant-at-will sort of confederacy.'

The waters of the Bay of New-York and of the Hudson river flow entirely within the States of New-York and New-Jersey. One of the vested rights of an independent state, is that known as 'eminent domain,' or supreme ownership, implying control. Apply this doctrine of State rights in this case, or rather, allow it to be applied by the States named above, and they could prevent the navigation of these waters by any but their own citizens or those to whom they might grant that privilege. If this doctrine of State rights is sound, these two States would have the right to levy tolls or duties on every vessel that sails those waters, as the State of New-York exacts tolls on her canals. Such power thus exercised, would cripple commerce, inconvenience the public, and utterly destroy all comity between the States. This exacting tolls for navigation of waters is one of the most offensive systems left us by past generations. It is so odious that modern governments decline to submit to it in cases where there is no doubt as to 'State rights,' as in that of the 'Sound Dues' exacted by Denmark. If, however, the State is supreme within its limits, it has a perfect right to exact such tolls. But no State in this nation has any such right under the Constitution. Its existence would destroy the Union by placing each State under the laws and exactions of either one of the others. The troubles growing out of such exactions would beget dispute; these disputes would beget open strife, which would end in open rupture and the downfall of the NATIONAL UNION.

The 'UNITED STATES,' 'the Union,' 'the Nation,' are *supreme*. The States, as *States*, are subordinate; as 'parts,' they are inferior to the 'whole.' The 'State rights' doctrine is wrong, disorganizing, destructive of national life, and must be destroyed.

Again, one grand evidence of a na-

tion's or a people's civilization, is found in the correspondence, written and printed, conducted by the citizens. Barbarians have and need no correspondence. Civilization needs it, and can not exist without it. A migratory people like ours have more correspondence than older and less migratory nations. A citizen emigrating from Vermont to Illinois must correspond with the friends of his old home. The old friend in Vermont must know how the absent one 'gets along in the world.' To conduct this correspondence, the postal or mail service was devised. Before its existence the communication between separated friends and business people was uncertain, irregular, and mere matter of chance, to be conveyed by stray travelers, or not interchanged at all. The *necessities* of civilization brought the postal or mail service into action. To conduct this service over a nation, requires the right of passage through the entire limits of the nation. This right, to be available, must have power to enforce its own requirements. It must be *central, controlling, supreme*. Without these, there would be no safety, no system, no uniformity, no regularity. To insure these to all the people of the States, the Constitution has wisely placed these powers in 'THE CONGRESS' of the Union, of the 'NATION.' In accordance with the powers thus vested in Congress, our present postal or mail service has been created. No State has a right to set up its own mail or postal system. No State has a right to interfere with the transportation of the national mails. 'The UNITED STATES MAIL,' is the term used. If any State had a right to establish a mail within its own limits, it would also have the right to prohibit or curtail the transportation of other States' mails through its limits. This right would destroy the entire system, and break up the interchange of correspondence so essential to our civilization. If the States had any such right, they could affix discriminating tariffs on the correspondence of other States pass-

ing through them. The State of New-York could, if this right existed, make the letters sent over its roads by the people of Massachusetts to the people of Ohio, pay just such tariffs for the 'right of passage' as it might choose. The absurdity and utter unreasonableness of this claimed right is so apparent as to need no argument against it.

The exercise of this pretended right by the Southern States has caused the present rebellion. But for this doctrine we should not be expending a million a day in supporting six hundred thousand men in camp, who ought to be producers for the support of life instead of missionaries of death. This war is the legitimate result of this heresy of 'State rights.' If this doctrine had never been put in practice, we should not now have slavery to curse us with its degrading, inhumanizing influences. Slavery exists in *violation* of the Constitution. Slavery was never established by that document. The States violated it in their attempts at legalizing it. All their laws declaring that the *status* of the child must be that of the mother, are but so many 'BILLS OF ATTAINDER,' working 'CORRUPTION OF BLOOD;' and every State, as well as Congress itself, was and is positively prohibited by the Constitution from passing any such bill or law; and should we ever succeed in having any but a pro-slavery, slave-catching Supreme Court, all these laws will be annulled by their own most positive unconstitutionality. True, there were slaves at the time the Constitution was adopted, but all then living are now dead; and but for this doctrine of 'State rights,' there never would have been any State law making the child of a slave mother also a slave; but for this doctrine no such bill of attainder would have been passed, or if passed, it never could have been enforced; and we should not to-day be listening to the cries of four millions of slaves, nor have the homes of thousands of honest citizens made desolate by the absence of loved ones. But for this terrible doctrine,

'the click of hammers closing rivets up,' would not now be giving 'dreadful note of preparation.' But for this heresy, subversive of all law, of all order, of all nationality, we should not to-day be at war for our existence. But for this doctrine, and the right claimed by some of the States to extend their 'bills of attainder,' working corruption of blood over the entire Union, we should not have our homes filled with grief and our streets covered with the funeral pageants of brave men killed in defense of the Union. We want no more evi-

dence of the accursed nature of the doctrine of 'State rights.' We are a UNION—a NATION. We must have NATIONAL LAWS, NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS, NATIONAL FREEDOM. We have had too much of State law, too much of State rights, too much of State slavery. The NATION MUST BE SUPREME. The States must be subordinate. As we uphold and perpetuate the National authority, so will be our existence as a people. As we detract from this, so will be our weakness and downfall.

GOD PRESERVE THE NATION!

ROANOKE ISLAND.

THE SITE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH COLONY IN AMERICA.

'I KNOW that historians do borrow of poets, not only much of their ornament but somewhat of their substance.'—*Raleigh's History of the World.*

THE name of Roanoke Island awakens in the mind of every lover of American history, sentiments of veneration and respect. It carries us back to the days of England's great Queen, to ruffs and rapiers, and calls up the memories of the gallant but unfortunate Raleigh, and of the brave knights, Grenville, Lane, and White, men who made their mark in history even in that golden era of chivalry and enterprise.

Let us go back through the vista of nearly three centuries, and trace the history of this spot where our language was first spoken and written on this continent. When we recall the first occupation of this island by the English, and picture to ourselves the Indians in their normal state, with their dress, habitations, and implements, so picturesque and unique, as well as the gallant gentlemen in the costume of that picturesque age, it seems almost to border on romance. But there is a dark side to the picture. The sombre veil of uncertainty hangs over the fate of

two entire colonies, which, if lifted, would consecrate this spot to the extremes of suffering and bloodshed. It was, no doubt, better to have these scenes buried in oblivion, and for each succeeding historian to fill up this chapter with his own fancies, than to be able to give the minute details of long days and months of probable famine, pestilence, war, captivity, and torture, which have occurred here or in the immediate vicinity. The certain knowledge of them would have awakened in their countrymen sentiments of retaliation and vengeance, and a fearful retribution would have been meted out to the natives, and have fallen upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

It was not until about the commencement of the sixteenth century that England could be considered one of the great maritime powers in Europe. Although Henry the Seventh had authorized Cabot to prosecute a voyage of discovery as early as 1497, in which he

discovered the continent, thus actually anticipating Columbus, who did not discover it till the succeeding year, no real attempts at colonization took place until a century afterward. In 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth to colonize such parts of North-America as were not then occupied by any of her allies. Soon after, he, assisted and accompanied by his step-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, fitted out an expedition and sailed for America; but they were intercepted by a Spanish fleet, and returned unsuccessful.

In 1583, they equipped a new squadron, in which Raleigh did not embark. This enterprise failed, and Sir Humphrey perished at sea. Still Raleigh was not disheartened. He had been a soldier in the religious war then raging in France, and associated with the Protestant admiral, Coligny, and many of his officers, whose ill-fated colony met so bloody a fate near the river St. John. Doubtless, during his intercourse with these men, their experience in Florida often became the theme of discourse, and it may be that from it he imbibed that passion for discovery and colonization in America, which ended only with his life. He doubtless learned of the voyage of Verranzo, who, in the employ of France, had, in 1524, coasted from Cape Fear to Rhode Island; but still our shores were hardly more than a myth, and the country north of the peninsula of Florida a *terra incognita*. Early in 1584, Raleigh, then a gallant courtier, received a grant from Elizabeth to 'discover and find out such remote and heathen lands, not actually possessed or inhabited by any Christian King, or his subjects, and there to have, hold, fortify, and possess, in fee-simple to him and his associates and their heirs forever, with privileges of allegiance to the crown of all that might there reside; they and their descendants.'

This grant would apply to any portion of the globe not claimed or inhabited by the subjects of a Christian prince. The grant bears date March 25th, in the

twenty-sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1584. Raleigh anticipated its passing the great seal, and probably had for some months been making preparations for a voyage of discovery under this patent. So energetic was he, that two barks were prepared and dispatched from the west of England on the 27th of April. They were under the commands of Captains Amidas and Barlow, with Simeon Fernando as pilot, who, it may be presumed from the name, was a Spaniard, and no doubt had been on this coast before. They took the route by way of the Canaries and West-India Islands, and by the tenth of May had reached the former, and by the tenth of June the latter, where they staid twelve days.

Continuing their voyage, on the second of July they found shoal water, where they say*: 'We smelled so sweet and strange a smell, as if we had been in the midst of a delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous herbs and flowers, so we were assured that the land could not be far distant; and keeping good watch, and bearing but slack sail, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent, and firm land; and we sailed along the same a hundred and twenty miles, before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea.'

They entered the first inlet which appeared, 'but not without difficulty, and anchored on the left-hand side.' Subsequent historians have written much to settle the long-disputed question, by what channel or inlet the earliest English navigators entered. After a careful examination of the early and of later authorities, and with some practical acquaintance with the localities, I am of the opinion that they must have entered by what is now known as Hatteras Inlet. 'The island twenty miles long and

* The narrative of these early voyages is preserved in Hakluyt's great *History of the Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation*, and this and the following extracts are taken from Vol. III., published in 1600. Americans are under great obligations to this faithful old chronicler.

not over six miles broad,' was that part of the banks or shore between this inlet and that now known as Ocracoke.

So soon as they had given thanks to God for their safe arrival, they landed, and took possession in 'the right of the Queen's most excellent majesty,' and afterward delivered it over to the use of the grantee. They found the land sandy and low, and expressed their admiration of the abundance of wild grapes, as well as the pines and cedars; but saw no inhabitants. The third day, they espied a small boat, with three persons, who came to the shore. There they were met by the two captains and the pilot, and one of the natives boldly commenced a conversation entirely unintelligible to the Englishmen, but most friendly in its tones. Having received a shirt and hat, the Indian, after viewing the vessels, fell to fishing, and in less than half an hour loaded his boat as deep as she could swim with fishes, which he soon landed on the shore and divided between the ship and pinnace. The next day, there came divers boats, containing forty or fifty natives, 'a very handsome and goodly people, and in their behavior and manners as civil as any in Europe.' Among them was the king's brother, 'Grangamimeo,' who said the king was called Winginia. They commenced trading with the Indians, no doubt greatly to their own advantage. The natives were, of course, much astonished at the splendor and profusion of the articles offered; but of all things which he saw, a bright tin dish most pleased Grangamimeo. He clapped it on his breast, and after drilling a hole in the brim, hung it about his neck, making signs that it would defend him from his enemies. This tin dish was exchanged for twenty deerskins, worth twenty crowns, and a copper kettle for fifty skins. In a few days, they were visited by the king and his family. The women had bracelets of pearl and ornaments of copper; the pearl was probably nothing but pieces of shell, and the copper must have been obtained from near Lake Superior,

where the mines had been worked ages before the advent of the white man. The Indians told them of a ship that had been wrecked near there twenty-six years previously, and that the crew attempted to escape in their boat, but probably perished, as the boat was afterward found on another island. This story has usually been looked upon with doubt; but recent researches in the Spanish archives have shown that they had a fort and colony at Port Royal in 1557, and about the same period, another in the Chesapeake. There can be but little doubt that the story was true, and that the ship contained Spaniards passing between these two places. They also told curious stories of a great river 'Cipo,' where pearl was obtained, which has puzzled later historians to locate; but we now know that *Cipo* or *Sepo*, in the Algonquin language, which was spoken from Maine to about this point, means simply a river, and probably referred to either the Moratio, now called the Roanoke, or to the Chowan.

These narratives give a glowing account of the natives and of their ability to construct their houses and canoes and weirs for fish. As this was their first intercourse with Europeans, it undoubtedly shows what their true condition was and had been for centuries. Situated, as this territory is, under a mild climate, where corn, beans, and melons can be so easily raised, and having a great abundance of game and fish, it must have been a paradise for the Indians. Of the king's brother, it is said:

'He was very just of his promise; for many times we delivered him merchandise upon his word, but ever he came within the day and performed his promise. He sent us every day a brace or two of fat bucks, conies, hares, and fish, the best in the world. He sent us divers kinds of fruits, melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourds, peas, and divers roots and fruits, very excellent and good; and of their country corn, which is very white, fair, and well-tasted, and grows three times in five months. In May, they sow; in July, they reap: in June, they sow; in August, they reap: in July, they sow; in September, they reap. They cast the corn

into the ground, breaking a little of the soft turf with a wooden mattock. Ourselves proved the soil, and put some of our peas into the ground, and in ten days they were fourteen inches high. They have also beans, very fair, of divers colors, and wonderful plenty; some growing naturally and some in their gardens.'

Their advent to Roanoke Island is thus described :

'After they had been divers times aboard our vessels, myself with seven others went twenty miles into the river that runs toward the city of Skieoak, which river they call Occum, and the evening following, we came to an island which they call Roanoke, distant from the harbor by which we entered seven leagues. At the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of cedar and fortified round about with sharp trees, to keep out their enemies; and the entrance into it made like a turnpike, very artificially. When we came toward it, standing near unto the water side, the wife of Grangamimeo, the king's brother, came running out to meet us very cheerfully and friendly; her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boat on shore; others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground, and others to bring our oars into the house, for fear of stealing. When we were come to the outer room, having five rooms in her house, she caused us to sit down by a great fire, and afterward took off our clothes and washed them and dried them again. Some of the women washed our feet in warm water, and she took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner, making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat. After we had dried ourselves, she brought us into the inner room, when she sat on the board standing alongside the house, and placed before us some wheat fermented, sodden venison, and fish, sodden, boiled, and roasted, melons, raw and sodden, roots of divers kinds, and fruits. We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty as we could possibly desire. We found these people most gentle, loving, and faithful; void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age.'

'Beyond this island, called Roanoke, a main stands, very plentiful in fruits and other natural increase, together with many towns and villages alongside the continent, some bordering upon the islands, and some standing further into the land.'

'When we first had sight of this country,

some thought the first land we saw to be a continent; but after we entered into the haven, we saw before us another mighty long sea, for there lieth along the coast a tract of island two hundred miles in extent.'

Thus they picture the country with the rosy tint so natural to all discoverers. They speak of the island as being sixteen miles long, which recent surveys show nearly correct. Many of the trees, animals, and fish were new to them, and like all travelers, they did not neglect to give a fair embellishment in their report to Raleigh. Their stay in the country was brief, less than sixty days, and on their return, they carried with them two of the Indians, named Wanchese and Manteo, who were regarded as a great curiosity by the English. They were exhibited at London to thousands, and gave Raleigh great satisfaction, as they were the first natives of America who had visited England.

The return of Amidas and Barlow, with their flattering report of the discovery and beauty of Virginia, created great excitement throughout England, and with it a desire to visit the new land. The soldiers of fortune, of which that reign was fruitful, were ready to embark in any cause that promised wealth or fame; and the nobility and merchants, with sanguine views of trade and extensive domains containing the precious metals, were ready to furnish the means to transport a colony to the new El Dorado. It was not difficult to procure men, under such dazzling aspects; a sufficient number was soon enrolled, but the material was not of a kind to make a successful and permanent settlement. Disbanded soldiers from foreign service, and London tradesmen out of business, and enlisting only with the hope of soon obtaining wealth, and returning home to enjoy it, were not the men to clear away forests, cultivate the soil, or develop industry, the only true source for success in America. The fleet consisted of seven vessels, the 'Tiger' and 'Roebuck,' each of one hundred and forty tons; the 'Lion,' of one hundred; and the 'Elizabeth,' of fifty tons; with

a small bark and two pinnaces, which were without decks.

In this fleet were several, eminent among the gallant men who have contributed so much to render the reign of the Virgin Queen illustrious in history. The commander, Sir Richard Grenville, distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto, and afterward lost his life in a desperate encounter with a Spanish fleet off the Azores. He was a cousin of Raleigh, and always his friend. The next in real rank was Ralph Lane, to whom was delegated the office of governor, and of whom we shall speak hereafter. Thomas Cavendish commanded one of the vessels. He was a wealthy and dashing adventurer, who, after his return, fitted out an expedition and captured some Spanish ships with great treasure; but after a reckless life, he found an early grave. Lewis Stukely, another cousin of Raleigh, had some prominent station. He proved a base character, and assisted, by his intrigues, in bringing his patron to the block. Amidas, who was in the first voyage, also found place here, with the title of 'admiral.' Simeon Fernando, the former pilot, was now in command of the 'Tiger.'

The fleet sailed from Plymouth on the ninth of April, 1585, and made one of the West-India Islands, where they had many adventures, on the fourteenth of May. Thence proceeding on their voyage, they reached the coast of Florida on the twentieth of June; on the twenty-third, they barely escaped wreck on Cape Fear shoals; and on the twenty-sixth anchored at Wocokon, now known as Ocracoke. Three days afterward, in attempting to cross the bar, the 'Tiger' struck, and remained for some time; the first of many similar accidents on that wild and dangerous spot. On the third of July, they sent word of their arrival to Winginia, the Indian king at Roanoke; and the same day dispatched Captain Arundell across the sound to the main land, where he found two men who had arrived twenty days before, in one of the smaller vessels.

For the next ten days, they were engaged in visiting the Indian towns on the main. Here one of the Indians stole a silver cup. To recover it, a party visited a town, and not obtaining the cup, burned the houses and spoiled the corn; 'a mean revenge,' destined to meet a bloody retaliation.

Soon after, the fleet sailed to Hatorask; not the cape or the inlet which we now call by nearly the same name, but an inlet then nearly opposite Roanoke, where all those intending to remain were probably landed. On the twenty-fifth of August, the fleet sailed for England.

The colony, landed on Roanoke, consisted of one hundred and seven persons, of whom Ralph Lane was the Governor, Amidas, the admiral, Hariot, the historian and chaplain, and John White the artist. So soon as they were settled at the island, they began the exploration of the country. This was done in boats, and entirely toward the south. Visiting the Neuse and the western shore of Pamlico Sound, they explored Currituck, on the east; while on the north, they penetrated to the distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and ascended Moratio, now known as the Roanoke river, probably more than fifty miles from its mouth. This was done with extreme labor and peril, as the Indians had deluded them with a story of mines of gold, and having notice of Lane's coming, were prepared to attack him. So sanguine were the party of finding mines, and yet so reduced, that they still pushed on, though they once found that they had but a half-pint of corn for a man, besides two mastiffs, upon the pottage of which, with sassafras leaves, they might subsist for two days. They returned safe, however, without any of the precious metals which they had made such exertions to find. Lane also explored the Chowan, or, as he called it, the Chowanook. The king of this country gave him much information respecting the territory, which proved to be perfectly truthful.

From the Indians, Lane had received

intimations of the existence of Chesapeake Bay,* and was desirous of visiting it.

The story of this ‘king’ of the Chasapeans was full of interest, he knowing well the route, which Lane communicates, with the plans he intended to carry out, but which the sudden departure of the colony left unfulfilled, so that the great bay remained for a few years longer a mere myth to the English. Of this native king, Lane says:

‘He is called Menatonon, a man impotent in his limbs, but otherwise, for a savage, a very grave and wise man, and of a very singular good discourse in matters concerning the state, not only in his own country, and the disposition of his own men, but also of his neighbors round about him, as well far as near, and of the commodities that each country yielded. When I had him prisoner with me for two days that we were together, he gave me more understanding and light of the country than I have received by all the searches and savages that I or any of my company have had conference with.’ ‘He told me that by going three days’ journey up the Chowanook, (Chowan,) you are within four days’ journey over land north-east to a certain king’s country, which lays upon the sea; but his greatest place of strength is an island,† as he described to me, in a bay, the water round about it very deep. . . . He also signified to me that this king had so great a quantity of pearl as that not only his own skins that he wears and his gentlemen and followers are full set with the pearl, but also his beds and houses are garnished with them.’ ‘He showed me certain pearl the said king brought him two years before, but of the worst sort. He gave me a rope of the same pearl,‡ but they were black and nought;— many of them were very large, etc. It seemed to me that the said king had traffic with white men that had

* Lane often refers to the Chasapeans, a tribe who dwelt on the Elizabeth River, probably at about the present site of Norfolk, and down to Old Point Comfort. The word Chesapeake is compounded from *Che*, great, *sepe* or *sepo*, river, and *peak*, a white shell, meaning ‘great river of shells,’ and probably referred to the mouth of James River. *Roanoke* means a black shell.

† This was no doubt what is now known as ‘Old Point Comfort.’ The position would have been well chosen for defense against his enemies. The Indians knew no difference between an island and a peninsula, and Old Point has but a very narrow connection with the main land.

‡ This was undoubtedly Wampum or Wampeage.

clothes as we have.’ ‘The king of Chowanook promised to give me guides to go into that king’s country, but he advised me to take good store of men and victual with me.’ ‘And I had resolved, had supplies have come in a reasonable time, to have undertaken it.’

He goes on to state that he would have sent two small pinnaces to the northward, to have discovered the bay he speaks of, while he, with all the small boats and two hundred men, would have gone up the Chowanook with the guides, whom he would have kept in manacles, to the head of the river, where he would have left his boats, and raised a small trench with a palisado on it, and left thirty men to guard the boats and stores. Then he would have marched two days’ journey, and raised another ‘sconce,’ or small fort, and left fifteen or twenty men near a corn-field, so that they might live on that. Then, in two days more, he would have reached the bay, where he would have built his main fort, and removed his colony.

It is interesting, at this time, to see how Lane would, with the caution and boldness of a good soldier, have passed up the broad estuary of the Chowan to ‘where it groweth to be as narrow as the Thames between Lambeth and Westminster,’ and so on, and turning into the Blackwater, which he would have navigated probably to where it is now crossed by the railroad, he would have been within fifty or sixty miles of the bay. While we write, General Burnside is pursuing the same route, not to capture from a savage tribe, but from a rebellious and traitorous people, the same domain.

The same chief or king gave Lane a fanciful account of the Moratio river, which we now call the Roanoke. He says:

‘This river opens into the broad sound of Weapomeiok, (Albemarle,) and the other rivers and sounds show no current, but in calm weather are moved by the wind. This river of Moratio has so swift a current from the West, that I thought it would with oars scarce be navigable; the current runs as strong as at London bridge. The savages

do report strange things of the head of the river, which was thirty days' voyage; that it springs out of a great rock, and makes a most violent stream; and that this rock stands so near unto the South Sea, that in storms the waves beat into the stream and make it brackish.'

This river he afterward explored. But ere long, either from oppression or fear of the English, the Indians assumed a hostile attitude, and laid plans to surprise them. The English had to be continually on their guard, and in the mean time famine compelled them to leave Roanoke in large parties, to obtain subsistence from the corn-fields, or proceed along the coast for shell-fish.

About the first of June, 1586, Lane, with a party, left the island, proceeding across the sound, and by a stratagem, hardly authorized in an honorable soldier, captured and killed the chief of the country and many of his people.

In the mean time, he was on the lookout for ships from England, with supplies, and had sent Captain Stafford, with a party, to 'Croatan,' probably at or near what is now known as Cape Lookout, to discover their approach. Suddenly, he reported a great fleet of twenty sail in sight, which proved to be the squadron commanded by the celebrated Sir Francis Drake, who was returning from one of his expeditions among the Spanish settlements in the West-Indies. When Drake left England, he was directed to look after Raleigh's colony, and had accordingly brought a letter to Lane. He anchored his fleet opposite Roanoke, (probably just off 'Nagg's Head,' now celebrated as the scene of the temporary sojourn and flight of Governor Wise,) and supplied them with the needed provisions. He also made them an offer of one of his small vessels, which they very gladly accepted.

But a storm, which continued for many days, came upon them; the promised bark was driven to sea; the open roadstead, where the larger ships were compelled to anchor, made Roanoke an undesirable location, and as the time had long expired when the prom-

ised reinforcements should have arrived from England, this disappointment, together with the hostilities of the Indians, so discouraged the leaders of the colony, that they solicited and obtained from Drake a passage to England. On the nineteenth of June, after a little less than a year's residence in the new land, they all sailed for home, and Roanoke Island was left in solitude.

It is somewhat singular that with all the wars, famine, and privations of these adventurers, not a solitary death occurred during the time they spent here.

It certainly speaks much for the salubrity of the climate, as well as for the care of the officers who were in command. They all arrived safely in England, about the last of July.*

Among the eminent men who accompanied Lane, and passed nearly a year at Roanoke, was Thomas Hariot, an Oxford scholar and a celebrated mathematician. He went out in the expedition as historian and naturalist, to make a topographical and scientific survey and report of the country and its commodities, duties fulfilled by him in the most faithful manner. His report was published in London, in 1588, under the title of *A Brief and True Report of the New-found Land in Virginia, of the Commodities found there, etc.* It was, in 1590, put into Latin, and published by Theodore de Bry, at Frankfort, with about thirty curious engravings, from the designs of John White, the artist who accompanied the expedition. These pictures are exceedingly well executed, by eminent Dutch artists, and a number of them give undoubtedly the exact portraits of many of the principal Indians, with their costumes and habits, as they were before they were changed by intercourse with the Euro-

* After Lane returned home, he obtained some celebrity as a soldier, in various wars, and was knighted. His narrative, addressed to Raleigh, as printed in Hakluyt, would prove him possessed of much energy. As the first Governor of an American colony, his name has been kept in remembrance. Had the supply-ship arrived but a few weeks sooner, he might have remained, and his colony have been the progenitors of the English race on this continent.

peans, showing us their original condition.

The Aborigines were certainly further advanced in agriculture and civilization than has been generally supposed, and probably much more than the tribes who resided further north. To all who are curious in the history of the early inhabitants of North-America, this work will be found of extraordinary interest. It may be observed that the maps of the coast which it contains are remarkably correct, and at the same time indicate many important changes to have since occurred. But its greatest value is its description of the 'commodities' or valuable productions, of daily use and commercial value, which were found here. Thus, under the Indian name of *Uppowoc*, Hariot gives a description of the tobacco-plant,* which had been previously known to the Spaniards. This, however, seems to have been its earliest introduction to the English, and it was carried home by them 'to the nobility.' In the account of this plant, we are told that it is so esteemed by the Indians that they even think their gods are delighted with it. Our chronicler further says: 'We were in the habit of using this plant for our diseases, as the natives did, and have continued the practice since our return.' It was only used to smoke; the natives were never guilty of chewing it. Among the roots, it mentions *Openauk*, which must have been what we call the pea-nut, which is now largely cultivated along that coast, and is quite an article of commerce. They also found here the sweet potato and various kinds of squashes and melons, as well as many varieties of beans, some of which are still cultivated extensively in that region.

It also describes a root which grows sometimes as large as a human head; this must have been what is now known as the *tanger*. But the greatest discovery of all was the potato, which has been of such inestimable benefit to mankind.

* A celebrated traveler asserts that tobacco, now extended over both hemispheres, is an evidence of civilization.

This, which they carried home, was cultivated by Raleigh, on his estate in Ireland, and thence disseminated through Europe. Doubt has been thrown over this statement by the fact that botanists have been unable to find this plant in North-America in an indigenous state, and so have concluded that it never grew here at all. Our volume, however, proves that it was cultivated by the natives, as were corn, beans, and tobacco. Of it, Hariot speaks as follows:

'Kaishucpenauk is a kind of white root of the size of a hen's egg, and almost similar in form; it did not seem to be of a very pleasant taste, and consequently we did not take any particular pains to learn its history, yet the natives cook and eat them.'

Scarcely any part of our country has a greater variety of plants and trees than this vicinity. It will be found an interesting field for botanists.

Only a few days had elapsed after the departure of the colonists, when a ship, prepared and furnished with supplies from Raleigh, arrived at Roanoke. After some days spent by her commander in searching for his countrymen, he set sail for home. Fifteen days after the departure of this supply-ship, three vessels, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, made their appearance before the place, and when he ascertained the state of affairs, his disappointment was extreme. He, however, made extensive explorations, and leaving fifteen men to reside at Roanoke and keep possession of the country, departed for home. One would suppose that Raleigh, by this time, would have become disheartened by his disappointments in America; but he was now at the height of his prosperity, and seemed never to despair of the final success of this his favorite project. The following year, 1587, a new expedition was fitted out under the charge of John White, as Governor, with twelve assistants. They were to found the city of Raleigh, in Virginia. This fleet of three ships left Plymouth on the fifth of May, and after making a short stay at the West-India Islands, sailed for our coast, reaching it on the

sixteenth of July. They a second time barely escaped a wreck on Cape Fear shoals, but anchored safely at Hatorask, on the twenty-seventh of the same month. They had been directed by Raleigh to visit Roanoke, and then proceed to the Chesapeake and there land the colony which they had transported. The Governor and party landed on Roanoke Island, and proceeded to the place (probably on the side next the sea) where Sir Richard Grenville left fifteen men the year previous. They found, however, only the skeleton of one, who with his companions had probably been slain by the savages. The next day they repaired to the south end of the island, where Lane had built his fort and houses. No human being was to be seen, and thus the fate of the fifteen was confirmed.

The commander of this fleet was Simon Fernando, a prominent officer in the two previous expeditions, who no doubt had given satisfaction to Lane, for his name was given to the fort at Roanoke. But the chronicles, in this instance, have charged him with treachery, he having refused to proceed to the Chesapeake. In consequence of this refusal, the colony remained here, occupying the buildings erected by Lane. The Indians soon gave proof of hostility by attacking and murdering one of the assistants. Master Stafford, who had previously been with Lane, accompanied by the Indian Manteo, (who came with them from England,) with twenty others, passed over to the mainland, and renewed their former intercourse with the Indians. The natives claimed to be friendly, and related how the fifteen were murdered by the tribe that once inhabited Roanoke. This party again visited the mainland on the ninth of August, and falling in with a party of natives, whom they supposed to be hostile, attacked and killed a number, but subsequently learned that they were of a friendly tribe. On the thirteenth of August Manteo was christened and announced as Lord of Roanoke, in reward for his faithful service. How far

he understood the meaning or value of the rite, we are unable to state; but the tendency of the act to influence the natives to regard the Europeans with more favor, can be readily implied.

The first child of English blood born upon this continent, (August 18th,) was 'Virginia' Dare, a granddaughter of the Governor. At the expiration of the time when the ships were to return home, it was thought advisable to send one of the principal men with them to make sure that supplies should be forwarded by their friends; but so satisfied were the majority with their present prospects, that it was a difficult matter to find one willing to go. At the last moment, finding all else so reluctant to leave, the Governor, John White, decided to return in person, and sailed, in company with the returning ships, on the twenty-fifth of August, leaving at Roanoke one hundred and seventeen persons to an unknown fate. He, with his vessel and her consorts, arrived safely in England.

The ship in which the Governor embarked, reached England in November, 1587. The succeeding year was, perhaps, as trying for that country as any it had ever experienced, the fear of the Spanish invasion and its consequences, being the absorbing theme of public attention. No doubt White had in view the best interests of his colony; he knew the condition of the colonists, and that their prosperity and perhaps their lives depended on his reinforcing them. But the war was imperative, and demanded the services of all. Raleigh, Lane, and White had important positions assigned them, and all gained a reputation for valor. It was not, therefore, till two years later, that White was able to embark for the colony, and then without either men or provisions; as he expresses it, 'with only myself and my chest.'

The ships put to sea on the twentieth of March, and lingered among the West-India Islands till the last of July, when, proceeding on their voyage, they anchored off old Hatorask Inlet on the fifteenth of August. Here they descried

a great smoke issuing from Roanoke, which gave White great hopes of meeting the friends he had left three years before. The party landed with much difficulty, explored the island, and found that the smoke proceeded from the burning of grass and dead trees. Footprints of savages were seen in the sand, but to the sound of their voices and their trumpet-calls there was no response.

Circumnavigating the island, they went to the north end, where a colony had been left, and where they saw letters cut in the bark of a tree, indicating that the settlers had gone to Croatan, (Cape Lookout.)

They found the fort deserted and dilapidated, and within it, guns, bars of iron, and lead, thrown on the ground, with weeds growing over them; and they afterward discovered buried in a trench, several chests, some containing property of White, and among it his own armor.

He was now anxious to proceed to Croatan, but a severe storm coming on compelled the ships, after losing men and anchors, to put to sea. As it continued, they bore away for home, leaving Roanoke to solitude.

It is probable that the colony found the Indians hostile, and despairing of relief from home, abandoned the island and proceeded to Croatan, where they ultimately perished. However, a writer who resided in the country more than a century after, says there were traditions among a tribe that inhabited the coast, that their ancestors were white people, and could talk in a book, and many of the children had gray eyes, which are never seen among natives of pure blood.

Raleigh is said to have sent three several times to ascertain their fate, but without any success. In some of the memoirs of the later Virginia settlements, which have recently been printed, there are references to persons said to have been recovered from Raleigh's colony on Roanoke, but they are indirect, and only show that tradition was busy with their

fate. There can be no doubt every soul perished on this isolated coast.

The ancient history of Roanoke closed with the departure of Raleigh's last ship, and the natives resumed possession of their favorite spots.

The Chesapeake was entered, and Jamestown settled, in 1607; and although the bold explorer of the bay and rivers, Captain John Smith, was desirous of sending a party to look after the lost colony, it was never done. Years passed away, and the grant of Carolina embraced all the country once claimed and occupied by Raleigh and his colonists.

In 1653, an adventurer from Virginia, with a small craft, entered Currituck Inlet and visited Roanoke. Here he found residing a great Indian chief, with whom he made a treaty of peace and alliance, which led to a purchase of land and to a long intimacy. A house for the chief was built like the English dwellings, and his son was confided to the English to be educated. The young chief embraced Christianity, and was baptized.

At this time the ruins of Lane's fort were plainly visible, and the natives were familiar with its history.

The first permanent settlement in what is now North-Carolina, can not be traced to an earlier date than 1656. It was on the shores of Albemarle Sound, some forty miles from Roanoke.

Almost coeval with this came small vessels from New-England, to trade, first for furs and peltry, and soon after to exchange their own productions and those of the West-Indies for the tobacco, corn, naval stores, and lumber of the country; and for the succeeding century our people were almost entirely the merchants and carriers of all this region. As a consequence some of them permanently settled here, and many of the merchants of Boston held extensive tracts of land obtained by grants or purchase.

Our public records contain many references to these, and among others we find a grant of the Island of Roanoke, as early as 1676, to Joshua Lamb, of

New-England. It would seem that it was then settled, and had houses and buildings,* and probably had been occupied for many years, and perhaps antedated the settlements before referred to, thus making it the first place permanently settled in North-Carolina.

Lawson, the very truthful historian of this country, who wrote about 1700, says :

'A settlement had been begun on that part of Roanoke Island, where the ruins of a fort are to be seen this day, as well as some old English coins, which have been lately found, and a brass gun, and a powder-horn, and one small quarter-deck gun, made of iron staves, hooped with the same material, which method of making guns might probably be used in those days for infant colonies.'

In time, the settlers extended over the Island, and slowly and quietly partially cultivated it. They were from the hum-

* 'To all Christian People to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting, know ye that I Sr William Berkeley Knt Capt Generall and chief Governor of Virginia and One of the Proprietors of Carolina and Albemarle Send Greeting Know ye that I the sd Sr William Berkeley for and in consideration of ye Sum of one hundred pounds sterlinc to me in hand already paid or secured to be paid, have bargained, sold, agreed, alienated, enfeoffed and confirmed and by these presents Do fully, clearly and absolutely bargain, sell, alienate enfeoffe and confirm unto Joshua Lamb of New England, Merchant, the whole Island of Roanoke Situate and being in the county of Albemarle in the province of Carolina, Together with what is thereon standing growing or being, with all ye profits, privileges and dvantages thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining and also all the cattle, hoggs and other stock, with the marshes, houses and buildings thereon to the sd Joshua Lamb. To Have and to Hold the premises and every part and parcel thereof to him his heirs Execrs and Admrs and assigns forever Free from any let, hinderance or molestation of me the said Sr William Berkeley or any other person or persons whatever. And I do hereby further Authorize and impower the sd Joshua Lamb his heirs Execrs and Admrs and assigns to enter upon and possess himself of all and every of the premises and to Oust, eject and expel any person or persons whatsoever pretending any right, title or interest thereto,

'In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 17th day of April, 1676.

'WILLIAM BERKELEY, L. S.'

In 1735, more than a century after, the following appears in the inventory of the estate of a resident of Boston :

'In the State of North Carolina — one half of Roanoke Island, valued at £134 6s. 8d.'

blest class. Slavery, with its consequences, never came here, and the small farms were 'worked' by their owners and their sons.

Many years ago the writer visited Roanoke. It was then, to a great extent, covered with its original growth of pines and oaks; the whole population, being only three or four hundred, a simple, industrious community, who alternated their agricultural labors with fishing in the adjacent waters, and sometimes navigating their small vessels to neighboring ports. He then visited the site of Lane's fort, the present remains of which are very slight, being merely the wreck of an embankment. This has at times been excavated by parties who hoped to find some deposit which would repay the trouble, but with little success, a vial of quicksilver being the only relic said to have been found. This article was doubtless to be used in discovering deposits of the precious metals by the old adventurers. While walking through the lonely forests the mind of the visitor is involuntarily carried back to the scenes that took place there, as well as to the actors who centuries ago passed away. Now silence broods over the place once so active with life, and nothing but nature remains, while the distant surf is ever sounding an everlasting requiem to the memory of the brave colonists.

If this brief history had been penned a year ago, the task would have ended here; but Roanoke has now another chapter to add to the annals of our country. The great rebellion of 1861 had overshadowed the land, and its instigators were endeavoring to overthrow a Government whose power had only been felt by them as the dew of heaven, and with as beneficent results. The authority of Government was called into action, and Roanoke Island once more felt the tread of armed men. Hatteras Inlet, now the principal entrance to these sounds, and well fortified by the insurgents, was in August of 1861, captured by the Federal forces. The rebels then concentrated at Roanoke, which is

the key to Albemarle Sound, and an important military position. Here they assembled a large body of troops and erected strong fortifications, deeming themselves secure against any force that could be sent against them. General Burnside left the Chesapeake with a large fleet, and having succeeded in passing Hatteras Inlet and the bars which encircle it, sailed up the sound and came to anchor off the lower end of the Island on the sixth of February, 1862.

On the morning of the seventh the fleet under the command of Captain Goldsborough, attacked that of the enemy, and after a sharp cannonade, the rebel vessels were, with one exception, captured or destroyed. As soon as the naval action ceased, General Burnside

landed his troops at the lower part of the island, where they were forced to wade through mud and water; but nothing could retard the valor of these New-England soldiers, who, pressing on toward the centre of the Island, carried the entrenchments and drove the enemy before them. The rebels retreated to the northern end of the island and surrendered as prisoners of war, in number about twenty-five hundred men, with all their stores and implements.

The fleet and army subsequently visited Edenton, Pasquotank, the Chowan, Neuse, and Roanoke rivers, and planted the National flag over them—visiting nearly the same shores so long ago explored by Lane and his adventurers, and like him returning victorious to the headquarters at Roanoke Island.

A STORY OF MEXICAN LIFE.

'You are an unbelieving set of fellows, and though you admire my rings, my breastpin, and my studs, and though you willingly accept any stray gems that I occasionally offer you, still you sneer and laugh at my mine; but it is no laughing matter, and now that we are all here together, I suppose I may as well gratify you by telling you all about it. However, as the yarn is a long one, I will first of all put the cigars and the wine within reach, so that you can help yourselves during the recital.

'Soon after our forces had evacuated Mexicó, on my return from a long, tedious journey across the Cordilleras, I hired, what for the city of Mexico, might be deemed sumptuous apartments, overlooking the Cathedral Square; so luxurious, in fact, that my Mexican friends were lavish in their praises, though I confess my American visitors said much less. But my domicil consisted of only two 'pieces,' one answering for both bedroom and parlor, while in the other I dressed. Never mind the latter, for it

contained little else than one shelf, which was adorned with a brown earthen pitcher and a gourd cut in two, for all my washing. My drawing-room, however, deserves a more elaborate description. The walls were frescoed, in a peculiarly gorgeous style; garlands of flowers were represented as twining around piles of fruit, and it was hard to say whether the profusion of the fruit, or the colors of the flowers, were the severest tax on the imagination, though I always thought myself, that they were both surpassed by incredible swarms of impossible humming-birds, with very gold and silver wings. The floor was covered with bran new matting, and the bedstead of cedar-wood was also new, though the bullock-skin on which the mattress rested, had rather an antiquated air. Moreover, I had a pair of sheets which were not of a bad color, although slightly patched. In addition, there was a Madonna hanging on one wall, and a Saint looking at her from the other; and against a door near the foot of my bed, stood a

rocking-chair, which on my conscience I believe must have been worth at least a dollar and a half. As the door was fastened up, this rocking-chair was the favorite resort of my first morning visitor, all subsequent callers having to choose between the window-sill, the matting, and the bedstead.

'As for the neatness and cleanliness of my sanctum, it was marvelous—for Mexico. I don't remember ever seeing more than ten scorpions at one time there, and two or three tarantulas on the ceiling were too much a matter of course to attract notice. Still, I had been so long away from civilized society, and endured so many privations, that I confess, notwithstanding the attractions that my home offered, I spent but little of my time there, for I was warmly received by several American families, and gladly availed myself of their hospitality and friendly attentions. To own the honest truth, ere a month had elapsed, I had so well compensated myself for past privations, that I had a serious attack of illness.

'To this illness was I indebted for my second interview with my worthy landlady, Donna Teresa Lopez, who had been invisible since the day on which my lucky stars first guided me to her roof. This worthy woman, who was somewhere between forty and sixty years of age, (Mexican women, be it understood, when once they pass thirty, enter on a career of the most ambiguous antiquity,) had two branches of business, of which she claimed a thorough knowledge—tobacco and medicine. My sickness, therefore, was to her a source of intense gratification. She was everlastingly bringing me some new remedy of her own invention, in spite of which, thanks be to God, and a good constitution, I at length rallied, and grew gradually convalescent.

'One night, while lying half-asleep and half-awake, dreamily promising myself, if the weather were favorable on the morrow, that I would venture out of doors, I fancied I heard a voice, muttering words in my own mother tongue.

I rose, and resting on my elbow, listened attentively—but then a profound silence reigned around me. Persuaded, that feeble as I still was, I had mistaken a dream for a reality, I languidly let my head fall back upon my pillow. Scarce-ly a minute, however, had elapsed, ere a voice whose tone denoted anguish and distress, and which seemed to come from the middle of the room, exclaimed, in distinct English: 'My God! my God! take pity on my anguish, and in mercy help me!'

'Assured this time that I was no longer dreaming, I started up again, and laboring under much excitement, cried out: 'Who is there?'

'Again all was perfectly silent. Just as I was about to jump out of bed and explore the mystery, my eye fell upon a faint streak of light, which glimmered through a crack in the door behind my rocking-chair, near the foot of my bed. From the same direction, also, came the sound of a nervous, unequal, jerking tread, which fully explained a portion of the mystery. It was pretty evident, first, that I had a neighbor; secondly, that he spoke English; and thirdly, that he was either a somnambulist or a soliloquist.

'This discovery, ordinary and common-place enough in itself, for Englishmen and Americans are plentiful enough in Mexico now-a-days, still made a very serious impression on my mind, for the words I had overheard, and above all, the tone in which they were uttered, seemed to imply something mysterious, and to be the key-note of some dramatic fragment. For hours I tossed about, pondering over those words, and day was dawning ere I fell asleep.

'The entrance of my learned landlady with a cup brimful of her latest concoction, awoke me.'

"Here, Señor," said she, presenting the dose to me with a serene air of matronly confidence, "Here, Señor, is a tea containing no less than seventeen different ingredients; and I have a presentiment that this is the very thing to perfect your cure."

"Thank you a thousand times," I said, "but I feel perfectly well this morning."

"That is no matter —"

"No matter! *what* is no matter?"

"Why, no matter how well you fancy you feel; this is a sovereign remedy, so just drink it off to please me."

"For mercy's sake, Señora, put down your medicine, sit down in the rocking-chair and draw near to the bedside, for I have several questions to ask."

"How long has my present neighbor lodged with you, Señora," said I, when she had duly ensconced herself. She gazed inquiringly at me, but when I pointed to the door behind her, she replied, with apparent *nonchalance*:

"Somewhere about three months."

"And who is he?"

"That is a question I can not answer?"

"Why not?"

"Because, over and above his rent, he paid me five dollars to hold my tongue."

"If I were to offer you ten to let it go, how would it be then?"

"Ten dollars!" replied my hostess, in a ruminating tone of voice.

"Yes, ten dollars."

"I should feel it my duty to my fatherless children to speak," said this excellent mother of the bereaved heirs of the defunct Lopez. "Yes—holy Virgin, forgive me—but I should feel *bound* to speak."

"It is a bargain, then; Señora, proceed."

"Your neighbor, Señor," replied my hostess, in a low voice, "is a heretic—an Englishman."

"Not an American?"

"English or American—what is the difference, any way? I tell you he is a heretic, and you know we Mexicans make no difference between those heathens—we call them all *Inglez*."

"The fair Teresa, I may remark, had always taken me for one of her fellow-countrymen, as I spoke the language fluently, and had been thoroughly sunburnt years before."

"He arrived here, as I have already

had the honor of saying, about three months since. He appears very sickly and exhausted, and from the look of his clothing I judge he had just returned from a long journey in the interior. 'Señora,' said he, when paying his bill in advance, 'I wish you to speak to no one of my residence in this house. I have no family, no country, and no name; I hate the world; I do not know a soul in this city, and I do not want to. I expect two inquiries to be made for me, one by a man, the other will be by a woman. I will not see any others. Should either of them call, their first salutation to you will be: 'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.' - Without that pass-word, I forbid you to allow any one to have access to my room.'

"Well, Señora Lopez, have these folks with the eternal pass-word turned up yet?"

"No, Excellency, during the whole three months he has not had a single visitor. Every morning when I take him his chocolate, he promises a dollar if I can find him a letter at the post-office. So every day I go, but unfortunately I have only found two for him in all that time."

"But, of course, if you go for his letters, you must know his name, and surely you noticed where the two came from, which you received for him."

"They were addressed to Albert Pride, and bore the stamp, 'New-Orleans.' But who knows whether that is his real name?"

"How does he spend his time?"

"He alone can answer that question. Since the first hour of his entering the house he has shut himself up in that room, and no one has seen him quit it. Between you and me, I confess candidly, that my opinion of him is by no means favorable. Why, would you believe, that though he is as thin as a rail and as pale as a ghost, he won't admit that he is even slightly indisposed. If I ask him about his symptoms, he gets angry; and if I offer him any of my specifics, he has the ill-manners to exclaim: 'Bosh!' Oh! that man is a

wicked fellow; I have no confidence in him!'

'Many thanks, Señora Lopez, for your information,' said I, handing her the promised reward'—*vaya v'm; con Dios!*'

'After her departure I began to reflect that my own conduct had not been much less dishonorable than hers. What right had I to tear aside the veil of mystery in which my neighbor wished to wrap himself? I owned to myself that I was very clearly in the wrong. And yet, having made this concession to the claims of conscience, my fancy was busy putting together the scraps I had gleaned. The field of speculation was so vast and unbounded that I knew not where to stop. The starting-point was easy. Curiosity began by asking, Why the deuce, Albert Pride was so carefully hiding himself away in the city of Mexico? He must be a fellow-countryman; because an Englishman, no matter how branded at home, by fraud or dishonor, could boldly strut about New-Orleans or New-York, without submitting to voluntary self-imprisonment in the city of Mexico. Was he a fraudulent merchant, or a bank-defaulter? Good heavens! such gentlemen generally assume such a graceful *nonchalance*, or else laugh at their little transactions so good-naturedly that such a supposition was ridiculous. Well, then, perhaps he had had a personal difficulty? I think that is the phrase, is it not, for sending a fellow-mortal on his last long journey? What of that? that even would be no reason for concealment, for once in Mexico, what had he to dread? Thus I went on, tormenting my mind with suppositions and conjectures without end, until at last I resolved to dispel my apparently inextricable tangle of mystery by taking a walk, as soon as I had finished my breakfast. Accordingly I sallied forth, turned my steps toward the Alameda, and at no great distance from one of the fountains I sat down on a bench, beneath the shade of one of the grand old trees.

II.

'The Alameda, during the early part of the day, is perhaps the most unfrequented spot in the whole city of Mexico; in fact, almost deserted. It would be, therefore, unsafe to traverse, were it not that the absence of victims insured the stray loiterer against any well-grounded fear of robbers. Great, therefore, was my surprise at hearing, shortly after I had taken my seat, two persons in animated conversation behind the spot which I had selected. A thicket of climbing plants and prickly cactuses alone separated me from them; but while it prevented me from catching even a glimpse of their persons, I lost not one word of their conversation.

'Pedro,' said a full, sonorous voice, 'I am by no means satisfied with you. In the management of this business, you have shown a carelessness that I can not tolerate. Why, zounds! your acquaintance with Pepito was a most excellent pretext for gaining access to the enemy's camp. You might have pretended to be very anxious about Pepito, who I most heartily wish was at the devil, and what could be more natural than going to make inquiry after him?'

'Well, General, the fact is this,' said the invisible individual, who had been addressed as Pedro, 'much as I am attached to Pepito, I am by no means anxious to have a bullet through my brains.'

'Bullet through your brains! what do you mean?'

'Simply what I say. Now, look here, Señor General, the other day, last Friday, I succeeded in slipping, during the old woman's absence, to the door of the fellow's room. 'Who is there?' exclaimed the 'Inglez,' in a loud voice, just as I was about to give the third kick at his door. 'Me, Pedro,' I replied. 'Don't know you,' was the answer, 'you must have mistaken the room,' 'Not at all, Señor,' said I, 'I come to seek some tidings of my *compadre*, Pepito.' 'Tidings of Pepito,' repeated the Inglez,

'tidings of Pepito—wait——' So I did wait, congratulating myself on the success of my scheme, and handling my knife with a confident expectation of making sure work of my man, when I heard the floor creak, and looking through the key-hole, I saw the confounded Inglez cocking a pistol and putting a fresh cap on it. And do you know, General, it somehow happened that when he opened the door, I was at the bottom of the stairs.'

"Which means, Pedro, that you ran away like a coward as you are."

"Coward!"—nay, General, you must be joking. The truth is, I experienced a new sensation; I felt for the first time the emotion of fear; yes, that must have been what passed over me. It was something quite new to me, and for the moment I did not know what ailed me.'

"Idiot! do you suppose a foreigner would be fool enough to amuse himself by shooting a Mexican at mid-day, in the very heart of the capital?"

"Oh! I know very well, General, that it would cost him a small fortune, if he was rich, and his life if he was poor. But then these Inglez are so imprudent, so rash, so headstrong, and I felt that I had no wish to have a bullet in my head, just to put money into the pocket of the best judge in the city."

"Nonsense; but about those papers. I must have them. What steps do you propose taking?"

"General and chief, were I to put my hand upon my heart, and tell you the sacred truth, I should say that I propose for a time to lie quiet and—do nothing."

"Do nothing—lie quiet! Do you forget that I have paid you already one hundred dollars in advance, and that four hundred more are ready for you when your job is finished?"

"Oh! I know our bargain, General, and I have the greatest confidence in your honor. As for abandoning the enterprise, that I have never dreamed of; but the fact is, my motive in remaining inactive for a season is, that I am certain

if I make a move now I shall be undoubtedly checked, perhaps mated."

"How so?"

"Well—because I find at the monte-table, where I usually try my luck, that there has been for nearly a week a run on odd numbers. Now, I always remark that when there is a run on odds, I always lose in every thing I put my hand to. Stop, then, General, till the tables turn, and when I strike a new vein, you shall hear from your servant, Pedro."

"Of course I waited, expecting to hear the General burst forth in violent denunciations on his servant, Pedro, or at any rate supposed he would ridicule such an excuse; but I was deceived.

"Well, Pedro, your excuse is not so bad; had you explained yourself at the outset, I should not have been so angry."

The Mexicans, it may be remarked, are influenced in the most important and momentous actions of their life, by superstition; this fact is readily explained, when we reflect that the vast majority of them are utterly devoid of the very first rudiments of education, and owe the position they occupy to the fortune of civil war or of the gambling-table. Except in the mere texture and richness of their costume, nothing else in that strange country of the grotesque and picturesque, distinguishes the man of rank from the beggar or the *lazzaroni*. In every class, in every rank, you meet with the same simplicity, the same vanity, the same prejudices, the same superstition, the same purity of language, the same grace of elocution. The beggar, wrapped in his tatters, displays the self-same exquisite polish of manners, the same courteous bearing, as the senator or the millionaire, in velvet and gold. After all, it must be ever remembered that perhaps the senator was once a beggar, and that ere long the beggar may be a senator. One or two lucky hits at monte, and in a few, short hours, lo! the metamorphosis is complete.'

You can readily believe that the con-

versation I had thus overheard interested me greatly; however the promptings of curiosity would have riveted me to my seat, the dictates of prudence warned me to retire as quickly and stealthily as possible.

'With a tread as noiseless as practicable, I therefore turned my footsteps to the main avenue, and keeping an eye always on the spot I had left, I took another seat near the main entrance. Not much more than a quarter of an hour could have elapsed, when along the same path I had myself taken, I saw two men approaching. One of them was a tall and very handsome man; he flourished in his hand a cane with massive gold head, and walked with a military air, in fact, with the air of a hero and a conqueror; perfectly well-dressed, in the latest European fashion; indeed, had it not been for the immense profusion of gold chain, and sparkling rings upon his fingers, instead of gloves, you might have almost mistaken him for a gentleman. His companion presented the most striking contrast. His face, shaded by a torn, slouched hat, was dirty and coffee-colored. Of short stature, slight build, and round-shouldered, he followed his master, with an humble, abject look, and from his tread, you would almost have imagined that he was anxious not to leave any track behind, of his footsteps on the gravel walk. A velvet cloak, so worn and patched that a *lazzaroni* would only have yielded to the temptation of stealing it, from a love of art and not from any hope of its being of any earthly use to him, was thrown across his shoulders, beneath which appeared pantaloons ornamented on the outer seam of each leg with long-shanked brass buttons, covered with verdigris, and boots of Spanish leather, outrageously dilapidated.

'As they drew nearer to my seat, I became more and more impressed that the handsome flourisher of the gold-headed cane was not unknown to me. I was not mistaken, for as he passed me his eye caught mine, and with a friendly wave of the hand, he honored me

with a most polite recognition. It was General Valiente, one of the most celebrated or rather notorious 'ladies' men' in Mexico.'

'From the fact of his companion having addressed him as General, and from the direction in which I had watched them come, I was at no loss to identify General Valiente and his companion with the invisible talkers who had so unwittingly imparted their secrets to me.'

I noticed that immediately on leaving the Alameda, General Valiente and his friend Pedro separated, without further parley, and each took directly opposite roads.

'This adventure took firm hold of my mind, and for nearly two hours I remained seated in the Alameda, revolving it over and over. Personally, I knew but little of this General Valiente; but by hearsay, much. His name was connected with various strange stories, in which jealous husbands, duels, poniards, and poison figured very largely, and it had been hinted that had Eugene Sue been acquainted with Valiente, there might have been forthcoming one of the most intensely interesting histories relative to the mysteries of Mexico.'

III.

'Time passed on, until the promptings of an empty stomach began to remind me that my dinner-hour was at hand, if not already passed; but I still sat there, ruminating. At last, however, I arose, and slowly walked up the magnificent *Calle des Plateros*, which leads directly into the Cathedral Square. Whilst thus sauntering along, my gaze fell on a young and lovely female, whose eyes were intently fixed on me, and who, I fancied, to my extreme surprise, was preparing to address me. Fearing, however, that I might be laboring under a delusion, and dreading to involve myself in a ridiculous dilemma, although I had instinctively almost halted, I quickened my step, when, to my great delight, she stepped toward me, her lovely face suffused with blushes.

'Doubt was at an end. Raising my hat, and approaching her most respectfully, I inquired if fortune had so favored me as to enable me to be of any possible service to her, and if so, I was at her orders.'

'Señor, I have simply to beg some information; can you direct me which street will lead me to the Cathedral Square?'

'I am myself going thither, Señora, and if you will permit me to walk beside you, I shall be most happy to show you the way.'

'For a few moments, she hesitated, and I seized the opportunity to examine her more attentively. Hair as black as the raven's wing, large blue eyes, a face perfectly oval, a mouth of the smallest and the most expressive mold, lips the reddest and most faultless it is possible to imagine, composed the details of the lovely whole, which at the first glimpse had dazzled and attracted me. Probably my respectful admiration was legible on my countenance, for after a few seconds, the youthful beauty accepted my proffered guidance.'

'Would you deem me too impertinent, were I to ask you one question, Señora?' said I, after we had proceeded a few steps.

'Of course that will in a great measure depend on the question you are about to ask,' she replied, giving at the same time a sweet smile.

'Are you a native of Mexico, Señora?'

'No, Señor,' answered she, after a momentary pause, 'I am not a Mexican; but may I, in return, inquire what induced you to doubt it?'

'Madame, if you will excuse my candor, my doubts were excited by your Spanish.'

'O Señor! I am aware that I speak it very poorly.'

'If I am not greatly mistaken, you are a native of *la belle France*.'

'The beautiful stranger turned pale. 'What possible interest, Señor, can it be to you as to who or what I am?' This she asked with an earnest look, so pierc-

ing and fixed as to astonish me in any woman.'

'No interest, madame, but it would be a pleasure; for my mother's ancestors were French, and I am, therefore, ever happy to have an opportunity to be of any service to one whom I am permitted to look upon as in some degree a country-woman.'

'I am not from France, Señor, although my ancestry, like yours, is French. I am a native of New-Orleans.'

'Better still, madame,' said I, 'for then I am indeed your fellow-countryman; for I was born in the Sunny South, not far distant from Mobile—but, madame, I fear you feel ill?'

'Oh! no—ill—it is nothing—the heat—and I am fatigued, sir; pray, are we far from the Cathedral Square?'

'Three minutes more will bring us to it, madame; you can already see the steps of the cathedral.'

'Then, sir, I have only to thank you for your kindness,' she replied, bowing her head most gracefully.

'There was no mistaking her thanks for any thing but a desire to dismiss me, so I once more bowed to her, and she, to dispel every possibility of doubt, quickened her pace, so as to be rid of me as soon as possible.'

'Without altering my gait, I pursued the even tenor of my way, when, what was my surprise to see her stop before the door of my domicile.'

'As she was in the act of ascending the steps, she turned round, and as I was not many yards behind her, it happened that I was the first person who met her eye. I noticed she seemed for a few moments to hesitate, and then apparently obeying some sudden impulse, she walked toward me.'

'Sir,' said she, with the same earnest, piercing glance, which had before struck me; 'Sir, this conduct is neither polite nor honorable, and if you really are an American, you must know that to play the spy on a lone female is not manly.'

'Good heavens! madame,' said I, as

coolly as possible, ‘perhaps you will allow me to explain, that my conduct is simply that of a man who is returning home to dine.’

‘Home! why, is this your residence?’

‘Exactly so, madame.’

‘This explanation evidently annoyed her, but she added coldly:

‘Excuse, then, sir, the error into which my hastiness has betrayed me. I regret my ill-judged impetuosity. May I inquire, sir, if you are acquainted with any of the persons dwelling in this house?’

‘With the exception of Donna Lopez, the landlady, I do not know a single soul.’

‘Would you inform her, sir, that I wish to speak with her?’

‘With much pleasure.’

Opening the door, I immediately proceeded to summon Donna Teresa.

‘Señora,’ said I, ‘here is a lady who is anxious to see you.’

My beauteous countrywoman gave a most expressive look, which very clearly signified that my instant departure would be satisfactory to her feelings, but my curiosity was so far kindled that I pretended not to understand, but remained standing near the door. My want of tact seemed once more to vex her, but after a moment’s reflection, she addressed the worthy Teresa.

‘Señora,’ said she, in a low voice, but still not so low but I could overhear, ‘The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.’

‘If you will follow me, Señora, I will show you to Mr. Albert Pride’s rooms,’ said mine hostess, as she led the way up-stairs.

IV.

‘Well, Doctor of mine,’ said I, addressing the disinterested Teresa, when after a delay of some twenty minutes she appeared with my dinner, ‘what do you think of our last new arrival? Matters are beginning to grow a little complicated.’

‘What do I think? Why, I think that she is marvelously beautiful; such

a perfect beauty I never saw before. But yet, her eye displeases me.’

‘That, allow me to remark, is not a very logical conclusion.’

‘Oh! as for a logical conclusion, I don’t know what that is; but I know just what I feel, though perhaps I can’t tell you in words, why I do feel so; but I am candid, I am; and I tell you, I don’t like her eye.’

After Donna Teresa’s departure, I sat with the book which usually served me as a companion at meal-times, wide open on the table, but it remained unread. My strange encounter with this beautiful stranger had taken entire possession of my mind. What could be the link between her and this Albert Pride, who had for three months been awaiting her arrival? Why should she be as anxious as he to avoid recognition? For every thing conspired to prove this—her emotion when I asked if she were French, her pallor and faintness when I claimed to be a fellow-citizen, her indignation at the thought of my playing the spy upon her, and her hesitation to speak in my presence to Donna Lopez—all tended to show she desired to preserve the strictest *incognito*.

The convent-bells of all Mexico were ringing the *Angelus*, and I was still seated at the dinner-table, absorbed in deep thought. My imagination had been so racked that it passed from the domain of the real, and reveled in the most fantastic regions of the ideal, and it required a strong effort of the will to bring back my mind to the dull matter-of-fact aspects of actual life.

As the evening promised to be magnificent, I determined to refresh my mind by taking a brisk walk.

Passing down the Calle del Arco, I met an acquaintance, at whose solicitation I entered one of the most fashionably-frequented gambling-houses in the city; it was about nine o’clock, and quite a number of players were assembled.

Soon after taking my stand at the board of green cloth, so as to have a

good view of the game, and to watch the conflicting emotions depicted on the countenances of these devotees of the fickle goddess, I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder, and turning round, beheld at my side General Valiente.

"Would you, Señor Rideau, have the goodness to give me an ounce in exchange for sixteen dollars?"

"Certainly, General." And I immediately handed it to him, placing the dollars he gave me in return, on the table immediately before me.

"You had better see if it is all right," said he.

"It is not necessary, General."

"Oh! I beg of you to count them, an error is so easily committed."

Accordingly I counted the pile, and found there were only fifteen.

"You see now, Señor, how necessary it is to be particular. I am delighted now that I pressed upon you to examine them; you see I owe you a dollar." Saying which, he turned to the table and put down his stake.

After two or three games, I suggested to my friend that it was about time to leave, but before retiring, I just put down five dollars as my one offering to chance. A very short suspense was all that I had to endure, for in a minute my card won.

The croupier, after raking in his winnings and paying two or three of his losses, took up my stake, and after quietly glancing at each coin, held them out toward me, and said:

"I do not feel bound to pay."

"Why not, I should like to know?"

"Because, Caballero, your dollars are spurious."

"General Valiente," said I, raising my voice, "here is this croupier pretending that the money I received from you just now, is false."

"The croupier is an impudent rascal, whose ears I would crop off if I had him any where else than where we are," said the General. "As for your dollars, my dear Caballero, I really can not vouch for their purity, you know there are such

gangs of counterfeiters throughout the country. You see how far I was right in begging you to examine them just now. This little accident now will impress it on your mind and make you more cautious in future."

I knew too much of Mexican life to be surprised at this cool reply. As for resenting the General's conduct, I did not for an instant dream of it. Military men in Mexico assume, and in fact enjoy such extensive privileges, that to have made a fuss about such a trifle would have been looked on by all civilians as sheer madness. I therefore merely examined my pile very carefully, and congratulated myself at finding that three out of the fifteen were genuine. It was very evident that despite his very sound advice, my friend General Valiente had neglected to examine them with any great nicety.

While thus engaged, the clocks struck ten, and at the sound the players arose to stretch their legs and take part in the interlude. Servants appeared with what passed for refreshments, that is to say, tumblers and decanters containing three or four different kinds of liquor, all of domestic manufacture, and which differed only in their colors. Glasses and decanters soon circulated freely, and each man helped himself without stint.

Seated near the door, chatting to two or three Americans, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a rancho, gayly dressed in the rich national costume of the country. His jaunty air amused me, and I moreover fancied I recognized his features. After running his eye over the assemblage, his countenance brightened up, and with an air of boldness he walked directly toward a window, where with his back to us, was standing my delectable friend, the General.

I can scarcely define the feeling which prompted me, but instinctively I changed my seat for one not far distant from the window.

v.

'On beholding the ranchero, Valiente was unable to suppress an outburst of ill-humor.

"What do you come here for, Pedro?" said he, lowering his voice; "you know well enough that I have forbidden you to accost me in public."

This flattering reception, however, did not disturb Pedro's equanimity.

"Before you fly off into a passion, General," said he, "perhaps you will deign to cast a glance at my change of attire. How does it strike you?"

"Oh! good enough, good enough, Pedro, but—"

"Suits me admirably, I think, don't you? I need not say it's the first-fruits of a lucky hit. The run on the odds gave up, and I went in and won twice running on the evens. I find it impossible to express to you, General, my delight, the intense joy I experienced, when I threw that villainous old suit of mine out of the window, it was a hideous abomination, and I really felt ashamed to walk with you this morning across the Alameda. But now luck has changed; Pedro and the evens win, and I feel ready to undertake what other men might deem impossibilities."

"I am very glad your luck has turned, Pedro, and I appreciate your willingness to act; but as I before told you, you must not be seen talking to me, thus publicly, so be off quickly."

"Yes, I know all that, General, but first let me hand you a letter that I received just now from Brown and Hunt."

"Hush! Are you drunk or mad, to mention names in such a place as this?"

The General looked around him, but the precision with which I was comparing my watch with the clock over the mantelpiece, saved me from suspicion, and he resumed his conversation, in a voice which evidently betokened suppressed rage.

"Listen, Pedro; twice have I expressly forbidden you holding any communication with that firm; beware, lest I find you daring again to disobey me.

This once more I will overlook it; but keep this well in mind, that it is far better to have me for your friend than your enemy. Now not another word; begone!"

Pedro, whose consequential air had gradually faded into one of deep humility, as soon as the General ceased speaking, bowed very low and left without uttering a sound. The voice of the croupier was soon heard announcing that the monte would recommence, and yielding to the pressing invitation of those around me, I resumed my position at the table.

It was past midnight ere the bank closed, and I rose the winner of some ten ounces. Not being at all ambitious of exciting the cupidity of the less fortunate brethren around me, I was very particular in intrusting all my money to the croupier and taking his receipt for it, payable to my order. This precaution settled in the most public manner, I bade my friends good night.

At the foot of the stairs I found General Valiente waiting for me, apparently, for he accosted me in the most gracious tone, and bowed with the most exquisite air of well-bred politeness.

"Believe me, Señor Rideau, I feel extremely mortified about that little affair of the counterfeit dollars."

"You are altogether too considerate, General, to think about the matter in any way."

"O Señor! such a circumstance jars upon my feelings; those confounded villains! we must have a strong government, and make an example of some of them. I feel anxious to make amends to you—something more than a mere apology. Now an idea struck me as I came down-stairs. Will you oblige me by allowing me to buy the spurious dollars? Well, now, suppose I give you four good ones, it will be so much out of the fire."

"Willingly, General, most willingly; but the fact is, I can only return you twelve; I have a particular use for the other three."

"Ah! you sly rogue, you passed off

three on the croupier, eh? Well, that is not so bad.'

'General, you flatter me too highly. I assure you I have a special purpose for three of them.'

'Oh! well,' said he, 'it is not of the least importance; I happen to have four dollars in my pocket, and I will give them to you in exchange for your twelve, rather than see a friend lose all.'

'General, I thank you a thousand times; here are your twelve counterfeits.'

'O Señor! pray do not mention thanks; between caballeros, there is no need for thanks; I have only done the right thing; here are four genuine dollars. Good-night—pleasant dreams.'

Half-past twelve was striking as I reached, without further adventure, the door of my habitation.

'Who is there?' cried I, as I suddenly beheld, a few steps from the door, wrapped in a large cloak, leaning against the railing, a tall man.

The unknown made no reply. I therefore stepped back and drew out my revolver. Dialogues carried on by knives and fire-arms are by no means of rare occurrence at mid-night in the streets of Mexico; but I was anxious, ere proceeding to extremities, to have a good look at my antagonist. Although the Cathedral Square was illumined by a magnificent moonlight, still I could not succeed. His hat was forced down over his brow; his ample cloak was raised, and the folds covered the lower portion of his face entirely. I could distinguish only a pair of glaring eyes, and also discover that his long hair, which nearly reached his shoulders, was almost perfectly white.

The contemptuous silence and disdainful listlessness of my cloaked adversary tended rather to enrage than calm me; so, with my revolver in full view, and my arm stretched forth, I advanced toward him.

'I have already once demanded who you are, and you have not seen fit to answer me. As I intend entering this

house, and can not do so in safety, since you block my passage, and may have a dagger hidden beneath your cloak, I warn you, unless you clear the way, I shall be obliged to proceed to violent means to enforce my demand.'

Whether the unknown was duly impressed with wholesome prudence, by the tone of my voice and the sight of my pistol; whether, finding he had woken up the wrong customer, he determined to change his tactics; or whether he had no sinister motives, I could not then determine; suffice it to say, he evacuated the disputed territory, and with a measured and majestic step, moved away some eight or ten paces, reminding me of a stage bandit, in some Bowery melodrama.

Keeping my face toward him, and letting no movement of his body escape me, I knocked loudly at the door, and in a minute more Donna Lopez herself opened it, and I entered.

Mexican houses all are provided with two doors, and my hostess and I had not crossed the vestibule leading to the inner one, when the knocker fell on the outer door, with a force that fairly startled the obese Teresa.

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed she, 'who can be there at this hour? But angels defend us, why, Señor, have you your pistol in your hand?'

In a few words, I explained to her the adventure which had befallen me at the door; but ere I had fairly ended, the door shook with the increased violence with which the knocker now fell upon it. I rushed forward to open it.

'For mercy's sake, Señor, be prudent; do not open it,' said my terrified hostess, 'wait—wait, I will go myself.'

Poor Donna Teresa, overpowered by fear, was slower than even was her custom, in obeying the impetuous summons, and as she reached the door, it shook for the third time beneath the rapid blows of the knocker.

'Who is there?' said she, in a faltering tone, opening a little slide which was so protected by bars and cross-bars

as to prevent the intrusion of a dagger or even the muzzle of a pistol; 'who is there?'

'*The price of liberty is eternal vigilance,*' was the answer from without.

v i.

'Donna Lopez looked at me with terror and amazement.

'This must be the man Señor Pride has been so impatiently waiting for during the past three months,' said she, 'he must be admitted.'

'One moment, Señora, let me first put one question to this impetuous stranger; perchance he may have uttered these words without knowing their full import.'

'Friend,' said I, approaching the grating, 'it is very true that 'the price of liberty is eternal vigilance'; but allow me to suggest that this is not a very appropriate hour for uttering truisms, however excellent, especially in the way you do. Let peaceable people retire to rest, and take my advice and get you to your own home.'

'I must see Albert Pride without delay; imminent danger threatens him. If you persist in refusing me admittance, on your head be the consequences.'

This reply dissipated all doubt. I opened the door immediately. A man, wrapped in a large cloak, entered, whom I instantly recognized as the same person I had found leaning against the rails. His face, no longer concealed, betrayed evidence of deep emotion.

Taking a small lamp in her hand, Donna Teresa, after casting a piteous glance toward me, as though she were begging me not to lose sight of them, told the stranger to follow her, and she would show him the way. He followed, without uttering a word.

'This is the door of Señor Pride's room,' said she, on reaching the head of the stairs.

'Señora,' said the stranger, 'it may be that he is a sound sleeper, and may not answer my first rap. I will therefore, with your permission, take the lamp, and will not detain you longer.'

'How far this proposition suited my worthy hostess, I can not say; at any rate, she made no opposition. As we retired, we heard a firm hand rattling the handle of Pride's door.

The sleeping-room I occupied, although contiguous to and on the same floor with Albert Pride's, was reached by another staircase. It was very narrow; but I was so familiar now with the house, that I did not wait for my hostess to bring a light, especially as I had candles in my room. As I entered my room, I fancied I heard a gentle tapping at the door, which was closed up near the foot of my bed, and to which I have already alluded. If opened, I knew it must lead into Pride's apartments.

'Again I heard the tapping, and exclaimed: 'Who is there?'

'Open the door, for Heaven's sake, open the door,' was the reply, in a low tone; 'quick, my life is in danger!'

I approached the door, and in equally low tones asked: 'Who are you?'

'A woman—but quick, open—open the door, for every moment is precious. I tell you my life is at stake!'

'It seemed to me it was rather a time for action than for explanations, so, taking an excellent Spanish dagger, which I had had in my possession many years, I succeeded in wrenching out the two staples which fastened the door on my side, and then putting my mouth to the key-hole, I asked: 'Have you the key?'

'Yes.'

'Then unlock the door, and bring the key with you to this side.'

A few moments more, and a woman, to judge from the lightness of the tread, for I was still without light, precipitated herself into, rather than entered, the room.

'Oh! thanks; from my heart I thank you, Señor, whoever you are; I owe my life to your kind assistance.'

The sound of her voice, which I at once recognized, changed the suspicion which had from the first moment flashed upon my mind, into full assurance.

'Do not be afraid, madame,' said I,

'you are in perfect safety here. Do you lock the door, while I look to my candles.'

'The first object my candle brought to light was the pale but still charming face of my beautiful country-woman.

'You, sir!' she exclaimed, scarcely able to suppress her astonishment. 'In mercy I implore you, save me from the fury of my husband.'

'Of Mr. Albert Pride?'

'No, sir, Albert is not my husband; but, listen!—do you not hear?—they are quarreling—they are struggling.'

'I listened. She was not mistaken. In spite of the two partitions which separated us from the scene of this angry interview, we distinctly heard the furious accents of passion. All at once a violent shock made the wall—thin enough, it is true—creak and rattle; then, a moment afterward, we heard the fall as of a body, accompanied with a low moan.

'Albert is dead! He has murdered him; but woe be to him. I will be revenged yet,' exclaimed my companion, her eyes glaring with unearthly fire.

'At this moment, hasty footsteps sounded in the adjoining room, which I subsequently discovered was Pride's bed-chamber.

'Sir,' said a voice choked with anger, 'you are a coward, and shall give me satisfaction for this insult.'

'You brought it on yourself, by your own obstinacy. Had you not opposed my entrance to this room, I should not have used violence toward you, at any rate. As for the satisfaction you claim, I will think about that.'

'Well, you see that your wife is not here,' replied Albert, after a short silence, during which we could hear the furniture being moved, closets opened, and the curtain-rings rattle.

'True, sir; but her absence only proves one thing, that in one particular I have been misinformed.'

'Confess rather, egregiously duped.'

'Duped!—nay, you are the dupe. Will you, Arthur Livermore, give me your word of honor as a gentleman, that

my wife, Adéle Percival, has not followed you to Mexico? Will you deny that she is now your mistress?'

'Yes, sir, I give you my word of honor,' replied Albert or Arthur, in a low, husky voice.

'And I tell you, Arthur Livermore, to your teeth, you are a miserable, contemptible liar! Nay, seek not to deny it, it is useless; for I hold here the proof, in your own writing. Look, here is your last letter; it arrived two days after Adéle left New-Orleans. You acknowledge that—for you turn pale at your own treachery. I bribed the tool who acted as your go-between, so you see I attached some importance to securing proof. You spoke, I think, of being duped. Arthur, I am amazed at your effrontery; but I wait to hear your defense.'

A fresh silence followed this outburst of the outraged husband, a silence which was only broken by the heavy, rapid breathing of the two adversaries.

'You must indeed have passionately loved that woman, or you, Arthur, could never have been led to forswear your word of honor. O Arthur, Arthur! be warned; I swear to you before heaven, that woman, with all her beauty—a beauty that I once deemed angelic—is possessed by devils whose name is legion; her heart is the receptacle of a monstrous, hideous crowd of vices—vices the most opposite, there nestle together: brazen effrontery and cringing cowardice; sordid cupidity and the most lavish, reckless prodigality. With her, every act is the result of deep, cool calculation. No generous impulse ever beat within her breast; and love, except for self, never yet was awakened from its death-like torpor. She married me because I was reputed rich; she deserted me because she deemed me ruined. What motive impelled her to follow you to Mexico, I know not. But of this I warn you, rest assured it is not love for you—you perchance, may be useful to her; the necessary instrument to further some new scheme. But remember General Ramiro's fate, and take heed

lest you be the next dupe—the next victim.'

'I turned involuntarily toward the youthful creature beside me, as her husband's voice ceased to ring on my ears. Despite the mastery she exercised over her feelings, I nevertheless perceived she trembled; but who, save the Judge of all, can tell whether it arose from fear, rage, or the first emotion of repentance.

'Mr. Percival,' replied my neighbor, in a constrained voice, 'this interview, after the violence which commenced it, must naturally be most painful to me, and I presume equally so to you. Allow me, in as few words as possible, to bring it to a close. I own that I was wrong in pledging my word of honor to what was not wholly true. Until you claimed Adéle here this night, as your wife, I had for months supposed you had abandoned all title to the name of husband; that you had mutually consented to a divorce, and under that impression I denied that Adéle was my mistress, for in February last, I was married to her at Baton Rouge. In presence of the proofs you possess, it were useless to deny that Adéle is at this moment in this city. I have seen her this very day, and I own that I know where she resides. More than this, it will be useless for you to attempt to extort from me. I refuse beforehand to answer any further interrogatory. I can fully conceive the hatred my presence must inspire within your breast; I will not even pretend to regret it; for this hatred, springing from a sense of dishonor, will preclude the possibility of any thing save the death of one of us, terminating the appeal for satisfaction which I have already claimed. I have done, sir, and wait your reply.'

'Some seconds elapsed ere Adéle's husband replied. His voice had grown calmer and more restrained, and I imagined that he had recovered his self-control.

'Arthur,' said he, 'I shall not chal-

lenge you, neither will I accept a challenge from you.'

'You refuse to meet me,' said my neighbor, 'and for what reason?'

'Because I do not hate, I merely pity you; because he who first defiled my home, lies in his sandy grave beside the waters of Lake Ponchartrain; because beside that grave I vowed to my Maker and my God never again to dare to take into these blood-stained hands the holy scales of justice. Yes, Arthur, it is four long years since I sent that wretched victim of that woman to his last solemn reckoning. Look at me to-day; my locks are white; 'tis not with age: I have not yet lived out the half of man's allotted span on earth. But that bleeding corpse; the trickling, oozing drops from out that breast; the gurgling sound of the unuttered death-words of Adéle's first seducer—these have made me prematurely old. Oh! woe to him who dares to seek and takes revenge. Vengeance has been claimed as Heaven's sole, supreme prerogative. Arthur, I must, I do refuse your challenge.'

'Sir, I shall not deign to notice your calumnies about Adéle, for I am anxious to terminate this interview. May I ask why you seek to prolong it, and why, if you so loathe Adéle, you persecute me by following her?'

'Because I am resolved on two points—to see her, and to learn from her where she has secreted our child.'

'Unless you pledge yourself, Mr. Percival, not to make any further attempt to see Adéle, you shall not, if I can prevent, leave this room alive.'

'Oh! oh! finding I won't fight, you fancy you can frighten me by threats of assassination. It is rather creditable to your ingenuity, Mr. Livermore, but I had provided for such a contingency. The United States Minister has been apprized of my arrival, and I left certain papers with his Secretary to be opened to-morrow, in case I should not return by noon, explaining our mutual relations very concisely yet definitely.'

Now you know that the Mexican idea of justice, though lenient in the extreme to natives, is just as extremely severe to foreigners, so that I would hardly advise you to tempt the gallows, unless, indeed, you have less objection to suicide, for I really think that is the only way you can possibly cheat the hangman, unless you condescend to allow me to pay my respects to the American Legation to-morrow, in the forenoon.'

'On the stage, especially in the sanguinary melodrama, it is astonishing how little respect is paid to the gallows; but somehow in the humbler walks of every day life, it exercises a very salutary, deterring influence on a very large class of minds; and I was, therefore, in no way surprised to hear my neighbor resume the conversation in a tone decidedly an octave or two lower.

'You have entirely misinterpreted my meaning. I may have thought of here forcing a quarrel on you, but the commission of the crime you dare insinuate, never entered my brain. But, now, sir, one last question: Why do you persist in seeking an interview with the woman you pretend to hate?'

'Pretend to hate! nay, there is no pretense, I hate, detest, and loathe her; not because she betrayed me; not because she stained an honorable name; not because she made me kill her lover; not because she has ruined my happiness; but because knowing—feeling all this, and more than words have power to convey—because knowing her infamy and shame, I still, still love her.'

'You love her still!' cried Arthur. 'Oh! thanks for that one avowal; that explains fully the bitterness with which you calumniate her.'

'Calumniate her! oh! that were impossible for the very basest fiend to do. But I was wrong to desecrate the word, and say I *love* her. No, no; I tell you I hate her, I loathe her; but in spite of hatred, in spite of loathing, she exercises over my imagination an irresistible fascination—a fascination you can never feel in that intensity which haunts my

dreams of early manhood. You knew her not a guileless, artless girl just blooming into early maidenhood. But enough of these maddening memories of the past. It were better, doubtless, that I never see her more, for in my hatred I might kill her. But mark you, Arthur, I *will* find my child; she is now the only tie that binds me to humanity; the only link that chains me to this mortal coil which men call life. I must have my darling child. The day after to-morrow I will return here to know where she is secreted; if that be divulged to me, I swear by all that men hold as sacred, whether in heaven or earth, to depart in peace, and leave you to your fate, and Adéle to the vengeance of the Most High. Adieu.'

'Farewell. You shall be told all that you require,' said my neighbor.

'Oh! excuse me,' said Percival, returning, 'where does this door lead to?'

'To some room to which I have never had access.'

'Occupied by whom?'

'I do not know.'

'A violent blow, which we had not expected, was given on the door, close to which we were standing, listening. I instantly retreated to my bed. Adéle remained motionless as a statue; and when the second blow fell upon the panels, I cried out most lustily:

'Who the deuce is there?' mingling therewith, moreover, sundry forcible Spanish expletives.

'No one. Excuse me, Señor, I mistook the door.'

'Well, clear out, and don't do it again!' I retorted.

'Please show me the way out of this house, Mr. Livermore,' was all we heard, until after a painful pause the street-door was closed, and Arthur's footstep sounded returning up-stairs. I looked fixedly at my companion; her face wore a deathlike pallor, but a soft, melancholy smile played upon her lips.'

'Poor Edmund!' said she, in a sad, soft tone, 'despite the wrongs I have endured at his hands, the jealousy he has

now evinced is such a proof of his undying love, that I am almost constrained to forgive his former cruelty.' Adéle gave vent to a sigh, and added, with downcast eyes:

'The world, doubtless, will blame me; they will believe every charge, scout every palliative plea. For a season, I must endure its frown, and resign my will to drink the bitter cup of scorn and contumely; for I have gone astray, I have sinned against the judgment of my fellow-mortals; and yet, oh! it were so easy to gain sympathy, were I to disclose the secrets of the inner dungeons of my prison-house — that spot which poets sing as blessed — Home! O man, man! there *is* no place like home, but how readily may it be turned into a hell — for — a wife!'

'I was still weak — nervous; and her words breathed such tones of bitter anguish, and her whole frame evinced such tokens of emotion, that in spite of all that I had overheard, tears welled up to my eyelids, and compassion overcame my still lurking distrust; her sobs alone broke the silence which ensued, and I was never in my life more painfully embarrassed. Fortunately the return of my neighbor relieved me from my peculiar predicament. No sooner did Adéle hear him enter the adjoining room, than she opened the door of communication, and threw herself upon his breast.

VII.

'Dearest Arthur,' said she, the tears still running down her cheeks, 'how fearfully you must have suffered throughout this long interview!'

'Oh! fear not, Adéle, all will yet be well. I will protect you and avenge your wrongs.'

'Fear not?' said she, 'do you think that I dread death for my own sake? No, Arthur, death is nothing terrible to me now.'

'Then suddenly appearing to become conscious of my presence, they both seized me by the hands and overwhelmed me with the profusion of their thanks.

'Any one would have acted precisely as I have, under similar circumstances. I therefore beg you to spare me from further thanks. But, my dear sir, do you feel ill? Madame, allow me to support Mr. Livermore.'

A sudden change came over his features; a deathlike paleness overspread his countenance, his eyelids became half-closed, his breathing grew short, his hands clenched, and a nervous tremor shook his entire frame. For a few moments I feared he was at the point of death. I promptly assisted him to his couch.

'Are you surgeon enough to bleed him?' inquired Adéle.

'Yes, I will not hesitate if you desire me to do so.'

'We soon divested Arthur of his coat, stripped his arm, and while I went in search of an impromptu lancet, Adéle prepared the needful bandages.

'Be quick, I implore you,' said she. 'Once before I saw him as he now is; there is not a moment to be lost.'

'Need I confess that the entrance of a guardian angel in the shape of a skillful disciple of Esculapius would have been hailed by me as an especial joy? However, no such angel came, neither was he within call; so as the danger struck me as imminent, and his condition appeared growing every moment more critical, I argued, without bleeding he would undoubtedly die, whereas by my attempt, however clumsy, he might rally. I plucked up my courage to the sticking-point, and stuck my patient. I drew several ounces of blood. My fair assistant displayed the most undeniable, I can hardly say irreproachable, coolness, for really, to my fancy, she was a little too much self-possessed. As soon as the bandages were applied, Arthur's consciousness returned.'

'Ah! thanks, thanks,' said he, addressing me in a low, faltering tone. 'The crisis has now passed.'

'Over-excitement, doubtless, produced it?'

'Yes,' said he, 'any excitement is dangerous for one like me. You see in

me a man condemned to death by every member of the faculty that I have ever consulted. I dare say you mean kindly, and by that look of incredulity, you would seek to comfort me.'

'Well, doctors are often mistaken,' I said.

'True; but I am convinced their predictions in my case will be literally fulfilled, for when this terrible disease of the heart once lays its hold upon a man, it never relaxes its deadly grasp. But,' said he, raising himself to a sitting posture, 'but I *will* not die, I *must* live. One fixed purpose, one great aim sustains me, and I feel that till I have accomplished this, the thread of life, frail as I know it is, strained as I feel it oft to be, still, still I have a firm presentiment it will hold out.'

'Arthur, dear Arthur!' broke in the voice of Adéle, as she leaned over his shoulder, 'you know after such a paroxysm, repose is necessary. No more conversation to-night; strive to calm your nerves, and to enjoy the tranquil influence of sleep. Do this, I beg, I implore you.'

'With the docility of a petted child he yielded, and reclining his head upon his pillow, soon sank into a deep sleep. It was now verging upon three o'clock, and at my solicitation Adéle retired to my apartment, while I kept watch beside my patient's couch.

The mysterious individual whose conduct had so puzzled me, and to whom I had been so strangely introduced, seemed to be a man of about thirty, decidedly handsome, and of striking mien, of elegant manners, and evidently accustomed to refined society. His hair, which curled naturally, was, however, growing thin; a few deep lines were furrowed on his brow, and the corners of his mouth wore, as it were, unconsciously, at times, a disdainful air, and as he slept I could trace how the fire of youthful passion had brought his manhood to premature decay.

'Although the veil of mystery had been rent, my curiosity was only whetted, by no means gratified. Who could

this man be for whose arrival, according to my hostess' account, he had been waiting with such feverish impatience? What journey could he have returned from, in such shattered health; and finally, what was this great purpose, on the successful issue of which, he seemed to stake his all, on which he declared his life to hang?

Again the undefinable spell that seemed to attach to the fascinating Adéle, filled my mind with reveries of wondrous interest. What was her part in this drama that was enacting so close beside me? Was she the victim or the enchantress? During the long vigils of that night, I asked this question of myself many a time and oft, and yet could arrive at no solution of my doubts. The soft, regular sound, produced by her breathing, in the next room, the door of which remained ajar—for she had thrown herself upon my bed, without removing her apparel—fell upon my ear, and proved she slept in all the tranquillity of innocence. And yet the very tranquillity of that sleep almost excited my displeasure; for it seemed to evince a listless, reckless indifference to danger, a lack of tender, womanly sympathy for suffering and sickness, that might indeed arise from a heart untouched by any love, save that of self.

'I was just rolling up another cigarette, when, as the day dawned, Adéle entered. She was lovely, and radiant with smiles. The closest and most sagacious observer would have failed to discern the slightest trace of the excitement through which she had passed but a few short hours before. She thanked me for my kind assistance, with a bewitching grace, almost girlish in its simplicity, and begged me to retire, and take the rest she felt assured I must need. Before so doing, however, it was agreed that the door leading to my room should in future remain unfastened, in case of a recurrence of the danger that had menaced her the previous night.

'Feeling no drowsiness, but rather a desire for fresh air, I mounted to the

cupola that adorned the roof of our house, and for a couple of hours I sat there, enjoying the delicious breeze and the picturesque panorama that lay beneath my feet, and the motley groups that swarmed to early prayers up the Cathedral steps.

'At last, I felt like strengthening the inner man, and determined to step down as far as Véroley's, the fashionable café of the city, and there to take a right good breakfast. I returned to my room to replenish my purse, and to take my dagger and revolver. I found the purse and revolver on the shelf where I had left them, untouched, but my search for the dagger proved fruitless. Yet with it I had wrenched out the staples that fastened the door, and to my knowledge no one had had access to my room since that time, save Adéle.

'After taking my breakfast, and calling for my letters, I paid one or two visits, and ere I returned home, it was well nigh three in the afternoon.

'I had not been seated long, ere Mr. Livermore entered. He appeared to have completely recovered from his attack.

"Of two evils, the adage advises us to choose the lesser. I would, therefore, prefer to appear intrusive rather than ungrateful; so excuse me if I trespass on your time or your patience. After the generous devotion you displayed last night, and after what Adéle moreover has told me, I feel I am bound to inform you whom you have thus befriended; for, as you have already learned, Albert Pride is not my real name.'

'I hastened to offer to my neighbor the seat of honor, my magnificent rocking-chair, not only as a mark of politeness, but thinking that as he was about to tell me something, if he were only comfortably ensconced, very interesting, he might find himself so much at his ease that he would make a much cleaner breast of it.

'My little surmise proved correct; he accepted my proffered civility, and proceeded to give me a long and very inter-

esting account of his parentage and youth. Suffice it to say, that he was a native of Tennessee, and being left an orphan at an early age, had, like thousands of others, passed through a brief career of folly and extravagance. He had become acquainted with Adéle and her family some two years previously, and had been married to her about four months, under the impression, as he had told her husband on the previous night, that a divorce had been obtained.

'What most excited my surprise, in his recital, was, that while Percival had accused her of having deserted him because she deemed him ruined, Arthur told me that she married him, knowing him to be almost penniless. But I will give you his own words :

"I explained to her my desperate position, when she replied : 'It matters not ; in return for the fortune you have squandered, I will give you that which shall produce an income far beyond your boyish dreams.'

'A horrible suspicion flashed across my mind ; I feared her reason was impaired.

"'Adéle,' I exclaimed, 'in mercy, jest not ; but explain yourself.'

"'I will, Arthur ; but first of all, I must exact from you the most solemn vow, that under no circumstances will you divulge to mortal man or woman, the secret I am about to confide to you.'

'At this point, Mr. Livermore checked himself suddenly, as if he had said too much, and then added :

"I regret, my dear sir, that I can merely add, that I gave Adéle the solemn pledge she required, and that my presence here, in the city of Mexico, today, is merely the result of the secret then intrusted to me.'

'I was still under the impression that this narrative had produced, when Adéle softly entered the apartment.

"'Arthur,' said she, in a low whisper, 'there is some one knocking at the door of the ante-chamber.'

"'Remain here,' said he, rising from his seat, 'I will go and open it.'

"'Do not let him go alone, I beg of

you,' said Adéle. 'Who knows of what service your presence may be to-day, or of what value your testimony may be hereafter? Possibly, it may save money, if not life; but why go without your hat and gloves?' she added, as I was leaving the room bare-headed, 'you must pass for a visitor, not for a fellow-lodger.'

'Lost in admiration of her ready tact and coolness, I reached Arthur Livermore's sitting-room, just as he opened the door.

"Pepito," exclaimed he.

"Ay, Caballero, Pepito himself, in perfect health, and ever your most devoted servant."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CHANGED.

I CAN not tell what change has come to you,
Since when, amid the pine-trees' murmurous stir,
You spoke to me of love most deep and true:
I only know you are not as you were.

It is not that you fail in tender speech;
You speak to me as kindly as of old;
But yet there is a depth I do not reach,
A doubt that makes my heart grow sick and cold.

True, there has been no anger and no strife;
I only feel, with dreary discontent,
That something bright has vanished from my life;
I know not what it is, nor where it went.

You chide my grief, and wipe my frequent tears;
But to my pain what art can minister?
Oh! I would give all life's remaining years
If you would be again as once you were!

As, dipped in fabled fountains far away,
All living things are hardened into stone,
So strange and frozen seems your love to-day,
Its sweet, spontaneous growth and life are gone:

And it is changed into a marble ghost,
Driving away all happiness and rest;
In whose chill arms I shiver faint and lost,
Bruising my heart against its rocky breast.

Nay, no regrets, no vows: it is too late,
Too late for you to speak, or me to hear:
We can not mend torn roses: we must wait
For the new blossoms of another year.

HAMLET A FAT MAN.

I HAVE seen on the stage several Hamlets, more or less successful in that sublime dramatic creation of Shakspeare, to say nothing of small-calfed personifications at private fancy balls. Young Booth, in these days, is doubtless the most ideal and accurate interpreter of the great Dane; although Mrs. Kemble's rendition is certainly beyond the reach of hostile criticism.

In this paper I propose to consider Hamlet not as he is represented on the stage, but as he is described in the original text. At the theatre, he usually appears as a dark-complexioned, black-haired, beetle-browed, and slender young man, wearing an intensely gloomy wig, eyebrows corked into the blackness of preternatural bitterness, while on thin and romantic legs, imprisoned in black silk tights, he struts across the stage, the counterfeit presentment of the veritable prince.

I once read a brief line or two in a work by Goethe, alleging that Hamlet was 'a fat man.' At first I was inclined to regard this as a joke of the majestic German. Later reflection induced me to examine this surmise in detail, and to conclude finally that the theory is true, and that the enigma of Hamlet's character can be solved through calculations of pinguitude.

Εὗρηκα. Perfect tense, indicative mood, 'I have found it!' In fact, the whole Hamlet problem must be regarded in an obese, or adipose point of view. The Prince of Denmark is not the conventional Hamlet of the theatre, nor the Hamlet of Shakspeare. He was a Northman, and like the greater number of the inhabitants of Northern Europe, was, doubtless, a blue-eyed and flaxen-haired blonde. My lord was far from appearing thin or delicate; on the contrary, he carried on his belly a large portmanteau well-rounded by the swell of the digesting nutriment.

That our honored prince was a fat

man, is proved by his own confession, as well as by the evidence of the queen. Tossed about in a hot desert of doubt and despair, he exclaims in one of his incomparable soliloquies:

'*Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!*'

What thin man would melt away even in the hot solstice of June? In the fencing scene, (Act IV.,) his flabby muscles are soon fatigued, and the queen exclaims:

'*He's fat, and scant of breath:
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.*'

However, to be serious, it must be confessed that there are splendid traits in the mental character of the prince; every grandeur or folly can be found in him. From the lowest pit of despair, his soul debates the question of suicide as a logical proposition, forgetting the divine prohibition against 'self-slaughter.' Eloquence, genius, and brilliant fancies, are constantly manifested, and also a gorgeous imagination.

It may be mentioned, incidentally, that Hamlet's character has been contrasted with that of Orestes, the Greek, who, when he arrived at years of manhood, avenged his father's death by assassinating his mother, Clytemnestra, and her adulterer, Egisthus. 'In other words, he avenged a crime by a crime.'

And now let us drop these serious comments, and return to the more humorous side of our theory—the plumpness of the prince, overlooked as a mere accident, by critics and actors. It is a physiological propriety that he should be of a phlegmatic temperament—a temperament often united to an acute intellect, but also, to a sluggish and heavy person. A weak, wavering inactivity, fickleness of purpose, a keen sensibility, or sensitiveness, are also noticeable; while the subtlety of his theories is sharply penetrating, and forms the key-stone to the arch of his character.

Truly, Hamlet's intellect is that of a

giant; his strength of will, that of a child. He has, so to speak, no executive talent. He is the doubting philosopher, the subtle metaphysician, the self-analyzer, always ‘thinking too precisely upon the event.’ He sees so far into the consequences of human action that he is fearful of taking decided steps. He has the nerve to kill neither his uncle nor himself, although he debates the latter question with great dexterity. He never *effected* any one of the plans upon which he had deliberated. Any one who reads *Hamlet*, under the influence of this theory, will see that it is confirmed by every incident in the tragedy.

A series of accidents hurried the prince to the final catastrophe. His was a lovely, great, and noble nature ; but it lacked one element of heroism—strength of will. It was an exquisite touch in the mighty poet to make Hamlet gross in figure, as he was phlegmatic, inactive, and irresolute in temperament. Had he been a thin, brown, choleric, and nervous man, the tragedy would have ended in the first Act. Had he been a fiery Italian, instead of a doubting, deliberating Dane ; had he been of a passionate, or yellow complexion, instead of a calm blonde ; had he possessed a wiry, high-strung, and nervous constitution ; had he, in a word, proved himself a man of action, and not a man

of metaphysical tendencies, his sword would have soon cut the perplexing meshes which surrounded him, and he would have executed instant vengeance upon the authors of his misfortune and disgrace. Else he would have put an end to a life too wretched to be endured.

The conventional critic may smile at the conceit of a *fat* Hamlet, but I am satisfied that my theory is amply sustained by the text, as well as by the true solution of the alleged knotty points of Shakspeare’s mental character, over which the ponderous but inflated brain of Dr. Johnson stultified itself. He accuses the Avon bard of introducing spirits, ghosts, myths, and fairies ; of being guilty of exaggerations, absurdities, vulgar expressions, and other naughtiness. (*Boswell’s Johnson*, Vol. IV. pp. 258, etc.) All of which proves that the Doctor was sometimes prejudiced, ill-natured, jealous, and ponderously silly on certain points.

But they who have cracked the kernel of this grand tragedy, and formed a just conception of the real disposition and peculiarities of the true hero, must admire and appreciate the marvelous skill of the great bard who understands the relations between physiology and the passions, and can analyze the temperament physical, as well as dissect the soul immortal.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

WITHIN a very few years, the friends of Emancipation in the North and West, as well as all opposed to the increase of 'Southern power' in our national policy, have been from time to time interested by rumors of a secret association termed that of the *Knights of the Golden Circle*, or as it is familiarly described, 'the K. G. C.' It was understood to be a secret society, instituted for the purpose of extending, by the most desperate means and measures, the institution of slavery, and with it, of Southern Secession and all those social and political principles which have been of late years so unscrupulously advocated by Southern statesmen. It is, however, only of late that any thing definite relative to this order has been published.

In July, 1861, the Louisville *Journal* gave a full *exposé* of the order, which has been recently republished in a pamphlet, by 'the U. S. National U. C.', a copy of which now lies before us. 'Of the authenticity of this exposition,' says the introduction, 'there can be no doubt.' George D. Prentice, Esq., the editor of the *Journal*, gives his solemn assurance, as an editor and as a man, that the documents from which he derived his information are authentic. He asserts, moreover, that he received them from a prominent Knight of the Third Degree. The genuineness of these documents has never yet been denied by any man whose word can be regarded as valid testimony in the case. Corroborative testimony was furnished in a violent newspaper quarrel which occurred soon after the first publication was made, in which several 'Knights of the Third Degree' were participants, the question in dispute being as to the authorship of the revelations made to Mr. Prentice. After the warfare had subsided, he informed them that they were all mistaken, and that each one of the parties implicated was equally guiltless.

On the first page of the introduction

referred to, the editor, after a succinct statement that the K. G. C. is the direct descendant of the order of the Lone Star and other secret filibustering societies, and that many of the 'old landmarks' of those unions may be traced in its organization, quotes from an article in the *CONTINENTAL MONTHLY* for January, 1862, as follows :

'This organization, which was instituted by John C. Calhoun, William L. Porcher, and others, as far back as 1835, had for its sole object the dissolution of the Union and the establishment of Southern Empire — Empire is the word, not Confederacy or Republic — and it was solely by means of its secret but powerful machinery, that the Southern States were plunged into revolution, in defiance of the will of a majority of their voting population. Nearly every man of influence at the South, (and many a pretended Union man at the North,) is a member of this organization, and sworn, *under the penalty of assassination*, to labor, 'in season and out of season, by fair means and by foul, at all times and on all occasions,' for the accomplishment of its object.'

The editor of the pamphlet in question declares that he knows not upon what evidence the above statement from the *CONTINENTAL* is based, but admits that there can be no reasonable doubt that these men and their associates *did* resort to secret and powerful means for the spread of their views and for the instruction of the Southern mind in the doctrines of disunion and treason which they originated.

As regards our source of information, let it suffice to say that we derived it from a gentleman who was himself a K. G. C., who was familiar with its history, and of whose character for honor and veracity strict inquiries made by us of men of high standing in the community left no shadow of room for doubt. From his statements, it was transferred by one of our establishment to the author of the article in question.

To the eye of the student of history, who has closely traced in many ages

and countries the vast action of secret societies in events, the whole Southern movement bears, however, intrinsic evidence of that peculiar form of hidden political power. The prompt and vigorous action of the whole Secession movement, by which States with a majority attached to the Union were hurled, scarce knowing how, into rebellion, would never have been accomplished save by a long established and perfectly drilled organization. It is not enough to sway millions that the leaders simply know what they wish to do, or that they have the power to do it. There must be *organization* and *subordination*, if only to control the independent action of demagogues and of selfish politicians, who abound in the South as elsewhere. Had the existence of the K. G. C. never been revealed, the historian would have detected it by its results, and been compelled in fairness to admit that it was admirably instituted to fulfill its ends—evil as they were—and that its work was well done.

The editor of the pamphlet has good grounds for asserting that the K. G. C. embraces among its members thousands of secretly disloyal men in the North, and that these are of all grades of society. Let it, however, be remembered that previous to the breaking out of this war there were many who did not see Disunion as they now view it, and that their ties with the South were often of the most brotherly kind. Indeed, when Secession was first openly agitated, and until Sumter fired the Northern heart, myriads who would now gladly disown those words were wont to say: ‘Well, if they are determined to go, I suppose we must lose them.’ Would Fernando Wood have ever *dared* at that time to publish a proclamation recommending the secession of New-York as a free city had there not then existed a singular apathy, or rather a strange blindness, to the horrible results which must flow from disunion? In those days the country *was* blind—it has seen many an old error and delusion dispelled since then—unfortunately too many among

us have still much to learn! Let those who still oppose *Emancipation* remember that a day will come when they, too, will unavoidably appear as the tories of the great Revolution now in progress!

Our informant declared that should he write an exposition of the K. G. C., it would differ in many respects from that given in the *Journal*, forgetting apparently, that Mr. Prentice had already explicitly stated that since the great question of Disunion sprung up, the K. G. C. had materially changed its character, and must unavoidably, from its very nature, continue to change and modify details to suit new exigencies. The whole history of *secret society*, whether in its forms Masonic, Templar, Illuminée, Carbonari, Philadelphian, or Marianne; whether universal, political, social, military, or revolutionary, is a history of modifications of mere detail, compelled by circumstances. The mere forms of initiation, the Ritual of the Order, pass-words, grips, and signs, are of comparatively small importance, in fact, they appear supremely silly; and were it not undoubtedly true that the mass of the initiated were correspondingly silly, though very wicked, fellows, we might almost wonder that such rococo nonsense should be deemed essential to the management of a powerful political organization. The weaker brethren, unable to penetrate by the strong will and by ‘spontaneous secrecy,’ to coöperation with the leaders and to the *arcana*, have always required the tomfoolery of ceremony, and among the K. G. C. it has not been spared. Those desirous of learning what the forms were or are in which the action of the Order has been enveloped, we refer to pamphlet itself, premising that, of its kind, it is quite curious, ingenious, and interesting. The formula of the Obligation of the First Degree, as given by Mr. Prentice, shows that the first field of operation, as originally intended, was Mexico, but that it is also held to be a duty to offer service to any Southern State to aid in repelling a Northern army. ‘Whether the Union is recon-

structed or not, the Southern States must foster any scheme having for its object the Americanization and Southernization of Mexico, so that, in either case, our success will be certain.' The initiation of the Second Degree is unimportant, save that it declares that the head-quarters of the Organization are at Monterey. From the Third Degree we learn that 'candidates must be familiar with the work of the two former degrees; must have been born in '58,' (meaning a slave State,) or if in '59, (a free State,) he must be a citizen; '60, (a Protestant,) and '61, (a slaveholder.) A candidate who was born in '58, (a slave State,) need not be '61, (a slaveholder,) provided he can give '62, (evidence of character as a Southern man.)' The 'object' of it all is 'to form a council for the K. G. C., and organize a government for Mexico.' It is to be remarked that a stanch '57,' or knight of the Golden Circle, is made to swear that he will never dishonor the wife or daughter of a brother K. G. C., *knowing them to be such*, that he be made to kneel and say his prayers to God, and immediately after is requested to pay ten dollars, and to declare that he will to the utmost of his ability oppose the admission of any confirmed drunkard, professional gambler, rowdy, convict, felon, abolitionist, negro, Indian, minor, or foreigner to membership in any department of the Circle.

Abolitionists are to be found out, and reported to George Bickley, a miserable quack and 'confidence man,' a person long familiarly spoken of by the press as a mere Jeremy Diddler, but who has been a useful tool to shrewder men in managing for them this precious Order. The member is to do all in his power to 'build up a public sentiment in his State favorable to the K. G. C., and to aid in the expulsion of free negroes from the South, that they may be sent to Mexico.' Roman Catholics, foreigners, abolitionists, and Yankee teachers are all to be watched and reported. In case of success in conquering Mexico, every thing possible is to be done in order to prevent

any Roman Catholic from being appointed to any office of profit or trust. 'I will endeavor to cause to be opened to the public all nunneries, monasteries, or convents. Any minister, holding any place under government, must be Protestant.' When we reflect on the fact that the Southern system aims at a perfectly oligarchic unity and consolidation of power, this dread of any external possible influence, whether religious or civic, will appear natural enough. Mexico is, however, to be the great field of future action, and Mexico must be cleared of its priests. The *peon* system is to be reduced to '89,' (perpetual slavery.) The successor of 'quack and confidence Bickley' has a most unenviable task. For this Coming Man—the present incumbent being occupied with other duties—is expected to extend slavery over the whole of Central America, with the judicious saving clause, 'if it be in his power,' to acquire Cuba, and to control the Gulf of Mexico. Having sworn himself to all this, and much other nonsense, and last—not by any means least—also taken oath to forward to Confidence Bickley all the fees of every candidate whom he may initiate, the new Knight listens to the following specimen of elegant oratory from the Secretary :

'You had better hear the whole degree, and then sign; for unless we have your entire approbation, we do not wish to commit you to any thing. I am well aware that this whole scheme is a bold and daring one, that can but surprise you at first, as it did me, and for this reason I beg to state a few facts for your consideration. In the rise and progress of democracy in America, we have seen its highest attainment. In the very outset it was based on high religious principles, and adopted as refuge from despotism. In the North, Puritanism molded it, and went so far as to leave out the natural conservative element of all democracies—domestic slavery. As a result, we have presented now social, religious, and domestic anarchy. From Millerism and Spiritualism, every Utopian idea has numerous advocates. The manufacturer is an aristocrat, while the working-man is a serf. The latter class, constantly goaded by poverty, seek a change—they care not what it may be. Democracy

unrestrained by domestic slavery, multiplies the laboring classes indefinitely, but it debases the mechanic. Whoever knew a practical shoemaker, or a maker of pin-heads, to have a *man's* ambition? They own neither land nor property, and have no ties to the institutions of the country. The Irishman emigrates, and the Frenchman stays at home. The one hates his country, the other adores his. The Frenchman is a slaveholder and a *man*—the Irishman is a serf and an outcast. The South is naturally agricultural; and the farmer being most of the time in the midst of his growing crops, seeing the open operation of nature, his mind expands, he grows proud and ambitious of all around, and feels himself a man. He wants no change, either in civil, religious, or political affairs. He cultivates the soil, and it yields him means to purchase labor. He becomes attached to home and its associations, and remains forever a restrained Democrat, restrained by moral and civil laws from any and all overt acts. He needs and makes a centralized government, because his property is at stake when anarchy prevails.'

The reader is doubtless by this time well weary of this vulgar trash of the K. G. C., which is only not absolutely ridiculous, because so nearly connected with most sanguinary aims. Be it borne in mind that the Southern character has always been eminently receptive of the puerile and nonsensical, while the vast proportion of semi-savage, semi-sophomorical minds in Dixie, half-educated and altogether idle and debauched, has made their land a fertile field for quack Bickleys, brutal and arrogant Pikes, and other petty tools of greater and more powerful knaves. The Order becomes, however, a matter for more serious consideration, when we reflect on the number of Northern men who, to testify their Southern principles, have become 'Knights,' 'There is ample and positive proof that the order of K. G. C. is thoroughly organized in every Northern State as auxiliary to the Southern rebellion.' It has acted here, as is well known, directly or indirectly, under different names, such as the Peace Society, the Union Party, the Constitutional Party, the Democratic Society, Club, or Association, the Mutual Protection and Self-

Protection. For much information relative to these traitors among us, who, whether sworn to the K. G. C. or not, are working continually to further its aims, we refer our readers to the pamphlet itself. There can be little doubt that those self-styled democrats who continually inveigh against Emancipation in every form, even to the condemning of the moderate and judicious Message of President Lincoln, are all either the foolish dupes or allies of this wide-spread Southern league, many being desirous of directly reinstating the old Southern tyranny, while the mass simply hope to keep their record clear of accusation as Abolitionists, in case Secession should succeed. 'I was a K. G. C. during the war,' would in such case be a most valuable evidence of fidelity for these bat-like birds-among-birds and beasts-among-beasts. Deluded by the hope of being all right, no matter which side may conquer, thousands have sought to pay the initiation-fee, and we need not state have been most gladly received. It is at least safe to beware of all men who, in times like these, impudently avow principles identically the same with those which constitute the *real* basis of Secession. We refer to all who continually inveigh against *Abolition* as though that were the great cause of all our troubles, who cry out that *Abolitionists* must be put down ere the war can come to an end, and clamor for the immediate imprisonment of all who are opposed to slavery.

And while on this subject, we venture to speak a few words on this oft-reiterated accusation, that the Abolitionists have directly caused this war, and from which they themselves by no means shrink. Whatever influence or aid they may have given, it is now becoming clear as day that no opposition to slavery was ever half so conducive to Secession and rebellion as *Slavery itself*. Had there never been an Abolitionist in the North, the self-generated arrogance of the 'institution' must have spontaneously impelled the Southern party to treason. The exu-

berant insolence which induced the most biting expressions of contempt for labor and serfs, was fully developed in the South long before the days of Garrison; long even before the Quakers of Pennsylvania put forth their protest against slavery, a full century ago. The North was accused by the Southern wolf of troubling the stream, though its course was directly toward the wished-for victim. It is time that the absurd cry ceased, and that the South be made to bear its own load of guilt. Ever arrogant, chafing at the intellectual supremacy of the North, envious of its prosperity, despising with all the rancor of a lawless 'chivalry' our regard for the rights of persons, prone to dissipation, and densely ignorant of the great tendencies to progress which characterize the civilization of the nineteenth century, the Southerner has ever felt the same tendency to break away, and be off, which a raw, fiery, conceited youth feels to sunder wholesome domestic ties. The stimulus was within, not from without.

It is to be regretted that the editor of this, in so many respects valuable, pamphlet, in speaking of Northern men of influence who belong to the K. G. C., or its other aids, should have cited under the vague heading of 'said to be,' the *New-York Herald*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Express*, 'and a French newspaper' in New-York City, the Boston

Courier and *Post*, the *Hartford Times*, the *Albany Atlas and Argus*, the *Rochester Union*, the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Chicago Times*, and the *Milwaukee News*. While we entertain no doubt that among the editors of these newspapers are men who are at heart as traitorous and as Southern as their colleagues of any Richmond journal, [we have ourself seen a small Secession flag paraded on the desk of an editor of one of the above-mentioned publications,] we must still protest against any other than *definite* charges, even against men whose daily deeds and utterances of treason have been of more *real* service to the South than all the trash and trickery of Quack Bickley himself. It is indeed charged that 'these are the principal names on the lists of traveling messengers for those States,' but it should be remembered that such accusation requires clear proof. With this single exception, we commend the pamphlet in question as a document well worth perusal and investigation. The subject, as it stands, appears trashy and melodramatic; but be it remembered the Southern mind is prone to trash and romance, and quacks and adventurers would be more likely to be found actively working to aid treason founded on folly than would men of real ability.

COLUMBIA'S SAFETY.

WHERE lies thy strength, my Country — where alone ?

Let ages past declare —

Nay, let thine own brief history make known,
Thy sure dependence, where.

'Tis not in boasting — that's the poltroon's wit,
The coward's shield of glass,
A coin whose surface, silver's counterfeit,
With fools alone shall pass.

'Tis not in threats — these are the weapons light
Of brutes, and not of men :
A barking dog's despised ; but if he bite,
Wo to his clamors then !

'Tis not in bargains made to cover wrong !
There open weakness lies ;
A righteous cause is in itself most strong,
And needs no compromise.

Ten thousand bulwarks which should mock the might
Of armies compassing,
Secure not those, who hold one human right
A secondary thing.

There are some souls so fearful to offend,
They lay their courage low ;
And sooner trample o'er a prostrate friend,
Than fail t' embrace a foe.

Safety proceeds from Him alone who lays
Foundations formed to last :
This simple truth concentres all the rays
Of all the ages past.

Th' omnipotence of right, its own shall save,
Though hell itself oppose ;
One faithful Abdiel may fearless brave
Unnumbered rebel foes.

Faith, Freedom, Conscience — these are words which give
The true metallic ring !
For these to die, were evermore to live —
Man's noblest offering.

Rise, then ! Columbia's sacred rights restore !
Bid all her foes to flee,
Or perish ! Then shall Washington once more
His country's Father be.

URSA MAJOR.

'ONCE, I went with a giant and a dwarf, to see a bear.'

'Fiddlestick! what a story to tell!' retorted Aunt Hepsibah, 'and these children, just as like's not, will believe every word of it.'

'O cousin Dick!' chirped those innocents, [*strepitu avido, multum nido minuriente,*] 'tell us all about it; it sounds just like a fairy-tale!'

'Why, there isn't much to tell. Late one evening, not in a great wood, but a great city, I fell in with an old couple, a huge, hulking fellow, nearly eight feet high, with a heavy, loutish air, and the most pitiful little woman you ever saw, hardly taller than his knee. Her arms were not longer than a baby's, and her poor little legs trotted along as fast as they could, to keep up with his sluggish stride. In a clownish, lubberly sort of way, he seemed to be taking good, kind care of her. They were on exhibition, it appeared, and (their own show being over for the night) were going, poor things, to see a certain famous performing bear.

'Of course, I went with them. We found the show-room nearly deserted. The bear, a monstrous fellow, bigger than Samson by half, lay on his back, his huge, hairy chest heaved up like a bullock's, and a great paw, holding lazily on to one of his bars. His owner, quite fatigued, and apparently a trifle in liquor, brightened up when he saw his strange audience, and at once volunteered to repeat the performance.

"This animal, gentlemen," said he, "is considerable tired, for I've been a workin' on him mighty hard to-day. He knows that he's done his work for the night, and I wouldn't go in with him again for a fifty-dollar bill. But I shall do it, seeing I've got such distinguished company," and he made a sweeping obeisance, comprehending the giant, the dwarf, and my humble person.

'The performance was really quite remarkable; but I was more interested in observing my fellow-visitors. The dwarf looked up with her bright little eyes, and the giant looked down with his great leaden ones, while the bear jumped over the man's head, and pretended to fight him and hug him, and finally, walking on his hind-feet, stooped down, and took his head into the horrid cavern of those great jaws. Out of breath, and red in the face, the enthusiastic operator wound up by plucking a handful of long hair from the flank of the much-enduring creature, and presented it to us, as a souvenir of our visit.'

'I say, when he had him in his mouth, it was 'bear and forbear,' wasn't it?' put in that scapegrace, Tom, who is always doing something of the sort.

'Silence! and don't interrupt the court, unless you can say something better than that. Well, let me tell you, I have been in very genteel society, without feeling any thing so human, so catholic, so pantheistical, (in the right sense,) as I did in making one of that queer company. The great lout of a giant, with not soul enough in him to fill out his circumference; the sad little dwarf, with not room enough for hers; the poor, patient, necromanted savage of a bear; the smart, steely, grog-loving, praise-loving keeper; the curious, bookish, indolent traveler. Expressions, all of the grand, never-wearied Life-Intention, how widely variant! yet all children, and equally beloved, of the Infinite Father.

'In four of the five cases, it should seem, the creative energy had set about to fashion its supposed ultimate and perfect work, and with what result? At first blush, the failure seemed most conspicuous in my companions, especially the big and the little one; but a small introspection might, perhaps, have

disclosed a deeper disappointment in a nobler aim. The bear was the only success among us. He was perfect in his line, though sadly at a disadvantage ; ravished from his forest-world, and be-deviled with alien civilization. And note (as that splendid prig, Ruskin, would say) with what mathematical accuracy nature, in her less ambitious essays, goes to the proposed end. The bee's flight—a specimen wonder—is not straighter than her course. In her lower business, she needs no backers. Meddling only monsters her. It is only when she comes to the grand, resulting combination, for which she has so long been fussing and preparing — when she tries her hand ('her 'prentice han', I fear,) on man, that she falters, hesitates, and lastly compromises for something lamentably less than she bargained for.

'Her apparent purpose seems almost inevitably thwarted by some influence — shall we call it malign? or rather shall we consider (as perhaps we should in all short-comings) that 'tis only a matter of time and the comparative degree? a piece of circuition needed for variety of development, and, of necessity, to eventuate in forms fresher, more *prononcés*, nearer perfect than any thing we now wot or conceive of.

'To my thinking, the hitch is, that just at this point, she has got complicated with the wills and motions of intelligences already individualized and eliminated, and forever alienated from her immediate impulse. And if this be so, depend on it, the *onus* of the attempted perfection comes a good deal upon us. The mighty Mother, unsatisfied in her fantastic longings, and troubled generally *διὰ τὸ τυκτεῖν*, should be helped and not bothered by her children. We can remove vexations, can arrange conditions, keep the house quiet generally. At any rate, we can take such care as may be of the smaller young ones, help them up-stairs, or at least keep them from tumbling down again — we bigger babies that have crawled or been pushed a few steps up

the awful stairway of the Inconceivable Ascending-Spiral.'

'I say, Dick, stop your metaphysics.'

'You are quite right, Tom, they are threadbare enough ; but these happen to be *physics*. I don't mean such as you had to take last week, after that sleigh-ride. Well, I remember feeling this intense communism, this voltaic *rapport* with nature in a like way once before, on seeing a covey of strange creatures, Aztecs, Albinos, wild Africans, busied, by chance, in a game of romps together, the pure overflow of animal spirits. It was a curious scene. They made eerie faces at each other ; they feigned assaults ; they wove a maze, more fantastic and bizarre than any thing in *Faust* or *Freyschütz*. It was the mirth of Fauns, the mischief of Elves and Brownies. The glee that lighted up those strange faces was not of this earth ; but a thrill, pulsated through infinitude, of that joy of life which wells forever from the exhaustless fountain of the Central Heart ; a scintillation, from how afar off! of the Immeasurable Love, of the Eternal Pity ; though it seemed hardly more human than the play of kits and puppies, or than the *anerithmon gelasma* (the soulless, uncontrollable titter) of the tossed spring spray, or the blue, breezy ripple, for which overhaul your *Prometheus*, master Tom, and when found, make a note of it.'

'Well, that's not so bad,' allowed Hepsibah, a good deal mollified. Greek, I have observed, always has an excellent effect upon her.

'And it has a good moral, my dears,' said grandmother, 'I always like a good moral.'

'And was the bear always good to him?'

'Well, my dear, I am sorry to say that he had once bitten off three of his fingers. You may think this was proceeding to extremities ; but, on the whole, I give him credit for great moderation. They will bite sometimes, however — *me teste*, who once in my proper

person verified the old proverb, which I had always taken for a bit of unnatural history.'

'I know; 'been a bear, 'twould a bit you,' eh?'

'Your customary sagacity, Tom, is not at fault. Yes, the bear bit me.'

'Dick,' said my uncle, 'it strikes me, all this wouldn't make a bad magazine-article, if you'd only leave out your confounded speculations; and Tom, as your cousin says, I wish you *would* stick a little closer to your classics.'

'Cousin Dick!'

'Well, little No-no!'

'You tell a real good story.'

'Do I? then come and pay me for it.'

'No-o! you sha-a-ant! aeou!! there now, tell us another; tell us about the bear that bit you?'

'There isn't much to tell about that either. It was on a steamer, in the Gulf. On the forecastle lay a stout oak-en box, and in it—all his troubles to come—was a young bear. In the top of it was an inch auger-hole, and at this small port the poor devil used to keep his eye all day so pitifully, that I had compassion on him, saw he would get etiolated, and besought the captain to let him out.

'Not if I know it,' responded Dux, severely, 'he'd clear the decks in a minute! We had one aboard once before—a big rascal, in a cage, 'tween decks—and one dark, stormy night, he broke adrift and stowed himself away so snug that we never found him till next day. You may judge what a hurrah's nest there was, every body knowing this d—d bear was *somewhere* aboard, and afraid of running foul of him in the dark. No, no, better let him alone!'

'Howbeit, I over-persuaded him. We managed to get hold of a bit of chain fastened to his collar, bent a line on to it, gave him reasonable scope, belayed the bight, and knocked off one end of his box. Out he bolted! It was a change from that dark den to the glaring tropical sunshine, the blue sea foaming under the trades, the rolling masts, and the hundreds of curious eyes that

surrounded him. Sensible to the last, he tried to go aloft, but the line soon brought him up. Down he came, and steered for'ard. The cooks and stewards, their hands on the combing, filled the fore-hatch. He made a dive for them, and they tumbled ignominiously down the hatchway. We laughed consumedly. Then he cruised aft, the dress-circle considerably widening. He came up to me, as if knowing his benefactor by instinct, looking curiously about him, and curling and retracting his flexile snout and lip, after the manner of his kind. Now, I had often dealt with bears, tame and semi-tame, had 'held Sackerson by the chain,' as often as Master Slender, had known them sometimes to strike or hug, (which they always do standing,) but had never known one to bite. So I didn't take the trouble to move, and—the first I knew—the villain had me by the leg!'

'Sarved yer right, for lettin' on him out,' interposed that grim utilist Jonas, our hired man. He had entered, pending the narrative, and stood, *arrectis auribus*, by the door.

'Mercy on us! didn't it hurt?'

'Yes; but not more than might easily be borne. It didn't seem like biting—more like the strong, hard grip of a vice than any thing else—puncture quite lost in constriction. My viznomy, I am told, was a study: supreme disgust, tempered with divine philosophy.'

'And how on earth did you get away from him?'

'By not trying to; kept as still as a mouse, till he had bitten all he wanted to, which took about a minute. Then he let go, and walked quietly off, to see if he couldn't bite somebody else. I afterward improved our acquaintance by giving him sugar-cane and a licking or two; but he was always an ill-conditioned brute, not amenable to reason, and when we came to New-York, gave no end of trouble, by getting over the side and running up the North River on the ice—I dare say he scented the Catskills—the whole water-side whooping

and hallooing in châse after him. Ah! I could tell you a better story than that, of a wild beast aboard a ship !'

'Do, then.'

'It was told me by an ancient mariner, who knows how many years ago? for I'm getting to be an old fellow myself, children.'

'What nonsense, Dick! talk about *your* being old.'

'Well, never mind. I'll try to give it to you in his own words. Said he :

"I never see a nigger turn white but once, and that was aboard of the old 'Emperor.' We was bound from Calcutta to Boston, and had aboard an elephant, a big Bengal tiger, and a lot of other wild creturs, for a menagerie. Well, one forenoon, blowing a good topsail breeze, as it might be to-day, but more sea than wind, we was going large, and I up on the main-yard, turning in a splice. All to once, I heerd a strange noise, and looked down. There was the black cook, shinning of it up, making a great hullibaloo, and shaking the tormentors behind him—that's a big iron fork he has in the galley. His face was as white as a table-cloth. Close behind him was the tiger, who had got out of his cage somehow, and snuffing the grub, had made tracks for the coppers.

"All the watch, by this time, was tumbling up the rigging, fore and aft. The tiger he tried two or three of the ratlins, but thought it onsafe, so he let himself down, mighty careful, to the deck. The companion-way was open, and he dived into the cabin. The captain lay asleep on the transom, and never waked up. The cretur didn't touch him, but come up agin, and poked his nose into the door of the mate's room, that was a little on the jar. The mate see him, and gin him a kick in the face, and slammed the door agin him. That made him mad, and he tried to get in at the little window; but his head was so big, he couldn't begin. Did you ever mind what eyes them devils has? They've got a kind of cruel, murderin' look that no other beast has,

that I ever see. Well, he give it up, and went aft. Then, a kind of a sick feelin' come over me; for, d'y'e see, there was *one* man that couldn't leave no way !'

"The man at the wheel ?'

"Ay, shipmet! He saw the tiger comin', for he turned as pale as death; but he didn't look at him, and never stirred tack or sheet. He stuck right on to the spokes, and steered her as true as a die; and well he did, for if he hadn't, we'd a broached to in five seconds, and that would a been wuss than the tiger. Well, the cussed beast went close up to him, and actually snuffed at him. You may judge what a relief it was to us when he left him, at last, and come for'ard. There was a sheep in the long-boat, and, as he was cruising about decks, he smelt it, and grabbed it, and was suckin' its blood in a jiffy; so we managed to get a slip-knot over him, and hauled taut on it from aloft. Then a young fellow went down with a line, and wound it round and round him, till he couldn't stir, and at last, with a heap of trouble, we got him stowed in his cage again, sheep and all; for he never let go on it.'

"And what was done for the man at the wheel ?'

"Well, sir, nothing; he was only doing his duty.'

"That was too bad! Now tell us another—tell us some more about shows ?'

"Shows, chickabiddy? I've not seen any of late. The last was the What-Is-It.'

"Well, and what *was* it ?'

"That is more than I can tell you. The proprietor is constantly asking the question, and has even gone to the expense of repeatedly advertising. I shouldn't wonder if, by this time, he had gotten a satisfactory response. I went and listened to the customary description. The silence that ensued was broken by a miserable skeptic, whose ill-regulated aspirations betrayed his insular prejudice, 'Vot is it? arf hanimal, eh? t'other day, I, stuck a pin into him, and ses he, 'Dam yes!' Vot is it, eh?'

Thus did this wretch, by implication, endeavor to unsettle the opinions of the audience, none too definite, perhaps, before.

'It is singular the distrust with which a thankless public has long come to regard the efforts of one whose aim it has ever been to combine instruction with amusement. Do you remember an itinerant expedition sent forth, years ago, by the same grand purveyor? There was a Car of Juggernaut, you may recollect, drawn by twenty little pigs of elephants. That show I also attended, and was well repaid for going. Near the entrance of the tent was a large cage, peopled with the gayest denizens of tropic life, macaws, cockatoos, paroquets—what know I?—a feathered iridescence, that sulked prehensile or perched paradisiacal in their iron house. Two youths entered; one paused admiringly. 'Come along, Jack,' remonstrated the other, hurrying him on by the arm, 'them darned things is only painted.' He wasn't going to see his friend imposed upon and his admiration extorted under false pretenses. Not if *he* knew it! Mr. B——couldn't do *him*!

'Painted! Ay, Jonathan—and if Church or Kensett, look you, could only get at those pigments! could find the oil-and-color men that filled that order! ah me! what opaline skies! what amethystine day-breaks! what incarnadine sunsets we should have! The palette for that work was laid by angels, from tubes long hidden in the choicest crypts of the vast elaboratory, and those transcendent tints

'Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

Painted! to be sure.

'For this wicked specimen of infidelity, I was presently overpaid by a

charming bit of belief. At the further end of the great tent was a case, containing divers wax effigies of eminent personages; the Czar, Prince Albert, General Spitzentuyfel—what know I? You may see them any day, (if you happen to have two York shillings,) at the sumptuous home to which they have returned from those travels. There they stood, side by side, an imposing company, forever shiny in the face, like Mrs. Wittitterly's page, and with eyes magnificently superior to any thing so sordid as speculation. All were finely befrogged, and ruched, and epauletted, and, for the most part, they sported moustaches. It happened that I had the latter adornment—a variety then—on my own mug.

While recognizing them—they were old acquaintances—I felt a gentle pull at my skirt, and looking down, was aware of a little *tot*, some three years old, who asked, pointing to the counterfeit presentments in the show-case: 'Did you come out o' there?' The innocent! he little knew what an extinguisher he was clapping on me. 'No, sonny,' said I, looking down on the little nose, itself a bit of wax, between two peaches. The soft impeachment proceeded—'Well, where *do* yer belong? do yer belong in with the *bear*? for there was a plantigrade there too. But I reckon that will do for bears, this time.'

'I should think so! They'll be dreaming about 'em all night.'

'Dick, how much of all this is true?'

'The whole, barring a few verbal interpolations.'

'Wal, I've seed shows,' moralized Jonas, 'a good many on 'em; but I couldn't tell the yarns about 'em that Mr. Richard, here, does. He figurs on 'em considerable, I 'xpect.'

FUGITIVES AT THE WEST.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer once remarked, that the position of the colored race in America includes in itself every element of romance. The fortunes of this great human family; its relations to the white race, with which it is growing up side by side; its developments, its struggles, and its coming destiny, must hold in the future an historic interest of which it would be difficult beforehand to form an intelligent appreciation. The political events of the last few months have fairly opened this new historic page; and though, for the most part, its recording lines still lie behind the cloud, the first few words, charged with deep import to us and to all men, are becoming legible to every eye.

We can no longer view the colored race as a mere mass of ignorance and degradation lying quiescent beneath the white man's foot, and, except as a useful species of domestic animal, of little consequence to us or to the world. We see to-day, its fortunes and those of our own race blended together in a great struggle based on political, moral, and religious questions, and leading to a series of events of which not one of us as yet can foretell the conclusion.

The collective romance of the race is now but just opening to us; but its individual romance dawned upon us years ago. Long as we can remember, we have heard of one and another of that depressed people struggling to escape from an overwhelming bondage. We have known that such attempts were marked by scenes of thrilling interest, by intense earnestness of purpose, by the most powerful emotions of hope and fear, by startling adventures, ending sometimes in hopeless tragedy, sometimes in a dearly-bought success. Before the fugitive lay on one hand death, or worse than death; on the other, liberty beneath the cold North-star.

Some years ago, these elements of romance, with the moral principles lying at their root, were laid hold of by Mrs. Stowe. The wonderful enthusiasm with which her work was received, the avidity with which it was read all the world over, showed how wide and deep was the sympathy which the position of the colored race in America was calculated to excite.

I suppose there are few people living on the border-line dividing the North from the South, who can not recall exciting incidents and scenes of painful interest connected with the fugitive slave, occurring within their own knowledge, and often beneath their own eyes. During the few years when I grew from childhood to youth, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, I can recall many such incidents. I remember being startled, from time to time, by sorrowful events of this nature that so frequently occur in Western cities, owing to their close proximity to the South, and to the continual arrival of steamboats from the slaveholding States. Once I remember, it was a family of half-caste children, brought to the very levee by their white father. He had made the journey during his death-struggle, hoping to leave his children free men upon free ground: but just as he approached the levee, he died; and his heir, in eager pursuit, seized the children around their father's lifeless form, before they had time to land, and hurried them away, his hopeless, helpless slaves. Then it was a woman with a child in her arms, flying through the great thoroughfares of the city, with her pursuers behind her—a mad, wild, brutal chase. Then it was a pretty mulatto child, the pride and delight of its parents, abstracted in the evening by prowling thieves, from a colored family in our immediate vicinity. Lost forever! never more to be heard of by its terrified and sorrowing parents! Then came the terrible tragedy

of that poor mother who, being seized as she was escaping with her children, and thrown into jail, 'preferred for her dear ones the guardianship of angels to the oppression of man,' and killed them in the prison with her own hands, one by one, the jailer only entering in time to arrest the knife as she was about to strike it into her own despairing heart.

But though from time to time circumstances such as these were noised abroad and made known to all, I knew that there were innumerable thrilling stories, often less tragic in their conclusion, known only to the more successful fugitive and his own immediate friends. I heard rumors of an underground railway, as it was termed, a mysterious agency keeping watch for fugitives, and assisting them on their journey, passing them on secretly and speedily from point to point on their way to Canada. I knew that such a combination existed on my right hand and on my left, and under my very eyes; but who might be concerned in it, or how it might be managed, I could not in the least divine. One day a gleam of light came to me upon the subject. Our minister, a good old man, who preached with great eloquence on the subject of human depravity, and pointedly enough upon many of the sins of the age, but who had never taken any clear and open ground on the subject of slavery, had a daughter who was warmly and avowedly anti-slavery in principle. We became friends; and as my intimacy with her increased, we sometimes spoke of the fugitives.

One day she owned to me that she had some connection with this underground railway, principally in the way of providing with old clothing the destitute creatures who were arriving — generally at unexpected moments — barefoot, and with scarce a rag upon their backs to protect them from the bitter cold of the Canadian winter, which even under the best circumstances is so sadly trying to the negro constitution.

She told me that as the agents in the neighborhood were few and poor, and as these sudden calls admitted of no delay,

they were sometimes unable to provide the required clothing; and she asked me, in case of such an emergency, if she might sometimes apply to me for some of the articles of which they might be in especial need. From that time Canada became the ultimate destination of all my old clothes. I could imagine superannuated cloaks and shawls wrapped around dusky and shivering shoulders, and familiar bonnets walking about Canada in their old age on the woolly heads of poor fugitive negro women.

It was but a short time after our conversation that the first call came. One bitter winter's night, word was sent me that a family had arrived—father, mother, and several young children, all utterly destitute. The articles which their friends were least able to provide, and which would therefore be particularly acceptable, were shoes for the boys, and warm clothing of every kind for the woman. The latter requirement was soon provided for. An old purple bonnet that had already seen good service in the world, a quilted skirt, and sundry other articles were soon looked up and repaired to meet the poor creature's necessities—but shoes for the boys! The message had been very urgent upon that point. Shoes! shoes! any sort of shoes! Now our boys had, for the most part, grown up and departed, and in vain I rummaged through the garret—that receptacle of ancient treasures—for relics of the past, in the way of masculine shoes and boots. I was giving it up in despair, when suddenly an idea occurred to me.

It had happened, in days long past, that a French lady of our acquaintance had broken up house-keeping, and we had stored a part of her furniture in our spacious garrets. Ere long it had all been reclaimed except two articles, which had somehow or other remained behind. The first was a handsomely mounted crayon drawing, representing a remarkably ugly young man with heavy features and a most unprepossessing expression of countenance. Below this drawing, maternal pride and affection had caused to be inscribed in

clear, bold letters, these two words : 'My Son.' The second piece of property remaining behind with 'my son's portrait, were 'my son's elegant French boots—a wonderful pair, shiny as satin, and of some peculiar and exquisite style, long and narrow, with sharp-pointed and slightly turned-up toes. They were of beautiful workmanship, but being made of a firm and unaccommodating material, and in form utterly unadapted to any possible human foot, they had probably pinched 'my son's feet so unendurably that no amount of masculine vanity or fortitude could long support the torture, and with a sigh of regret he had no doubt been forced to relinquish them ere their first, early bloom had departed, or the beautiful texture of the sole-leather had lost its delicate, creamy tint. These two articles had long lain in a corner of the garret, to the infinite amusement of the children of the family, who were never weary of allusions to 'my son,' and 'my son's boots. In process of time the portrait also was reclaimed, but the deserted boots still occupied their corner of the garret, year after year, until there were no children left to crack their jokes at their comical and dandified appearance. Upon these elegant French boots I pounced, in this sore dilemma, and as my messenger was waiting, without time for a moment's reflection, I bundled them in with the rest of the articles, and dispatched them at once to their destination.

Scarcely had the messenger departed than I sat down to laugh. I thought of the brother, who had especially distinguished himself in his boyish days, by witticisms upon those famous boots, and I recalled to mind, also, a slightly exaggerated description of the negro foot, with which he had been wont to indulge his young companions. This foot he would describe as very broad and flat, with the leg planted directly in the centre, leaving an equal length for the toes in front and for the heel behind.

Now, although I had never given credence to these exact proportions, I still

remained under the impression that there was a peculiarity in the negro foot, that the heel was somewhat more protuberant than in the European foot, and rather broad, it might also well be supposed to be, in its natural and unpinched condition. The whole scene came vividly before my imagination ; the unfortunate family handing round in dismay those exquisite French boots, vainly striving, one after another, to insert their toes into them, but finding among their number no Cinderella whom the wonderful shoe would fit. I figured them at last descending to a little fellow six years old, or thereabouts, whose poor little feet might possibly be planted in the centre of the boots, and thus, in default of any other protection, be saved for a time from frost and snow. My mind was divided between amusement at the final destination of these celebrated relics, and regret that I had nothing more suitable to send. I could only hope that this part of the poor fugitives' outfit might be more successfully provided for from some other quarter.

Winter passed by ; spring came, succeeded by long, hot mid-summer days of the western summer. Our neighbors, for the most part, were scattered to the North and East—gone to the lakes, to New-York, to Boston, or to some summer resort upon the Atlantic coast—all who could, breaking the long-continued and oppressive heat by a pleasant excursion to some cooler clime. My friend, the minister's daughter, and most of our own family, had gone like the rest, and I was left in a somewhat solitary state to while away the long hours of those burning summer days, in the monotony of a large and empty country-house.

One day at noon, I strolled to the door, seeking a breath of air. I stood within the doorway, and looked out. Before me extended a level tract of green grass, thinly planted with young shade-trees. At some distance beyond, melting away in haze beneath the glowing sun, a little wood extended toward

the north-east, meeting at its extremity another and denser wood of much greater extent. This first little wood had been in our young days our favorite resort. We had explored every turn in it again and again; we knew well every tree upon its outskirts, beneath whose shade some little patch of green grass might serve for a resting-place, or a pic-nic ground; we were familiar with every old trunk with wide-extending roots, in whose protecting cavities that little, speckled, pepper-and-salt-looking flower, the spring harbinger, nestled, peeping forth toward the end of March, ere the ice and snow had well melted, or any other green thing dared show itself. Deeper in the shade lay the soft beds of decaying leaves, where somewhat later the spring beauties would start forth, clothing the brown and purple tints of the ground with touches of delicate pink. With them would come that fair little wind-flower, the white anemone, and the blue and yellow violets, soon to be followed by that loveliest of all Ohio wild flowers, called by the country people, 'Dutchman's breeches,' but in more refined parlance, denominated 'pantalettes,' looking for all the world as if the fairies had just done a day's washing and hung out their sweet little nether garments to dry, suspended in rows from the tiny rods that so gracefully bend beneath the pretty burden. Pure white are they, or of such a delicate flesh-tint, the fairy washerwoman might well be proud of her work. Other spots were sacred to the yellow lily, with its singular, fierce-looking leaf, spotted like a panther's hide, growing in solitary couples, protecting between them the slender stalk with its drooping yellow bell. Later in the season come the larger and more brilliantly tinted flowers, the wild purple larkspur, the great yellow buttercup, and the lilac flox. There were dusky depths in the wood, too, into which, book in hand, we sometimes retreated from the mid-summer heat into an atmosphere of moist and murky coolness. There we found the Indian pipe, or ghost-flower—

leaf, stem, and flower, all white as wax, turning to coal-black if long brought into light, or if pressed between the leaves of a book.

This first little wood, then, though somewhat dark and damp, had its pleasant and cheerful associations; but the wood beyond was weird and dismal, with its dense shade, its fallen trees rotting in dark gullies, its depth of decaying leaves, into which your feet sank down and down, until in alarm you doubted whether there were really any footing beneath, or if it would be possible ever to extricate yourself again. These two woods touched only at one point, included in an angle between a little burying-ground, whose solemn associations increased the gloom of the farther wood. As children, we had been wont, in adventurous moods, to cross one corner of the burying-ground, and striking into a ravine within this wood, down which trickled a little dark stream, wade up it barefoot, with grave, half-awe-stricken faces, until the stream sank again beneath the dead leaves, emptying itself I know not where. We had given wild and fantastic names to some of the ways and places about this ravine, but the rest of the wood was so little attractive and enjoyable that we generally avoided it, unless in some ramble of unusual length, we wished to strike across one portion of it, making thereby a somewhat shorter cut into the turnpike road a mile or two beyond.

As I stood this hot summer-day looking toward the woods, suddenly there stood before me a strongly-made middle-aged negro woman. Whether she had glided round the house, or in what way she had come so suddenly and quietly before me, I do not know; but there she stood, bare-headed, and humbly asking for a piece of bread, or any cold food that I could spare. Her appearance struck me with surprise; her skin was of a deep, rich, yellow brown, her face soft and kindly in expression, but wonderfully swollen, and with the appearance of being one mass of bruises. Her red, inflamed eyes seemed to weep in-

cessantly and involuntarily; whatever might be the expression of her mouth, so inflamed and suffering were they, that they were pitiful to see; and to complete the picture, the stump of one of her arms, which had been severed at some former period, close to the shoulder, was but partially hidden by her ragged, low-necked dress. Her whole appearance struck me as the most pathetic I had ever beheld.

I speedily brought the poor thing some bread and cold meat, which she received with warm expressions of gratitude; and she then told me that she was a fugitive slave, and having come here at night with her husband, at the approach of day they had hidden themselves within the wood.

'And oh!' she said, 'you would be sorry if you could see my husband. He is not an old man at all, but you would think he was very old, if you could see him; his hair is so white, his face is so wrinkled, and his back all bowed down. He is so cowed and frightened that he doesn't dare come out of the wood, though he is almost starving. We ran away a little while ago, and they caught us and took us down the river to Louisville; and there they just knocked us down on the ground like beeves that they were going to kill, and beat us until we could neither stand nor move. The moment we got a chance, we ran away again. But my poor husband shakes like a leaf, and can not travel far at once, he is so frightened.'

Then she spoke of her bruised face, and said that the sun hurt her eyes so dreadfully, begging me to give her some old thing to cover them with and keep off the light. 'It would be such a mercy,' she said, and 'Heaven will bless you for helping us when we are so distressed.'

I betook myself again to the garret; there were plenty of old bonnets, to be sure; but, alas! all of them were of such a style that they might serve, indeed, to adorn the back of the head, but were none of them of any manner of

use to shelter a pair of distressed eyes. While rummaging about, I came at length upon something which struck me as just the thing required; it was an ancient relic, more venerable even than 'my son's boots,' but in excellent preservation. It was a head-dress that had been manufactured for my mother, some twenty years ago, before the invention of sun-bonnets, or broad hats. It was called a calash, and was constructed of green silk outside and white silk within, reeved upon cane, similar in fashion to the 'uglies,' which, at the present day, English ladies are wont to prefix to the front of their bonnets when traveling or rusticating by the seaside; but instead of being something to attach to the bonnet, it was a complete bonnet in itself, gigantic and bow-shaped, which would fold together flat as a pancake, or opening like an accordeon, it could be drawn forward over the face to any required extent, by means of a ribbon attached to the front. It was effective, light, and cool, and the green tint afforded a very pleasant shade to the eyes. I seized upon it and carried it to the poor woman, who received it with transport, clapped it immediately upon her head and drew it well down over her face. She took up the bread and meat, telling me with many thanks, that as soon as she and her husband had eaten, they should continue on their way, not waiting for the night, as they were very anxious to find themselves further from the Kentucky border. I wished her God speed, and watched her as she crossed the open turf, her bundle in her hand, and the great green calash nodding forward upon her head, until she disappeared within the wood.

She had scarce been ten minutes out of my sight when a very unpleasant misgiving came over me. That great green calash that she had been so glad to receive—what an odd and unusual head-dress it was! Surely, it would attract attention; it would render her a marked object. If her pursuers should once get upon her traces, it would enable them to track her from point to point.

I wished, with all my heart, it had been less conspicuous, and I began to think that my researches in the garret were not destined to be particularly fortunate. I wished exceedingly that my friend the minister's daughter, had been at home, that I might have taken counsel with her and have had the benefit of her experience in such matters.

As I was still standing in the doorway, ruminating upon the subject with a troubled soul, I saw in the distance the figure of a student of theology, whom I knew to be a friend of our old minister and his daughter, and thoroughly anti-slavery in principle. I hastened after him, told him the circumstances of the case, and imparted to him my misgivings. He promised me to put the matter into safe hands, and to have a look-out kept for the wanderers. After a few hours he returned to me with the welcome intelligence that the fugitives had been overtaken on the turnpike road a mile or two beyond, by one of the emissaries of the underground railway in a covered cart, in which they had been comfortably stowed, and safely forwarded on their way, and that from that time forth they would be speedily and quietly passed from point to point and from friend to friend, until they reached their destination.

A weight was lifted from my heart, I could have danced for joy; and I learned with astonishment, that the agent, who had come like an angel to the relief of the poor fugitives, was no other than a little ugly negro man, who had often worked in our garden, and who was usually employed to do the roughest and dirtiest work in the neighborhood. His crooked figure, his bandy legs, and little ape-like head, had always led me to regard him as the most unpromising specimen of his race that I had ever beheld; but from that time forth I regarded him with respect. The poor crooked form, distorted by hard toil, contained a heart, and the little ape-like head a brain, to help his outcast brethren in the hour of need.

As time passed on, the borders of the wood of which I have already spoken, began to be invaded by the woodman. Rough, ragged bits were cleared, and cheap, slight, frame houses sprang up, some of them erected and owned by the workmen in the neighborhood, some of them put up by speculators, and rented to a poor class of tenants. Playing about outside one of these shanties, a pretty child might soon be seen, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of five years old or thereabouts. So regular were his features, so white his skin, it would hardly have been suspected that he had any but European blood in his veins, had it not been known that the house was occupied by colored people, to whom he seemed to belong. An old man was said to be lying ill in the house, which was rented by two colored women, who were anxious to get work in the neighborhood, or washing and sewing to do at home. At that time I was preparing for rather a long journey; and on inquiring for some one to sew for me, Sallie Smith was sent to me. When she came, I learned that she was an inmate of one of the new cottages, and the grandmother of the pretty child of whom we have spoken.

Sallie Smith came and went, carrying home pieces of work, which she dispatched quickly and well. She was a fine-looking mulatto-woman, in the prime of life, with wavy black hair and sparkling eyes, though her features preserved the negro cast. Her manners had a warmth and geniality belonging to good specimens of her race, with a freedom that was odd and amusing, but never offensive. When she brought home her work, with some comical expression of fatigue, she would sink upon the ground, as if utterly exhausted by the walk and the heat, and sitting at my feet, would play with the hem of my dress, as she talked over what she had done, and what still remained to be done; or related to me, in answer to my inquiries, scraps of her past history, her thoughts about her race in general,

her religious experiences, and the affairs of her church in Cincinnati, of which she was an enthusiastic member.

On inquiring about the health of her old, bed-ridden husband, I learned, to my surprise, that he was a white man.

'You see,' she said, 'he wasn't a gentleman at all; he was one of those *mean whites* down South.' As she said this, the scornful emphasis on *mean whites* was something quite indescribable. Truly, the condition of poor whites at the South must be pitiable indeed, to be regarded with such utter contempt by the very slaves themselves.

'We lived,' she continued, 'in a miserable little hut, in a pine wood, and I was his only slave. I kept house, and worked for him. He was one of the shiftless kind, and there was nothing *he* could do. Oh! he was a poor, miserable creature, I tell you, always in debt! Well, we had two children, a girl and a boy.'

'Did he ever have any other wife?' I inquired.

She fired up, indignantly. 'No, indeed; I guess I'd never have stood that! Well, he was always promising to come to a Free State; but he was always in debt, and couldn't get the money to come, and Jane, she was growing up a very pretty girl, and when she was about seventeen, the creditors came and seized her, and sold her for a slave, to pay his debts.'

'What! sold his own daughter!' I exclaimed.

'Why, yes. She was *my* daughter, too, you know; so she was his property, and so he couldn't hinder them from taking her.'

'How he must have felt!' I exclaimed.

She caught me up quickly. '*Felt!* why, you know how a father *must* feel in such a case. It broke him down worse than ever. Yes, we felt bad enough when they carried Jane away. Well, she was bought by the principal creditor; he was a rich man, with a large plantation, and a wife and children, and lots of slaves, and he kept Jane

at the house, to sew for him, and by-and-by she had a child that was almost as white as his other children. You see,' she added apologetically, 'Jane didn't know it was wrong; she was only a poor sinner, who didn't know nothing. She had never been to church or learned any thing, and I didn't know much either *then*. It was only when I came North and joined the church, that I began to know about such things. But I grieved day and night for Jane, that I couldn't get her back. Well, for a time we were out of debt, you see, and I persuaded my husband to come right up North, for fear he should get into debt again, and they should seize the boy too; so we came to Cincinnati, and we got the boy a place there, and he's doing very well.'

'There I joined the Church; but I couldn't help thinking of Jane, and grieving after her all the time, and I prayed to the Lord for her, and I prayed and prayed, and by-and-by, I don't know how it happened, but her master let her bring the child and come and pay me a visit. It seemed as if the Lord had blinded him, so that he did not know that if she came North, she might be free. He was that stupid, he had not the least suspicion that she'd stay; he thought she'd come right back to him. And when she did not come, he wrote to her, and wrote again; and when still she didn't come, he came himself to fetch her. But I took care to have Jane out of the way, and saw him myself. And he coaxed and persuaded, and he stormed and he threatened; oh! he was awful mad. But I just shook my fist in his face, and said, 'You ole slaveholder, you, you-jist go back to ole Virginny; you niver git my daughter agin!''

As she uttered these words, Sallie compressed her mouth with a look of dogged resolution; her black eyes glowed with smothered anger, and she shook her fist energetically in the air, as if the phantom of the Virginian slaveholder were still before her. After a pause, she recovered herself and continued:

'How he did go on! He cursed and he swore; but it was of no manner of use; I'd nothin' else to say to him, and by-and-by he had to go away; you see, he couldn't do nothin', because Jane had come North with *his consent*. So Jane and I, we came up here, and we get what work we can, and take care of the child, and nurse the old man. He's miserable! he don't often leave his bed, and he's not likely to get much better, for he's old and completely broke.'

So Sallie had told me her history; but she had not done. Her active mind had found an outlet in the little negro church at Cincinnati, of which she was a member. Her intense religious enthusiasm mingled with her deep perception of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon her race. Her soul lay like a glowing volcano beneath that easy, careless Southern manner, which might have led one at first to regard her as merely a jolly, ignorant, negro-woman.

At a word which one day touched upon this chord, her work fell from her hands, her eyes flashed, and she poured forth, in old Scripture phraseology, her indignation, her aspirations, and her glowing faith. She wholly identified her race with the Jews in their wanderings and their captivity, and the old descriptive and prophetic words fell from her lips, as if wrung from her heart, startling one by the wondrous fitness of the application. There was such magnetic power in her intense earnestness, her strong emotions, and her certain and exultant trust in God and his providence, that it held me spell-bound. I listened, as if one of the old prophets had risen before me. I never heard eloquence like it; for I never witnessed such an intense sense of the reality and force of the cause which had called it forth. I can not recall her words; but I remember, after describing the cruelty and apparent hopelessness of her people's captivity, their groans, their pray-

ers to the Lord, day after day and year after year, their darkness and despair, their still-continued crying unto God for help, she concluded by describing how the Lord at length would appear for their relief. 'He will come,' she said; 'he will shake and shake the nations, and will say: 'Let my people go free.' And though there should seem to be no way, he shall open the way before them, and they shall go forth free. They shall sing and give thanks, for in the Lord have they trusted, and they shall never be confounded.' She paused. Her words made a deep impression upon me. At that time, how dark and hopeless seemed the way! nothing then pointed to a coming deliverance. Blind faith in God alone was left us; but how cold seemed the faith and trust of the warmest advocate of Emancipation among us, to the glowing certainty of God's help, which possessed the soul of this poor, ignorant negro-woman. Sallie took up her shawl and bonnet, and was about to go. I roused myself, and looking at her with a half-smile, 'You speak in church?' I said.

An instant change passed over her face. Her eyes twinkled a moment, with a shrewd appreciation of my guess. She drew herself up, with a gleam of pride and pleasure; she nodded an assent, and wrapping her shawl around her, she turned away.

I have never seen her since; but her truly prophetic words often recur to me now, when the Lord is shaking the nations; when, if we fail to listen to his words, and to let his poor, oppressed people go, he must surely shake and shake again. Every day, our concern in the negro race becomes a clearer and more self-evident fact. Every bulletin impresses it anew upon our thoughts. Every soldier laid to rest upon the battle-field engraves it still deeper upon the nation's heart.

THE EDUCATION TO BE.

1. *Principles and Practice of Early and Infant School Education.* By James Currie, A. M. Third edition. Edinburgh: 1861.
2. *Papers for the Teacher.* No. 1: American Contributions to Pedagogy. Edited by Henry Barnard, LL. D. New York: 1860.
3. *Education; Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.* By Herbert Spencer. New York: 1861.
4. *A Series of School and Family Readers.* Compiled by Marcus Willson. New York: 1860-1.
5. *Primary Object Lessons, for a Graduated Course of Development.* By N. A. Calkins. New York: 1861.
6. *Annual Reports of Superintendents of Schools:* City of New York, 1861; Oswego, 1860; Chicago, 1861.
7. *The New York Teacher.* Monthly. Albany, Vols. 7-10: 1858-61.

'THE most certain means,' Beccaria wrote in the preceding century, 'of rendering a people free and happy, is, to establish a perfect method of education.' If, in this conclusion, Beccaria only reiterates an opinion at least tacitly held long before his time by some of the Grecian sages, still, the later assertion of the principle should, it seems, derive some additional weight from the circumstance of the time allowed in the interim for repeated reconsiderations of the question. The theologian may interpose, that, toward rendering a people free and happy, the influences of religion must constitute the most efficacious, the dominant agency. But when we admit that man is *one*,—that heart and hand are not only alike, but together subjects for culture,—then it will be seen that religion falls into its place in the one comprehensive scheme of human education; and we discover that Beccaria's position, instead of being assailed from this point of view, becomes, according as our conception of the case is truthful and clear, correspondingly strengthened.

The ease, however, with which we utter those little qualifiers, 'free' and 'happy,' observed to stand here in the positive or absolute degree, and not in any degree of comparison, is noticeable. For 'degrees of comparison' are always concessions of steps *down*, even when they most stoutly present themselves as steps *up*. Were all men simply wise and just, all predicating of certain men that they were *more*, or *most*, *wise* or *just*, would be at once absurd and without utility. It is our intensified adjective that confesses fatally the prior fact of a coming short, and by an amount indefinitely great, of the simple, absolute standard. So, to come once for all to ridding ourselves of comparative forms of speech, and to be warranted to look for the rendering of a people, in the simple, positive sense, free and happy, would be, in the expressive language of one 'aunt Chloe' respecting the 'glory' to which she aspired, 'a mighty thing!' On the other hand, so far have our race, up to this moment, and without a single decided instance in exception, fallen short of aught that could be styled a perfect method of education, and so closely must educational training affect every nascent man or woman in those vitalest particulars,—character and capability,—that, could the perfect method sought once be brought into effective operation on the plastic child-manhood of a nation, or of all nations, we are not prepared to deny the possibility of any results therefrom to humanity, even the grandest utterable or conceivable. Admitting such method found, and in process, Beccaria could have dispensed with his tell-tale 'most,' and written, The certain means of rendering a people free and happy, is, to establish a perfect method of education.

To secure, therefore, so great an end: First, find — the perfect educational method! The recipe is brief; the labor it imposes is more than Herculean. To

measure it, we should have to find the ratio in which mind transcends matter, or that in which the broad generalizations of genius in the materials of science surpass the poor conceptions that the wild Australian must almost utter audibly in his own ear to realize that he at all possesses them.

In the 5,865 years which the most unquestioned belief accords to the history of man on our planet, could we suppose the average duration of life throughout equal to that of a generation now, there would have been time for 177 generations of working, planning, inventive men—of men desiring at each period the best they could conceive of, and framing the best schemes they were capable of to attain it. Here has been space for the slow rise and fall of nation after nation,—vast solitary tides heaving at long intervals the face of a wide, living, sullen sea: and history reports that the nations have actually risen, flourished, and fallen. Here has been space for exquisite triumphs of art; for the late birth, and nevertheless large progress, of the sciences concerned about phenomena of physical nature; the art triumphs have been achieved, and the germs of sciences are in our possession. Here has been space for the multiplication, upon all imaginable themes, of books, to a number and volume utterly beyond the powers of the most prolonged and assiduous life even to peruse; and the books crowd our alcoves, and meet us wherever men are wont to make their abode or transit. Here has been space for the organization, though so long impracticable and late conceived, of a system of daily diffusion of intelligence, and to such a pitch as almost to bring the world freshly photographed to our eyes with each returning sun; and, lo! the photographs are here; they await us at the breakfast or the counting table. Here has been space for the springing up among the people, at distances of years or centuries, of profound educating intellects, marked by clear insight, large human love, and patient self-sacrifice, and contributing to the growth of hu-

manity by worthy examples, and by propounding successively more and more rational modes for the informing and developing of youthful minds; and, see! Confucius, Socrates and Plato, Petrarch, Bacon, Comenius, Pestalozzi, Père Girard, Arnold of Rugby, and Horace Mann—to make no mention of many co-laborers among the dead, and earnest successors among the living—stepping from their niches in the vanishing corridors of history, lay at our feet the treasures accumulated through their patient and clear thought and their faithful experience.

Will it then readily be believed—and yet it is unquestionably true—that, to this hour, neither the schools nor the teachers can be found that are in possession and practice of a well-defined, positively guiding, and always trustworthy *method* of intellectual, and other means and steps by which to conduct and consummate the education of our children? Note, we do not here declare the want of the true and universal method of educating, if there can be such a thing; but we distinctly assert that no school and no living teacher employs or conforms to any well-defined, positive, and, in and for its purposes, completed method of educating the young; nor, since this latter is a supposition better pleasing certain critically-minded gentlemen, have we in anything like clear delineation and positive practice the *several* methods that may be imagined requisite for minds of varying bent and capacity. If we sum up in one word the most pervading, constant, and obvious characteristic of our schools, and of the teaching and the learning in them to this day, that word must be, *im-methodical*. Although admitting that the education of the young should distinctly embrace the four departments of a training, *physical*, *intellectual*, *moral*, and *social*, yet, for the sake of clearness in our discussion and its results, not less than through the necessities of a restricted space, we shall here confine our remarks wholly to education in its intellectual aspect.

To move, for each subject, and for each part of it essayed, always along the right way, and by the true character and order of steps,—that is the thing to be desired, and which is, as yet, unattained. As a consequence, the prosecution of studies is by attempts and in ways that are generally imperfect, at best make-shift or provisional, often radically erroneous or worthless. Doubtless, the defects in method are now less glaring and influential at the two extremes of the sensibly-conducted infant school, and the well-appointed and leisurely collegiate course. There is no true study that is not what the origin of the word implies—*STUDIUM*, a work of *zeal, fondness, eager desire, voluntary endeavor, interest*. Such study has two essential characteristics; where these are wanting, study does not exist; the appearance of it is a sham; and though results disconnected and partial are attained, real acquisition is meager, and apparent progress deceptive.

Of these characteristics, the first is what the word directly expresses—zealous exertion on the part of the student's own intellectual powers, a zeal literally preventing all other incentives, or, at the least, subordinating them, through pure love of finding out that which is new and curious, or true. In two words, this first essential of study, and fraught with all the desirable results of study, is genuine INTELLECTUAL WORK. It is the *nusus* of the intelligent principle to bring itself into ascertained and well-ordered relations with the facts, agencies, and uses of nature, alike in her physical and spiritual domains. The bright-minded boy or girl who may not comprehend the feeling or thought when so uttered, nevertheless *knows* it, and, for his or her range of effort, as keenly as does the adult explorer.

But, when a mind thus *works*, the truth that it can never advance beyond missing or unfound links in the chain of thought does not need to be taught to it. The impossibility of so doing has become a matter of experience and of certain conviction. The mathematician knows,

that, beyond that form of his equation containing an actual mis-step, or a positively irresolvable expression, all subsequent forms or values involving that step or expression are vitiated, and the results they seem to show substantially worthless. Now, every actually working mind, and at every stage, from schoolboy perplexities over algebraic signs, up to philosophic ventures in quest of one remove further of solid ground, in respect to the interrelations of physical forces, or the law of development of organized forms, finds itself in precisely the predicament of the mathematician: it feels no footing and accomplishes no advance beyond that link in the chain of fact and thought, which, to its comprehension, stands as uncertain, erroneous, wanting, or inexplicable. This is so from the very nature of our knowing faculties and of knowledge. The true intellectual worker, encountering interruption through any of these conditions, goes back to view his difficulty from a better vantage ground, or attempts to approach it from either side, or, failing these resources, bows to the necessity, and suffers no harm, other than stoppage and loss of time. Thus, the second characteristic of true study is in the rigidly natural and unfailing CONSECUTION of the steps and processes by which the intellectual advance is made. A mind so advancing never flatters itself of being able to grasp that which, in the nature of knowledge, must be a consequent truth, until the antecedent or antecedents german to the question in hand have first been possessed by it. But in our schools, how vastly much is *supposed* to be taught, in which consequents come before antecedents, or are promiscuously jumbled up with them, or assert themselves, without so much as the grace to say to antecedents of any sort, ‘By your leave!’ Obviously, however, such could not be the character of so much of our teaching, did not the character of most of our books for schools exactly correspond with it. And the books do correspond: they not only give to a faulty teaching its cue, but, now that the *theory* of edu-

cation is being so much discussed, and in good degree improved, they constitute one of the most influential causes of the almost hopeless lagging of its practice.

Now, how is it that pupils get on at all with such lessons and such books? The explanation is a simple one; but the consequences it is fraught with are not trifling. The simple fact is, pupils are not yet allowed to *study* (in the best sense and manner of that process) the subjects they are prosecuting. When, now, they undertake in earnest to study, they are but too constantly confused and delayed by the no-method of the treatises they are being carried through. In a course of earnest intellectual work, the pupil must too often, with his present aids, become aware of absence of comprehension; he is ever and anon brought to stand still and cast about for the un-supplied preliminary facts and truths, for the unhinted hypotheses and inferences, which his situation and previous study do not enable him to supply, but which are necessary to a *comprehension* of the results set down for him to deal with. Barren results, *per se*, our learners are now too much required to ingest; and such they are expected to assimilate into intellectual life and power! As well feed a boy on bare elements of tissue—carbon, sulphur, oxygen, and the rest; or, yet more charitably, dissect out from his allowance of tenderloin, lamb, or fowl, a due supply of ready-made nerve and muscular fiber, introduce and engraft these upon the nerve and muscle he has already acquired, and then assure our *protegé*, that, as the upshot of our masterly provision for his needs, we expect him to become highly athletic and intellectual—that so he is to evolve larger streams of muscular energy and more vivid flashes of spiritual force!

As it is, we too nearly put the pupil's intellect asleep by our false method; and he endures it because of his unnatural condition. He thinks he 'gets on' with it; and in an imperfect way and degree does so. Rarely, we find, does such a one get so far as into the 'con-

ies;' and he is not certain to be in the habit of reading reviews: if we were sure, however, that he could comprehend and would meet with our simile, we would say to him, that the tardy inclination up which he now plods painfully, must, if graphically represented, be shown by an oblique line *descending*, in fact, below the curve of his possibilities, more rapidly even than it *ascends* above the horizontal cutting through the point of his setting out. True, with pupils who are spontaneously active-minded from the first, or who at some point in their course become positively awakened to brain-work, very much of the repressive influence of imperfect methods is prevented or overcome. The number of those so fortunate is doubtless small in the comparison. The few who *would* know, by a necessity as imperative as that by which they *must* feed, and sleep, and probably toil with hands or head for subsistence, are able to supplement many of the deficiencies, and supersede some erroneous processes of our methods, by the play of their own powers of investigation upon and about their subject. To these, a false method can bring perplexity and delay, but not repression nor veritable intellectual torpor.

We assert, then, that from a course or manner of instruction from which those characteristics of true study—real work of the learner's faculties, and a just consecution of steps—are largely omitted or excluded, the best sort of intellectual education can not, in the majority of instances, accrue. On the other hand, the method embodying these characteristics must present that unity, certainty, and guiding force hinted at in the outset. Concisely summed up, it is a method proceeding throughout by discovery, or, as we may say, by *re-discovery* of the truths and results to be acquired in each department of knowledge undertaken by the learner. In the absence of the one true method of intellectual advance, what should we expect but a confusion of clashing, imperfect, or tentative processes of instruction? He who could, today, ciceroned by some pedagogic As-

modeus, visit one hundred of our schools, or listen successively to a recitation on a given topic, conducted by one hundred qualified and faithful instructors, would find the methods and no-methods of introducing to the century of classes the truths of this self-same subject to be—and we do not mean in the personal element, which ought to vary, but in the radical substance and order of the theme—quite as numerous as the workmen observed; in fact, a conflicting and confusing display. Now, do causes, in any realm of being, forbear to produce fruit in effects? Are the laws of psychologic sequence less rigid and certain than those laws of physical sequence which determine in material nature every phenomenon, from planet-paths in space to the gathering of dew-drops on a leaf? If it were so, falsity or confusion in intellectual method might be pronounced a thing of trifling import, or wholly indifferent. But such suppositions are the seemings only of postulates floating through the brains of Ignorance or Un-heed, who really postulate nothing at all. If, on the contrary, we admit this inflexible relation of cause and result in the mental, as well as in the material world, and if we admit also that our school-methods are yet fragmentary, varying and tentative, then we are compelled to the conclusion, that at least the greater number of our schools are falling short, in the time and with the outlay invested, of doing their best and largest work, while in very many of our schools there must be steadily going forward a positive and potent mis-education!

If it be urged that these are in a degree deductive conclusions, let them be submitted to the test of fact. At least two important circumstances, it is admitted, will come in to complicate the inquiry: first, one purpose of school training is to divert the forming mind in a degree from sense toward thought, the latter being a less observable sort of product than that curiosity and store of facts attendant on activity of the merely perceptive powers; secondly,

there is the growing absorption of the mental powers with increase of age in the practical, in meeting the necessities of life, which more and more displaces intellectual activity as a set pursuit, and leaves it to be manifested rather in the means than the ends, rather in the quality than in the products of one's thinking, and, at the best, rather as an embellishment than as the business of a career. And yet, in the mind which has passed through a proper school-training, there should be apparent certain decided qualities and results, which are manifested as, and as often as, opportunity for their exercise presents itself. The schooled mind should surely not possess a less active curiosity to observe and to know than did the same mind before entering school, but even a stronger, more self-directed, purposive and efficient zeal in such direction. Intellectual vivacity and point, clearness of conception, and truthfulness of generalization and of inference,—all these should appear in more marked degree, along with the increased sobriety and judgment, and the improved facility of practical adaptation, which properly characterize maturity of mind and habit. Now, we suggest the careful observation of any number of children, not yet sent to school, and that are favored with ordinarily sensible parents, and ordinarily happy homes; and then, the equally careful study of a like number who have just emerged from their school course, or have fairly entered on the business of life; and we warn the really acute and discriminating observer to look forward (in the majority of instances) to a disheartening result from his investigation! We are convinced that the net product of our immensely expansive, patient, and ardently sought schooling will, in a large proportion of all the cases, be found to consist in the imperfect acquirement and uncertain tenure of knowledge, upon a few rudimentary branches, often without definite understanding or habit of applying even so much to its uses, and usually without the conception or desire to make it the point of departure for

life-long acquisition ; and all this accompanied, too often, with actual loss of that spontaneous intellectual activity which began to manifest itself in the child, and which should have been fruiting now in, at the least, some degree of sound and true intellectuality. So, we are still left to expect mainly of Nature not only the germs of capacity, but the maturing of them ; the latter, a work which Education surely ought to be competent to. Meanwhile, like a wearied and fretted pedagogue, Education complains of the bad materials Nature gives her, when she ought to be questioning whether she has yet learned to bring out the excellence of the material she has.

Is it not an expensive process, that thus amasses a certain quantity of knowledge at cost of the disposition, sometimes of the ability, to add to it through the whole of life ? Really, schooling is short, and, contrasted with it, life is long ; but what mischiefs may not the latter experience from the former ! Let us clearly conceive, once, the aversion many of our boys and girls persistently feel toward the school, and of their leaving it, at the last, with rejoicing ! Are we astonished that when they have fairly escaped, frivolity is, with the young woman, too apt to replace mental culture, and with the young man, vulgarity or exclusive living for ‘the main chance?’ That the men and women so educated are too receptive, credulous, pliant and unstable ; that in too large a degree they lack discrimination, judgment, and the good sense and executive talent which plan understandingly, and work without sacrifice of honor, manhood, or spiritual culture, to a true success ? But, if our instructors could find out, or if some other could find out for them, *just how* and *by what steps* it is that the young mind engages with nature and harvests knowledge, and if they should see, therefore, how to strike in better with the current of the young, knowing and thinking, to move with it, enlarge, direct and form it aright, properly insuring that the mind under their charge

shall do its own work, and hence advance by consecutive and comprehended steps, we ask with confidence whether much of the notorious short-comings now manifest in the results of our patient efforts might not be replaced by an approach toward an intellectual activity, furnishing, completeness, and bent, more worthy of the name and the idea of education ? We are not alone in questioning the tendencies of existing methods. Other pens have raised the note of alarm. Speaking on the character of the *product* of the English schools, Faraday says, ‘The whole evidence appears to show that the *reasoning faculties* [mark, it is here the failure occurs, and here that it shows itself], in all classes of the community, are very imperfectly and insufficiently developed—*imperfectly, as compared with the natural abilities, insufficiently, when considered with reference to the extent and variety of information with which they are called upon to deal.*’ Does not this strong language find equally strong warrant in current facts of individual conduct and of our social life ?

That there is yet no recognized complete method in, and no ascertained science of education, the latest writings on the subject abundantly reiterate and confirm. The best of our annual School Reports, and the most recent treatises,—among which, notwithstanding the abatement we must make for their having been, through adventitious circumstances, pushed in our country to a sudden and not wholly merited prominence, Mr. Spenser’s republished essays may be named,—while they acknowledge some progress in details, disclose an undertone of growing conviction of the incompetency and unsatisfactoriness of our present modes of teaching and training. The Oswego School Report, speaking of primary education, tells us ‘There has been too much teaching by formulas ;’ and that ‘We are quite too apt, in the education of children, to “sail over their heads,” to present subjects that are beyond their comprehension,’ etc. Its way of escape ‘out of the rut’ is by importation into our country of the object-lesson system, as

improved from the Pestalozzian original through the labors of Mr. Kay, now Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and his co-laborers, of the Home and Colonial Infant and Juvenile School Society, London. In the report of Mr. Henry Kiddle, one of the four making up the collective School Report of the City of New York for 1861, the radical error of our present teachers is very forcibly characterized, where the danger of the teachers is pointed out as that of becoming ‘absorbed in the mechanical routine of their office, losing sight of the *end* in their exclusive devotion to what is only the *means—teaching the THING, but failing to instruct the PERSON*—eager to pour in knowledge, but neglecting to bring out mind.’ Is there not indicated in these words a real and a very grave defect of the manner in which subjects are now presented, studied, recited, and finished up in our schools? We think there is. And then, what is the effect of this study and teaching, with so much less thought toward the *end* than about the *material?*—what the result of this overlooking of the mind, the individuality, the person?—what the fruitage, at last, of having given so much time to the ‘finishing up’ of arithmetic, geography, and the rest, as to have failed to *bring out the mind* that was dealing with these topics, and is hereafter to have so many others to deal with? The physiologists have to tell us of a certain ugly result, occurring only in rare instances in the *bodily organization*, such that in a given young animal or human form the developing effort ceases before completion of the full structure; the individual remaining without certain fingers or limbs, sometimes without cranium or proper brain. They name this result one of ‘arrest of development.’ Is it not barely possible that our studies and recitations are yet in general so mal-adapted to the habitudes of the tender brain and opening faculties of childhood, as not merely often to allow, but even to inflict on the intellectual and moral being of the child a positive arrest of development? And if it be possible, what question can take pre-

cedence of one concerning the means of averting such a mischief? Pestalozzi intuitively saw and deeply felt the existence of this evil in his day, when, we may admit, it was somewhat more glaring than now. But Mr. Spencer truly characterizes Pestalozzi as, nevertheless, ‘a man of *partial intuitions*, a man who had occasional flashes of insight, rather than a man of systematic thought;’ as one who ‘lacked the ability logically to co-ordinate and develop the truths he from time to time laid hold of;’ and, at the same time, he accredits the great modern leader with a true idea of education, ‘the due realization of [which] remains to be achieved.’ How doubly important every rational attempt to achieve such realization—every well-considered effort to improve the method of the studies and the lessons—becomes but too apparent when we note the early age at which, as a rule, pupils must leave the schools, and the consequent brief space within which to evoke the faculties and to establish right intellectual habitudes. As an illustration drawn from the cities, where of course the school period is soonest ended, take the incidental fact disclosed by Mr. Randall in the New York School Report, that in that city the course of studies must be so framed as to allow of its completion, with many, at at the preposterously early age of *fourteen years*—really the age at which study and mental discipline in the best sense just begin to be practicable!

In all directions, in the educational world, we are struck with the feeling and expression of a great need, though the questions as to just what it is, and just how to be met, have not been so distinctly answered. Let us agree with Mr. Currie, that ‘Practical teaching can not be learned from books, even from the most exact “photographing” of lessons; it must be learned, like any other art or profession, by imitation of good models, and by practice under the eye of a master.’ Yet it is true, however paradoxical the statement may appear, that practical teaching will gain quite as much when the school-books

shall have been cast into the right form and method, as when all the teachers shall have been obliged to imitate good models, in a system of sound normal and model schools. What has given to the teaching of geometry its comparatively high educating value through centuries, and in the hands of teachers of every bent, caliber, and culture? What but the well-nigh inevitable, because highly perfected and crystalline method of one book—*Euclid's Elements*? Doubtless we want 'live' men and women, and those trained to their work, to teach: quite as imperatively we then want the right kind of text-books, in the pupils' hands, with which to carry forward their common work. If mind is the animating *spirit*, and knowledge the shapeless *matter*, still method—and to the pupil largely the method of the books—is the organizing force or *form* under which the knowledge is to be organized, made available and valuable. We shall suffer quite as much from any lack of the best form, as through lack of the best matter, or of the most earnest spirit. In education, the teacher is the fluent element, full of present resources; the book should be the fixed element, always bringing back the discursive faculties to the rigid line of thought and purpose of the subject. We have now the fluent element in better forwardness and command than the fixed. We have much of the spirit; an almost overwhelming supply of the matter; but the ultimate and best *form* is yet largely wanting, and being so, it is now our most forcible and serious want.

But, rightly understood, all that we have said in reference to the shortcomings of our modes of educating the young, constitutes by no necessity any sort of disparagement of teachers, or of the conductors of our school system. If a re-survey of the ground seems to show very much yet to be done, it is in part but the necessary result of an enlarging comprehension as to what, all the while, should have been done. It is by looking from an eminence that we gain a broader prospect, and coincidently receive the

conviction of a larger duty. Much that we deplore in present methods is the best to which investigation has yet conducted us, or that the slow growth of a right view among the patrons of schools will allow. Then, how hard it is to foresee, in any direction of effort, the effects our present appliances and plans shall be producing a score of years hence, or in the next generation—hardest of all to those whose work is directly upon that extremely variable quantity, mind! And in what other human business, besides that of education, are there not in like manner remissnesses and errors to point out? Justice, in truth, requires the acknowledgment that probably no other body of men and women can take precedence of the teaching class, in devotion to their work, in self-sacrifice, or, indeed, in willingness to adopt the new when it shall also commend itself to them as serviceable; while, in a world of rough, material interests and successes, like ours; the teacher's avocation still remains by far underpaid, and by parents, and even by the very pupils on whom its benefits are conferred, too rarely appreciated at anything like its just deserts.

If further extenuation of present shortcomings should be deemed needful, the history of science—and let us not forget that this history is almost wholly a *very recent* one—presents it in abundant force. Though practical arts have led to sciences, yet they have never advanced far until after they have felt the reactive benefits of the sciences springing from them. Finally, in its highest phases, the art becomes subordinated to the science; thenceforth, the former can approach perfection only as the latter prepares its way. Education has advanced beyond this turning point: the art is henceforward dependent on the sciences. But a science of education is an outgrowth from the science of mind; and among sciences, the latter is one of the latest and most difficult. Thus, our investigations result, not in casting blame upon educators, but in revealing, we may say, what is still the intellectual

'situation' of the most cultivated and advanced nations. We have our place still, not at any sort of consummation, but at a given stage in a progress. And still, as ever in the past, the things that in reality most closely touch our interests are farthest removed from our starting-points of sense and reason, and by a necessity of the manner and progress of our knowing, are longest in being found. And in this we have at least the assurance that the perfection of our race is to occur by no sudden bound or transformation, but by a toilsome and patient insight and growth.

Granting, however, all that has now been said in palliation of existing defects in education—that the whole business is a thing remote from immediate interests, and not less so from immediate perceptions and reasonings—a thing that, to all eyes capable of seeing in it something more than so many days devoted to spelling, penmanship, and arithmetic, begins at once to recede from the vision, and to lie in the hazy distance, obscure and incomprehensible—granting all this, and yet any one who realizes what education is, a formative and determining process, that for so many years is to operate persistently upon the plastic and intrinsically priceless mind, will assuredly be surprised in view of the actually existing indifference about questions as to the *method* or *methods* by which the work can most fully and satisfactorily be accomplished. We have enacted laws, built school-houses, provided libraries, employed teachers, and in a tolerable degree insisted on the attendance of pupils, duly equipped with treatises of knowledge. We have lavished money on a set of instrumentalities, more or less vaguely considered requisite to insure qualification of the young for active life, and the perpetuity of the national virtue and liberty. What we, in America, however, have least essayed and most needed, has been to get *beneath the surface* of the great educational question; to look less after plans of school-buildings, and the schemes of school-districts and funds, and more into

the structure of the lessons and studies, and the relationships, applications, and value of the ideas secured or attempted during the daily sessions of the school classes. It will be a great day for us, when our principals and schoolmasters cease to put forward so prominently, at the end of the quarter or term, its smartest compositions and declamations, and when the over-generous public shall begin to attend on 'examinations' with a less allowance of eyes and ears, and a more vigorous and active use of the discriminating and judging powers of their own minds. In the externals of education, England, France, and Germany must take rank after some of the States of our country; but in the matter of seeking the right interior qualities and tendencies of instruction, they have been in advance of us; though just now the anti-progressive spirit of their governments is interposing itself to hinder the largest practicable results by the schools, and to what extent it will emasculate them of their best qualities, time only can show. Among our teaching class, the apathy is not confined to the ill-rewarded incumbents of the lower positions; with rare exceptions, it is even more decided at the other extreme of the scale. Of all the gentlemen holding place in our over-numerous college faculties, and commanding, one would expect, the very passes to the *terra incognita* of the human soul, how few seem disposed to prove their individual *faculties* by any thoroughgoing and successful incursions into unknown regions of the psychologic and pedagogic realm! The spirit of this should-be influential and leading class among us is one of serene assent in the iteration of the old steps, with of course some minor improvements, but with no attempts at a grand investigation and synthesis, such as gave to philosophy her new method, and to the world her growing fruitage of physical sciences.

If proof were needed of the comparative apathy under which we labor in respect to activities and progress in the more abstract and higher planes of in-

tellectual effort, we find it in the contrast between the rewards meted out to the successful in this and in more material fields, in the general estimation awarded to the two classes of workers, and in the present expressions of the public bereavement when leading representatives of the two classes are removed from the scenes of their labors. Compare the quiet with which the ordinary wave of business interests and topic closed almost immediately over the announcement of the death of Horace Mann, with the protracted eulogy and untiring reminiscence of person, habits, work, and success, that, after the decease of William H. Prescott, kept the great wave of current topics parted for weeks — as if another Red Sea were divided, and the spirit of the historian, lingering to the chanting of solemn requiems,

should pass over it dry-shod! For the great historian this was indeed no excess of honor, because grand human natures are worthy of all our praises; but was there not a painful want of respect and requital to the equally great educator? Prescott wrote admirable volumes, and in our libraries they will be ‘a joy forever.’ Horace Mann secured admirable means of instruction, made admirable schools, awakened to their best achievements the souls of our children; and his work is one to be measured by enlarging streams of beauty and joy that flow down through the generations. Would that, in the midst of so much justice as we willingly render to self-sacrifice and worth, we could less easily forget those whose labor it is directly to fit mankind for a higher nobleness, and for higher appreciation of it when enacted in their behalf!

GUERDON.

EVERY life has been a battle
 That has won a noble guerdon —
 Every soul that furls its pinions
 In proud Fame's serene dominions,
 Wearily has borne its burden.

Through long years of toil and darkness,
 Years of trial and of sorrow —
 Days of longing, nigh to madness,
 Nights of such deep, rayless sadness,
 Hope herself scarce dared to-morrow.

Therefore bear up, O brave toiler
 In the world's benighted places!
 Though Truth's glory light your forehead,
 Purer souls than yours have sorrowed,
 Tears have flowed on angel-faces.

Therefore, bear up, O ye toilers!
 Teachers of the earth's dull millions.
Keep Truth's glory on each forehead,
 And the way so blank and sorrowed
 Shall lead on to heaven's pavilions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the Author of 'The Recreations of a Country Parson.' Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

'THE Country Parson' is one of those writers whose hap it generally is to be overpraised by friendly reviewers, and unduly castigated by those who appreciate their short-comings. Incurably limited to a certain range of ideas, totally incapable of mastering the great circle of thought, unpleasantly egotistical, jaunty, and priggish, he is any thing but attractive to the large-hearted cosmopolite and scholar of broad views, while even to many more general readers, he appears as a man whom one would rather read than be. On the other hand, the generous critic, remembering that small minds must exist, and that great excellence may be developed within extremely confined bounds, will perhaps take our Parson cordially for just what he is, and do justice to his many excellencies.

And they are indeed many, the principal being a humanity, a sensitiveness to the sufferings of others, and a tenderness which causes keen regret that we can not 'just for once,' by a few amiable pen-strokes, give him nothing but praise, and thereby leave him, by implication, as one of the million *ne plus ultra* authors so common—in reviews. We can hardly recall a writer who to so much firmness and real energy, allies such warm sympathy for suffering in its every form. The trials and troubles of young people awake in him a pity and a noble generosity which, could they be impressed on the minds of all who control the destinies of youth, would make the world far happier than it is. Had he written only Concerning the Sorrows of Childhood, the Country

Parson would have well deserved the vast 'popularity' which his writings have so justly won. 'Covenanting austerity' and Puritanical ultra-properity are repulsive to him and, he deals them many a brave blow. He sees life as it is with singular shrewdness, catches its lights and shadows with artistic talent, and like all tender and genial writers, keenly appreciates humor, and conveys it to us either delicately or energetically, as the point may require. He writes *well*, too, always. Clear as a bell, always to the point, refined enough for the most fastidious gentleman and scholar, and yet intelligible and interesting to any save the *very* illiterate. If any young aspirant for literary honor wishes to touch the hearts of the people, and secure the first elements of popularity, we know of no living writer from whom he may draw more surely for success than from the Country Parson. Pity that when we come to higher criticism, to the appreciation of truly great and broadly genial views, he should fail as he does. Out of his canny Scotch-English corner of thought, he is sadly lost. Thus, in one place we have the following avowal, which is only not *naïf* because evidently put in to please the prejudices of sympathetically narrow readers. After arguing, with most amusing ignorance of the very first principles of a general aesthetic education, that there is really no appeal beyond individual taste, or beyond 'what suits you,' he says:

'For myself, I confess with shame, and I know the reason is in myself, I can not for my life see any thing to admire in the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His style of thought and language is to me insufferably irritating. I tried to read *Sartor Resartus*, and could not do it.'

Almost in the same paragraph our Parson proclaims for all the world that 'no man is a hero to his valet,' and says that there are two or three living great men whom he would be sorry to see, since 'no human being can bear a too close inspection.' 'Here,' he declares, 'is a sad circumstance in the lot of a very eminent man: I mean such a man as Mr. Tennyson or Professor Longfellow. As an elephant walks through a field, crushing the crop at every step, so do these men advance through life, smashing, every time they dine out, the enthusiastic fancies of several romantic young people.'

Is this just? Is it *true*? The Parson, be it observed, speaks not solely for 'romantic young people,' but for 'you' and for himself. Had he read Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, he might there have learned that no man is a hero to his valet, not because he is not always great, but because that valet has a poor, flunkey, valet's soul. He who quotes such an aphorism as a truth, calls himself a valet.

But let the reader forget and forgive these drawbacks, which are rarely manifested, and bear in mind that our pleasantly gossiping, earnest, honest writer is, within his scope, one of the most delightful essayists in our English tongue. A man need not be a far-reaching thinker and scholar to be kind, good, and *true*, manly and agreeable. He may have his self-unsuspected limits and weaknesses, and yet do good service and be a delightful writer, cheering many a weary hour, and benefiting the world in many ways. Such a writer is the Country Parson, and as such we commend him to all who are not as yet familiar with his essays.

CADET LIFE AT WEST-POINT. By an Officer of the United States Army. With a Descriptive Sketch of West-Point, by BENSON J. LOSSING. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1862.

THE American public has long needed a work on West-Point, and we have here a very clever volume, by one who has retained with great accuracy in his

memory its predominant characteristics, and repeated them in a very readable form. Occasional stiffness and 'mannerism' are in it compensated for by many vivid pictures of cadet-life, and we can well imagine the interest with which every page will be perused by old graduates of the institution, and others familiar with its details.

We regret to say that, on the whole, the work has not left with us a pleasant impression of the system of instruction followed at West-Point. There appear to be too many studies, too little time to master them, and too much stress laid on trifles. Certainly a strictly military school must be different from others, and there can be no doubt that old officers know better than civilians how young men should be trained for the army. But we cannot resist the impression that if this work be truthful, the author has, often unconsciously, shown that there is much room for re-form at West-Point.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND POLICY OF COUNT CAOURT. By VINCENZO BOTTA, Phil. D. New-York: G. P. Putnam, No. 532 Broadway. 1862.

THIS excellent address which, in its present form embraces 108 octavo pages, first delivered in the Hall of the New-York Historical Society, has since been repeated to one of the most cultivated audiences ever assembled in Boston, on both occasions eliciting the most cordial admiration from all who were so fortunate as to be present. Of the ability of the eminent Dr. Botta to write on this subject, it is almost needless to speak. A late member of the Italian Parliament, and formerly Professor of Philosophy in the College of Sardinia, intimately acquainted with the great men of modern Italy, as with those of the past, in their writings, and cast by personal experience amid stirring scenes, he is singularly well qualified to write of Cavour, 'for whom it was reserved to achieve, in a great measure, the work which the vain longings of an enslaved people, and the heroic efforts of cen-

turies, had been unable to accomplish.' The work before us is, in fact, far more than its very modest title would lead us to infer. It is, in fact, a comprehensive and excellent history of all that great political revival of Italy of which Cavour was the centre—a work as admirable for scholarly clearness as for the evidently vast knowledge on which it is based. It is needless to say that we commend its perusal, with right goodwill, to all who take the slightest interest in historical studies or in the politics of modern Europe.

THE KORAN. Translated by GEORGE SALE. With a Life of Mohammed. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1862.

Good authority in Arabic has declared that, after all the many versions of the Koran extant, there is none better than that by 'George Sale, Gentleman,' first published in 1734. We therefore welcome the present edition, and with it even the very old-fashioned Life of Mohammed given with it—a 'life' so very narrow in its views and antiquated in its expression, that it has acquired a certain relish as a relic or literary curiosity. We learn with pleasure that this is the first of a series of the Holy Books of every nation, to embrace translations of the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Edda, and many others. Thoreau suggested many years ago—we think in *Walden*—that such a collection should be published together for the world's use, and we rejoice to see his wish realized.

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO. The Private Life of Thomas Jefferson. From entirely new materials, with numerous fac-similes. By Rev. HAMILTON W. PIERSON, D.D., President of Columbia College, Ky. New-York: Charles Scribner, No. 124 Grand street. Boston: A. K. Loring. 1862.

'THE Private Life of Jefferson at Monticello' is too ambitious a title for a little work of 138 pages, octavo though they be. It is, however, an extremely valuable and interesting collection of anecdotes, fac-simile documents, and casual reminiscences of Thomas Jeffer-

son, as preserved by Captain Edmund Bacon, now a wealthy and aged citizen of Kentucky, and who was for twenty years the chief overseer and business-manager of Jefferson's estate at Monticello. In it we see the author of the Declaration and the statesman as he was at home, generous, peculiar, and farsighted. Very striking is the following reminiscence of Captain Bacon:

'Mr. Jefferson did not like slavery. I have heard him talk a great deal about it. I have heard him prophesy that we should have just such trouble with it as we are having now.'

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. CORDY JEAFRESON. From the English edition. New-York: Rudd and Carleton. Boston: A. Williams and Company. 1862.

An amusing and interesting collection of anecdotes of English physicians of all ages, copious enough in detail, and well enough written to escape the charge of being a mere *pièce de manufacture* and deserve place among the curiosities of literature. It is a work which will find place in the library of many a *medico*, and doubtless prove a profitable investment to the publisher. Hogarth's 'Undertaker's Arms' forms its appropriate and humorous vignette.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON DEAFNESS, ITS CAUSES AND PREVENTION. By Drs. LIGHTHILL. Edited by E. BUNFORD LIGHTHILL, M.D. With Illustrations. New-York: Carleton, Publisher, No. 413 Broadway, (late Rudd and Carleton.) Boston: A. Williams and Company. 1862.

MANY persons suffer from defective hearing, or lose it entirely, from want of proper attention to the subject, or knowledge of the structure of the auricular organs. Thus the old often become incapable of hearing, yet let it pass without recourse to medical advice, believing the calamity to be inseparable from the due course of nature. The present work will, we imagine, prove useful both to practitioner and patient, and be the means of preserving to many a sense which, in value, ranks only next to that of sight.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

If any one doubts that there is a powerful Southern influence in active operation in the Union, let him reflect over the movement in Washington 'for the purpose of reviving the Democratic party.' A more treacherous, traitorous, contemptible political intrigue was never organized in this country; and the historian of a future day will record with amazement the fact, that in the midst of a war of tremendous magnitude, when our national existence and our whole prosperity were threatened, the enemy were still allowed to plot and plan unharmed among us, under so shallow a disguise that its mockery is even more insulting than would be open, brazen opposition.

They have ingeniously taken advantage of the cry against the management of the war by McClellan, these covert disunionists, to form a McClellan party, and 'to support General McClellan's war policy'! A more ingenious and more iniquitous scheme of fomenting disunion could not be devised. By resolving to resist President Lincoln's moderate, judicious, and wise Message, while on the other hand they indorsed in express contrast McClellan, these treacherous disunion Democrats hoped to foment discord among us and thereby extend important aid to the enemy.

If the people would know where their foes are most active, let them look at home. Months ago they were warned that this very trick would be tried among us on behalf of the South. Months ago the Louisville *Journal*, in speaking of the manner in which Southern spies in the North were working by treachery, declared that 'they wound a net-work of influences around Congress and the powers that be, to retain men in the departments and to get others in—especially in the War Department—who were shining lights in the 'castles'

of the K. G. C. *for the avowed and express purpose of aiding the enemy* by treacherously watching and conveying the secrets of the Government to the rebel army.'

Has not this accusation been abundantly proved? Does not the whole country know that traitors, 'democratic' traitors, have acted so successfully as spies that nothing has been kept secret from the enemy?

'Men were selected in the States and sent hundreds of miles to Washington, with strong influences to back them for this purpose. Better to carry out their project, they adroitly raised the 'No Party' cry, *and by professing the most exalted and devoted loyalty*, claimed the best places in which to betray the Union cause.' 'They claim a large number of the officers of companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions, and even have the audacity to whisper that General McClellan understands their programme and is not unfavorable to working up to it.'

Fortunately the great mass of the Northern people can not be affected by such traitorous tricks. There is but one party in the country, and that is the Union and the War party. Here and there a coward may waver and be frightened at the prospect of a Democratic opposition raising its head successfully to withstand the great onward movement, but his quavering voice will be unheard in the great cry for battle. We have accepted this war with all its fearful risks, and we will abide by it. We will be true to our principle of a united country, we will be true to our word to crush rebellion, and we will be true to our brave soldiers who are fighting manfully for the right. If we adhere steadfastly to these resolutions, we shall have no cause to dread traitors within or foes without the loyal Union.

WHEN the World's Fair was held in 1851, in London, *Punch*, moved by the intensest spirit of British conceit, politely suggested that it would be a good plan to have placards containing the words, 'It is good to have the conceit taken out of us,' in all languages, hung all over the Exhibition — the intention being to courteously intimate to foreigners their general inferiority to John Bull. Certainly it is a good thing to have the conceit taken out of us — with the saving clause added by our contributor, H. P. L.—'so that it be not done with the corkscrew of ignorance,' or of conceit itself, as is generally the case when English wit attempts such extraction. Yet it must be admitted that in one thing Brother Jonathan has very fairly had the conceit taken out of him—which need not have been, had he only attended to the lessons taught him by John Bull and Jean Crapaud.

We refer to the matter of iron-clad vessels of war. England already had her 'Warrior,' and France her 'Gloire,' with all their resistant powers fully tested by experiment, and yet this war had progressed one year without finding our Government in possession of a single iron-mail steamer. Our foes, with many disadvantages, had more wit, and gained a victory the more galling, because in naval matters we of the North claim in ability to rank with England herself. Perhaps history contains no parallel instance of such negligence, such weakness. It is a matter calling for investigation and exemplary punishment. The guilt lies somewhere, and must be atoned for.

It is, however, interesting to remark, that in this, as in so many other matters, science is very rapidly changing the character of warfare. In a few years the war-navies of the world will consist almost exclusively of iron-mail steamers, since no other vessel can resist their attacks. Yet these steamers, though far more expensive than the old wooden hulks — so expensive that the 'Warrior' alone caused an outcry in

England as a national burden — can readily sink one another in a few minutes by the use of the prow, or by returning to the primitive cock-fighting fashion in vogue among the iron-beaked galleys of earliest antiquity.

Will it pay, under such extraordinary conditions of naval warfare, to fight at all? will probably be the next question asked. When a few minutes may witness the literal sinking of a few millions of dollars, tax-paying people will begin to stand aghast. The very idea of England and America playing a game of war with such checks, is as terrible as it is startling; it is like the suggestion to fight out a duel with columbiads, or as the two Kentucky engineers are said to have done, with full-steamed locomotives in collision. No patriotism, no wealth, no sacrifice, can endure such drafts as the loss of iron-clad navies would involve. War would eat itself up.

Possibly genius may contrive vulcanized gutta-percha or other resistant steamers which can neither be billeted nor gaffed, shot nor slashed into sinking — vessels beyond all capacity for bathos, and no more to be persuaded into going under than was the black Baptist convert of David Crockett's story. What would naval battles amount to between such invulnerables? The Roman mythology had a fable of a hare which had received from the gods the gift that it was never to be caught, while at the same time there was a hound which was destined to catch every thing he pursued. One day the hound began to chase the hare; Jupiter settled the question by changing them both to stone. Paradoxes can only be solved by annihilation. When war becomes, by the aid of science, all-destructive, yet all-resistant, it must perish. History shows a gradual decrease of deaths in proportion to improvements in destruction of life. It is gratifying to reflect, that this war, by developing the full capacities of iron-plated vessels, has made a most important advance toward the impossibility of warfare.

It is amusing to see how decisively, yet with what preposterous ignorance of any thing like the true state of affairs in this country, the English press informs the public as to the 'ex or inexpediency' of President Lincoln's Message.

Not one of its editors has, as yet, had the grace or wit to discover that, simply as a precedent and as a record, it puts an entirely new face on the war, by manifesting a *policy* on the part of Government. Not one seems to appreciate that the slaveholder who, after its publication, loses his human chattels by the hap of war, has only himself to thank for his loss. If Cuffy runs away, when the army comes, by what earthly show of sense or justice does the master complain, who has refused to accept payment for him? *Dans la guerre, comme à la guerre*—in war-time, people must accept of war's chances.

To voluntarily offer to literally ease the fall of the enemy, as Mr. Lincoln has done, is a stretch of magnanimity which would be incomprehensible to any Old World rulers. How long would a Napoleon or a Wellington, unembarrassed by aught save the direst military conduct of a war, have hesitated to free the blacks, and win victory by every or any means? Mr. Lincoln has had more difficult and complicated elements to deal with. He has the enemy not only in the field, but by myriads at home, among those who pretend to urge on the war. He has them 'spying and lying,' every where—*promoting cabals in favor of a General, and exciting opposition, in order to eventually crush him*—urging Southern rights and amnesties—deluding and confounding every thing. No wonder, after all, that the London *Times*, comprehending nothing, should have been so wildly asinine as to see in the Message only a bid to conciliate the South!—a timid, making-up measure. The *Times* is behind our times, and no wonder, when a Russell flounders about for it among us, becoming more densely befogged and confused with every new idea which entangles it-

self with his pre-conceived English opinions.

The country is rejoiced to hear that General Wool has ordered Russell away from Fortress Monroe. When the latter quits the country, it will be as though it had heard some very good news for our nation's benefit.

WE were not at first disposed to believe in the many revolting stories so generally circulated, stating that the rebels had actually, in many instances, boiled the bodies of the Federal dead, for the purpose of obtaining the bones as relics. So frequently, however, has the story been repeated, and from so many trustworthy quarters, that we are reluctantly compelled to admit that such paragraphs as the following, from the Southern correspondence of the Boston *Journal and Transcript*, are very possibly founded in fact:

‘Washington, 1st.

‘The certainty that the graves of the members of the Chelsea and Boston Fusilier companies who fell in the advance on Bull Run, last July, have all been despoiled, with a probability that their bones were sent South, as relics, causes a deep feeling of indignation here.

‘A citizen of Cambridge, Mass., who went to Bull Run to recover the remains of his brother, who belonged to a Boston company, gives a sad account of the sacrilege committed upon the graves of our soldiers by the rebels. About twenty of a Boston company and a Chelsea company had been buried near each other, but every skull had been taken away, and nearly all the principal bones of the bodies were gone. Some of the bodies had been dug out, and others pried out of the graves with levers, and in some the sleeves of uniforms were split to obtain the bones of the arms. It was described as a sickening spectacle.’

When we recall the savage, half-Indian nature of many of the lower Southern troops, and the threats of scalping and mutilating, in which they so often indulged; and when we remember that even in Richmond, the body of John Brown's son is still exposed, as the label on it intimates, not as a scientific preparation, but as a warning to Abolitionists; we see nothing extraordinary

in such tales. If professors, men of science, and 'gentlemen' can wreak vengeance on the harmless bodies of the dead, and place a placard, expressing the hope that it may be thus with those who simply differ with them in political opinions, it is not to be wondered at that their rude and ignorant *confrères* should dig up dead bodies, and send the bones home as relics. It is just possible, however, that we do not appreciate the true motives of these Ghouls. When Scanderbeg died, his enemies fought among themselves to obtain the smallest fragment of his bones, believing that their possession would confer on the lucky wearer some of the courage of the great hero himself. And so it may be that these craven savages hope to get a little real Northern pluck and stubborn endurance.

WE cheerfully find place for the following, dated from 'Willard's, Washington, D. C., April 2d':

'DEAR CONTINENTAL: I know that the CONTINENTAL publishes nothing but original articles, and therefore beg you, at the request of your large and highly respectable Washington constituency, to find a shelf for the following, which is original with Bill H. Polk and the Louisville *Democrat*.'

THE EXPERIENCES OF GEORGE N. SANDERS—
HOW HE LEFT NASHVILLE, AND HOW HE
HOPE TO GET TO RICHMOND.

'There is no one better known in the country as a scholar, a politician, and a wit, than Wm. H. Polk, of Tennessee. He has a plantation some forty miles from Nashville, lives comfortably, has a joke for every one, and is, withal, a resolute man in his opinions. He was the opponent of the evanescent Harris, who has disappeared mysteriously, and voted for by the coöperationists in the election for Governor of that State. About a month ago notice came to him that he must leave the State: a notice which, however, he did not obey. His description of the terror of the rebels on the taking of Nashville is said to be supremely rich. Among other incidents, is one of pe-

culiar interest to us Kentuckians, concerning the fate of the late Provisional Government.

'Colonel Polk, a few days before the arrival of our army at Nashville, and, indeed, before he heard of the fall of Fort Donelson, in going down the road from his farm, descried a fat, ragged, bushy-headed, tangled-mustached, dilapidated-looking creature, (something like an Italian organ-grinder in distress,) so disguised in mud as to be scarcely recognizable. What was his surprise, on a nearer approach, to see that it was the redoubtable George N. Sanders.

'George had met the enemy, and he was theirs—not in person, but in feeling. His heart was lost, his breeches were ragged, and his boots showed a set of fat, gouty toes protruding from them. The better part of him was gone, and gone a good distance.

'In the name of God, George, is that you?' said the ex-Congressman.

'Me!' said the immortal George; 'I wish it wasn't; I wish I was any thing but me. But what is the news here? is there any one running? They are all running back there,' (pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.)

'No,' said Mr. Polk; 'not that I know of. You needn't mind pulling up the seat of your pantaloons; I'm not noticing. What in the — are you doing here, looking like a muddy Lazarus in the painted cloth?'

'Bill,' said George to the Tennessean confidentially, and his tones would have moved a heart of stone: 'Bill, you always was a friend of mine. I know'd you a long while ago, and honored you—cuss me, if I didn't. I said you was a man bound to rise. I told Jimmy Polk so—me and Jimmy was familiar friends. I intended to get up a biographical notice of you in the *Democratic Review*, but that — Corby stopped it. I'm glad to see you; I'll swear I am.'

'Of course, old fellow,' said the charitable Tennessean, more in pity of his tones than even of the flattering eloquence: 'but what is the matter?'

'Matter!' said George; 'the d—d Lincolnites have seized Bowling-Green, Fort Donelson, and have by this time taken Nashville. Why,' continued he, in a burst of confidence, 'when I left, hacks was worth a hundred dollars an hour, and, Polk, (in a whisper,) I didn't have a d—d cent.'

'The touching pathos of this last remark was added to by the sincere vehemence with

which it was uttered, and the mute eloquence with which he lifted up a ragged flap in the rear of his person that some envious rail or brier had torn from its position of covering a glorious retreat.

"Not a d—d cent," repeated he; "and, Polk, I walked that hard-hearted town up and down, all day, with bomb-shells dropping on the street at every lamp-post—I'll swear I did—trying to borrow some money; and Polk, do you think, there wasn't a scoundrel there would lend any thing, not even Harris, and he got the money out of the banks, too?"

"No?" said Polk, who dropped in a word occasionally, as a sort of encourager.

"Bill," repeated Sanders: "Bill, I said you was a friend of mine—and a talented one—always said so, Bill. I didn't have a red, and I've walked forty-five miles in the last day, by the mile-stones, and I haven't had any thing to buy a bit to eat; and," he added with impassioned eloquence, "what is a cursed sight worse, not a single drop to drink."

"This is complete. It is unnecessary to tell how the gallant and clever Tennessean took the wayfarer home, gave him numerous, if not innumerable, drinks, and filled him with fruits of fields and flesh of flocks. When George was filled, however, he signified by numerous signs, and finally by words, that he wished the servants to leave the room. 'Polk,' said he, 'I knew you were a man with a heart in your bosom; I told 'em so. I said no better man than Bill Polk could be found. I told 'em so.'

"Told who so?" asked Mr. Polk, rather surprised at the sudden and mysterious language, accompanied by the removal of the servants.

"Mr. Polk," said Sanders, "I want your horses and carriage for a time."

"Certainly, Mr. Sanders, if you wish them."

"Mr. Polk," said George, "I do not appear before you in any ordinary character to-day; I am clothed with higher authority; I am an emissary."

The tone and manner indicated something fearful—perhaps to arrest his host.

"I am an emissary," repeated Mr. Sanders, speaking in very large capitals, "from the State of Kentucky, and hope to be received as such. The fact is," continued he, coming down to the level of familiar con-

versation, "I left the Provisional Government of Kentucky a mile or so back, on foot, finding its way southwardly, and I demand your horses and carriage in the name of that noble State."

"Of course, the carriages were harnessed up at once, and Mr. Sanders proceeded to bring the Provisional Government to Mr. Polk's house.

"How shall we describe this part? Hon. George W. Johnson, as much a Clay man as the sacred soil of Tennessee could afford, but still preserving his light and active step; McKee, late of the *Courier*, following; Walter N. Haldeman, with all his industry and perseverance, trying to keep up with his associate; and Willis B. Machen, vigorous, active, slightly sullen, but in earnest, with every boot he drew out of the snowy, muddy soil giving a groan of fatigue. Imagine them safely ensconced at Mr. Polk's, on their road South.

"Mr. Sanders," said the Governor with dignified suavity, after the walnuts and wine, "claimed to be an acquaintance of yours, and we were very glad to send him forward."

The Honorable Governor maintained throughout that easy, self possessed manner which characterizes the gentleman.

The emissary—for he ought to be so known—shortly after suggested to the Provisional Government that he was "broke," and wished to represent the Seventh Congressional District of Kentucky, that is, the Louisville District: "For," said he, in his persuasive, confidential tones, "that is the only way I know of for a man without money to get to Richmond."

A session was at once held of the State Council, and it is our pleasure to record that Mr. Sanders is now authorized by the Provisional Government to proceed to Richmond and represent our interest in the Rebel Congress, vice H. W. Bruce, removed or resigned.

Mr. Polk at this time addressed the new Congressman, saying that he had a particular favor to ask.

"Bill," said George to his host, speaking out of a full heart and a full chest: "Bill, you are a boy after my own heart; whatever request you make I grant."

"It is only a trifle," said Mr. Polk, "which you can easily grant, and which will please you."

"It is granted," interrupted the grateful Sanders.

"I may be arrested," continued Mr. Polk, "within a few minutes, for disagreeing with some measures which Governor Harris has urged upon the people."

"Never mind that," said the impetuous Sanders; "I'll stand by you."

"All I want," continued Mr. Polk, "is for you to return to Nashville as a hostage for my wife and family."

"Bill Polk," said George gravely, but firmly, "you are a man I love; I love you, and I love your wife and family; but if ever I go back to Nashville, may I be d—d!"

"Of course, there was no reply to this, and the redoubtable George and the Provisional Government soon went on their way rejoicing.

"We do not pretend to give this in the language or manner of Mr. Polk, which is said to be inimitable; neither do we claim him as a 'Union man.' He has remained quietly at home, and taken no part in the contest; but we are indebted to him, or to some one who has reported it as coming from him, for a genial and laughable account of the exit of what once promised to be very injurious to our State, and still more for his characterization of that wise, pushing, incomprehensible character, George N. Sanders, Member of Congress from the Seventh District of Kentucky to Richmond."

We have long wondered what became of Sanders, the illustrious author of that excellent term, "the Tobacco States," which so exactly defines the Southern border. The last time we saw him was while talking with Arctic Dr. Hayes, a few days before his departure for the Unknown Sea. Just then Sanders went by arrayed in all the glory of a perfectly new *pareil partout* suit of spring clothes. Days passed by, and we heard of him as frantically endeavoring to galvanize the C. S. A. at Montgomery, Alabama, into faith in his exceeding Southern proclivities. It was up-hill work, as we were told—almost as hard as several other small renegade literati and politicians found it, when they, too, went over into Dixie about a year ago. In vain did George N. Sanders utter the largest size secession

words—no office rewarded him, no foreign mission fell into the fat fingers of the deserter. The change from the comfortable quarters of the New-York Hotel to hurried war-marches and wild retreats must have been indeed trying; only that so many politicians have of late fared quite as badly, that pity would seem wasted. Meanwhile we would suggest, as a good question for youthful democratic debating-societies: "When we catch the enemy, what shall be done with George N. Sanders?"

NOTWITHSTANDING our war—to say nothing of our want—we have had the OPERA this winter; had it in great variety and perfection, and, as many a reader can testify, with by no means thin houses. Grau has been busy—the most courteous and indefatigable polyglot and active of impresarios, with the good-natured Gosche, heralding a troupe of all the stars, D'Angri, Hinckley, Kellogg, Brignoli, Susini, and all the rest, including divers new singing birds. Maretzek has led, and we have had a range from Mozart to Verdi, which was, on the whole, well-chosen. We have had Brignoli singing, if possible, better, and acting, if possible, worse than usual—a nightingale imprisoned in a pump; Mme. D'Angri, with her *embonpoint* voice, pouring forth like an inexhaustible fountain of Maraschino; Miss Hinckley, pleasant and pretty as ever, steadily singing her way star-ward; and Susini, who combines German strength with Italian fire—a true *Tedesco Italiana-zato*. Something, too, we would say of Mancusi, whose clear and rapid execution, in *Figaro*, and whose real Spanish *majo* rollicking style of acting were quite spirited enough, even for that very spirited part. Formes was indeed under the impression that he himself was the *Figaro Figarorum*, the incarnate half-Spanish ideal of that wonderful barbaresque conception; but then, the Formes *Figaro* was "developed from the depths of his subjective moral consciousness," whereas the *Figaro* of a

Southern European is *the thing itself*—like Charles Mathews playing the part of Charles Mathews, or like the Greek comedian's imitation of a pig's voice, by pinching a veritable pork-let, which he bore concealed within his mantle.

Perhaps no character is so little appreciated by Anglo-Saxon audiences as this of *Figaro*. To them he is little more than a buffoon. To Southern Europe, he is the bold, prompt, shrewd, popular ideal, suiting himself by craft to every superior, regarding all things with a shoulder-shrugging, quizzical philosophy; a democratic Mephistopheles; a lurking devil, equalizing himself, and the people with him, by wit and insolence, with nobility itself. Among the Latin races, as in the East, such Figaros often rise, like Oliver le Daim, to power, and the people understand it.

Fast-Day, in Boston, was operatically feted with 'the light and melodious *Martha*', by that arch-thief of melodies, Flotow. Would not—considering the day in question—*I Puritani* have been more appropriate for 'a day of fasting and prayer'? It has already been discovered (by the sagacious Ullman, we believe) that the *Huguenots* was appropriate to sacred concerts. A friend suggests that *Masaniello* for high mass, and *Don Giovanni* for St. John's day would be a great advance in these dramatic unities.

We are indebted to a new contributor for the following sketch:

We are all familiar with Hayden's dinner-party, and the Comptroller of Stamps, and Charles Lamb's 'Diddle diddle dumpling,' and 'Allow me to look at the gentleman's phrenological development.' I am always reminded by it of a circumstance which occurred between the Rocky and Alleghany mountains. A certain witty professor of a certain Western college, had been invited to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Society of Athens—not the capital of Greece, nor the Athens of America, but a sort of no-town, without even the advantages of an established grogillery, or mutual admiration society. The poet, not having attained that celebrity which is incompatible with keep-

ing one's word with small towns, small lyceums, and small profits, and the roads not being stopped up, in short, 'Providence permitting, and nothing happening to prevent,' the poet made his appearance at the proper hour, like any ordinary mortal, and acquitted himself with such rhythmical eloquence, such keen, silvery humor, as brought the house down, and himself *vice versa*.

The audience having dispersed in a state like the afflatus of laughing-gas, the poet and a privileged clique proceeded to the house of the Baptist elder, to prolong the night with metaphysical wassail. From the froth of poetry, they rose to a contemplation of the old classics; Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Virgil, rising grandly from their dust, ensphered in vibratory eloquence.

The elder, whose education had been accomplished simply by a New Testament and three-inch rope, sat, or rather twisted through the rhapsody, as a dunce twists through his Greek roots, and at the first pause, drawing himself erect with the self-complacent air of a man who applies the clincher, ejaculated, with the Western twang: 'What do you think of Hi-awathy?' The professor, giving him one look, to be sure of his sanity, and a second to be sure of his obtusity, answered gravely, above a convulsion of laughter: 'Hi-awathy was a genius!'

Athens has since then grown to be some town, with an aristocracy composed of a few old maids, who attain the distinction from being the oldest inhabitants, and a poet of its own. The latter has immortalized himself by a poem in the Chatterton obsolete style, on 'Ye Cobwebs in my Attick,' supposed to be an 'Allegory on my Brain,' and from having once astonished one of the very élite of the aristocracy by requesting her to lend him her book, 'On the Dogs of Venice.' Her ladyship assured him that she was not in possession of the volume; but, on his insisting, conducted him to her library, (six shelves, one and a half by four,) where he seized upon a moth-eaten volume, illustrated on the front page by a man of obesity, clad in very flowing robes, and an immense crown, in the act of casting a ring into a black little stream ornamented by six rushes and two swans, with this inscription beneath: 'Venice wedding the Adriatic through the person of her Doge.' A wit having suggested to this votary of the muse that he should compose an epic on the royal

canine of Venice, he is now zealously devoting himself to the task, as the literary public are respectfully invited to observe.

The Athenians were not long since electrified by the patriotic eloquence of an itinerant Methodist evangelist, who wound up a burst of rhapsodical patriotism with this climax: 'If this glorious Union is dissolved, what will become of the American Eagle, that splendid bird with 'E Pluribus Unum' in his bill, the shafts of Peace in his talons, and 'Yankee Doodle' tied to his tail?'

One more *bon mot*, and I leave Athens to the plaudits of an appreciative public.

The Presbyterian divine, running his thin fingers through his thin hair, exclaimed, in a thin voice: 'Brethren! ye are the salts of the earth.' 'The salts,' though as old as the Gospel, have not yet lost their *freshness*'.

Exit Athens and fresh salt.

YE KNIGHT OF YE GOLDEN CYRCLE.

A veray parfit gentil knight,
Thatte of ye Golden Cyrcle hight,
One day yridden forth;
But ne to finde a fayre mayde,
He went on errants of his trade,
To fight or filch ye North.

He was a wight of grisly fronte,
And muckle berd ther was upon 't,
His lockes farre down did laye:
Ful wel he setten on his hors,
Thatte fony felaws calléd Mors,
For len it was and grai.

Ilk knight he hadde ne vizor on,
His busynes were then undone,
All time was for attack;
More than, he hadde ne mail, eithér,
But arméd with a revolvér,
He like - *Wise* chawed toback.

He sayde his was a mightie hond,
Ne better in ye Southron lond
To yearn anly battail:
Mony a dewel hadde he fought,
And put his foe alway to rout,
Withouten ony fail.

Eke fro his sheld ther stroke the ee,
These letters golden, 'F. F. V.,'
Thatte mony a clerk did pain;
Which guessed it, '*Forte Fuor Vi!*'
The people giggled, 'I' your ey;
It's Fume and Fight in Vain!'

Eftsoons hire cloke ye awful Night,
Yspreaden roun ilk warrihour wight,
Ye glasse of chivalrie;

But nothing daunt, he kept his course,
As well as mote his sorry hors,
Farre to the North countréee.

And thus in darkesse all yclad,
He hied him, gif he weren mad,
O'er feld and eke through thicket;
When 'Stop, by God!' some one began,
'You'er mine—'or any other man!'
Jesu! a Yankee picket!

'Gent knight, yclept of Golden Cyrcle!
Why in the devil don't one dirk all?
Where now's your chivalrie?'
'Goode sir,' quod he, 'twas ne for fight
I hied me out ilk murkie night,
It was for poultarie!'

'Wal, damn your 'poulterie'—and you!
Such deed no generous knight would do!
So I mote thee deter!
I'll show thee, though, the *coop*, sir knight,
Where *chickens* such as thee are blight—
You are my prisoner!'

Mony maydens weren grieved—
Cleopatras, slouchy-sleeved—
Darksome maydes of work all;
And mony felaws of much might
Ydrink the hades of ye Knight
Of ye grete Golden Cyrcle.

We much fear that it may be said of the chief cavalier of the Golden Circle, what the old German *lanzknecht*, in Rabelais, said of the Gascon adventurer: 'The knight pretends that he wants to fight, but is much more inclined to steal; therefore, good people, look out for your property.'

THE following story, it is averred, can be vouched for, to any reasonable extent, by a large crowd of witnesses.

DEAR CONTINENTAL: Possibly you would not give 'a Continental dime' for that which I am about to pen. Possibly, too, you may damn it into the waste-basket. I have often heard of a 'Continental damn'-it never occurred to me before what the article really was. Dante has, I know, provided corner for those who were *in-continentally* condemned; but it was reserved for you to abridge the word, and so *make a vice of a virtue*!

I once lived in a village: to that village came an itinerant dramatic company; and that company advertised to play a grand moral temperance drama, entitled *Down the Hill*.

The principal actor called himself Eglantine Mowbray. I believe that the latter syllable of the last name was the only portion thereof to which he was really entitled. He *did* bray.

The bills appeared, with the following heading :

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION.

On Monday Evening,

THE YOUTHFUL ROSCUSS!

EGLANTINE MOWBRAY!!

Will appear in his great rôle,

DOWNTHEHILL.

Our simple villagers *had* seen circuses ; but youthful Roscusses were entirely beyond their experience. Quite as unfamiliar was the word *rôle*, which, to their badly-lettered fancy, stood for movement, by ‘turning on the surface, or with a circular motion, in which all parts of the surface are successively applied to a plane, ‘as to roll a barrel or puncheon.’ [You use Webster ?]

So, when the ‘show’ opened, there was a large attendance, and in that vast multitude of two hundred and thirty men, women, and chil’ren, there was not one who did not anticipate an acrobatic performance.

The play pleased them, however. Temperance was rife among us in those days ; it was ‘in our midst,’ as people ought *not* to say, and the drunken disgraces of John the Inebriate were appreciated. Still, there was an evident feeling of unsatisfied anticipation, which grew with every act, and in all the house there was not a soul who did not murmur to his or her neighbor, ‘I wonder when he’s goin’ to roll down-hill.’

The play terminated. The Inebriate died, under a strong pressure of delirium tremens, groaning and braying loud enough to scare away the fiends which gathered around. But, to the amazement of all parties upon the stage and behind the scenes, the fall of the curtain was accompanied by a thunder-roar of disgust, and the rain-like sound of numerous hisses.

The audience voted the play a humbug. The village was disgusted. Eglantine Mowbray stock went down to nothing.

But the manager was a shrewd fellow. He

found out what was wanting, and resolved to remedy it. So, the next morning’s posters announced that on that evening Mr. Eglantine Mowbray would perform, at the conclusion, his terrific and unparalleled feat of *rolling* down the hill !

And he did. At the last moment, the Inebriate appeared, bottle in hand, agonizing and howling on the summit of a high rock, from which a slope, at an angle of forty-five degrees, went down to a mysterious craggy pit, thickly grown around with briars and shrubs, all bearing spiky thorns of the most fish-hooky and ten-penny nail description imaginable. The *flat* or back-scene, suddenly lighted up from behind, presented, as a transparency, that terrible collection of devils which you may have witnessed in a popular engraving entitled, ‘Delirium Tremens.’ The Inebriate, taking one parting drink, staggered—fell—rolled over and over *down the hill* into the abyss, from which flames burst forth, red, green, and blue, and the audience were wild with delight. Three times was Eglantine Mowbray compelled, by the rapturous encores, to roll down that hill into the fiery pit. No wonder that, at the last trial, there rose from the abyss a wild cry of ‘I’ll be *blessed* if I do it again.’

MORAL.—When in country villages, don’t talk about rôle-ing, unless you mean to do it !

SINCE the *gilet de matin* has superseded the *robe de chambre*, or dressing-gown, it is marvelous to see with what wrath the fast men, club-men, and other highly civilized forms of humanity, pursue the ancient garment. One of the most vigorous assaults on the gabardine in question, comes to us as

A FLING AT DRESSING-GOWNS.

My name is Albert Fling. I am an active, business, married man, that is, wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to business. I had the misfortune, some time since, to break a leg ; and before it was mended Madame Fling, hoping to soothe my hours of convalescence, caused to be made for me a dressing-gown, which, on due reflection, I believe was modeled after the latest style of strait-jacket. This belief is confirmed by the fact that when I put it on, I am at once confined to the house, ‘get mad,’ and am soberly convinced that if any of my friends

were to see me walking in the street, clad in this apparel, they would instantly entertain ideas of my insanity.

In the hours of torture endured while wearing it, I have appealed to my dear wife to truly tell me where she first conceived the thought that there was a grain of comfort to be found in bearing it on my back? She has candidly answered that she first read about it in divers English novels and sundry American novels, the latter invariably a rehash of the first. In both of these varieties of the same species of books, the hero is represented as being very comfortable the instant he dons this garment, puts his feet in slippers, picks up a paper and — goes to sleep.

A friend of mine who has discovered that Shakspeare knew all about steam-engines, electric telegraphs, cotton-gins, the present rebellion, and gas-lights, assures me that dressing-gowns are distinctly alluded to in *The Tempest*:

'TRINCULO: O King Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN: Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.'

Having thus proved its age, let us next prove that it is in its dotage, and is as much out of place in this nineteenth century as a monkey in a bed of tulips.

We find in the Egyptian temples paintings of priests dressed in these gowns: proof that they are antiquely heathenish. And as we always associate a man who wears one with Mr. Mantilini, this proves that they are foolish. *Ergo*, as they are old and foolish, they are in their dotage.

I have three several times, while wearing this gown, been mistaken for Madame Fling by people coming to the house. The first time I was shaving in my chamber: in bounced Miss X —, who believed, as it was rather late, that I had gone down-town. She threw up her hands, exclaiming:

'Good gracious, Fanny! do you shave?'

N. B. — Fanny is my wife's first name.

The second time I had brought the wood-saw and horse up from the cellar, and was exercising myself sawing up my winter's wood, in the summer-kitchen, according to Doctor Howl's advice, when the Irishman from the grocery entered, bearing a bundle. My back was to him, and only seeing the gay and flowery gown, he exclaimed, in an awfully audible whisper to the cook:

'Shure yer mistress has the power in her arms, jist!'

Think of my wife, my gentle Fanny, having it shouted around the neighborhood that 'her brute of a husband made her saw all their winter's wood — yes! and split it, and pile it too, and make all the fires, and so on and cetera, and oh! I am glad my husband isn't such a monster!'

I turned on the Irishman, and when he saw my whiskers, he quailed!

The third time, I was blacking my boots, according to Dr. Howl's advice, 'expands the deltoid muscles, is of benefit to the metacarpis, stretches the larynx, opens the oisophagiers, and facilitates expectoration!' I had chosen what Fanny calls her conservatory for my field of operation—the conservatory has two dried fish—geraniums, and a dead dog—rose, in it, besides a bad-smelling cat—nip bush; when, who should come running in but the identical Miss X — who caught me shaving.

'Poor Fanny,' said she, before I could turn round; 'do you have to black the boots of that odious brute?' "

'Miss X —,' said I, turning toward her, folding my arms over my dressing-gown, spite of having a damp, unpolished boot on one arm and a wet blacking-brush in the other hand, for I wished to strike a position and awe at the same time; 'Miss X —, I am that odious brute himself!'

If you had observed her wilt, droop, stammer, fly!

My wife went to the sea-shore last summer. I kept the house open, and staid in town; cause, business. When she returned, Miss X —, who lives opposite, called to see her. In less than five minutes, my wife was a sad, moaning, desolate, injured, disconsolate, afflicted, etcet. woman.

'How-ow-ow e-could you d-do it, Al-lal-bert?' she ejaculated, flooding every word as it came out with tears.

'Do what?'

'Oh-woh! oh-woe-wooh-wa-ah!'

Miss X — here thought proper to leave, casting from her eyes a small hardware-shop in the way of daggers at me, as much as to say, You are vicious, and I hate cheese! (theatrical for hate ye.)

Fanny, left to herself, revealed all to me. Miss X —, through the venetian blinds, had seen a — gown in my room, late at night.

'It is too true,' said I, 'too, too true.'

'Al-lal-al-bert! you will b-b-break my h-heart. I c-could tear the d-d-destroy-o-yer of my p-p-peace to p-p-pieces !'

'Come on,' said I, 'you shall behold the destroyer of your peace. You shall tear her to pieces, or I'll be d-dashed if I don't. I am tired of the blasted thing.'

I grasped her hand, and led her to the back-chamber. 'There, against the wall.'

'It is ——' said she.

'It is,' said I, 'my dressing-gown ! I will never again put it on my shoulders, never. Here goes !' Rip it went from the tails up the back to the neck.

'Hold, Albert ! I will send it to the wounded soldiers.'

'Never ! they are men, bricks, warriors. Such female frippery as this shall never degrade them. Into the rag-bag with it, and sell it to the Jews for a pair of China sheep or a crockery shepherd. *Vamos !*'

The age for dressing-gowns has passed away, Rococo shams are hastening to decay !

HE who writes a book on Boston should have something to say on the ladies at lectures, in the libraries, and at Loring's—at which latter celebrated institution for the dissemination of *belles lettres* lettered belles do vastly congregate of Saturday, providing themselves with novel—no, we mean novelties [of course of a serious sort] for their Sunday reading. Which may serve as an introduction to the following characteristic of

YE BOSTON YOUNGE LADIE.

THE Boston belle is a reader, and knoweth what hath lately appereyd in ye worlde of bookees as welle as in that of bonetts. Shee whispereth of Signore Brignoli and of Hinkley, and of ye Philharmonic, or of Zerrahn his concertes, and eftsoones of aeriall pleasures att parties and concertes, and anon fitteth to Robertus Browning his poetrerie, or to Emerson hys laste discourse att ye Musicke Halle. Whan so be itt that twentie of ye sisterhode be gatheren together, lo ! seven thereof wyll haue blonde tresses and nineteen be of fayre ruddie complexion, whych a man wolde gife hys lyfe to kisse—yea, and itt oftwhyles passeth that ye twentie also hath more whyte and rudd in hir sweete face thann ye wolde see in other landes.

Ye Boston demoisselle weareth an water-proof guyascetus, [for so methinketh I haue hearde them calld,] and whan that itt rayneth or snoweth, shee rusheth forth as to a carnivall, and heedeth not yf ye powderie snowe-flakes falle on hir daintie littly nose, or pile up like untoe a chancellor's wigg on hir hed. Arounde hir whyte necke shee ever bindeth a scarlett scarfe, to shewe thatt she ys an well-redd woman ; and whan shee turneth homewards, she aye beareth in one hande a paunflet, whyle the other holdeth a bouquet of flowres or a pacquette of sugirplummes or confitures. Whyles that she is yett younge and reckeless, and gif shee bee faste, and hathe naughte to beare homewards, lo ! shee stiketh bothe tinie fistes intoe hir small syde-pockets, and propelleth onward mightilie independente, caring naught for nobodie. I haue herd from dyvers graue and reuerend menn, who oughte to know, [sith that ther wyves hadd tolde them,] that manie of these demoiselles do wear verie longe bootes, but howe long they may bee I knowe not.

Hee who walketh in Beacon streete on Sundaye, whan thatt the skies be fayre, seeth, after church out-letting, manie of these sweete maydens walking wyth ther cavalieros up and dounе hill, talkyng of manie thynges. For ye Boston demoiselle is a notable talker, and doth itt welle, knowing manie thynges whereof ye firste is *de omnibus rebus*, ye seconde *et quibusdam aliis*, and ye third *alterum tantum*. He who complayneth thatt women know nothinge, and haue noe witte, hathe nott mett ye Boston Yonge Lady; if that he dothe, and telleth hir soe, he wyll probablie remember for manie dayes what shee saide in answer. For shee holdeth *dixi et solvavi animam meam* to bee a goode rule, and thatt it is nott a goode thinge to goe away with wrath pente up in ye boosum.

She worketh harde for ye armie ; yea, she knitteth stockyngs and maketh shertes for ye contrabandes, whereof I hauc seene one whiche a contrabande with his wyfe and chilidren didde all were at once, so nobly greate was it. And shee belyveth in ye warre with alle hir braue little hearts and soule, for shee is Uncle Samuel hys ounе daughter, if there ever was one, having greate loue for ye Union, alwaies hoping firstly for ye Union politicall, and secondlie for ye wedding union of hertes and ye

union of handes, whych is nedeful, that ye
countrie shall not perishe for lacke of sturdie
urchines to growe upp into soldieres. And
thatt theye maye all thus become goode
wives and brave mothers, and bee bleste
and happye in alle thynges, is ye heartes
prayer of

CLERKE NICHOLAS.

THE following extract from the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia *Press* is significant :

'As pertinent to these questions, let me ask if you have ever gone back to the time when most of the Breckinridge papers in the free States were in danger of being mobbed and torn out after the fall of Fort Sumter?

'I will not ask why these demonstrations occurred, but I will ask if you can point to any one of these journals that is not now filled with strong denunciations of the Administration and its friends, and timid reproaches of the rebels in arms? Are they not all clamorous for the reorganization of the Democratic party? Are they not all against any combination of patriotic men under the name of a Union party? Their object is as plain as their early treason was notorious, and the end of their victory will be the recognition of the armed rebels, or their full forgiveness. The armed rebels are watching their movements with eagerness and joy.'

That they are doing so, is amply evidenced by the recent 'democratic' and treasonable movements in Washington. In time of war, and especially of such a war as this, there can be, as Mr. Douglas said, 'but patriots and traitors.' Away with all parties—till the enemy are ours, the only parties should be those of the North and South.

THE municipal authorities at Nashville met Governor Johnson's appeal, urging them to take the oath of allegiance, by a prompt refusal—falling back 'for reasons' on State rights. There should be, in these times, but one way of dealing with all such State rights gentlemen—arrest as traitors, and trial under military law. This is no day for dilly-dallying and quibbling about 'State rights.' There is only one right in such cases—the right of the Union, and fidelity to it. This rebuff is generally spoken of by the press as 'the Nashville Snag.'

There be such things as snag-extractors, and we trust that our Government is free enough from red-tape do-nothingism and circumlocution, to make short work of these insolent rebels, wherever they be.

Boston, April 1st.

DEAR EDITOR: I jot down the following as one of the most melancholy results of this wicked and cruel war:

The Captain at our house believes in General Butler. The Lawyer don't. Such is the state of parties at our table. As I said before, the hand of brother is uplifted against brother, and either may become a fratri-cider—as the fellow did when he squeezed his brother to death in the press, among the apples.

The captain said, the other day, that Butler had a great deal of dash.

'U—m!' growled the lawyer; 'one kind of dash he certainly has—to perfection.'

'And what is that?'

'Balderdash!' was the annihilating reply.

I report this for the special consideration of Governor Andrew.

Nor less illustrative of the terrible tendencies of civil war, is the following:

'We have a whole navy of gun-boats at Island Number Ten,' said the Colonel, reflectively.

'Yes,' was the unwarly reply.

'Then how comes it that if the knave can take the Ten, a navy can't?'

Yours in grief,

CONSTANT READER.

THE Legislature of Kentucky has, probably, by this time, made it a criminal offence for any person to join the K. G. C. As soon as the lists shall have been published of all those Northern men who have belonged to the order, the traitors will find themselves in quite as enviable a situation as though 'escaped convict' were branded on their foreheads.

FROM one now far away in the South—albeit not on the Southern side—we have an ornithological reminiscence which may be of interest to those who endeavor to solve the problem, whether animals ever rise to reasoning.

I HAVE amused myself the past year raising a brood of chickens in my little back-yard. Being 'tenderly brought up,' they are, of course, very tame, particularly a little brown pullet, that lays an egg in the cellar every morning. A few days ago, as I was leaving the house after breakfast, my wife cried out for me to come into the kitchen. I did so, and found the little brown hen standing quietly by the door at the head of the cellar-stairs, evidently waiting for it to be opened. Going outside, I found the servant had neglected to open the 'bulkhead' door, as usual, and my wise little biddy had concluded to go down-cellar through the kitchen. When I drove her out and opened the outer-door, she went down and laid, as usual. She was never in the house before, to my knowledge, and has not been since. This is a fact, and is only one more instance added to many I could adduce, which go to show that the 'dumb creatures' think and reason.

POETRY on bells is divisible into two kinds, the *tintinnabulistic*, which refers to little hand-tinklers, sleigh-bells, and the kind which Oriental mothers were wont, of old, to sew to the hems of their daughters' garments, [that they might tell by the sound whether the young ladies were at mischief or no,] and the *campanologicistic*, descriptive solely of large church ringers, Big Toms of Oxford, and the regular *vivos voco, fulgura frango* giants, such as Mr. Meneely makes and sends all over the country, to factories, churches, dépôts, and steamboats. The sleigh-bell song, according to this classification, is tintinnabulistic; so, too, is the Russian *troïka*,

'I kolokolchick dor voltaia,'

as is also the immortal line which speaks of

'That tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.'

But Schiller's great ringing poem is superbly *campanologicistic*; so is Southey's 'Inch Cope Bell,' and to this division belong all tollings, fire-alarms, and knells in verse whatever.

The following lyric is, however, far above either, as it ambitiously embraces

the whole subject, and therefore, so far as comprehensiveness is concerned, must of course take precedence even of Tennyson's 'Ring Out!'

ABOUT BELLS.

I was sitting, one night, in my easy-chair,
When a bell's clear notes rung out on the
air;
And a few stray thoughts, as this ballad
tells,
Came into my mind, about sundry bells:

About church-going bells, whose solemn
chime
Calls, far and near, 'It's time! it's time!'
While the worshiper goes, with a faith that
is strong,
For he knows he can trust their clear 'Ding-
dong!'

Of deified bells, like Bel of old,
With silver tongues and a ring of gold;
While the many who run at their silvery
call,
Never reach the goal-d; but tire and fall!

Of modest bells, by the river's side,
As they meekly hang o'er the liquid tide;
But are tongueless all, and their changes
few,
For they ever appear in a dress of blue.

Of modern Belles, which the world well
knows,
Go all the ways that the fashion goes;
And ring their chimes through an endless
range,
As they change their rattle, and rattle their
'change.'

Of divers' bells, which are made to go,
With their living freight, to the depths be-
low;
And are quiet quite, on their watery ways,
Save when they are trying to 'make a raise.'

Of door-bells, which our callers ring
By a kind of a sort of a wire of a string;
Answered oft, as wire-pullers ought to be—
'Not at home!' meaning, 'Not in order to
see!'

About John Bells, one of whom, we know,
Politicians rung not long ago;
An unlucky Bell, and to-day a wreck,
But fit, even now, to be wrung—*by the
neck!*

About Isabellas, so diverse in kind,
That the one you prefer isn't hard to find;
Yet hard 'tis to be in *this* all agreed—
Isabelle by name *is* a belle in-deed!

And thus, as I sat in my easy-chair,
While the bell's clear notes rung through
the air,
Did a few stray thoughts, as this ballad tells,
Come into my mind, about sundry bells.

'Is this 'dreadful bad'?' inquires a correspondent. Gentle writer, it is not dreadful, neither is it bad; and we appeal to the reader to decide. To our thought, it is as brave and wild a love-poem as we have seen for many a day:

TO THE KING.

A HEALTH to the King—*my* king!
But not in the ruby wine,
Too pale for the name I sing;
Too weak for such love as mine!
How shall I pledge thee, my king?
What nectar shall fill the bowl?
Hebe herself can not bring
A wine—like that in my soul!
Then take for a pledge, my king!
A life—it is wholly thine;
And quaff from the cup, O king!
A soul—not the ruby wine!

Happy the gentleman who is crowned king with the garland of song and consecrated with the wine of life and of love.

THE PICKET GUARD.

BY J. L. RAND.

THE sentinel sounds the dread note that alarms,
Each man springs up from his sleep to arms!
There's an onward dash
And a sudden flash;
There's a sigh and a groan,
And the quick feet have flown—
A picket is dying alone.
For men must fight for the sleeping Right,
And who can stop to reckon?
The newspaper tells what the President thought,
What Stanton did or Seward taught,
In columns long,
With capitals strong;
And the paper is filled
As the editor willed:
'SLIGHT SKIRMISH!—one man killed.'
But men must fight for the sleeping Right,
And who can stop to reckon?

A wife sits sad in her fireside chair,
And thinks of the husband so brave to dare,
And dreams once more
That the war is o'er;
While the South-birds trill
Near the picket-camp still,
And the picket lies dead on the hill.
For men must fight for the sleeping Right,
And God stands by to reckon.

But the account is kept in eternity—there are none lost, no, not one—and the time will come when all shall be found and known who were brave in this world's battles.

WE gladly find a corner for the following, by one known to us of old, as no indifferent poet:

EMANCIPATION.

ἀλλ' οὐπως ἄμα πάντα Θεοὶ δοσαν αὐθρω-
ποιοιν.—ILIAS.

LIFT up your faces to the golden dawn
That ushers in your year of Jubilee,
Ye who to unrequited toil have gone
In this great land, in this proud century.
The clock of time has beat its seconds slow,
But lo! the hour of your release has come;
Ay, strikes, and thrills the world with every
blow
That rings Oppression out, and Freedom
home.

Not, not in vain, 'How long, O Lord! how long?'
Have ye inquired of Him who knew your
needs;
For those who prospered by your ancient
wrong,
Invoked the vengeance that upon their
heads
Is raining ruin. Lo! the Lord is just:
Through the Red Sea of War ye, ye alone
Come up unharmed; while all the oppressor's host
In their mid-passage shall be overthrown.

FOR the benefit of those desiring to obtain the celebrated K. G. C. pamphlet, we may state that it is published by the National Union Club, communications for which may be addressed to Post-office Box No. 1079, Louisville, Ky.

OWING to our enlarged edition obliging us to send this number of the Magazine to press at an earlier date than usual, we are unable to give this month the commencement of Mr. Kimball's new novel, and the continuation of 'Among the Pines.' Both articles will appear in the next issue.

THE

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.

VOL. I.—JUNE, 1862.—No. VI.

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.

THERE are two sections of the United States, the Free States and the Slave States, who hold views widely different upon the subject of Slavery and the true interpretation of the Constitution in relation to it. The Southern view, for the most part, is :

1. The Constitution recognizes slaves as strictly property, to be bought and sold as merchandise.

2. The Constitution recognizes all the territories as open to slavery as much as to freedom, except in those cases where it has been expressly interdicted by the Federal Government; and it secures the legal right to carry slaves into the territories, and any act of Congress, restricting this right to hold slaves in the territories, is unconstitutional and void.

3. Slavery is a natural institution, and not to be considered as local and municipal.

4. The Constitution is simply a compact or league between sovereign States, and when either party breaks, in the estimation of the other, this contract, it is no longer binding upon the whole, and the party that thinks itself wronged has a right, acting according to its own judgment, to leave the Union.

5. This contract between sovereign States has been broken to such an ex-

tent, by long and repeated aggressions upon the South by the North, that the slave States who have seceded from the Union, or who may secede, are not only right in thus doing, but are justified in taking up arms, to prevent the collection of revenue by the Federal Government.

These ideas are universally repudiated in the free States. It is not my purpose to discuss the social or moral relations of slavery, but simply to consider under what circumstances the Constitution originated, and what was the clear intent of those who adopted it as the organic or fundamental law of the country. The last assumption taken by the seceding States grows out of the first four, and therefore it becomes a question of vital interest, what did the framers of the Constitution mean? We must remember that while names remain the same, the things which they represent in time go through a radical change. Slavery is not the same that it was when the Constitution was formed, nor are the original slave States the same. If freedom at the North has made great strides, so also has slavery South. Our country now witnesses a mighty difference in free and slave institutions from what originally was seen. The standpoint of slavery and freedom has alto-

gether changed, not from local legislation, but from natural causes, inherent in these two diverse states of society. New interests, new relations, new views of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures now characterize our country. It will not do then to infer, from the existing state of things, what was originally the respective condition of the slaveholding and the free States, or what was in fact the import of that agreement, called the Constitution, which brought about the Federal Union. The framers of the Constitution did not reason so much as to what they should do for posterity as for the generation then living. As fallible men, much as they would wish to legislate wisely for the future, yet their very imperfection of knowledge precluded them from knowing fully what fifty or a hundred years hence would be the development of slavery or freedom. Their actions must have reference to present wants, and consult especially existing conditions of society. While they intended that the Constitution should be the supreme law of the land, yet they wisely put into the hands of the people the power of amending it at any such time as circumstances might make it necessary. The question then at issue between the North and the South is not what the Constitution should read, not what it ought to be, to come up to the supposed interests of the country; but what it does read. How is the Constitution truly to be interpreted? All parties should acquiesce in seeking only to find out the literal import of the Constitution as originally framed, or subsequently amended, and abide by it, irrespective altogether of present interests or relations. The reason is, in no other way can the common welfare of the country be promoted. If the necessities of the people demand a change in the Constitution, they can, in a legal way, exercise the right, always remembering that no republic, no free institutions, no democratic state of society can exist that denies the great principle of the rule of the majority. It becomes us, then, in

order that we may come to a right decision respecting the duties that grow out of our Federal Union, to consider what language the Constitution makes use of, in relation to slavery, and how was this instrument interpreted by the framers. The great question is, was slavery regarded as a political and moral evil, to be restricted and circumscribed within the States existing under the Constitution, or was it looked upon as a blessing, a social relation of society, proper to be diffused over the territories? It can be clearly shown that there was no such state of feeling, respecting slavery, as to lead the originators of our Constitution to look upon it as a thing in itself of natural right, useful in its operation, and worthy of enlargement and perpetuation. Rather, the universal sentiment respecting slavery, North and South, was, that as a great moral, social, and political evil, it should be condemned, and the widely prevalent impression was, that through the peaceful operation of causes that evinced the immeasurable superiority of free institutions, slavery would itself die out, and the whole country be consecrated to free labor. Never did it enter the minds of the framers of the Constitution, that slavery was a thing in itself right and desirable, or that it should be encouraged in the territories. It was looked upon as exclusively local in its character, the creature of State law, a relation of society that was to be regulated like any other municipal institution. It is not to be presumed that the authors of our government would, in the Declaration of Independence, assert the natural rights of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and then contradict this cardinal principle of the revolution in the Constitution. They found slavery existing in the Southern States; they simply left it as it was before the Revolution, with the idea that in time the local action of the State legislature would do away with the system. But so far as the extension of slavery was concerned, the predominant feeling, North and

South, was hostile to it. The security of the country demanded the union of the States under one common Constitution. The dangers of foreign war, the exhausted finances of the different States, the evils of a great public debt, contracted during the Revolution, made it advisable, as soon as the consent of the States could be got, to have a Constitution that should command security at home and credit and respect abroad. It was regarded as indispensable for union, that slavery should be left as it was found in the States. The thirteen States that first formed our Union under the Constitution, with the great evils that grew out of war and debt, agreed, for their own mutual protection, that slavery should be permitted to exist in those States where it was sanctioned by the local government, as an evil to be tolerated, not as a thing good in itself, to be fostered, perpetuated, and enlarged. Seeing that union could not be had without slavery, it was recognized as an institution not to be interfered with by the free States; but not acknowledged in the sense that it was right, a blessing that, like free labor, should be the normal condition of the whole people. There was no such indifference to slavery as a civil institution, as has been asserted. The reason is two-fold: first, the States could not be indifferent to slavery, if they wished; and secondly, they could not repudiate, in the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence. Thus the word 'slave' is not found in the Constitution. In the rendition of slaves, they simply spoke of persons held to service, and as union was impossible, if the free States were open to their escape, without the right being recognized of being returned, this provision was accordingly made; and yet by the provision that no person should be deprived of liberty or life, without due process of law, and that the free citizens of one State, irrespective of color, should have the same rights, while resident in any other State, as the citizens of that State, the framers of our Constitution declared, in language

most explicit, the natural rights of all men. The question is not as to the consistency of their profession and practice, or how they could fight for their own independence, and yet deny freedom, for the sake of the Union, to the slaves; but the question is simply whether, in preparing the Constitution, they intended to engraft upon it the idea of the natural right of slavery, and recognize it as a blessing, to be perpetuated and enlarged. The question is simply, whether the Constitution was designed to be pro-slavery, or whether, like the instrument of the Declaration of Independence, it was intended to be the great charter of civil and religious freedom, although compelled, for the sake of union, not to interfere with slavery where it already existed? Great stress is put upon that clause enjoining the rendition of slaves escaping from their masters; but union was impossible without this provision. The necessity of union was thought indispensable for protection, revenue, and securing the dearly-bought blessings of independence. The question with them was not, ought slavery to be recognized as a natural right, and slaves a species of property like other merchandise? but simply, shall we tolerate this evil, for the sake of Union? Thus, as the indispensable condition of union, the provision was made for the rendition of persons held to labor in the slave States. Why is the language of the Constitution so guarded as not to have even the word 'slave' in it, and yet of such a character as not to interfere with local State legislation upon slavery? Simply to steer between the Charybdis of no union and the Scylla of the repudiation of the Declaration of Independence, teaching that all men are born free and equal, and that all have natural rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And yet, in the slave States, the interpretation of the Constitution is such, that the free States are accused of violating it, unless they acknowledge that it recognizes slavery as a natural right, and an institution to be perpetu-

ated and enlarged, and put upon the same level with the blessing of freedom, in the territories. Slavery virtually must be nationalized, and the Constitution be interpreted so as to carry it all over the territories now existing, or to be acquired, or the free States have broken the Constitution, and the slave States may leave the Union whenever it suits their pleasure. It is easy to see how time has brought about such a revolution of feeling and idea respecting slavery. It can be shown that circumstances have changed altogether the relations of slavery, and while names have remained the same, the things which they represent have assumed a radical difference. It can be shown that the introduction of the cotton-gin, and the increased profits of slave labor, have given an impetus to the domestic institution that brings with it an entire revolution of opinion. When slavery was unprofitable to the slaveholders; when, in the early days of the republic, the number of slaves was comparatively small; when, all over the country, the veterans of the Revolution existed to testify to the hardships they endured for national independence, and eulogize even the help of the negro in securing it, then slavery was regarded a curse, an evil to be curtailed and in time obliterated; then the local character of slavery, as the creature of municipal law, not to be recognized where such law does not exist, was the opinion universally of the people. But now, with the growing profits of slavery, with the increase of the power of this institution, other and far different language is held. Disguise it as we may, there do exist great motives that have silently yet powerfully operated within the last thirty or forty years, to change the popular current of feeling and opinion. Not only have the slave States held the balance of political power, but the spread of slavery has been gigantic. The fairest regions of the South have been opened up to the domestic institution, and Texas annexed, with Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, making an immense

area of country, to be the nursery of slavery. The political ascendancy of the slave States has ever given to the South a great advantage, in the extension of their favored institution, and the result has proved that what our ancestors looked upon as an evil that time would soon do away with, has grown into a monster system that threatens to make subservient to it the free institutions of the North.

Slavery has now come to be a mighty energy of disquietude all over the country, assuming colossal proportions of mischief, and mocking all the ordinary restraints of law. The question of the present day to be decided is not whether freedom and slavery shall exist side by side, nor whether slavery shall be tolerated as a necessary evil; but in reality, whether freedom shall be crushed under the iron hoof of slavery, and this institution shall obtain the complete control of the country. It has been said that the Constitution takes the position of complete indifference to slavery; but the history of the slave States does not lead us to infer that they were ever willing that slavery should be tested by its own merits, or stand without the most persistent efforts to secure for it the patronage of the Federal Government. Study the progress of slavery, the last forty years, and none can fail to see that it has ever aimed to secure first the supreme political control, and then to advance its own selfish interests, at the expense of free institutions. The great danger has always been, that while numerically vastly inferior to the North, slavery has always been an unit, with a single eye to its own aggrandizement; consequently, the history of the country will show that so far from the general policy of the government being adverse to slavery, that policy has been almost exclusively upon the side of slaveholders. The domestic institution has been ever the pet interest of the land.

In all that pertains to political power, the slaveholding interests have been in the ascendant. Even when Lincoln was elected, it was found that the Senate and

House of Representatives, as well as the Judiciary, were numerically upon the side of slavery, so that he could not, even had it been his wish, carry out any measure inimical to the South. True, the South had not the same power as under Buchanan; they could not hope ever again to wield the resources of government to secure the ascendancy of slavery in Kansas; but for all that, Lincoln was powerless to encroach upon their supposed rights, even if thus disposed. Is it not, then, evident, that so far from the slaveholding States holding to the opinions of the framers of the Constitution, there has been within the last forty years a mighty change going on in the South, giving to slavery an essentially aggressive policy, and an extension never dreamed of by the authors of the Constitution? The ground of the Constitution respecting slavery, was simply non-interference in the States where it already existed. It left slavery to be curtailed, or done away with by the local legislature, but it used language the most guarded, to preclude the idea that slavery rested upon natural right, and that slaves, like other property, could be carried into the territories. It has been said, that the position of the Constitution is that of absolute indifference, both to freedom and slavery; that it advocated neither, but was bound to protect both. But how could the Constitution be indifferent to the very end for which it was made? Was not its great design to secure the liberty of the country, and promote its highest welfare? The Constitution simply tolerated the existence of slavery, and no more. As union was impossible without the provision for the rendition of persons held to labor, escaping from one state into another, it simply accommodated itself to an evil that was thought would be restricted, and in due process of time done away with in the slave States. To strain this provision to mean that it advocated the natural right of slavery, and recognized the slave as property, to be sold and bought like other merchandise, is simply to say that

the framers of the Constitution were the greatest hypocrites in the world, originating the Declaration of Independence upon the basis of the natural right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and yet with full knowledge and purpose giving the lie to this instrument in the Constitution. Madison thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea of property in man. The word 'service' was substituted for 'servitude,' simply because this last encouraged the idea of property.

The constitutional provision for the rendition of slaves was simply a compromise between union and slavery. Of the two evils of *no union*, or *no slavery*, it was thought the former was the worse, and consequently the free States fell in with the measure. But could the patriots of the Revolution have foreseen the gigantic growth of slavery, and the use that would have been made of the provision recognizing it, no consideration would have induced them to adopt a course that has been prolific of so much misrepresentation and mischief to the country. They left the suppression of slavery to the States where it existed, but there was no intention to ingraft the idea of property in man in the Constitution, or to favor its extension beyond the original slave States in any way. John Jay, the first Chief-Judge, was preëminently qualified to judge respecting this. We have his testimony most explicitly denying the natural right of property in slaves, and declaring that the Constitution did not recognize the equity of its extension in the new States or Territories. Who was there more conversant with the genius of our country than Washington; and yet how full is his testimony to the evil of slavery; its want of natural right to support it, and the necessity of its speedy suppression and abolition? Is it possible that he, himself a slaveholder and an emancipationist, could utter such sentiments and enforce them by his example, if he regarded the Constitution as establishing the right of property in man, and the

benefit of the indefinite expansion of slavery over the country? No, indeed! If we may consider the Constitution in relation to slaves an inconsistent instrument, we can not prove it an hypocritical and dishonest one. The hard necessities of the times wrung out of reluctant patriots the admission of the rendition of slaves, but they would not by any reasonable construction of language, assert the natural right of property in slaves, and the propriety or benefit of its toleration in new States and Territories. It was bad enough to tolerate this evil in the old slave States, but it would be infamous to hand down to posterity a Constitution denying the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. Toleration is not synonymous with approval, or existence with right. There is a most subtle error in the assumption of the indifference of the Constitution to freedom and slavery—that it advocated neither, but protected both. Certainly the framers of the Constitution were not automatons, or this instrument the accident of the throw of the dice-box. The great purpose of this instrument was to raise the revenue, and defend the country. Its end was to protect the liberties and command the respect of civilized nations. The old Confederation was to give way to the Federal Constitution. The independence of the United States had been achieved at a heavy cost. To say nothing of frontiers exposed, country ravaged, towns burnt, commerce nearly ruined, the derangement of finances—the pecuniary loss alone amounted to one hundred and seventy million dollars, two thirds of which had been expended by Congress, the balance by individual States. The design of the Constitution was to preserve the fruits of the Revolution, to respect State sovereignty, and yet secure a powerful and efficient Union; to have a central government, and yet not infringe upon the local rights of the States. It will, therefore, be seen that while the subject of slavery was earnestly discussed, and presented at the outset a great obstacle

to the union of the States, yet it was thought, upon the whole, best to leave to the slave States the business of doing away with this great evil in such a manner as in their judgment might best conduce to their own security and the preservation of the Union.

But no truth of history is more evident than that the authors of the Constitution regarded slavery as impossible to be sustained upon the ground of the natural rights of mankind, and deserving of no encouragement in the Territories, or States hereafter to come into the Union. It was thought that the best interests of the slave States would lead them to abolish slavery, and that before many years, the Republic would cease to bear the disgrace of chattel bondage. It is certainly proper that the acts and language of the authors of the Constitution, and those who chiefly were instrumental in achieving our independence, should be made to interpret that instrument which was the creation of their own toils and love of country. Because the circumstances of the present day have brought about a mighty change in the feelings and opinions of the slave States, it does not follow that the Constitution in its original intention and spirit should be accommodated to this new aspect of things. It is easy to get up a theory of the natural right of slavery, and then say that the Constitution meant that the slave States should carry slave property just where the free States carry their property; but when this ground is taken, the Constitution is made, to all intents, a pro-slavery instrument. It ceases to be the charter of a nation's freedom, and resolves itself into the most effective agent of the propagandism of slavery. The transition is easy from such a theory to the fulfillment of the boast of Senator Toombs, 'that the roll of slaves might yet be called at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.' But no straining of the language of the Constitution can make it mean the recognition of the natural right of slavery. The guarded manner in which the provision was made for the rendition of

slaves, and all the circumstances connected with the adoption of the Constitution, show conclusively that slavery was considered only a local and municipal institution, a serious evil, to be suppressed and curtailed by the slave States, and never by the General Government a blessing to be fostered and extended where it did not exist at the time the Union of the thirteen States was perfected.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, in a speech at Atlanta, Georgia, said :

' Jefferson, Madison, Washington, and many others, were tender of the word slave, in the organic law, and all looked forward to the time when the institution of slavery should be removed from our midst as a trouble and a stumbling-block. The delusion could not be traced in any of the component parts of the Southern Constitution. In that instrument we solemnly discarded the pestilent heresy of fancy politicians, that all men of all races were equal, and we have made African inequality, and subordination, the chief corner-stone of the Southern Republic.'

Here we have the great idea of an essential difference in relation to the Constitution and slavery existing at the present day South, from that which did exist at the time of its ratification universally by the people of the thirteen States. The Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy frankly admits that slavery is its chief corner-stone; that our ancestors were deluded upon the subject of slavery; that the ideas contained in the Declaration of Independence respecting the equality of all men, and their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are only the pestilent heresy of fancy politicians; consequently that in the Southern Constitution all such trash was solemnly discarded. Can clearer proof be wanted to show that the stand-point of slavery and freedom has altogether changed since the days of Washington? Is it not true that our country at the present day presents the singular spectacle of two great divisions, one holding

to the Constitution as interpreted by our ancestors North and South, the other openly repudiating such interpretation? Is it strange, with such a radical difference existing as to the import of the Constitution upon the subject of slavery, that we should have such frequent and ever-persistent charges of Northern aggression? If the history of slavery be kept in mind, it will be seen that it has steadily had its eye upon one end, and that is national aggrandizement. Thus about two hundred thousand slaveholders wield all the political power of the South, and compel all non-slaveholders to acquiesce in their supremacy. But whatever the South may choose to do, the North is under obligation to give to slavery nothing more than what is guaranteed in the Constitution. If more than this is asked for, the North is bound by a just regard for its own interests and the prosperity of the country to refuse compliance. It has been seen that even admitting that a State has a just cause of complaint, or supposing as a matter of fact that the Constitution is violated, she can not set herself up to be exclusively the judge in this matter, and leave the Union at her convenience.

The history of our country reveals two memorable cases where the question was decided that not the State, but the Federal Government was to be its own judge of what was constitutional, and act accordingly. First, the case of New-York; secondly, the course taken by Massachusetts in relation to the Embargo law of 1807, which was believed to be unconstitutional generally in New-England. In the case of New-York, there was, as has been said, the surrender of any right to secede from the Union at her pleasure; while in the Embargo law of 1807, which was brought up to the Supreme Court for decision, there was the acquiescence of New-England upon the simple point, who should be the final arbiter in the dispute. Massachusetts and all New-England assented to a decision of the Judiciary, not

upon the ground that it was right, but that the Supreme Court had alone the authority to say what was right.

In this case there was a perfect refutation of the whole theory of secession; that theory falls back upon the idea that the State government is to be its own judge of what constitutes a violation of the Constitution, and act accordingly; but the Embargo law of 1807, when carried up to the Supreme bench, and the way New-England assented to a decision that was not believed to be in accordance with the Constitution, is a signal rebuke of the assumption of State sovereignty when arrayed against the General Government. The all-important question was not, Was the decision of the Judiciary right, but simply, Who had the authority to say what was right? Who should submit to that authority? No person can fail to see in these two cases, under circumstances so widely different, and with an end proposed in each directly the reverse of the other, that the point so important to establish was clearly made out, that the National Government reserves to itself alone the right to decide as to what should be the course taken in questions of dispute that arise between the States and the Federal authority.

It is mournful to see the finest coun-

try on the earth—a land peculiarly blessed with every element of material wealth, a land that has grown like a giant, and commanded the respect of the world—now in her central government made an object of contempt, and crippled in her strength by those very States who should, upon the principle of gratitude for favors granted, have been the last to leave the Union. While the Government at Washington has shown the utmost forbearance, they have manifested the greatest insolence, as well as disregard of the most sacred rights of the Union. An Absalom the most willful and impetuous of his father's family, and yet the most caressed and indulged, requites every debt of parental kindness by seeking through treachery and the prostitution of all his privileges to raise an insurrection in the household of David, and turn away through craft the hearts of the people from their rightful lord. So like Absalom, South-Carolina first unfurls the banner of treason and war among the sister States, desperately resolved to secure her selfish aggrandizement even at the price of the ruin of the country, but like Absalom, also, she is destined to experience a reverse as ignominious and as fatal.

A STORY OF MEXICAN LIFE.

VIII.

'My neighbor gazed at the stranger with bewilderment, and remained speechless. There was, nevertheless, nothing in his outward mien to give rise to so much emotion. He was a robust and rather handsome fellow, of about twenty-five, bold, swaggering, and free and easy in his deportment — a perfect specimen of the race of half-breeds so common in Mexico. His skin was swarthy, his features regular, and his beard luxuriant and soft as silk. His eyes were large and black as sloes, his teeth small, regular, and white as ivory, and his whole countenance, when in repose, wore an expression which won confidence rather than excited distrust. But when conversing, there was an indefinable craftiness in his smile, and a peculiar cunning in the twinkle of his eye, that often strikes the traveler in Mexico, as pervading all that class who are accustomed to making excursions into the interior. His costume, covered with dust, and torn in many places, led me to infer that he had only just returned from some long journey.

'After waiting, with great politeness, for some few seconds, to allow Arthur time to address him, and finding he waited in vain, the Mexican opened the conversation :

"I fear your excellency will scold me for delaying so long on the road; but how could I help it? I am more to be pitied than blamed—I lost three horses — at monte — and if it had not been by good luck that the ace turned up when I staked my saddle and bridle, I should not be here even now; but the ace won; I bought a fresh horse—and here I am."

"What success?" inquired Arthur, with a look of intense anxiety; "did you bring any?"

"Certainly," replied Pepito, handing him very unconcernedly a small pack-age; "I brought more than you told me,

and, in fact, I might have brought a mule-load if you had wanted so many."

"Adèle!" cried Mr. Livermore, overcome with delight, as he rushed into my room, "Adèle, HE HAS FOUND IT!"

Pepito followed Arthur with his sharp eye, and on beholding Adèle, asked me, in a low tone :

"Who is that lady, Caballero?"

"I can not say; I myself never saw her until to-day," said I; and noticing his gaze riveted on her in apparent admiration, I added :

"Do you think her pretty?"

"Pretty! Holy Virgin! she is lovely enough to make a man risk his salvation to win her."

"Feeling that my presence might be one of those superfluities with which they would gratefully dispense, I was on the point of leaving, when there was a knock at the door. Again Adèle sought refuge in my room, and again Arthur advanced to the door :

"Open, it is I," said a voice from the outside; "I have come to inquire after my friend Pepito."

"Señor," exclaimed Pepito, "that must be my compadre, Pedro."

On the door being opened, they flew to one another's arms, and gave a true Mexican embrace.

The entrance of Pedro, which evidently annoyed Mr. Livermore, awakened in my mind strange suspicions. I resolved at the earliest opportunity I had of a private interview with him, to allude to what I had overheard on the Alameda. In the mean time I would keep an eye on these two cronies.

"Stand back, Pedro, and let me have a good look at you."

"There! well, how do you think I look?"

"My dear fellow, you are growing decidedly coarse and fat."

"Bah! but how do you like my new rig?"

"I can not admire the cut; but, of

course, you bought them ready-made—one could see that with half an eye.'

"Well, Pepito, now that you are once more back in the city, I lack nothing to make me perfectly happy. You will spend the rest of the day with me?"

"Of course, my dear fellow."

"Well, it is about dinner-time; let us be off."

"Wait till I have first bid adieu to his excellency," replied Pepito, turning toward Mr. Livermore. Then advancing a few steps, he whispered a few words to him, at the same time bowing very low. Arthur unlocked the drawer of his table and took out a roll of dollars, which he handed to the Mexican.

"Must you absolutely leave me so soon?" said he.

"Well, Cabellero, after so long a journey, a man requires relaxation, and enjoys a social glass; so, with your permission, I will see you again to-morrow."

This answer was any thing but pleasing to Mr. Livermore, who turned to me, and addressing me in English, said:

"My dear sir, once more I must trespass on your good-nature. It is essential to the success of my plans, that these two men should not be left together. Will you, *can* you, tack yourself on to them, and keep close to Pepito until they separate?"

"Your request is as strange as it is difficult of execution; but I will do my best."

"Gentlemen," said I, to the two Mexicans, as we all three were going down the stairs, "you were speaking of dining—now I want to visit a real Mexican *fonda*; I am tired of these French cafés; will you favor me by taking me to a first-rate house, for I am not acquainted with this city."

"If you will accompany us to the Fonda Genovesa, Caballero," said Pedro, "I will warrant you will have no cause to repent it."

"I am infinitely indebted to you, and shall gladly accept your guidance."

The Fonda Genovesa was certainly

one or the vilest establishments I ever visited, and the dinner was, of course, detestably bad. However, I treated my two worthies to a couple of bottles of wine, which being to them a rare luxury, they declared they had fared sumptuously.

"But, look here, Pepito," said Pedro, "you have not yet alluded to your journey. Where have you been all this time?"

"Where have I been? Oh! well, that is a secret."

"A secret! what, from me, from your compadre Pedro?"

"Even so, my dear Pedro, even so; I have sworn not to mention the object of my journey nor my destination."

"Oh! I dare say; but look here, what did you swear by—the holy Virgin of Guadalupe? No? Well, was it the cross?"

"No, neither by the one nor the other."

"What is there binding, then? nothing else ought to keep you silent when *I* am in question?"

"I pledged my sacred honor."

"Your sacred honor! Give me your hand, you always were a wag, but you humbugged me this time, I confess; well, that is a good one—the best joke I have heard for an age—excellent! well, go on, I am all attention, all ears."

"Well, you won't hear much, for I am a man of honor, and bound not to speak; besides, I received a hundred dollars to keep mum."

Pedro for a moment appeared to be in a brown study; at last, gazing hard at his friend, he said:

"Would two hundred tempt you to speak?"

"If such a proposition were to come from a stranger, I might, perchance, accept it; but seeing it comes from you—never."

"Why?"

"Because, when you offer me two hundred dollars for any thing, it must be worth far more than you offer."

"Well, now, admit, just as a supposition, that I am interested in this mat-

ter, what harm will it do you, if we both turn an honest penny?’

‘That is just the point; but I don’t want you to turn ten pennies to my one.’

‘Your scruples, my dear Pepito, display a cautious temperament, and evince deep acquaintance with human nature; you see through my little veil of mystery, and I own your sagacity; now I will be honest with you—with a man like you, lying is mere folly. It is true, I am to have four hundred dollars if I can find out where you have been. I swear to you by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, I am making a clean breast of it. Now, will you take that amount? Say the word, and I will go and fetch it right away.’

This proposition seemed to embarrass the scrupulous Pepito extremely, and he remained some time lost in thought.

‘But, if you only receive four hundred, and give me four hundred, what the deuce will you make out of such an operation?’

‘Trust entirely to your generosity.’

‘What! leave me to do what I like! I take you up—by Jupiter! Pedro, that is a noble trait in your character—I take you up.’

‘Then it is a bargain. Will you wait here for me, or would you prefer to meet me at our usual Monte in the Calle de los Meradores?’

‘I prefer the Monte.’

‘You will swear on the cross, to relate fully and truly every particular relating to your journey?’

‘Of course—every thing.’

‘I will be there in a couple of hours.’

After his friend’s departure, Pepito sat silent; his brow was knit, and yet a mocking sneer played around his lips; he seemed to be pursuing two trains of thought at once; suspicion and merriment were clearly working in his mind.

‘This is a droll affair, Caballero; I can’t clearly see the bottom of it.’

‘There is nothing very unusual in it that I see,’ I replied, ‘for every day men sacrifice honor for gold.’

‘True, nothing more common, and

yet this proposition beats all I ever met with.’

‘In what respect?’

‘Why, the interest that these folks who employ Pedro, take in this journey that I undertook for your friend, Señor Pride?’

‘But, if this journey has some valuable secret object in view?’

‘Valuable secret!’ repeated Pepito, bursting into a fit of laughter; ‘Yes, a valuable secret indeed! Oh! the joke of offering four hundred dollars for what, ‘twixt you and me, is not worth a cent. But who can it be that is behind Pedro, in this matter? He must be some rival doctor, or else a naturalist, on the same scent.’

‘Is Señor Pride,’ I inquired, ‘a doctor—are you sure of that?’

‘Yes—he must be—but I don’t know,’ exclaimed Pepito; ‘I am at my wits’ end. If he is not, I have been working in the dark, and he has deceived me with a false pretext; I am at a loss—dead beat. But one thing is plain—I can make four hundred dollars, if I like.’

‘And will you betray your employer?’ said I indignantly.

‘Time enough—never decide rashly, Caballero; I shall deliberate—nothing like sleeping on important affairs; tomorrow—who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?’

So saying, Pepito arose, took his traveling sword under his arm, placed his hat jauntily on his head, cast an admiring eye at the looking-glass, and then brushed off some of the dust that still clung to his left sleeve.

‘The smile of Heaven abide with you, Señor,’ said he, with a most graceful bow. ‘As for your friend’s secret, do not be uneasy about it; I am not going to meet Pedro to-night. I shall take advantage of his absence to make a call on my lady-love. Pedro is a good fellow, but shockingly self-conceited; he fancies himself far smarter than I—perhaps he is—but somehow I fancy, this time he must be early if he catches me asleep.’

'On his departure, I paid the bill, which both my friends had overlooked, then walked out and seated myself on the Alameda, which at that hour was thronged with promenaders. Isolated, buried in thought, in the midst of that teeming throng, the various episodes in the drama of which my mysterious neighbor was the principal character, passed before my mind. I again and again reviewed the strange events which, by some freak of fortune, I had been a witness to. What was the basis on which my friend, with two sets of names, founded his dream of inexhaustible wealth, this mission he had intrusted to Pepito? What the mission which the agent laughed at, and which to gain a clue to, others were tempting him with glittering bribes? And again, why the deceit practiced on Pepito, by assuming the guise of a doctor? Each of these facts was a text on which I piled a mountain of speculation.

'Vexed and annoyed at finding myself becoming entangled in this web of mystery, as well as piqued at my failure to unravel it, I determined to avoid all further connection with any of the actors; and full of this resolve, I wended my way homeward, to have a final and decisive interview with Mr. Livermore.

'The worthy Donna Teresa Lopez confronted me as I entered the inner door:

'Plenty of news, is there not?' she asked; 'I heard a good deal of squabbling, last night; that man in the cloak was noisy.'

'Yes; they had an interesting discussion.'

'You can not make me believe that was all. *Discussion*, indeed! When there is a pretty woman in the case, and two men talk as loudly as they did, it generally ends in a serious kind of discussion. 'When love stirs the fire, anger makes the blood boil.' Tell me, now, will they fight here, in the Señor Pride's room?'

'This question, which Donna Teresa put in the most matter-of-fact sort of way, staggered me considerably, and

confirmed me in the resolution to avoid the whole business.

'I sincerely trust, Señora, that such an event is not probable. On what do you base your supposition?'

'There is nothing so very astounding in rivals fighting; but it is all the same to me. I only asked that I might take precautions.'

'Precautions! what, inform the police?'

'No, no! I thought it might be as well to take down the new curtains—the blood might spoil them.'

'Need I say I terminated my interview with my hostess, more impressed with admiration of her business qualities than of her sympathetic virtues? But let me do the poor woman justice; life is held so cheap, and the knife acts so large a part in Mexico, that violence and sudden death produce a mere transient effect.

I X.

'Instead of going to my own apartments, I went direct to Mr. Livermore's, intending thus to show him that I wished no longer to be looked upon as the man in the next room.

'We were dying with anxiety to see you,' he said, as I entered; 'walk into the other room, you will find Adéle there.'

'Well, Mr. Rideau,' said she, with intense anxiety visible on her countenance, 'what passed between those two men?'

'Little of importance. Pedro offered Pepito four hundred dollars if he would divulge the particulars of his journey; to which offer Pepito has acceded. That is about all.'

'I was far from anticipating the effect my answer would produce on my hearers. They were overwhelmed—thunderstruck. Adéle was the first to recover.

'Fool! fool that I was,' she exclaimed, 'why did I select in such an enterprise a man worn down by sickness and disease?'

'The look she cast on Arthur, rapid

as it was, was so full of menace and reproach, that it startled me.

"Well, Arthur," she said, laying her hand on his arm; "do you feel ill again?"

Roused by the sound of her voice, Arthur placed his hand on his heart, and mutely plead excuse for the silence which his sufferings imposed on him.

"As for me, I spoke no word, but mentally consigned my mysterious neighbors to a distant port, whence consignments never return."

"My dear sir," I replied at length, "Pepito's treachery, which appears so deeply to affect you, is not yet carried into execution, it is only contemplated. I will give you word for word what transpired."

"When I had concluded my narrative, to which they listened with breathless attention, Adéle exclaimed:

"Our hopes are not yet crushed, the case is not utterly desperate; but alas! it is evident our secret is suspected, if not known. Arthur," she continued, "now is the time to display all our energy. We have some enemy to dread, as I have long suspected. If we do not at once steal a march on him, then farewell forever to all our dreams of happiness, of wealth, or even of subsistence."

"Sir," said she, again addressing me; "your honor alone has kept you in ignorance of our secret. You could easily have tempted and corrupted Pepito. We prefer you should learn it from us rather than from an accidental source. We merely request your word of honor that you will not use it to your own advantage, without our joint consent, nor in any way thwart our plans."

"I am deeply sensible, madame, of the confidence you repose in me; but I must beg you will allow me to remain in ignorance."

"You refuse, then, to give us the promise?" exclaimed Adéle, "I see it all! you will thwart us; you would preserve your liberty of action without forfeiting your word."

"If you had known me longer, such

a suspicion would not have crossed your mind. However, as I have no other means of proving it unjust, I will give the pledge you desire. I am now ready to hear whatever you have to communicate."

Mr. Livermore resumed the conversation:

"The secret which Adéle imparted to me will, I dare say, appear at first very extravagant, but before you laugh at it, give me time to explain. It is the existence of a marvelous opal mine in the interior; the precise location of which is known to no one save Adéle and myself."

"In spite of the greatest effort, I could not suppress a smile of incredulity, at this announcement. Mexico is so full of strange stories of fabulous mines, that this wondrous tale of opals looked to me like some new confidence game, and I felt sure my neighbors were duped or else trying to dupe me."

"Oh! I see you think we are deceived?"

"I admit," I replied, "it strikes me as possible that you have been the victims of some crafty scheme. Did you hear of this mine before or since your arrival in Mexico?"

"Before we left New-Orleans."

"And yet it is not known to the natives?"

"It was from a Mexican we had our information."

"Why did not this Mexican himself take advantage of it?"

"He could not, for he was banished. He is now dead. But what do you think of these specimens?"

"He took from a drawer ten or twelve opals of rare size and brilliancy. I examined them with care; they were, beyond all doubt, of very considerable value. My incredulity gradually gave way to amazement."

"Are you certain these opals really came from the mine of which you speak?"

"Nothing can be more certain; you saw Pepito hand me a package; you heard his remark that he could have

brought a mule-load; these are a few of what he did bring.'

"This mine then really exists?" I said, my incredulity giving way to the most ardent curiosity.

"Really exists! yes, my friend; if you listen, I will dispel all doubt of that."

x.

"On arriving in this country, my first step was to procure a guide and the necessary equipage for reaching the opal mine. Although I felt sure of its existence, I could not dispel the fear that the story of its marvelous richness would prove false. Without loss of time, I started; for to me it was a question of life and death. I had, however, barely accomplished a third of the journey, when I was prostrated by fever. The fatigue of traveling in the interior of this magnificent but wretched country, combined with excitement and anxiety, preyed upon my mind, and brought on an illness, from which at one time I gave up all hope of recovering. I was compelled to return to Vera Cruz. The doctors were all of the opinion that several months of perfect repose would be necessary before I could undertake another such journey. Several months—oh! how those words fell on my ears; they sounded like the knell of all my hopes. A thousand expedients floated through my brain, and in adopting the course I eventually did, time alone will prove whether I followed the promptings of a good or evil genius. One evening, I explained to my attendant that I was a medical man, deeply interested in botanical and mineralogical discoveries; that my object in undertaking my recent journey was to collect certain rare herbs and a singular description of shell. I laid peculiar stress on the herbs, and added in relation to the shells, that I merely wanted a few specimens, as they were rare in my country. My attendant at once proffered his services, to go in search of them. I appeared at first to attach but little importance to his offer; but as he re-

newed it whenever the subject was alluded to, I at last employed him. The mine is situated on the margin of a little brook. One day's work of an active man will turn the stream into a fresh channel, and a few inches beneath its bed will be found, mixed with the damp sand and loam, the shells, which, when polished, form the opal. I gave my servant the needful information as to localities and landmarks, and promised him a gratuity of a hundred dollars over and above his wages, in case he succeeded. Having given him instructions, I retained his services until I reached this city, where I determined to await his return, it being more healthy than Vera Cruz. Having selected my lodgings and given him the pass-word by which alone a stranger could obtain admittance to me, with an anxious heart I dispatched him on the mission.

"For three months I had no tidings of him; night and day, I was the prey of doubt and fear. No words can portray the agony of suspense that I endured; the hours seemed days, the days months, and the bitterness of years was crowded into that short interval. At last, thanks be to heaven, my messenger returned."

"Do you mean Pepito?" I exclaimed.

"The very man," replied Arthur; "his journey was successful. You have seen the specimens he brought. I was intoxicated with delight; but Adèle did not share my joy. Nature has given woman a faculty of intuition denied to man. Alas! Adèle's presentiment has been verified; your account of the interview between Pepito and his friend proves her fears were well-grounded."

"In what way?"

"In this way; it shows we have an enemy who has an inkling of our secret, and is striving to snatch the prize from us. What course to take I am at a loss to know. Adèle advises to make sure of Pepito, at any price."

"And that strikes me as being your surest if not your only course."

"Yes, the surest; but how to make sure of him?"

"By outbidding your competitors, and proving to him that in adhering to you he is best serving his own interests."

"But he is base enough to take bribes from both sides, and betray each."

"Oh! that I were a man!" exclaimed Adéle, "this fellow is the only one who knows our secret. One man ought not to stand in fear of another. Only *one* man crosses your path, Arthur."

"Unless I murder him, how can he be silenced?"

"Murder him! It is not murder to kill a robber. Were *I* a man, I would not hesitate how to act."

"The anxiety of Pedro," I said, "indicates you have an enemy. Have you any idea who he is?"

"I believe," said Adéle, "that I know him."

"Are you sure there is only one?"

"Why do you ask?" said the woman, fixing her eye upon me as though she would, in spite of every obstacle, read my inmost thoughts.

"Because I fancy there are *two*, for instance, Brown and Hunt."

"At the mention of these names Adéle started to her feet, exclaiming:

"On all sides there is treachery. I demand, sir, an explanation. What leads you to associate the name of that firm with this matter? Either you are our friend or you are not. Speak plainly!"

"Madame, by the merest chance, I overheard Pedro mention those names, and since you have given me your confidence, I will give you some information which may put you on your guard, and help to guide your future plans."

"I then briefly related the conversations I had overheard between General Valiente and Pedro, both on the Alameda and in the gaming-house in the Calle del Arco.

"Now, madame," I continued, "let me inquire whether the Mexican from whom you derived your information, had any connection with this firm?"

"Yes, sir, he knew them," she replied; then, after a slight pause, she

added: "We have already told you so much that it would be folly to conceal the way in which we became acquainted with the existence of this mine. Soon after my marriage, I met a veteran officer of the Mexican army, General Ramiro, then living in exile, at New-Orleans. For me he conceived a paternal affection, and many a time remonstrated with Mr. Percival, and entreated him to devote himself to his family, and abandon the course of life which was leading him to ruin. He often spoke of his desire to return to Mexico, and lived constantly in the hope of the decree being revoked, which had driven him into exile. One day he disclosed the chief cause of his desire to return, by revealing the secret we have imparted to you."

"Pardon me, madame," I said, "but tell me how General Ramiro gained his information? Exploring for opal mines is hardly part of the duties of a General, even in Mexico."

"I was about to explain that," replied the lady. "An Indian, convicted of murdering a monk, some three years previously, was condemned to death. On being taken, according to Mexican usage, on the eve of execution, to the confessional, he refused the slightest attention to the exhortations of the priests, affirming that he had written a letter to the Governor, which would secure his pardon.

"True enough, a party of dragoons arrived during the night, and took him away. The letter was addressed to General Ramiro, then acting as Governor, and contained promises of a revelation of the highest importance.

"When conducted to the General, the Indian proved, by a host of details, the existence of an opal mine, which he had accidentally discovered, and in return for the revelation, demanded a free pardon."

"I understand, perfectly, madame," I added, seeing Adéle hesitate.

"I feel," she said, "a certain reluctance at this portion of my narrative, for it forces me to lay bare an act which General Ramiro ever after regretted, and which —"

"Madame, I will spare you the recital; the fact is, the General gained the Indian's secret, and then—unfortunately for the Indian—forgot to fulfill his promise."

"Alas! sir, you have rightly judged. Two hours after the interview, the Indian suffered the garrote, and General Ramiro became the sole possessor of this important secret. I will not attempt to justify my venerable friend. He sincerely lamented his sin, and retribution followed him with long, sad years of exile and poverty. We often sat together for hours, he talking of his wonderful mine, and longing for his recall to his native land. His enemies, however, held a firm hold of government, and growing weary of delay, he made overtures to this firm of Brown and Hunt, through their correspondents in New-Orleans. Being sadly in want of funds, he was even mad enough to give a hint of some kind, relative to an opal mine, which was to be worked by them on joint account.

"Before any definite arrangement was perfected, an event occurred which is indelibly impressed on my memory. The General, after spending a portion of the afternoon with us, had returned to his home; and about eleven at night, a messenger begged my immediate attendance on him. He had been taken suddenly ill; and my husband, who was cognizant of the paternal affection the General felt for me, urged me to hasten to his bedside.

"I found him at the point of death; but my presence seemed to call him back to life. 'My child,' said he, placing in my hands a very voluminous letter, 'this is all I have to give you. Farewell, dear child, I am going. Farewell, forever.' In a few moments he was no more. I returned home a prey to the most intense grief, and for several days did not think of opening the letter I had received from my dying benefactor. It contained the most precise details of the situation of the opal mine, and advice as to the best means of reaching it.

"So you see, Mr. Rideau,' she added, after a slight pause, 'the secret is known only to three persons—Arthur, Pepito, and myself. What, under the circumstances, would you do?'

"I see but one course, madame—prompt action; by this means only can you hope to succeed. You should start without a day's delay.'

"And Pepito?"

"Take him with you."

"Your advice would be excellent were it practicable; but the state of Mr. Livermore's health will not permit him to travel."

"Oh! never fear, Adéle; your presence and your care will keep me up. I shall gain strength by change of air and scene."

Adéle was, probably, about to protest against such a proof of his attachment, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"It is Pepito," said I. My conjecture proved correct. Opening the door, the Mexican appeared, dressed in a new suit, and evidently not a little proud of his external improvements. He bowed politely to Mr. Livermore and myself, and then bending before Adéle, took her hand and raised it with true Mexican grace, to his lips.

"You arrive, Pepito," said Adéle, "at the very moment we are talking about you."

Pepito again bowed to the lady.

"Señora," said he, "to please you I would die; to obey you I would kill myself."

The exaggerated tone of Mexican politeness which prompted this reply did not surprise Adéle, but it brought a smile to her lips.

"I trust my wishes will not lead to such disastrous results," she replied. "The fact is, Señor Pride thinks shortly of undertaking another journey; and as his health is delicate, we are anxious you should bear us company. I need not add, the zeal you have already shown, will not fail to secure our interest in your future welfare."

"Indeed! does his excellency intend

starting very soon? May I be allowed to ask where is he going?

"To the same place," said Arthur.

"Oh! oh! I see; the herbs and shells I brought were not enough to answer his excellency's purpose; you want more of the shells—eh, Señor?"

"Yes, a few more," said Arthur, with a deep sigh, for he felt acutely the ironical tone which the Mexican assumed.

"Well, what would you say, Señor Pride, if, instead of the few I handed you, I had brought a sack full—you would not feel angry, would you?"

"Scoundrel! you have not dared to thus deceive me?" exclaimed Mr. Livermore, starting to his feet and advancing toward Pepito, with an air of menace.

"Unfortunately, I did not; but you have proved to me what a fool I was, not to suspect their value. You evidently attach immense importance to them."

"Control your temper, Arthur," said Adéle, in English, "or you will ruin every thing."

"After all," resumed Pepito, "it is only a chance deferred, not a chance lost. With a good horse, I can soon make up for lost time."

His tone of defiance annihilated the self-possession even of Adéle; while as for Arthur, he looked the very picture of despair. I, therefore, resolved to smooth matters over, and if possible, to bring Pepito to terms. At first he listened to me very unwillingly, and answered sulkily and laconically; but wearied at last by my pertinacity, he suggested that it was scarcely fair play for me to assume to sit as judge in a cause wherein I was an interested party.

"You are strangely mistaken, Pepito," I said, in reply; "I can swear to you on my honor, and by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, that I am not in any way a party to this transaction; and that its success or its failure will not affect me to the extent of a real."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Caballero," muttered Pepito, on whom my adjuration by the holy Virgin of Guadalupe, had produced an unexpected effect. "In

that case I will trust to your advice; I rely on your honor. Now tell me—I know very well these shells are valuable—how much would a mule-load be worth—two thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and perhaps more."

"You speak frankly, like a man!" he exclaimed with delight; "you don't seek to take advantage of my ignorance; you are a true gentleman. Tell me where I could sell these things."

"You could find no one to buy them in this country; they must be sent either to Europe or New-York."

"The devil! that upsets my plans. I know no one in Europe, no one in New-York; besides, I can neither read nor write; I should be cheated on all hands. Is there no way to settle this business between ourselves? Listen, now: I will agree not only to accompany Señor Pride as his guide, but to do all the work when we arrive at our destination, on condition that he pays me two thousand dollars for every trip we make. What do you say to my proposition?"

"That it is Señor Pride who must answer you, not I."

xii.

Obeying the injunction laid upon him by Adéle, Mr. Livermore affected to demur at the high price placed by Pepito on his coöperation, but finally appeared to yield to our joint solicitation.

"Well, then, the bargain is closed," said Pepito, smiling. "Now I can understand why Pedro was so anxious to have me betray my trust. Oh! how delighted I am to think he will find I have left him in the lurch."

"Señor Pepito," said Adéle, with a most winning smile, "do you happen to know a family residing some short distance from this city, who, in consideration of a liberal compensation, would not object to take a lady to board with them?"

"I do, Señora, at Toluca."

"How far is it from here?"

"Twelve or fourteen leagues."

"Are you intimate enough with the family to take me there to-morrow, without previously informing them of my intention?"

"Certainly; the lady I allude to is my sister."

"Then to-morrow morning early, at seven, say. But Señor Pepito, I had forgotten to warn you that in escorting me you will run a great danger."

"Oh! I am not afraid of the robbers on the road; they know me well, and never molest me."

"It is not of robbers that I stand in dread."

"Of what, then?"

"Of a man—an enemy who hates me with a deadly hatred, and who, I fear, seeks my life."

"A man—one man—and he seeks your life; well, well, I should like to meet him face to face," exclaimed Pepito.

"Then, Señor, you promise to protect me at any risk?"

"Protect you! *yes*," replied he with vehemence, "I pledge you my honor, my body, and my soul. I will face the bravest of the brave, to defend you from injury."

"From my heart of hearts I thank you, Pepito," said Mr. Livermore, "you shall find me not ungrateful, and in return for the zeal and devotion you have shown, two hundred dollars shall be yours, on your return with tidings of madame's safe arrival."

"I will at once proceed to secure the necessary equipage, Señor. Señora, rely on my punctuality; at seven, I shall attend you."

"Are you related to Señor Pride?" asked Pepito, as we descended the stairs.

"In no way; I have known him only a few days."

"Well, Caballero, I own I am enchanted with his wife; I never met a woman of such matchless beauty, such fascinating manners; why, Señor, if she said to me, 'Pepito, kill your brother,' and I had a brother, which, luckily, I have not, I think I should kill him."

"These words were uttered with so much vehemence, that I deemed it advisable to turn the conversation.

"It seems strange to me," said I, "that you should be so intimate with Pedro, and yet be ever on the very verge of quarreling with him."

"Well, it is perhaps astonishing to those who do not know us; but somehow Pedro is my best, in fact, my only friend. We were brought up in the same village, and are just like brothers. He is a good sort of fellow, but is abominably vain and self-conceited; then he is deucedly overbearing. He has no delicacy for his friend's feelings, and, in fact, has a thousand failings that no one else but I could tolerate. True, we have now and then a pretty rough time of it. The two gashes on his left cheek are mementoes of my regard, and I confess I have two ugly marks, one on my shoulder, the other on my right breast, which I owe to him. But what galls me most, he is always talking of his six dead ones, while I can claim only five; but then my five are all men, while two of his six are women."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is not a fair count; but then it shows his insatiable vanity. Vanity is one of the capital sins; it is hard to tell into what meanness it may not lead a man." With this sententious denunciation, the Mexican, who had clearly misinterpreted my indignant ejaculation, raised his hat, with an air of extreme politeness, and departed.

When I again entered Mr. Livermore's apartment, the conversation naturally turned on Pepito.

"Well, what think you of my cavalier?" said Adéle.

"As you are aware, my acquaintance with him is of but recent date; but one thing speaks greatly in his favor: he has been for several months attached to Mr. Livermore's person, both as guide and as attendant while sick, and he has not attempted, as far as I have heard, either to assassinate or poison him. This I take to be a striking proof of meritorious moderation."

"I fear, Adéle, we are acting imprudently," said Arthur, "in intrusting you to the tender mercies of such an unprincipled scoundrel, a man you have seen but twice."

"Good heavens! dearest Arthur, would it be less imprudent for that man Percival to find me here? I shudder to think of ever again meeting him; and moreover, by flattering this Pepito and pretending to place entire confidence in him, I shall win him to a devoted submission to my every wish."

"After a somewhat protracted but by no means important conversation, I retired, promising to see them in the morning, previous to Adéle's departure.

XII.

Shortly before the appointed hour, Pepito arrived, and announced that all his preparations had been made. His fair charge quickly made her appearance, dressed in complete Mexican costume. It suited her remarkably well, and I was not surprised to observe the intense admiration with which Pepito gazed upon her, for her beauty was truly fascinating. Notwithstanding my suspicions of the absence of that inner spiritual beauty which should adorn all female loveliness, I myself could scarce resist the spell she exercised on my feelings, even in spite of my judgment.

Turning to Pepito, with a smile, she inquired gayly, "Well, Señor, how do you like my change of costume?"

The Mexican replied merely by putting his hand on his heart, and bowing almost reverentially.

Having given Mr. Livermore an affectionate embrace, she exclaimed, in a firm, determined voice: "Let us be off: time is precious."

It had been arranged that I should accompany them until they were out of the city. I therefore left Mr. Livermore alone, and followed the two travelers. On reaching the street, Adéle took the Mexican's arm; but as they turned the corner of one of the streets running into the Cathedral Square, I noticed that she raised her hood and lowered the veil

attached to it. Surprised at this apparently uncalled-for act of caution, I inquired the reason.

"Do you not see Mr. Percival?" she exclaimed, in Spanish.

"Who is he? Is that the man you said you dreaded? that melancholy-looking man, who is walking so moodily ahead of us?" exclaimed Pepito. "I must have a good look at him."

"Be cautious, I beseech you; if he sees me, all is lost."

"Fear nothing, I will be discreet; I only want to get one good look at him." So saying, Pepito increased his speed, and was soon walking beside the unconscious Percival.

In a few minutes, Pepito turned suddenly down a narrow street, into which we followed, and there we found a carriage awaiting us.

"Señora, I shall know your enemy among a thousand," was Pepito's remark, on again offering Adéle his arm, to assist her in entering the vehicle.

We were soon safely out of the city, and taking advantage of the first returning carriage we met, I returned with it. Adéle thanked me with much apparent gratitude for my past services, and begged me to devote as much of my leisure as possible to cheering and advising her dear Arthur.

On my return, I found him pacing his chamber with intense anxiety, and evidently prostrated by the excitement he had undergone.

"Well, what news?" said he, almost gasping for breath.

"Adéle is beyond the reach of danger."

"You met no one?"

"No one."

"Heaven be praised; and yet I feel a presentiment I shall never see her again—never."

"Pshaw! love is always timorous; it delights in raising phantoms."

"This is no phantom; death is a reality, and, mark my words, on earth we shall meet no more."

Overcome by the violence of his emotions, he buried his face in his

hands, and gave way to an outburst of intense grief. Yielding, finally, to my reiterated entreaties, he threw himself upon his bed, and, as I had some private business to settle, I left him to the care of our officious hostess, who was only too happy to find one on whom she could display her self-acquired knowledge of the healing art.

'The next day, Arthur, though still feeble, was able to walk about his apartments. Toward dusk, a letter arrived from Adéle. She announced her safe arrival at Toluca, spoke in terms of praise of Pepito's devotion and attention, and expressed herself agreeably surprised at the hospitality she had received from his sister. The receipt of this letter produced a marked improvement in my patient's health. In a postscript, reference was made to an accident which had happened to poor Pepito, who was prevented from being the bearer of this letter, by having sprained his ankle. This would retard his return to the city for a day or two; nevertheless, she begged her 'dear Arthur' not to be uneasy, as even this delay, annoying as it was, might prove of advantage, as it would give him time to recover from the effects of the excitement of the past few days.

'After Adéle's departure, I again fastened up the door of communication, and although I saw him at least once every day, to some extent I carried out my determination of ceasing to be on such intimate terms with Mr. Livermore. I fell back into my former course of life, and yet I felt a certain envy of the colossal fortune upon which he had, as it were, stumbled. Though I sincerely wished my poor sick neighbor might succeed in his enterprise, I gradually grew restless and morose. The opal-mine became a painful and distasteful topic of conversation, and as Arthur invariably adverted to it in some way or other, I by degrees made my visits of shorter and shorter duration.

'In vain I strove to divert my mind from this one absorbing idea. I visited the theatres, attended cock-pits and

bull-fights, in the hope that the excitement would afford me relief from the fascinating spell: but it was useless, I was a haunted man.

'One night, returning from the opera, at about ten o'clock, I was stopped by a large crowd at the corner of the Calle Plateros. From an officer near me, I ascertained that a foreigner, believed to be a heretic, had been stabbed, and was either dead or dying.

'The next morning, in the *Diario de Gobierno*, which Donna Teresa brought up with my chocolate, I learned that 'at about ten on the previous night, an American, named Percival, recently arrived from New-Orleans, was murdered in the Calle Plateros.' His watch and purse were missing; it was therefore inferred that robbery and not revenge had prompted the foul deed.

'I instantly summoned Donna Teresa, and requested her to take the paper, which I marked, to Mr. Livermore; and as soon as my breakfast was over, I hastened to make my usual call. I found him looking very sombre.

'"God is my witness!" he exclaimed, the instant I entered the room, "that I did not seek this poor unfortunate man's death; but it relieves Adéle from all fear. Have you heard any details of the event?"

'"I have not; but assassination is not so rare here that you need be under any fear about it. No suspicion can possibly attach to you."

'"I have no fear, for I know my own innocence; but it is inexplicable to me. Poor Percival! he could have had no enemy in the city."

'"Doubtless he was murdered for his money and his watch; but have you heard from Toluca?"

'"Yes, and Adéle informs me that I may expect Pepito in the course of the day. So I shall not delay my departure beyond to-morrow, perhaps to-night. But there is some one at the door; doubtless it is Pepito."

'Mr. Livermore opened the door; but instead of Pepito it was his friend, Pedro, who entered.

"My presence surprises you, Caballero," said Pedro, drawing a long sigh; "but alas! I have bad news."

"What! bad news? speak, speak, quick!" exclaimed Arthur, turning deadly pale.

Pedro, before deigning to answer, drew forth a very soiled rag, which served him as a handkerchief, and proceeded to rub his eyes with no little vigor, a pantomime which was intended no doubt to convey the idea of tears having dimmed his eyes.

"Alas! Excellency," said he at length, in a lugubrious tone; "poor Pepito is in sad trouble."

"Have you been fighting again? Have you killed him?" I exclaimed.

"Killed him? *I* kill him!" he repeated indignantly; "how can you imagine such an outrage, Caballero? Kill my best friend! No, Señor; but poor Pepito has been pressed into a military company. To-morrow, they will uniform him and march him off to some frontier regiment."

"Is there no way of buying him off?" inquired Arthur.

"Nothing more easy, Caballero. You have simply to write to the General who commands the department, and state that Pepito is attached to your person, as a personal attendant, and that will suffice to set him at liberty. They never press people in service."

Mr. Livermore lost no time in following Pedro's advice. As soon as the letter was handed to him, the latter waved it in triumph over his head, and rushed forth to effect the deliverance of his dear compadre, Pepito.

The impressionment of Pepito surprised me, for I had not heard of their taking any body who had reached the dignity of a pair of inexpressibles, and the luxury of a pair of shoes. The Indians in the neighborhood of the capital, besotted by drink and misery, almost naked, and living or rather burrowing in caves, were usually the only victims of the recruiting sergeant. However, as the letter given by Arthur to Pedro could be of no use to the latter,

I saw no reasonable ground to doubt the story.

As it seemed probable that Mr. Livermore would shortly leave the city, I accepted his invitation, and promised to return and dine with him at five o'clock, adding that I hoped then to meet Pepito, and receive from him a full account of his adventures since we had parted.

xiii.

About three o'clock, I returned home. I had ensconced myself, book in hand, in my rocking-chair, when groans which seemed to proceed from Mr. Livermore's room, attracted my attention. I listened at the door, and my fears were realized. The groans were assuredly uttered by my neighbor. I rushed into his room, and as I crossed toward his bed, a fearful spectacle met my gaze.

Lying across the bed, his face livid, every muscle in motion, a prey to the most violent convulsions, I saw my unfortunate fellow-countryman. No sooner, however, did the noise of my entrance fall upon his ear, than he summoned strength enough to rise, and seizing a pistol that was beside him, pointed it at me.

"Ah! it is you?" said he, lowering his weapon, and falling back, "you have arrived just in time to see me die."

"Take courage, my friend; for heaven's sake, be of good cheer. It is only one of your usual attacks, and will pass off; there is no danger."

"No danger!" repeated the unfortunate sufferer, biting the sheet and striving to stifle the cry which agony drew from him; "no danger? why, I am poisoned!"

"Poisoned! you must be mad," I exclaimed: but without loss of time, I summoned Donna Lopez, and sent instantly for a doctor, who fortunately lived within a few doors of our house.

Once more alone with Arthur, I inquired, during a momentary cessation of his sufferings:

"What reason have you for thinking you are poisoned?"

"I am *sure* of it," he replied. "About an hour since, I received a visit from the Mexican General who is superintendent of the recruiting service. He desired me to give him certain explanations relative to Pepito, which, of course, I did. It was very warm, and he asked for a glass of iced water. I offered him some claret to mix with it, and, at his request, joined him in the drink. But a few moments elapsed after I had taken my draught, when I felt a weakness steal over me; my eyelids grew heavy, my knees gave way, and an intolerable heat burned my veins. I was compelled to sit down upon my bed. At that moment, the General changed his tone, and imperiously demanded the key of my desk. 'I do not want your money,' he said, 'but I must have the papers relative to the opal-mine.' I can not express the effect these words produced upon me. 'To deal frankly with you,' continued the General, 'you are poisoned, and the Indian poison that is now coursing through your veins has no antidote. Ten minutes, and your strength will begin to fail; two hours, and your earthly career will end. If you do not at once give me your keys, I shall force the lock.' These words, which he doubtless thought would crush me, filled me with boundless rage, and for a few moments revived my sinking energies. I started to my feet, and seized my revolver."

"The devil! it seems the dose was not strong enough," exclaimed my assassin, taking flight; "but I will return, be sure of that."

The doctor soon arrived. At the first glance at the patient, he knit his brow, and his countenance became overcast.

"How long have you been ill?" he inquired.

"I was poisoned, about an hour since."

"Ah! you know you have been poisoned?"

"Yes, doctor, and also the man who poisoned me. Tell me, I beseech you,

how long I have to live? Speak! you need have no fear; I am prepared for the worst."

The doctor hesitated, and then said: "I fear, my dear sir, another hour is all you can hope for."

"I thank you, doctor, for your frankness. No antidote, then, can save me?"

"None. The poison you have taken, which the Indians call '*Leche de palo*,' is deadly. Your present sufferings will soon cease, and gradually you will sink, peacefully and painlessly, into the sleep of death."

"Send instantly, then, for a magistrate. I at least will be revenged on my murderer," said Arthur, "let me at once make my statement."

"You will only be wasting your dying moments," interposed the doctor; "day after day, I am called upon to witness the ravages of this insidious poison, but never yet has the scaffold punished the assassin. My dear friend, think not of your murderer; eternity is opening to receive you; in its solemn presence, mere human vengeance shrinks into utter nothingness."

"Doctor, you speak wisely as well as kindly. Poor Adéle," murmured Arthur, and his eyes closed, though his lips still moved.

After the doctor's departure, I sent to the American Legation, urgently requesting some official to return with my messenger. I took a chair beside the bed, while Donna Teresa knelt in the adjoining room, and prayed and sobbed with much fervor. In a short while, Arthur rallied from the stupor into which he had fallen. His features became calm, his breathing regular though feeble, and the tranquil, almost happy, expression of his eye made me for a time half doubt the fearful prediction of the physician.

"Do you feel better?" I inquired.

"Much much; I am in no pain."

"Let us hope, then, for the best. I will send for another doctor."

"No, that would be useless. My lower extremities are swelling, and I can feel the hand of death clutching at

my vitals. The doctor was right; death is not racking me with torture, it is gently embracing me. But I want your assistance; sit down.'

'I resumed my seat, and Arthur continued, in a feeble tone, but perfectly calm:

'How mean a thing is life! Good God! so mean, that at this moment I can not explain to my own soul why man should cling to it. What do we meet during our short career? Deceit, hypocrisy, and treachery. Ah! death reveals the hollowness of life.'

'My dear friend, you are exhausting yourself. Did you not say you wanted my assistance? Rely on my zeal, my fidelity, and my discretion.'

'Rely on you! How can I tell? You are only a man; perhaps avaricious and treacherous as your fellow-mortals. No matter; though you should forswear yourself, I, at least, will do what is right. Feel beneath my pillow, there is a key; take it, open my desk. In the small drawer on the left is a package of letters. Have you them? Good. Next to that there is a sealed letter. Now, read aloud the direction on each.'

'Papers to be burnt after my death,' said I, obeying his injunction.

'Well, what do you intend doing with them?'

'Can you for one moment doubt?' I replied.

'What if I should tell you they contain the entire secret of my opal-mine!'

'I made no reply; but struck a match against the wall, and setting them on fire, resumed my seat.

'I could hardly have believed it; but you still have Pepito; from him you hope to learn the secret,' said the dying man.

'Shall I bind myself by an oath not to seek him?'

'No; I leave you at liberty. Act as you think best. I burned those papers because they were bought with blood, for no other reason.'

'Bought with blood?' I exclaimed.

'Yes; ten months ago, General Ramiro died at New-Orleans, by poison—

poison administered by Adéle. Do you wonder life has lost all charm for me? Oh! life is the bitterness, not death.'

'His voice momently grew fainter. I leaned closer, to catch his fading tones, till he ceased to speak. I gazed intently at his glassy eyes; the lids closed for a moment, then partially opened, the jaw fell, and he was no more.'

'I know not how long I had stood beside his lifeless body, pondering over the uncertainty of life, and the mystery of death, and the conflicting presentations he had uttered: that he should live to achieve success, yet die without again seeing her who had lured him to his wretched end, when the door of the chamber suddenly opened, and five or six dragoons entered, accompanied by an officer in undress uniform.'

'What! you here, General?' I exclaimed.

'Why not?' was the cool reply, 'I am in search of a deserter named Pepito, who, I was informed, was concealed here. I see he is not here; but doubtless by searching among the papers contained in this desk, I shall find some clue to him.'

'Your search, General, will be fruitless. The unfortunate young man whose corpse lies here, instructed me, before he expired, to burn all the papers in his possession, and I have obeyed his injunctions.'

'Curses on his infernal obstinacy!' exclaimed General Valiente, 'but look you, Señor, I tell you I will search this desk.'

'By what right?'

'By the right of might.'

Taking my stand in front of the desk, I was protesting against the lawless act of violence, when the Secretary of the American Legation fortunately arrived. Finding his plans defeated, Valiente, with commendable prudence, decided on beating a retreat, and with his followers, took rather an abrupt departure.

The ordinary formalities of attaching the seals of the Legation having been performed, and having secured a

faithful person to take charge of the remains of the unfortunate Livermore, I sallied forth to make arrangements to leave, as soon as possible, for Toluca.

The first person I met was Pedro. It is impossible to express the horror I felt of this villain. My hand was on my weapon before he had reached my side.

‘Have you heard the news, Caballero?’ said he, in a low, mysterious tone.

‘No.’

‘I was not fortunate enough to release Pepito; when I arrived with his master’s letter, he had already escaped from the barracks.’

‘Tell me frankly, Pedro, did not General Valiente send you, this morning, for that letter?’

‘Why? What makes you ask?’ inquired Pedro, quite disconcerted by the abruptness of my question.

‘Because Señor Pride is dead, and General Valiente has twice been to his rooms.’

‘Dead! Señor Pride dead!’ echoed Pedro, in unfeigned astonishment. ‘Caballero, I must be off.’ And he instantly turned away, and was soon lost to my sight.

Before another hour had passed I was on horseback and on the way to Toluca. The road was infested by gangs of robbers, but my pockets were empty, and my brain was full, so I gave those gentry not even a passing thought. The evening was fast closing in, and as the shadows gathered round me, the tragic event which I had just witnessed gradually receded from my mind. As I journeyed on, it grew more and more distant, until at last it faded into a dim memory of the past; and through the long miles of my lonely ride there went before me the glorious vision of an opal-mine of untold wealth—an opal-mine without an owner—a countless fortune, untold riches, waiting to fall into my hands.

XIV.

It was past midnight when I reached Toluca. As it was too late to call on Adèle, I alighted at a tavern, where I

passed the night, pacing my chamber, and not closing my eyes. Soon after daybreak I sought the house of Pepito’s sister; and notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, found Mrs. Percival standing at one of the windows.

‘You here, Mr. Rideau!’ she exclaimed, with surprise, on seeing me. ‘How did you find my retreat?’

‘I was told of it by Mr. Livermore.’

‘Ah! ’tis he who sent you.’

‘Alas! not so, madame.’

‘Alas!—you say, alas! What do you mean? Have you ill news?’

‘I have, indeed, madame.’

‘Arthur is dead!’ she cried. ‘I know he is dead! But, tell me, I entreat you, tell me all. How—when did this happen?’

‘I gave her a detailed account of Arthur’s death, to which she listened with rapt attention.

‘This opal-mine, like the Golden Fleece, brings misfortune to all who seek it,’ she said, when I had finished. ‘Poor Arthur! I loved him fondly, devotedly; and his image will live forever in my heart. But at such a crisis it is worse than folly—it is madness to waste time by giving way to grief. Reason teaches us to bow before the inevitable. It is idle to repine at the decrees of Fate. I am alone, now—alone, without a friend or a protector. No matter; I have a stout heart, and the mercy of Providence is above all. But to business: After the death of Mr. Livermore, what became of the papers?’

‘I burned them before his death, in obedience to his injunctions.’

‘You burned them! I will not believe it!’ she exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with a penetrating glance.

‘I felt the blood rush to my face; she noticed my anger, and at once added, in milder tone:

‘Pardon me! pardon me! I knew not what I said; I am well-nigh crazy; I do believe you, I do indeed; forgive me, and think of the despair to which the loss of those papers reduces me. I have no copy, and with them my secret perishes. I am ruined—ruined irre-

trievably. The mine is known now only to Pepito !'

"Then, madame, on him you must hereafter rely.'

"Explain to me, pray, how could Arthur, on his dying-bed, have been guilty of so cruel, so mean an act ? How could he despoil the woman who had trusted him, and leave her not only forlorn, but destitute ?'

"This question embarrassed me, and I was conning an answer, when Adéle resumed :

"Let no false delicacy restrain you ; speak out, Mr. Rideau ; adversity has taught me endurance, if not courage.'

"Since, madame, you absolutely extort it from me, I must admit that a few moments before he expired, Mr. Livermore —'

"Speak out, plainly ; I beg of you, conceal nothing.'

"Well, madame, the words he used were : 'I destroy these papers because they were bought with blood. Ten months ago General Ramiro died, at New-Orleans, by poison — poison administered by Adéle !'

"Poor Arthur ! what agony he must have suffered — he must have been delirious. O Arthur ! why was I not beside you ? Poor Arthur ! As she uttered these words, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven ; her lips moved as if in prayer, and a deadly pallor overspread her countenance.

"In a short time her fortitude returned, and turning toward me, she said, in a voice which betrayed no emotion :

"Let us turn from the past and look at the present. Difficulties surround and threaten to overwhelm me. Before I can determine how they are to be met, I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. Rideau, to which I must have an immediate answer. Will you become my partner in this business ?"

"Have you enough confidence in me ?"

"I have ; and for this reason : you have not sought to meddle in this matter, but from the outset have striven to

shun it ; you have not obtruded yourself, but been drawn into it in spite of your wishes. Do you accept my proposition ? Yes, or no ?"

"I accept," I replied, moderating my joyful feelings as well as I possibly could.

"Such being your decision, what course do you advise ?"

"Immediate action, for minutes are precious."

"I foresee we shall agree perfectly To-day my host purposes starting for the capital ; I shall accompany him. If you return without delay, the remainder of the day will suffice to prepare for the journey, and to-morrow we will start for the opal-mine."

"But where shall I meet you, madame ?"

"At the Hotel de las Diligencias."

"And where shall I find Pepito ?"

"At a tavern near the Barrier del Nino Perdido. But you will not, if you please, inform him of my address. For — well, it is an unpleasant matter to mention — but this Pepito seems to be —"

"Desperately in love with you."

"I hardly meant that — but his attentions are too oppressive to be quite agreeable."

"I fully understand you, madame. May I inquire if you have had any tidings of Mr. Percival ?"

"Do not, I beg, Mr. Rideau, allude to that painful topic — all feelings of resentment are hushed in the grave."

"What ! have you heard of his assassination ?"

"Yes ; the news reached me yesterday ; I read it in the newspaper."

"I shortly afterward took my leave — the last words of my new copartner being :

"At five, then, at the Hotel de las Diligencias. Be sure you are punctual."

"Arrived in Mexico, my first thought was to seek for Pepito. Following the directions given me by Mrs. Percival, I soon found him ; and repeating to him a portion of the interview I had with the lady, I finished by proposing to take

the place of Mr. Livermore in the bargain that had been made between them.

‘I ask nothing better,’ was the reply. ‘Here are my terms—two thousand dollars the very day we return to Mexico, and I to hold the shells till you hand over the money. That is fair, is it not?’

‘Quite. When shall I see you again?’

‘At eight to-night, on the Cathedral steps.’

Hastening home, I devoted the rest of the day to preparing for my journey, and a little before five started for the Hotel de las Diligencias. Mrs. Percival had not yet arrived. Twice again I called, but still in vain. The evening gradually wore away, and at eight I paced the Cathedral Square, and for an hour loitered around the steps; but Pepito, also, failed to keep the rendezvous.

As the next day was Sunday, I felt assured the most likely place to find Pepito, would be the bull-ring. On reaching it, I found a crowd assembled near one of the entrances, and pushing my way through, I beheld Pepito lying on the ground weltering in his blood. I rushed to him, and kneeling down, raised him in my arms.

‘Ah! it is you, Señor,’ said he, in a feeble tone. ‘This is Pedro’s work, but it was his last; for I have killed the traitor.’

‘Pepito, tell me, for Heaven’s sake, where did you find the shells?’ I inquired; for avarice and cupidity reigned, I am ashamed to own, paramount within my breast.

‘Those shells? In the plains of Chiapa—three days’ journey from the sea—near the little river—in a brook—Ah! glory to God! here comes a priest!’

At this moment a fat Franciscan friar pressed through the crowd.

‘Absolution, padre! absolution!’ cried Pepito, to whom the sight of the friar brought back new life.

‘Patience, my son, patience! I am very late—very late—and I must not be detained. Wait a little—and after

the sports of the day are over, I will return.’

‘But, padre, I shall be dead!’

‘Well, then, be quick!’

‘I have only two sins on my conscience: I have not attended mass for three weeks.’

‘That is sad! very sad! Well, what next?’

‘Three days ago I stabbed an Inglez—a heretic.’

‘Well, my dear son, your sins are venial sins; I absolve you.’

‘Pepito, how did that dagger come into your hands?’ I exclaimed, for I was astonished to see in his belt the dagger I had lost on the night when Adéle took refuge in my room.

‘From my dear—Adéle.’

‘And the Inglez—the heretic you stabbed—who was he?’

‘Her husband—she wished it—promised to be mine—and I obeyed. But, stand back—I want air—air!’

I turned away my head, sickened at the fearful revelation. When I again looked, my eyes fell on a corpse. I snatched the dagger, which was still wet with Pedro’s blood, from his belt, and hurried almost frantic to the Hotel de las Diligencias. Mrs. Percival had been waiting for me about two hours.

The violent emotions which raged within me must have been portrayed on my countenance, for on my entering the apartment, she started back in dismay.

‘Mrs. Percival,’ said I, striving to master the repulsive feeling which the mere sight of her excited, ‘Pepito has, within the past hour, been murdered.’

‘Murdered!’ she repeated. ‘And the secret ——’

‘Is dead—for *you*—forever! Madame, that infernal mine has for years been driving you to the blackest crime! It is time that the bait fell from the devil’s hook.’

‘What do you mean by this altered tone?’

‘I mean, madame, that, thanks to Heaven, your crimes have been revealed to me. Shall I enumerate the list of your victims—General Ramiro, Arthur

Livermore, Edward Percival, your husband, and last of all, Pepito? Your path, since you have sought this mine, is marked at every step by treachery and crime. The boldest heart must shudder to look at the ghastly procession led on by the General you poisoned.'

'Tis false! God help me, 'tis false!'

'False—is it false—that three days since your husband was murdered at your instigation, by Pepito? Stay—hear me! Look at this dagger! did you not steal it from my room and give it to Pepito to perpetrate the crime? Madame, pause, ere you dare to swear it is false.'

'She trembled, and falling on her knees, exclaimed :

'My God! my God! forgive me!'

'It is not, madame, for erring man to limit the infinite mercy of Heaven; but for such crimes as yours there must be a fearful retribution. Farewell; may you go and sin no more.'

'I left the room, but in a few moments heard a piercing shriek; and rushing back, found the wretched woman extended on the floor in the agonies of death. She had picked up the dagger which I had thrown away, and stabbed herself to the heart.

.
'And the opal-mine?'

'I meant, at first, to leave the Nibelungen Hoard alone; but time tames all

things except the love of gold. I went there; it was rich, but not inexhaustible. You have all had proof that I am neither poor nor parsimonious; but neither am I extravagant. I have all that I want—a cottage at Newport, a neat house in the Rue de la Paix, stocks, and real estate. The opal-mine started me; I have kept myself going very well ever since.

'Gentlemen, my tale is ended. I am sorry it has proved so long, and am grateful to you all for the attentive hearing you have given me. I have been constantly looking round expecting to detect some one of you falling into a gentle slumber; I therefore feel really flattered at finding you all still awake.'

'But what became of the child that Percival was seeking?' shouted one.

'Did you ever find out any thing about Adéle's previous history?' asked another.

'And look here, Rideau, what did you——?'

'Gentlemen, take pity on me; while I have been spinning this long yarn, you have been smoking and imbibing; I am very willing to join you in both; but to-night I am tired out. The next time we meet, I shall be delighted to tell you what particulars I learned on my return to New-Orleans, relative to Adéle and her poor orphan child; but no more to-night.'

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

RED was the lightning's flashing,
 And down through the driving rain,
 We saw the red eyes dashing
 Of the merciless midnight train;
 Soon many crowded together,
 Under the lamp's red glow,
 But I saw one figure only —
 Ah! why did I tremble so?
 The eyes that gazed in the darkness
 After the midnight train,
 Are red with watching and weeping,
 For it brings none back again.
 Clouds hang in the west like banners,
 Red banners of war unfurled,
 And the prairie sod is crimson
 With the best blood of the world.

White faces are pressed to the window,
 Watching the sun go down,
 Looking out to the coming darkness,
 That covers the noisy town.
 White are the hands, too, and quiet,
 Over the pulseless breast;
 No more will the vision of parting
 Disturb the white sleeper's rest.
 Over sleeper, and grave, and tombstone,
 Like a pitying mantle spread,
 The snow comes down in the night-time,
 With a shy and noiseless tread.

Blue smoke rolls away on the north-wind,
 Blue skies grow dusk in the din,
 Blue waters look dark with the shadow
 That gathers the world within.
 Rigid and blue are the fingers
 That clutch at the fading sky;
 Blue lips in their agony mutter :
 ‘O God! let this cup pass by.’
 Blue eyes grow weary with watching;
 Strong hands with waiting to do;
 While brave hearts echo the watchword:
 ‘Hurrah! for the Red, White, and Blue.’

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

I V.

THE FAIR AT GROTTO FERRATA.

No matter how well and hearty you may be, if you are in Rome, in summer, when the *scirócco* blows, you will feel as if convalescent from some debilitating fever; in winter, however, this gentle-breathing south-east wind will act more mildly; it will woo you to the country, induce you to sit down in a shady place, smoke, and 'muse.' That incarnate essence of enterprise, business, industry, economy, sharpness, shrewdness, and keenness—that Prometheus whose liver was torn by the vulture of cent per cent—eternally tossing, restless Doolittle, was one day seen asleep, during bank hours, on a seat in the Villa Madama. The *scirócco* blew that day: Doolittle fell.

At breakfast, one morning in the latter part of the month of March, Caper proposed to Rocjean and another artist named Bagswell, to attend the fair held that day at Grotto Ferrata.

'What will you find there?' asked Rocjean.

'Find?—I remember, in the *Bohemian Girl*, a song that will answer you,' replied Caper; 'the words were composed by the theatrical poet Bunn':

'Rank, in its halls, may not find
The calm of a happy mind;
So repair
To the Fair,
And they may be met with there.'

'Unsatisfactory, both the grammar and the sentiment,' said Bagswell; 'it won't work; it's all wrong. In the first place, rank, in its hauls, *may* find the calm of a happy mind: for instance, the captain of a herring-smack may find the calm of a very happy mind in his hauls of No. 1 Digbys; more joy even than the fair could afford him. Let us go!'

Bagswell was a 'funny' Englishman. They went—taking the rail-road.

Dashing out of the station, the locomotive carried them, in half an hour, to the station at Frascati, whirling them across the Campagna, past long lines of ruined or half-ruined and repaired aqueducts; past Roman tombs; past *Roma Vecchia*, the name given to the ruins of an immense villa; landing them at the first slope of the mountains, covered at their base with vineyards, olive and fruit-trees, and corn-fields, while high over them gleamed glistening white snow-peaks.

The walk from Frascati to the Grotto, about three miles, was beautiful, winding over hills through a fine wood of huge old elms and plane-trees. In the warm sun-light, the butterflies were flitting, while the road-side was purple with violets, and white and blue with little flowers. From time to time, our three artists had glimpses of the Campagna, rolling away like the ocean, to dash on Rome, crowned by St. Peter's; the dome of which church towers above the surrounding country, so that it can be seen, far and wide, for thirty miles or more. The road was alive with walkers and riders; here a dashing, open carriage, filled with rosy English; there a *contadino*, donkey-back, dressed in holiday-suit, with short-clothes of blue woolen, a scarlet waistcoat, his coarse blue-cloth jacket worn on one shoulder, and in his brown, conical-shaped hat, a large carnation-pink. Then came more of the country-people, almost always called *villani*, (hence our word, villains!) These poor villains had sacks on their backs, or were carrying in their hands—if women, on their heads—loads of bacon, sides of bacon, fitches of bacon, hams, loaves of bread, cheese, and very loud-smelling *mortadella*; which they had bought and were bringing away from the fair.

'There was one task,' said Rocjean, 'that Hercules declined, and that was eating that vile *mortadella*. He was a strong man; but that was stronger. Wait a moment, till I fill a pipe with caporal, and have a smoke; for if I meet another man with that delicacy, I shall have to give up the Grotto—unless I have a pipe under my nose, as counter-irritant.'

The three artists tramped along gayly, until they approached the town, when they assumed the proud, disdainful mood, assuring spectators that they who wear it are of gentle blood, and are tired of life and weary of traveling around with pockets filled with gold. They only looked coldly at the pens filled with cattle for sale; long-horned, mouse-colored oxen were there; groups of patient donkeys, or the rough-maned, shaggy-fetlocked, bright-eyed small horses of the Campagna; countless pigs, many goats; while above all, the loud-singing jackasses were performing at the top of their lungs. Here were knots of country-people, buying provisions or clothing; there were groups of carriages from Rome, which had rolled out the wealthy *forestieri* or strangers, drawn up by the way-side, in the midst of all sorts and kinds of hucksters. The road leading to the church, shaded by trees, was crowded with country-people, in picturesque costumes, busily engaged in buying and selling hams, bacon, bacon and hams, and a few more hams. Here and there, a cheese-stand languished, for pork flourished. Now a copper-smith exposed his wares, chief among which were the graceful-shaped *conche* or water-vessels, the same you see so carefully poised on the heads of so many black-eyed Italian girls, going to or coming from so many picturesque fountains, in—paintings, and all wearing such brilliant costumes, as you find at—Gigi's costume-class. Then came an iron-monger, whose wares were all made by hand, even the smallest nails; for machinery, as yet, is in its first infancy around Rome. At this stand, Rocjean

stopped to purchase a pallet-knife; not one of the regular, artist-made tools, but a thin, pliable piece of steel, without handle, which experience taught him was well adapted to his work. As usual, the iron-man asked twice as much as he intended to take, and after a sharp bargain, Rocjean conquered. Then they came to a stand where there were piles of coarse crockery, and some of a better kind, of classical shape.

Caper particularly admired a beautiful white jug, intended for a water-pitcher, and holding about two gallons. After asking its price, he offered a quarter of the money for it; to Bagswell's horror, the crockery-man took it, and Caper, passing his arm through the handle, was proceeding up the road, when Bagswell energetically asked him what he was going to do with it.

'Enter Rome with it, like Titus with the *spolia opima*,' replied Caper.

'Oh! I say, now,' said the former, who was an Englishman and an historical painter; 'you aren't going to trot all over the fair with that old crockery on your arm. Why, God bless me, they'll swear we are drunk. There comes the Duchess of Brodneck; what the deuce will she say?'

'Say?' said Caper, 'why, I'll go and ask her; this is not court-day.'

Without another word, with water-pitcher on arm, he walked toward the Duchess. Saluting her with marked politeness, he said:

'A countryman of yours, madame, has objected to my carrying this *objet de fantaisie*, assuring me that it would occasion remarks from the Duchess of Brodneck. May I have the good fortune to know what she says of it?'

'She says,' replied the lady, smiling and speaking slowly and quietly; 'that a young man who has independence enough to carry it, has confidence enough to—fill it.' She bowed, and passed on, Caper politely raising his hat, in acknowledgment of the well-rounded sentence. When he returned to Bagswell, he found the historical painter with eyes the size of grape-shot,

•at the sublime impudence of the man. He told him what she had said.

'Upon my honor, you Americans have a face of brass; to address a duchess you don't know, and ask her a question like that!'

'That's nothing,' said Caper, 'a little experience has taught me that, the higher you fly, in England, the nearer you approach true politeness and courtesy. Believe me, I should never have asked that question of any English-woman whose social position did not assure me she was cosmopolitan.'

'Come,' said Bagswell, 'come, after such an adventure, if there is one drop of any thing fit to drink in this town, we'll all go and get lousy.'

They went. They found a door over which hung a green branch. Good wine needs no bush, therefore Italian wine-shops hang it out; for the wine there is not over good. But as luck was with our three artists, in the shop over the door of which hung the green bough, they found that the *padrone* was an old acquaintance of Rocjean; he had married and moved to Grotto Ferrata. He had a barrel of Frascati wine, which was bright, sparkling, sweet, and not watered. This the *padrone* tapped in honor of his guests, and at their urgent request, sat down and helped empty a couple of bottles. Moreover, he told them that as the town was over-crowded, they would find it difficult to get a good dinner, unless they would come and dine with him, at his private table, and be his guests; which invitation Rocjean accepted, to the tavern-keeper's great joy, promising to be back at the appointed time.

Our trio then sauntered forth to see the fair. Wandering among the crowded booths, they came suddenly on a collection of *Zingare*, looking like their Spanish cousins, the *Gitanas*. Wild black eyes, coarse black locks of hair, brown as Indians, small hands, small feet—the Gipsies, children of the storm—my Rommani pals, what are you doing here? Only one woman among them was noticeable. Her face was startling-

ly handsome, with an aquiline nose, thin nostrils, beautifully-arched eyebrows, and eyes like an eagle. She was tall, straight, with exquisitely-rounded figure, and the full drapery of white around her bosom fell from the shoulders in large hanging sleeves; over her head was thrown a crimson and green shawl, folded like the *pane* of the *cio-ciare*, and setting off her raven-black hair and rich red and swarthy complexion.

Rocjean stood entranced, and Caper, noticing his rapt air, forbore breaking silence; while the gipsy, who knew that she was the admiration of the *forestieri*, stood immovable as a statue, looking steadily at them, without changing a feature.

'*Piu bellissima che la madonna!*' said Rocjean, loud enough for her to hear. Then turning to Caper, 'Let's *andiammo*', (travel,) said he, 'that woman's face will haunt me for a month. I've seen it before; yes, seen her shut up in the Vatican, immortal on an old Etruscan vase. Egypt, Etruria, the Saracen hordes who once overrun all this Southern Italy, I find, every hour, among live people, some trace of you all; but of the old Roman, nothing!'

'You find the old Roman cropping out in these church processions, festivals, shrines, and superstitions, don't you?' asked Caper.

'No! something of those who made the seal, nothing of the impression on the wax remains for me. Before Rome was, the great East was, and shall be. The Germans are right to call the East the Morning-Land; thence came light. . . . The longer you live along the wave-washed shore of the Mediterranean, the more you will see what a deep hold the East once had on the people of the coast. The Romans, after all, were only opulent tradesmen, who could buy luxuries without having the education to appreciate them. So utterly did they ignore the Etruscans, who made them what they were, that you seek in vain to find in Roman history any thing but the barest outline of the origin of a

people so graceful and refined that the Roman citizen was a boot-blacker in comparison to one of them. The Saracens flashed light and life, in later days, once more into the Roman leaven. What a dirty, filthy page the whole Gothic middle-age is at best! It lies like a huge body struck with apoplexy, and only restored to its sensual life by the sharp lancet, bringing blood, of these same infidels, these stinging Saracens. Go into the mountains back of us, hunt up the costumes that still remain, and see where they all come from—the East. Look at the crescent earrings and graceful twisted gold-work, from—the East. All the commonest household ware, the agricultural implements, the manner of cooking their food, and all that is picturesque in life and religion—all from the East.'

'Strikes me,' quoth Caper, 'that this question of food touches my weakest point; therefore, let us go and dine, and continue the lecture at a more un-hungry period. But where is Bagswell?'

'He is seeking adventures, of course.'

'Oh! yes, I see him down there among the billy-goats; let's go and pick him up, and then for mine host of the Green Bough.'

Having found Bagswell, our trio at once marched to the Green Bough, which they saw was filled to overflowing with country-people, eating and drinking, sitting on rough benches, and stowing away food and wine as if in expectation of being very soon shipwrecked on a desert island, where there would be nothing but hard-shell clams and lemons to eat. The landlord at once took the trio up-stairs, where, at a large table, were half-a-dozen of his friends, all of the cleanly order of country-people, stout, and having a well-to-do look that deprecated any thing like famine. A young lady of twenty and two hundred, as Caper summed up her age and weight, was evidently the cynosure of all eyes; two other good-natured women, of a few more years and a very little less weight, and three men, made up the table. Any amount of compliments, as

usual, passed between the first six and the last three comers, prefacing every thing with desires that they would act without ceremony; but Caper and Rocjean were on a high horse, and they fairly pumped the spring of Italian compliments so dry, that Bagswell could only make a squeaking noise when he tried the handle. This verbifuge of our three artists put their host into an ecstasy of delight, and he circulated all round, rubbing his hands and telling his six friends that his three friends were *milordi*, in very audible whispers, *milordi* of the most genial, courtly, polite, complimentary, cosmopolitan, and exquisite description.

After all this, down sat our trio, and for the sake of future ages which will live on steam-bread, electrical beef, and magnetic fish, let us give them the bill of fare set before them:

ALL THE WINE THEY COULD DRINK.

Maccaroni (fettuccia) a la Milanese—dish two feet in diameter, one foot and a half high.

Mutton-chops, with tomato-sauce, (*pomo d'oro*.)

Stewed celery, with Parmesan cheese.
Stewed chickens.

Mutton-chops, bird-fashion, (*Uccelli di Castrato*). They are made of pieces of mutton rolled into a shape like a bird, and cooked, several at a time, on a wooden spit. They are the *kibaubs* of the East.)

Baked pie of cocks' combs and giblets.

Roasted pig, a twelve-pounder.

Roast squashes, stuffed with minced veal.

Apples, oranges, figs, and *finocchio*.

Crostata di visciola, or wild-cherry pie, served on an iron plate the size of a Roman warrior's shield; the dish evidently having been one formerly.

MORE WINE!

The stout young lady rejoicing in the name of Angelucia, or large angel, was fascinated by Rocjean's conversational powers and Caper's attentions; the rest of the company, perfectly at ease on finding out that the *milordi* were not

•French—Roejean turning American to better please them—and that they were moreover full of fun, talked and laughed as if they were brother Italians. A jollier dinner Caper acknowledged he had never known. One of the Italians was farmer-general for one of the Roman princes; he was a man of broad views, and having traveled to Paris and London, came home with ultra-liberal sentiments, and to Bagswell's astonishment, spoke his mind so clearly on the Roman rulers, that our Englishman's eyes were slightly opened at the by no means complimentary expressions used toward the wire-workers of the Papal government. One Italy, and Rome its capital, was the only platform our princely farmer would take, and he was willing to stake his fortune, a cool one hundred thousand scudi, on regenerated Italy.

Conversation then fell on the fair; and one of the Italians told several stories which were broad enough to have shoved the generality of English and American ladies out of the window of the room. But Angelucia and the two wives of the stout gentlemen never winked; they had probably been to confession that morning, had cleared out their old sins, and were now ready to take in a new cargo. In a little while Roejean sent the waiter out to a *café*, and he soon returned with coffee for the party, upon which Caper, who had the day before bought some Havana cigars of the man in the Twelve Apostles, in the piazza Dódici Apostoli, where there is a government cigar-store for the sale of them, passed them around, and they were thoroughly appreciated by the diners. The farmer-general gave our three artists a hearty invitation to visit him, promising them all the horses they could ride, all the wine they could drink, and all the maccaroni they could eat. The last clause was inserted for Roejean's benefit, who had played a noble game with the grand dish they had had for dinner, and at which Angelucia had made great fun, assuring Roejean he was Italian to the heart, *e più basso*.

Then came good-by, and our artists

were off—slowly, meditatively, and extremely happy, but, so far, quite steady. They walked to the castellated monastery of San Basilio, where in the chapel of Saint Nilus they saw the celebrated frescoes of Domenichino, and gazed at them tranquilly and not quite so appreciatingly as they would have done before dinner. Then they came out from the gloom and the air heavy with incense of the chapel to the bright light and lively scenes of the fair, with renewed pleasure. They noticed that every one wore in the hat or in the lappel of the coat, if men—in their hair or in their bosom, if women, artificial roses; and presently coming to a stand where such flowers were for sale, our trio bought half-a-dozen each, and then turned to where the crowd was thickest and the noise greatest. Three or four donkeys loaded with tin-ware were standing near the crowd, when one of them, ambitious of distinction, began clambering over the tops of the others in an insane attempt to get at some greens, temptingly displayed before him. Rattle, bang! right and left went the tins, and in rushed men and women with cudgels; but donkey was not to be stopped, and for four or five minutes the whole fair seemed gathered around the scene, cheering and laughing, with a spirit that set Caper wild with excitement, and induced him to work his way through the crowd and present one old woman who had finally conquered the donkey, with two large roses, an action which was enthusiastically applauded by the entire assembly.

'Bravo! bravo! well done, O Englishman!' went up the shout.

A little farther on they came to a large traveling van, one end of which was arranged as a platform in the open air. Here a female dentist, in a sea-green dress, with her sleeves rolled up and a gold bracelet on her right arm, held in both hands a tooth-extractor, bound round with a white handkerchief—to keep her steady, as Caper explained, while she pulled a tooth from the head of a young man who was down in front

of her on his knees. Her assistant, a good-looking young man, in very white teeth and livery, sold some patent tooth-ache drops: *Solo cinque baiocchi il fiasco, Signore.*

Caper having seen the tooth extracted, cried, '*Bravissima!*' as if he had been at the opera, and threw some roses at the *prima donna dentista*, who acknowledged the applause with a bow, and requested the Signore to step up and let her draw him out. This he declined, pleading the fact that he had sound teeth. The *dentista* congratulated him, in spite of his teeth.

'But come!' said Bagswell; 'look at that group of men and women in Albano costume; there is a chance to make a deuced good sketch.'

Two men and three women were seated in a circle; they were laughing and talking, and cutting and eating large slices of raw ham and bread, while they passed from one to another a three-gallon keg of wine, and drank out of the bung. As one of the hearty, laughing, jolly, brown-eyed girls lifted up the keg, Caper pulled out sketch-book and pencil to catch an outline sketch—of her head thrown back, her fine full throat and breast heaving as the red wine ran out of the barrel, and the half-closed, dreamy eyes, and pleasure in the face as the wine slowly trickled down her throat. One of the men noted the artist making a *ritratto*, and laughing heartily, cried out: 'Oh! but you'll have to pay us well for taking our portraits!' . . . And the girl, slowly finishing her long draught, looked merrily round, shook her finger at the artist, laughed, and—the sketch was finished. Then Caper taking Rojean's roses, went laughingly up to the girl with brown eyes and fine throat, in Albano costume, and begged that she would take the poor flowers, and putting them next her heart, keep them where it is forever warm—'as the young man on your left knows very well!' he concluded. This speech was received amid loud applause and cheers, and thanks for the roses and an invitation to take a pull at the barrel. Caper

waved them *Adio*, and as our trio turned Rome-ward from the fair, the last things he saw as he turned his head to take a farewell look, were the roses that the Italian girl had placed next her heart.

THE TOMBOLA.

The exceedingly interesting amusement known as the Tombola is nothing more than the game of Loto, or *Lotto*, 'Brobdignagified,' and played in the open air of the Papal States, in Rome on Sundays, and in the Campagna on certain saints' days, come they when they may.

The English have made holiday from holy day, and call the Lord's day Sunday; while the Italians call Sunday Lord's day, or *Doménica*. Their way of keeping it holy, however, with tombolas, horse-races, and fire-works, strikes a heretic, to say the least, oddly.

The Roman tombola should be seen in the Piazza Navona democratically; in the Villa Borghese, if not aristocratically at least middle class-ically, or bourgeois-istically.

In the month of November, when the English drown themselves, and the Italians sit in the sun and smile, our friend Caper, one Sunday morning, putting his watch and purse where pick-pockets could not reach them, walked with two or three friends down to the Piazza Navona, stopping, as he went along, at the entrance of a small street leading into it, to purchase a tombola-ticket. The ticket-seller, seated behind a small table, a blank-book, and piles of blank tickets, charged eleven *baiocchi* (cents) for a ticket, including one *baiocco* for registering it. We give below a copy of Caper's ticket:

No. 17 D'ORDINE, LETTERA C.				
CARTELLA DA RITENERSI DAL GIUCATORE.				
8	12	32	87	60
20	4	76	30	11
45	8	90	55	68

* The numbers on this ticket the registrar filled up, after which it was his duty to copy them in his book, and thus verify the ticket should it draw a prize.

The total amount to be played for that day, the tombola being for the benefit of the Cholera Orphans, was one thousand scudi, and was divided as follows :

Terno,.....	\$50
Quaterno,.....	100
Cinquina,.....	200
Tombola,.....	650
	<hr/>
	\$1000

How many tickets were issued, Caper was never able to find out; but he was told that for a one thousand dollar tombola the number was limited to ninety thousand.

The tickets, as will be seen above, are divided into three lines, with five divisions in each line, and you can fill up the fifteen divisions with any numbers running from one to ninety, that you may see fit. Ninety tickets, with numbers from one to ninety, are put in a revolving glass barrel, and after being well shaken up, some one draws out one number at random, (the slips of paper being rolled up in such manner that the numbers on them can not be seen.) It is passed to the judges, and is then read aloud, and exposed to view, in conspicuous figures, on a stand or stands; and so on until the tombola is won or the numbers all drawn.

Whoever has three consecutive figures on a line, beginning from left hand to right, wins the *Terno*; if four consecutive figures, the *Quaterno*; if five figures, or a full line, the *Cinquina*; and whoever has all fifteen figures, wins the *Tombola*. It often happens that several persons win the *Terno*, etc., at the same time, in which case the amount of the *Terno*, etc., is equally divided among them. These public tombolas are like too many thimble-rig tables, ostensibly started for charitable objects, and it is popularly whispered that the Roman nobility and heads of the Church pur-

chase vast numbers of these tickets, and never fill them up; but then again, they are not large enough for shaving, and are too small for curl-papers; besides, six hundred and fifty *scudi*! Whew!

The Piazza Navona, bearing on its face, on week-days, the most terrible eruptions of piles of old iron, rags, paintings, books, boots, vegetables, crockery, jackdaws, contadini, and occasional dead cats, wore on the Sunday of the tombola—it was Advent Sunday—a clean, bright, and even joyful look. From many windows hung gay cloths and banners; the three fountains were making Roman pearls and diamonds of the first water; the entire length (seven hundred and fifty feet) and breadth of the square was filled with the Roman people; three bands of military music played uncensurable airs, since the public censor permitted them; and several companies of soldiers, with loaded guns, stood all ready to slaughter the *plebs*. It was a sublime spectacle.

But the curtain rose; that is to say, the tombola commenced. At a raised platform, a small boy, dressed in black, popularly supposed to be a cholera orphan, rolled back his shirt-cuffs—he had a shirt—plunged his hand into the glass barrel, and produced a slip of paper; an assistant carried it to the judges—one resembled Mr. Pecksniff—and then the crier announced the number, and, presto! on a large blackboard the number appeared, so that every one could see it.

Caper found the number on his ticket, and was marking it off, when a countryman at his side asked him if he would see if the number was on his ticket, as he could not read figures. Caper accordingly looked it over, and finding that it was there, marked it off for him.

'Padrone mio, thank you,' said the man, evidently determined, since he had found out a scholar, to keep close by him.

'Seventeen!' called out the tombola-crier.

'C—o!' said the contadino, with joy in his face; 'seventeen is always my lucky number. My wife was seventeen years old when I married her. My donkey was killed by the railroad cars the other day, and he gave just seventeen groans before he died. I shall have luck to-day.'

We refrain from writing the exclamation the contadino prefaced his remarks with, for fear the reader might have a good Italian dictionary—an article, by the way, the writer has never yet seen. Suffice it to say, that the exclamations made use of by the Romans, men and women, not only of the lower but even the middling class, are of a nature exceedingly natural, and plainly point to Bacchic and Phallic sources. The *bestemmia* of the Romans is viler than the blasphemy of English or Americans.

It happened that the countryman had a seventeen on his ticket, and Caper marked it off, at the same time asking him how much he would take for his pantaloons. These pantaloons were made of a goat's skin; the long white wool, inches in length, left on and hanging down below the knees of the man, gave him a Pan-like look, and with the word tombola, suggested the lines of that good old song—save the maledictory part of it:

'Tombolin had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a goat's skin, to make
him a pair.'

These breeches were not for sale; they were evidently the joy and the pride of the countryman, who had no heart for trade, having by this time two numbers in one line marked off, only wanting an adjoining one to win the *terno*.

'If you were to win the *terno*, what would you do with it?' Caper asked him.

'*Accidente!* I'd buy a barrel of wine, and a hog, and a—'

'Thirty-two!' shouted the crier.

'It's on your paper,' said Caper to him, marking it off; 'and you've won the *terno*!'

The eyes of the man gleamed wildly; he crossed himself, grasped the paper, and the next thing Caper saw was the crowd dividing right and left, as the excited owner of the goat-skin breeches made his way to the platform. When he had climbed up, and stepping forward, stood ready to receive the *terno*, the crowd jeered and cheered the *villano*, making fine fun of his goat-skin, and not a little jealous that a *contadino* should take the money out of the city.

'It's always so,' said a fat man next to Caper, 'these *villani* take the bread out of our mouths; but *ecco!* there is another one who has the *terno*; blessed be the Madonna, there is a third! Oh! *diavolo*, the *villano* will only have one third of the *terno*; and may he die of apoplexy!'

A vendor of refreshments passing along, the fat man stopped him, and purchased a *baioccho's* worth of—what?

Pumpkin-seeds! These are extensively eaten in Rome, as well as the seeds of pine-cones, acorns, and round yellow chick-peas; these supply the place occupied by ground-nuts in our more favored land.

There is this excitement about the tombolas in the Piazza Navona, that occasionally a panic seizes the crowd, and in the rush of people to escape from the square, some have their pockets picked, and some are trampled down, never to rise again. Fortunately for Caper, no stampede took place on Advent Sunday, so that he lived to attend another grand tombola in the Villa Borghese.

This was held in the spring-time, and the promise of the ascension of a balloon added to the attractions of the lottery. To enter the Villa, you had to purchase a tombola-ticket, whereas, in the Piazza Navona, this was unnecessary. At one end of the amphitheatre of the villa, under the shade of the ilex-trees, a platform was erected, where the numbers were called out and the awards given.

Caper, Rojean, and another French

artist, not of the French Academy, named Achille Légume, assisted at this entertainment. Légume was a very pleasant companion, lively, good-natured, with a decided penchant for the pretty side of humanity, and continually haunted with the idea that a princess was to carry him off from his mistress in spectacles, Madame Art, and convey him to the land of Cocaigne, where they never make, only buy, paintings—of which articles, in parenthesis, Monsieur Achille had a number for sale.

'Rocjean,' said Légume, 'do you notice that distinguished lady on the platform; isn't she the Princess Faniente? She certainly looked at *me* very peculiarly a few minutes since.'

'It is the Princess,' answered Rocjean, 'and I also noticed, a few minutes since, when I was on the other side of the circus, that she looked at *ME* with an air.'

'Don't quarrel,' spoke Caper, 'she probably regards you both equally, for—she squints.'

This answer capsized Achille, who having a small red rose-bud in his button-hole, hoped that at a distance he might pass for a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and had conquered something, say something noble.

A wandering cigar-seller, with *zigarri scelti*, next demanded their attention, and Rocjean commenced an inspection of the selected cigars, which are made by government, and sold at the fixed price of one and a half *baiocchi* each; even at this low price, the stock of the tobacco-factory paid thirteen per cent under Antonelli's direction.

'Antonelli makes a pretty fair cigar,' said Rocjean, 'but I wish he would wrap the ends a little tighter. I'm sorry to hear he is going out of the business.'

'Why, he would stay in,' answered Caper, 'but what with baking all the bread for Rome, and attending to all the

fire-wood sold, and trying to make Ostia a seaport, and having to fight Monsieur About, and looking after his lotteries and big pawnbroker's shop, and balancing himself on the end of a very sharp French bayonet, his time is so occupied, he can not roll these cigars so well as they ought to be rolled. . . . But they have called out number forty-nine; you've got it, Légume, I remember you wrote it down. Yes, there it is.'

'Forty-nine!'

'I wonder they dare call out '49 in this villa; or have the people forgotten the revolution already, forgotten that this spot was made ready for a battle-ground for liberty. The public censor knows his business; give the Romans bread, and the circus or tombola, they will be content—forever?'

'*Au diable* with politics,' interrupted Achille; 'what a very pretty girl that is alongside you, Caper. Look at her; how nicely that costume fits her, the red boddice especially. Where, except in Italy, do you ever see such fine black eyes, and such a splendid head of coal-black hair? This way of having Italian nurses dressed in the Albano costume is very fine. That little boy with her is English, certainly.'

'Och! master Jamey, come in out of that grane grass; d'yiz want ter dirty the clane pinafore I've put on yiz this blissed asthernoon?' spoke the nurse.

'In the name of all that's awful, what kind of Italian is she speaking?' asked Légume of Caper.

'Irish-English,' he answered; 'she is not the first woman out of Old Ireland masquerading as an Albanian nurse. She probably belongs to some English family who have pretensions.'

'Ah bah!' said Légume, 'it's monstrous, perfectly atrocious, ugh! Let us make a little tour of a walk. The tombola is finished. An Irish dressed up as an Italian—execrable!'

EN AVANT!

O God ! let us not live these days in vain,
 This variegated life of doubt and hope ;
 And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain,
 Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

God ! make us serve the monitor within ;
 Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,
 Of form or custom, appetite or sin,
 The care for folly's smile or envy's frown.

Oh ! that true nobleness that rises up,
 And teaches man his kindredship to Thee ;
 Which wakes the slaveling from the poison cup
 Of passion, bidding him be grandly free :

May it be ours, in these the evil days,
 That fall upon our nation like a pall ;
 May we have power each one himself to raise,
 And place God's signet on the brow of all !

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves ;
 'Tis manhood, after all, that makes men free ;
 Weakness is slavery ; 'tis but mind that saves
 God's glorious image as he willed it be.

Out of the shadows thick, will coming day
 Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land ;
 And the events that fill us with dismay,
 Are but the implements in God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,
 A newer freedom, phoenix-like, will spring ;
 Our Father never asks for us in vain :
 From noble seed comes noble harvesting.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours ;
 That we be worthy of the day of bliss,
 When truth's, and love's, and freedom's allied powers
 Shall bind all nations with fraternal kiss.

Would we might see, as did the saint of old,
 The heavens opening, and the starry throng
 Listening to have our tale of peace be told,
 That they may hymn man's resurrection song !

DESPERATION AND COLONIZATION.

As the war rolls on, and as the prospects of Federal victory increase, the greater becomes the anxiety to know what must be done to secure our conquests. How shall we reestablish the Union in its early strength? How shall we definitely crush the possibility of renewed rebellion? The tremendous taxation which hangs over us gives fearful meaning to these questions. And they must be answered promptly and practically.

The impossibility of Southern independence was from the first a foregone conclusion to all who impartially studied the geography of this country and the social progress of its inhabitants. The West, with its growing millions vigorously working out the problem of free labor, and of Republicanism, will *inevitably* control the Mississippi river and master the destinies of all soil above the so-called isothermal line, and probably of much below it. The cotton States, making comparatively almost no increase in population, receiving no foreign immigration, and desiring none, have precipitated, by war, their destined inferiority to the North. It has been from the beginning, only a question of time, when they should become the weaker, and goaded by this consciousness, they have set their all upon a throw, by appeal to wager of battle, and are losing. It is not a question of abolitionism, for it would have been brought on without abolition. It is not a question of Southern wrongs, for the South never had a *right* disturbed; and in addition to controlling our Government for years, and directly injuring our manufactures, it long swallowed a disproportionately great share of government appointments, offices, and emoluments. It is simply the last illustration in history of a smaller and rebellious portion of a community forced by the

onward march of civilization into subordination to the greater. The men of the South were first to preach Manifest Destiny and the subjugation of Cuba and Mexico — forgetting that as regarded civilization, they themselves, on an average, only filled an intermediate station between the Spanish creole and the truly *white* man of the North. Before manifest destiny can overtake the Mexican, it must first overtake the Southerner.

Despite all its external show of *élan*, courtesy, and chivalry, 'the South,' as it exists, is and ever must be, in the very great aggregate, inferior to the North in the elements of progress, and in nearly all that constitutes true superiority. They boast incessantly of their superior education and culture; but what literature or art has this education produced amid their thousands of ladies and gentlemen of taste and of leisure? The Northern editor of any literary magazine who has had any experience in by-gone days with the manuscripts of the chivalry, will shrug his shoulders with a smile as he recalls the reams of reechoes of Northern writers, and not unfrequently of mere 'sensation' third-rate writers at that, which he was wont to receive from Dixie. And amid all his vaunts and taunts, the consciousness of this intellectual inferiority never left the Southerner. It stimulated his hatred — it rankled in his heart. He might boast or lie — and his chief statistician, De Bow, was so notoriously convicted of falsifying facts and figures that the assertion, as applied to him, is merely historical — but it was of no avail. The Northern school and the Northern college continued to be the great fountain of North-American intellect, and the Southerner found himself year by year falling behind-hand intellectually and

socially as well as numerically. As a last resort, despairing of victory in the *real*, he plunged after the wild chivalric dream of independence; of Mexican and Cuban conquest; of an endless realm and a re-opened slave-trade—or at least of holding the cotton mart of the world. It is all in vain. We of the same continent recognize no right in a very few millions to seize on the land which belongs as much to our descendants and to the labor of all Europe and of the world as it does to them. They have *no right* to exclude white labor by slaves. A Doughface press may cry, Compromise; and try to restore the *status quo ante bellum*, but all in vain. The best that can be hoped for, is some ingenious temporary arrangement to break the fall of their old slaveholding friends. It is not as *we* will, or as *we* or *you* would *like*, that what the Southerners themselves term a conflict of races, can be settled. People who burn their own cities and fire their own crops are going to the dire and bitter end; and the Might which under God's providence is generally found in the long run of history to be the Right—will triumph at last.

As has been intimated in the foregoing passages, the antipathy of the South to the North is deeply seated, springing from such rancor as can only be bred between a claim to social superiority mingled with a bitter consciousness of inferiority in nearly all which the spirit of the age declares constitutes true greatness. It is almost needless to say, that with such motives goading them on, with an ignorant, unthinking mass for soldiers, and with unprincipled politicians who have to a want of principle added the newly acquired lust for blood, any prospect of conciliation becomes extremely remote. We may hope for it—we may and should proceed cautiously, so that no possible opportunity of restoring peace may be lost; but it is of the utmost importance that we be blind to no facts; and every fact developed as the war advances seems to indicate that we have to deal with a most intract-

able, crafty, and ferocious enemy, whom to trust is to be deceived.

There can be no doubt that the ultimatum of the South is secession or death. We of the North can not contemplate such a picture with calmness, and therefore evade it as amiably as we can. We say, it stands to reason that very few men will burn their own homes and crops, yet every mail tells us of tremendous suicidal sacrifices of this description. The ruin and misery which the South is preparing for itself in every way is incalculable and incredible, and yet there is no diminution of desperation. The prosperity which made a mock of honest poverty is now, as by the retributive judgment of God, sinking itself into penury, and the planter who spoke of the Northern serf as a creature just one remove above the brute, is himself learning by bitter experience to be a mud-sill. Verily the cause of the poor and lowly is being avenged. Yet with all this there is no hint or hope of compromise; repeated defeats are, so far, of little avail. The Northern Doughfaces tell us over and over again, that if we will 'only leave the slave question untouched,' all will yet be right. 'Only spare them the negro, and they, seeing that we do not intend to interfere with their rights, will eventually settle down into the Union.' But what is there to guarantee this assertion? What *proof* have we that the South can be in this manner conciliated? None—positively none.

There is nothing which the Southern press, and, so far as we can learn, the Southern people, have so consistently and thoroughly disavowed since the war began, as the assertion that a restoration of the Union may be effected on the basis of undisturbed slavery. They have ridiculed the Democrats of the North with as great contempt and as bitter sarcasm as were ever awarded of old to Abolitionists, for continually urging this worn-out folly; for now that the mask is finally thrown off, they make no secret of their scorn for their old tools and dupes. Slavery is no

longer the primary object; they are quite willing to give up slavery if the growing prosperity of the South should require it; their emissaries abroad in every *salon* have been vowing that manumission of their slaves would soon follow recognition; and it was their rage at failure after such wretched abasement and unprincipled inconsistency which, very naturally, provoked the present ire of the South against England and France. They, the proud, chivalrous Southrons, who had daringly rushed to battle as slave lords, after eating abundant dirt as prospective Abolitionists, after promising any thing and every thing for a recognition, received the cold shoulder. No wonder that ill-will to England is openly avowed by the Richmond press as one of the reasons for burning the cotton as the Northern armies advance.

The only basis of peace with the North, as the South declares, is Disunion; and they do most certainly mean it. No giving up the slave question, no enforcing of fugitive slave laws; no, not the hanging of Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, or any other punishment of all Emancipationists—as clamored for by thousands of trembling cowards—would be of any avail. It is disunion or nothing—and disunion they can not have. There shall be no disunion, no settlement of any thing on *any* basis but the Union. Richmond papers, after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, proposed peace and separation. They do not know us. The North was never so determined to push on as now; never so eager for battle or for sacrifices. If the South is in earnest, so are we; if they have deaths to avenge, so have we; if they cry for war to the knife, so surely as God lives they can have it in full measure. For thirty years the blazing straw of Southern insult has been heaped on the Northern steel; and now that the latter is red-hot, it shall scorch and sear ere it cools, and they who heated it shall feel it.

We may as well make up our minds to it first as last, that we must at every effort and at *any* cost, conquer

this rebellion. There is no alternative. This done, the great question which remains to settle, is, how shall we manage the conquered provinces? There are fearful obstacles in the way; great difficulties, such as no one has as yet calmly realized; difficulties at home and abroad. We have a fierce and discontented population to keep under; increased expenses in every department of government; but it is needless to sum them up. The first and most apparent difficulty is that involved in the form of government to be adopted. As the rebellious States have, by the mere act of secession, forfeited all State rights, and thereby reduced themselves to territories, this question would seem to settle itself without difficulty, were it not that a vast body of the ever-mischief-making, ever-meddling, and never-contented politicians (who continue to believe that the millennium would at once arrive were Emancipation only extinguished) cry out against this measure as an infringement of those Southern rights which are so dear to them. They argue and hope in vain. Never more will the South come back to be served and toadied to by them as of old; never more will they receive contemptuous patronage and dishonorable honors. It is all passed. Those who look deepest into this battle, and into the future, see a resistance, grim and terrible, to the death; and one which will call for the strictest and sternest watch and ward. It will only be by putting fresh life and fresh blood into Secession, that union can be practically realized. Out of the old Southern stock but little can be made. A great portion must be kept under by the strong hand; a part may be induced to consult its own interests, and reform. But the great future of the South, and the great hope of a revived and improved Union will be found in colonizing certain portions of the conquered territory with free white labor.

A more important topic, and one so deeply concerning the most vital prosperity of the United States, was never before submitted to the consideration

of her citizens. If entertained by Government and the people on a great, enterprising, and vigorous scale, as such schemes were planned and executed by the giant minds of antiquity, it may be made productive of such vast benefits, that in a few years at most, the millions of Americans may look back to this war as one of the greatest blessings that ever befell humanity, and Jefferson Davis and his coadjutors be regarded as the blind implements by which God advanced human progress, as it had never before advanced at one stride. But to effect this, it should be planned and executed as a great, harmonious, and centrally powerful scheme, not be tinkered over and frittered away by all the petty doughfaces in every village. In great emergencies, great acts are required.

It is evident that the only certain road to Union-izing the South is, to plant in it colonies of Northern men. Thousands, hundreds of thousands now in the army, would gladly remain in the land of tobacco or of cotton, if Government would only provide them with the land whereon to live. Were they thus settled, and were every slave in the South emancipated by the chances of war, there would be no danger to apprehend as to the future of the latter. Give a Yankee a fat farm in Dixie, and we may rely upon it that although a Southern nabob may not know how to get work out of a 'free nigger,' the Northerner will contrive to persuade Cuffy to become industrious. We have somewhere heard of a Vermonter, who taught ground-hogs or 'wood-chucks' to plant corn for him; the story has its application. Were Cuffy ten times as lazy as he is, the free farmer would contrive to get him to work. And in view of this, I am not sorry that the Legislatures of the border wheat States are passing laws to prevent slaves from entering their territories. The mission of the black is to labor as a free man in the South, under the farmer, until capable of being a farmer on his own account.

The manner and method of colonizing

free labor in the South deserves very serious consideration, and is, it may be presumed, receiving it at the hands of Government, in anticipation of further developments in this direction. We trust, however, that the Administration will lead, as rapidly as possible, in this matter, and that the President will soon make it the subject of a Message as significant and as noble as that wherein this country first stood committed by its chief officer to Emancipation, the noblest document which ever passed from president or potentate to the people; a paper which, in the eyes of future ages, will cast Magna Charta itself into the shade, and rank with the glorious manumission of the Emperor of Russia.

The primary question would be, whether it were more expedient to scatter free labor all over the South, or simply form large colonies at such points as might serve to effectually break up and surround the confederacy. Without venturing to decide on the final merit of either plan, we would suggest that the latter would be, for a beginning, probably most feasible. Should Virginia, certain points on the Atlantic coast, embracing the larger cities and vicinity of forts, and Texas, be largely or strongly occupied by free men, we should at once throw a chain around the vanquished foe, whose links would grow stronger every year. With slavery abolished—and it is at present abolishing itself with such rapidity that it is almost time lost to discuss the subject—immigration from Europe would stream in at an unprecedented rate, and in a few years, all the old Southern system become entirely a tradition of the past, like that of the feudal chivalry which the present chivalry so fondly ape.

The enormous internal resources of Eastern Virginia, her proximity to free soil, the arrogance and insubordination of her inhabitants, render her peculiarly fitted for colonization. Not less attractive is Texas—a State which, be it remembered, is capable of raising six times as much cotton as is now raised

in the whole South, and which, if only settled and rail roaded-ed, would, in a few years, become the wealthiest agricultural State in America. But let our army once settle in the South, there will be little danger of its not retaining its possessions. He who can win can wear.

The country has thus far treated very gingerly the question of confiscation, which is, however, destined to thrust itself very prominently forward among the great issues of the day, and which is closely allied to colonization. That the South, after forcing upon us such a war as this, with its enormous losses and expenses, should be subjected to no penalty, is preposterous. Confiscation there must be—not urged inhumanly on a wholesale scale, but in such a manner as to properly punish those who were forward in aiding rebellion. When this war broke out, the South was unanimous in crying for plunder, in speaking of wasting our commerce and our cities on a grand scale. But it is needless to point out that punishment of the most guilty alone would of itself half cover the expenses of the war.

It may be observed that already, since the decree of emancipation in the District of Columbia, a fresh spirit of enterprise has manifested itself there. Within a few days after the signature of the President to that act, Northern men began to prepare for renewed industry and action in the old slave field. The tide of free labor which will rush into Virginia, after the chances of war or other action shall have emancipated that State, will be incalculable. Its worn-out plantations will become thriving farms, its mines and inexhaustible water-powers will call into play the incessant demand and supply of vigorous industry and active capital. We may hasten the movement or we may not, by direct legislation. For the present, it seems advisable to await the rapidly developing chances of war and their results; but the great rush of free labor will come, and that rapidly, and Virginia, disenthralled, become, in all probability, once more the first among the States.

We have spoken of the desperation of the rebels, and of the idleness of expecting from them any peaceable compromise. Those who, in the South, will take the oath of allegiance, and who have probably acted only under compulsion, should be spared. But there is a vast number who are as yet under the dominion of a madness, for which nothing but the most vigorous measures can be of any avail. It is evident that at present, every where except in Halleck's department, government is too indulgent. Traitors flaunt and boast openly in the border States, and publicly scheme with their doughface allies, to defeat the Union cause in every possible way, too often with signal success. The more mercy they receive, the more insolent do they become, and yet every effort has been made, and is making, 'to conciliate.' Let Government be vigorous, and rely only on its strong hand, so far as the management of avowed traitors is concerned; such men hold to no faith, and keep no oaths. With such, a threat of confiscation will be found of more avail than all the lenity in the world.

We may quote, in this connection, from a letter to the Salem *Register*, from Captain Driver, who hoisted 'Old Glory' at Nashville, when our troops took possession of that city. After speaking of the immense amount of property being destroyed through the State, he asks:

'Is there one man North, who now expects to make peace, based on compromise with such men as lead here? Is there one who expects a lasting peace in this land, until the armed heel of freedom's soldiers marks every inch of slave soil? If there is, he knows little of the South or Southern men and women. One defeat of the Federal forces, and madness would be rampant here. In the hour of victory, they would destroy every Union family in the South. We live on a volcanic mass, which at any moment may upheave and blow us to glory without the benefit of the clergy, the most of whom are in the army of Dixie.'

'Our enemy is as bitter as death, as implacable as the savage of the forest; he will do any thing to gain his end. Twice has the 'Black Flag' been flaunted in our faces, and cheered by a portion of our citizens. Our

women are more bitter than the men, and our children are taught to hate the North, in church, in school, and at the fireside. Our city still presents a sullen, silent front; it will take as long time to root treason out of Nashville as it did the household sins of Egypt out of Israel.

'Had I my way, I would confiscate the property of all traitors, work the slaves three or four years under overseers, on the land of their masters, sell the crops thus raised, and pay the war debt; this would save the people from taxation. The fifth year's crop give to the slaves, and send them to Texas or elsewhere; give them a government, buy up the slaves of the loyal men, and let them be sent to their brethren. The land confiscated, I would divide among the soldiers of the North and the widows and orphans of those deluded poor men of the South who fell victims to false notions of 'Southern Rights'; compel the Northern man to settle on his grant, or to send a settler of true, industrious habits, and give him no power to alienate his title for ten or more years. This will insure an industrious, worthy, patriotic people for the South. One man will make one bale of cotton, others ten; your spindles and looms will be kept running by free men, and slavery will cease forever, as it should do. Slavery is a curse, a crime, a mildew,

and must end, or war will blast our fair heritage for all time to come.'

Such are the views of one who seems to know what a real Southern-sympathizing secessionist is made of. Let it not be forgotten that there are thousands of native Tennesseeans, as of other borderers of intelligence, character, and influence, who have offered to raise regiments to fight for the Union; and this fact is urged by the doughface democrats as a reason for increased leniency to traitors. We confess we do not see what connection exists between the two. If these loyal borderers are sincere in their professions, they have certainly no sympathy for the wretches around them, who visit with death or pillage every friend of the Union. But it is idle to argue with traitors. Either we are at war, or we are not; and if the history of the past eighteen months has not taught the country the folly of procrastinating, nothing will do it. 'When you feel the knife in your heart, then wish that you had fought!'

THE EDUCATION TO BE.

III.

A RIGHT intellectual education presupposes three essential features: the selection of the most suitable subjects for study; the proper presentation of these, in the order of their dependence, and in view of the gradual growth of the pupil's powers of comprehension; and, not less important than either of these, the finding out and following of the best method and order of presenting the truths belonging to each subject to be studied. These are the problems with which, as something apart from Metaphysics or Logic, the possible but yet unachieved pedagogical science has to deal. To the first of these questions, What shall we teach? or, as he phrases it, 'What knowledge is of most worth?' Mr. Spencer (presuming the child already supplied with his bare implements, reading,

spelling, and penmanship) is led, after a long discussion, to conclude that 'the uniform reply is, Science.' The 'counts' on which he bases this verdict, are, the purposes of self-preservation; the gaining of a livelihood; the due discharge of parental functions; qualification for political responsibilities; the production and enjoyment of art; and discipline, whether intellectual, moral, or religious. Taken at his own showing, Mr. Spencer seems to contemplate, as his model of an educated man, a prodigiously capable and efficient mute. But can he deny that the ability to express what one may know, and in speech, as well as in production, is at once the final proof, and in a very real sense the indispensable consummation of such knowing? *Language* is the counterpart and complement of *Science*. The two are but two

sides, and either separately an incomplete one, of one thing ; that one thing we may name *definite and practical knowledge* ; and it is the only sort of knowledge that has real value. Language is yet larger than all the sciences proper which it embodies, namely, those clustering about Philology, Grammar, and Rhetoric. Of these, all deal with words, or those larger words — sentences ; but under these forms they deal, in reality, with the objective world as perceived or apprehended by us, and as named and uttered in accordance with subjective aptitudes and laws. In language, then, there stands revealed, in the degree in which we can ascend to it, all that is yet known of the external world, and all that has yet evolved itself of the human mind. Can we decry the study of that which, whether as articulate breath, or through a symbolism of visible forms, mirrors to us at once all of nature and all of humanity ? But if we yield this claim in behalf of language, noting meanwhile that the mathematics are already well represented in our courses of instruction, then much of Mr. Spencer's eloquent appeal is simply wasted by misdirection. All that he had really to claim is, that a disproportionate time is now surrendered to the studies of the symbols, as such, and too often to characteristics of them not yet brought in any way into scientific coördination, nor of a kind having practical or peculiarly disciplinary value. If Mr. Spencer had insisted on a more just division of the school studies between the mathematical, physical, biological, and linguistic sciences, he would have struck a chord yielding no uncertain sound, and one finding response in a multitude of advanced and liberal minds. If he had gone yet deeper, and disclosed to his readers the fact that the fundamental need is, not that we study what in the more restricted sense is known as *Science*, but that we begin to study all proper and profitable subjects, as we now do hardly any of them, *in the true scientific spirit and method*, he would

not merely seem to have said, but would have succeeded in saying, something of the deepest and most pressing import to all educators.

The volume of republished papers from Mr. Barnard's able *Journal of Education* — the first of a series of five under the general title of 'Papers for the Teacher' — will afford to those desirous of investigating the second of the problems above proposed, some useful material and hints. Especially will this be true, we think, of the first series of articles, by Mr. William Russell, on the 'Cultivation of the Perceptive, Expressive, and Reflective Faculties ;' and of the second, by Rev. Dr. Hill, now President of Antioch College, upon the 'True Order of Studies.' In the outset of his first essay, (which appeared in March, 1859,) Dr. Hill takes it '*for granted* [postulating, we think, a pretty large ground, and one that analysis and proof would better have befitted] that there is a rational order of development in the course of the sciences, and that it ought to be followed in common education.' The order he finds is that of five great studies, Mathesis, [mathematics;] Physics, or Natural History ; History ; Psychology ; and Theology. 'We also take it for granted,' he continues, 'that there is a natural order of development in the human powers, and that studies should be so arranged as to develop the powers in this order.' Here two very difficult problems are undertaken — the hierarchy of the sciences, and the analysis of the intellect — and though we seem to find in the elucidation of the subject traces of that 'harmony of results of the two lines of inquiry,' on which the author relies as one source of confirmation of the results themselves, yet we can not admit that the solutions given us remove all, nor even all the main difficulties of the case. While we regard the mathematics, physics, psychology, and theology as quite well individualized and distinct lines of scientific research, we can not help feeling that the day has hardly come for embracing *physiology* under either phys-

ics or psychology ; the forming of the bile and the growing and waste of brain are yet, to our apprehension, too far removed from the gravitation of planets or the oxidation of phosphorus, on the one hand, as they are from the scintillations of wit or the severe march of reason on the other, for ready affiliation with either. We question decidedly whether Theology proper can, at the most, be more than a very restricted subject ; and quite as decidedly whether the heterogeneous matters grouped under History, namely, Agriculture, Trade, Manufactures, the Fine Arts, Language, Education, Politics, and Political Economy, are or can be shown to be linked by any principle of essential unity. Most of these have their historical side ; but their unhistorical and scientific side most interests the great body of learners. And this latter aspect of some of them, Education and Politics especially, belongs after, not before Psychology. Then, the great fact of expression — Language — has not adequate justice done it by the position it is here placed in. Want of space is the least among our reasons for forbearing to attempt here a classification of the sciences — a work which Ramus, D'Alembert, Stewart, Bentham, and Ampère successively essayed and left unfinished. But the principle that the faculties in their order are called out by the branches named in their order, is quite given up as the writer proceeds, and distinctly so in his Tabular View of the studies adapted to successive ages. In actual life, usually the first set teaching the infant receives is in language ; and even though it previously is and should be getting its ideas of forms, colors, and other qualities, in the concrete, yet it remains far from true that we should ‘pay our earliest attention to the development of the child’s power to grasp the truths of space and time.’ Dr. Hill has, however, taken in these papers a step in a needful direction ; and perhaps the best we could at first expect, are hints and an approximation toward a much desired result.

We may fairly assume that Mr. Will-

son’s answer to the question, What to teach ? is in some good degree embodied in his elaborate series of ‘School and Family Readers,’ of which the first six of the eight contemplated volumes have already appeared. These Readers aim to replace in a good degree the more purely literary materials of most of their predecessors, with a somewhat systematic and complete view of the more generally useful branches of human knowledge. They begin, where the child is sure to be interested, with studies of animals, illustrated with good and often spirited drawings, and proceed through Physiology, Botany, Architecture, Physical Geography, Chemistry, etc., up at last, as is promised, to Mental and Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, Rhetoric, Criticism, Logic, the Fine Arts, including that one of those arts, as we presume we may class it, with which pupils of the rural schools will have best cause to become acquainted, namely, Gardening ! Readers on this plan have long been known in the schools of Prussia and Holland, and are even lately well received in England, in the form of Mr. Constable’s popular series ; though apparently, when finished, the American series will be more full and complete in topics and treatment of them than any preceding one. Of course, restricted space, and the range of maturity of talents addressed, compel the presentation in simplified form of scarcely more than ‘a little learning’ under the several heads ; and the compiler sensibly tells us his aim is not to give a full exposition of any theme, but rather, ‘to present a *pleasing introduction* to science.’ We may grant, in the outset, that most pupils will really comprehend, in and through the reading of it, but a modicum of all the high and large fields of knowledge here intimated to them ; but who that can now look on his school-days as in the past, does not remember how many grandiose sentences he was then called on to utter in cadence duly swelling or pathetic, but of the meaning of which he had not the most distant approach to a true comprehen-

hension? It was *ours* once to be of a class whose enunciative powers were disciplined by repeated goings 'through' of the 'Old English Reader,' and well do we remember how the accidental omission of the full pause after 'shows' in the quotation ending the piece entitled 'Excellency of the Holy Scriptures,' caused a certain teacher to understand (!) and direct us to read the whole sentence thus: 'Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows' BEATTIE.'

Now, it is true, the whole sentence, in its best state, would have shown to our green understandings like enough to 'folly,' if we had once made the effort to find meaning of any sort in it; nor can it be considered the most profitable use of school time, thus to 'like folly show' to unknit juvenile brains the abstract and high thought of mature and great minds, who uttered them with no foolishness or frivolity in their intentions! We see reasons to expect substantial advantages from Mr. Willson's books; and we believe teachers will appreciate and use them. We could wish they had not gone so far to mechanicalize the pupil's enunciation; by too freely introducing throughout the points of inflection; but it is safe to predict that most pupils will take up with interest the simplified readings in science; that they will comprehend and remember a useful portion of what they read; that the lessons will afford both them and the teachers points of suggestion from which the mind can profitably be led out to other knowledge and its connections; and that they who go through the series can at least leave school with some more distinct ideas as to what the fields of human knowledge are, and what they embrace, than was ever possible under the *régime* of merely fine writing, of pathetic, poetic, and generally miscellaneous selections.

The educational interest that grew up in our country between the years 1810 and 1828, about the year 1835 gave place to a stagnation that has

marked nearly the whole of the period intervening between the last-named and the present date. In the year 1858, the *New-York Teacher* was made the first medium of some thoughts in substance agreeing with those set forth in the earlier part of this paper, claiming the indispensableness to true education of a more true and liberal *work* on the part of the learner's intellectual faculties, and of a more true and logical *consecution* than has yet been attained, and one corresponding to the natural order of the intellectual operations, in the books and lessons through which the usual school studies are to be mastered. 'Make'—said the first of the articles setting forth this thought—'the [form of the] facts and principles of any branch of study as simple as you choose, and unless the order of their presentation be natural—be that order, from observation to laws and causes, in which the mind naturally moves, whenever it moves surely and successfully—the child, except in the rare case of prodigies that find a pleasure in unraveling complexity, will still turn from the book with loathing. He will do so because he must. It is not in his nature to violate his nature for the sake of acquiring knowledge, however great the incentives or threatenings attending the process.' 'The child's mind . . . with reference to all unacquired knowledge . . . stands in precisely the attitude of the experimenters and discoverers of riper years. It is to come to results not only previously unknown, but not even conceived of. Because their nature and faculties are identical, the law of their intellectual action must be the same.' 'Study is research.' In subsequent articles, it was claimed that the law here indicated is for intellectual education, the one true and comprehensive law; and it was expressed more fully in the words: 'All true study is investigation; all true learning is discovery.'

We say, now, that when the first of these articles appeared, the leading thought it contained, namely, that our pupils can and should learn by a process

of *re-discovery*, in the subjects they pursue, had not in distinct nor in substantial statement in any way appeared in the educational treatises or journals; and further, that it was not, so far as their uttered or published expressions show, previously occupying the attention of teachers or of educational writers, nor was it the subject or substance of remarks, speeches, or debates, in the meetings of Teachers' Associations. We say further, and because history and justice require it, that in our country, especially in the educational movements in the State of New-York, and in the several national associations of educators, a marked change and revolution in the course of much of the thought and discussion touching matters of education has, since the year 1858, become apparent, and that to the most casual participant or observer, and in the precise direction in which the thought above referred to points. The essential issue itself—the practicability and desirableness of casting our studies into the form of courses of *re-discovery* is somewhat distantly and delicately approached, incorporated into speeches by an allusion or in the way of *aperçû*, or thrown out as a suggestion of a partial or auxiliary method with the younger learners, all which is of a fashion highly patronizing to the thought, spite of the scruples about confessing who was the suggester of it. But other questions, which spring up in the train of this, which by themselves had received attention long since, but had been mainly dropped and unheard of among us during the past twenty-five years, have come again into full and unconcealed prominence. Such are the questions about the natural order of appearance of the faculties in childhood, as to what are the elementary faculties of the mind, as to the adaptation of the kinds and order of studies to these, etc. And thus, all at once, is disclosed that Education itself, which many had thought quite a 'finished' thing, well and happily disposed of, or at least so far perfected as to leave no work further save

upon the veriest outskirts of details, is in truth a giant superstructure with foundations in sand, or so almost visibly lacking underneath it, that it threatens to fall. For, in the name of the simplest of all common sense, how are we to educate to the best, *not yet knowing*—and that is now acknowledged—*what are the faculties of the very minds we are dealing with, nor what are the processes by which those minds begin and keep up their advance in knowledge?* So, also, those who in the most charitable mood could see in education only something too hum-drum and narrow for their better fancies, find it now rising and expanding into a new and large field for intellectual effort, full of interesting problems, and fraught with realizations as yet undreamed of.

It may be said, that the young mind had always learned what it did learn, by discoveries; we answer, our methods and our books have not in any sufficient degree recognized the fact, provided for it, nor taken advantage of it. It may be said, that writers had previously acknowledged that the mind learns well—some of them even, that it learns best—when it discovers: we answer, that nevertheless, no one had recorded it as a well-grounded, universal conclusion and *positive law*, that the mind only *can* learn, in all strictly scientific matters, as it discovers, and that hence, the canons of the method of discovery become rules for directing, in studies of this character, the education of the young. Aristotle and Bacon have recognized and enforced upon the adult mind its two master methods of advance by reasoning. But our children have their knowing also to attain to, their discoveries to make, their logic of proof, on occasions, to employ. Shall we lavish all the treasures of method on those who have passed the formative stage of mind, and acquired the bent of its activities? Rather, we think, the true intellectual method—combining both Baconian *induction* and Aristotelian *deduction*—yet waits to realize some of the best of the application and work for

which its joint originators and their co-workers have been preparing it; and that perhaps one of the highest consummations of this one method of thought may yet appear in the carrying forward, with more of certainty, pleasure, and success in their attaining of knowledge, the lisping philosophers of our school-rooms and our firesides.

From one source, disconnected latterly from those to which I have thus far called attention, there has arisen a decidedly progressive movement in the direction of right teaching, and one that, at least in geographical studies, promises soon to result in a consummation of great importance. Though Pestalozzianism, as further developed by the Prussian educators and schools, has never yet realized the completely inductive and consecutive character here contended for, it has been tending in a degree toward such a result; and this is perhaps seen in the most marked way in the method of teaching geography developed by Humboldt and Ritter, and represented in this country by their distinguished pupil, Professor Guyot. This method subordinates political to physical geography, proceeding from facts to laws, and by setting out with the grand natural features of the globe, leads the learner to comprehend not only the existence, boundaries, capitals, and strength of nations, but the reasons why these have come to be what they are. As tending in the same true direction, we should not fail to mention also the faithfully-executed series of raised or embossed maps of the late Mr. Schroeter, presenting not only the profile but the comparative elevations of the land-surfaces or continents and islands, and, in detail, of the several political divisions of the globe, thus at once making the ocular study of geography *real*, and not as formerly, leaving the right conception of the land-surfaces to the pupil's unaided imagination.

Among the decisive and important steps marking the revival of educational interest among us, is that looking to the introduction into our primary schools of

the simple lessons for what is called the 'education of the senses,' and what is in fact the solicitation of the perceptive faculties, and the storing of them, with their proper ideas, through the avenues of sense. When employed about observing or finding and naming the parts or qualities and uses of objects, as *glass, leather, milk, wood, a tree, the human body*, etc., this sort of teaching takes the name of 'Object Lessons'; when it rises to philosophizing in the more obvious and easy stages about natural phenomena, as *rain, snow, etc.*, or about parts of the system of nature, as *oceans, mountains, stars, etc.*, it is sometimes termed 'Lessons in Common Things.' In the year 1860, Mr. E. A. Sheldon, the enterprising superintendent of the schools of that city, first introduced with some degree of completeness and system, this sort of teaching into the primary schools of Oswego. In March, 1861, under the leadership also, as we infer, of their superintendent, Mr. William H. Wells, the Educational Board of the city of Chicago adopted a still more minutely systematized and more extensive course of instruction of this sort, arranged in ten successive grades, and intended to advance from the simple study of objects, forms, colors, etc., gradually to the prosecution of the regular and higher studies. The greater naturalness, life-likeness, and interest of this kind of mental occupation for young learners, over the old plan of restricting them mainly to the bare alphabet, with barren spelling, reading, definitions, and so on, is at once obvious in principle and confirmed by the facts; and for the younger classes—a stage of the utmost delicacy and importance to the future habits of the learner—the fruits must appear in increased readiness of thought and fullness of ideas, and in a preparation for more true and enlarged subsequent comprehension of the proper branches of study; provided, we must add, that these also, when reached, be taught by a method best suited to their subject-matter and to the higher range of mental activity required to deal with

it. Whether, now, the object-lesson system and plan is the one competent to carry on the learner through those later studies, is another and larger question, and one to which we shall presently recur.

Under the recall of the minds of educators among us to fundamental principles of methods and tendencies in teaching, which we have pointed out, it was but natural to expect attempts to be made toward remedying the defects and supplying the needs that could not fail to be detected in our teaching processes. Naturally, too, such attempts would result in the bringing forward, sooner or later, of novelties in the topics and form of the school-books. What the pen—which, in the outset, proposed the necessity of molding the school-work into a course of re-discoveries of the scientific truths—should reasonably be expected to do toward supplying the want it had indicated; or what it may, in the interim, have actually accomplished toward furnishing the working implements requisite to realizing in practice the possible results foreshadowed by the best educational theories, it may be neither in place nor needful that we should here intimate. Sometimes, indeed, there is in our social movements evidence of a singular sort of intellectual *catalysis*; and a mute fact, so it *be* a fact, and even under enforced continuance of muteness, through influence of temporary and extraneous circumstances, may yet, like the innocent *platinum* in a mixture of certain gases, or the equally innocent *yeast-plant* vegetating in the ‘lump’ of dough, take effect in a variety of ways, as if by mere presence.

We shall remember how even Virgil had to write :

‘*Hos ego versiculos scripsi: tulit alter honores!*’

And the veriest bumpkin knows the force of the adage about one’s shaking the tree, for another to gather up the fruit. But Virgil was patient, and did well at the last; though the chronicles do not tell us how many pears ever came

to the teeth of him that did the tree-shaking. At all events, it is satisfying to know that time spins a long yarn, and comes to the end of it leisurely and at his own wise motion!

The English object-lesson system being now fairly and successfully domesticated among us, and to such an extent as to call for the invitation and temporary residence among us, in the city of Oswego, of a distinguished lady-teacher from the English Training Schools, it is again but natural that the system should call forth books adapted to its purposes; and it was scarcely possible, under the circumstances we have now shown to exist, that such books should come forth without presenting a more conscious aim toward embodying something of the principle and order of *discovery* than has marked even their English prototypes. These anticipations we find exactly realized in the first book of the new pattern that has yet made its appearance—the ‘Primary Object-Lessons’ of Mr. Calkins. Of this book, issued June, 1861, the author thus states the motive: ‘With an earnest desire to contribute something toward a general radical change in the system of primary education in this country—a change from the plan of exercising the memory chiefly to that of developing the observing powers—a change from an artificial to a natural plan, one in accordance with the philosophy of mind and its laws of development, the author commenced the following pages.’

Acknowledging his indebtedness to the manuals of Wilderspin, Stow, Currie, the Home and Colonial School Society, and other sources, the author tells us that the plan of developing the lessons ‘corresponds more nearly to that given in Miss Mayo’s works than to either of the other systems;’ and we understand him to claim (and the feature is a valuable one) that in this book, which is not a text-book, but one of suggestive or pattern lessons for teachers, he directs the teacher to proceed less by telling the child what is before it and to be seen, and more by requiring the child to

find for itself what is present. Again, an important circumstance, the purpose of the book does not terminate in describing right processes of teaching, but on the contrary, '*in telling what ought to be done, it proceeds, to show how to do it by illustrative examples*', (*sic.*) Now, spite of some liberties with the President's English, which may properly be screened by the author's proviso that he does not seek 'to produce a faultless composition,' so much as to afford simple and clear examples for the teacher's use, we are compelled to inquire, especially as this is matter addressed to mature and not to immature minds, which it is the author really meant us to understand; that is, whether, in fact, the book 'proceeds to show *how to do it by illustrative examples*;' or whether, in reality, it does not aim to *show by illustrative examples how to do it*—that, namely, which ought to be done. If we still find Mr. Calkins's philosophy somewhat more faultless than his practice, perhaps that is but one of the necessary incidents of all human effort; and we can say with sincerity that, in some of its features, we believe this a book better adapted to its intended uses—the age it is designed to meet being that of the lowest classes in the primary schools, or say from four to seven or eight years—than any of its predecessors. It will not, we hope, therefore, be understood as in a captious spirit, that we take exception to certain details.

The author is clearly right in his principle that 'The chief object of primary education is the development of the faculties;' though doubtless it would have been better to say, *to begin* the development of the faculties; but then, he recognizes, as the faculties specially active in children, those of 'sensation, perception, observation, and simple memory,' adding, for mature years, those of 'abstraction, the higher powers of reason, imagination, philosophical memory, generalization,' etc. But that any one of all these is in the true psychological sense, *a faculty*—save, it may be, in the single instance of imag-

ination—we shall decidedly question; and Mr. Calkins will see by the intent of his very lessons, that he does not contemplate any such thing as 'sensation' or 'observation,' as being a faculty; but, on the other hand, that he is so regarding certain individual powers of mind, by which we know in nature Color and Form and Number and Change and so on.

We must question whether 'in the natural order of the development of the human faculties, the mind of the child takes cognizance first of the *forms* of objects.' Form is a result of particular *extensions*: evidently, extension must be known before form can be. But again, visibly, form is revealed through kinds and degrees of light and shade; in one word, through *color*. Evidently, then, color also must be appreciated before visible form can be. But this 'natural order of the development of the human faculties,' is a seductive thing. In phrase, it is mellifluous; in idea, impressively philosophical. It would be well if this book, while cautiously applying developing processes to the little learner, were to *dogmatize* less to the teacher. But when the development-idea is carried into the titles of the sections, it becomes, we think, yet more questionable. Thus, a section is headed, 'To develop the idea of straight lines.' First, would not the idea of *a straight line* come nearer to the thing actually had in view? Again, 'To develop the idea of right, acute, and obtuse angles.' 'The idea,' taking in all these things, must be most mixed and multifarious; it could not be *clear*, though that is a quality mainly to be sought. Is not the intention rather, to develop *ideas of the right, the acute, and the obtuse angle?* Instances of this sort, which we can not understand otherwise than as showing a loose way of thinking, are numerous. But then, again, it is assumed that the lessons *develop* all the ideas successively discoursed about. Far otherwise, in fact. In many instances, of course, a sharper, better idea of the object or quality discussed will be elicited in the

course of the lesson. This is, at best, only a sort of quasi-development, individualizing an idea by turning it on all sides, comparing with others, and sweeping away the rubbish that partly obscured it. In others of the topics, the learner has the ideas before we begin our developing operations. But the great misfortune of the usage of the term here is, that *develop* properly implies to *unroll*, *uncover*, or *disclose* something that is infolded, complicate, or hidden away; but mark, something that is always THERE before the developing begins, and that by it is only brought into light, freedom, or activity! Thus, we may develop faculties, for they were there before we began; but we simply can not develop *objective ideas*, such as this book deals with, but must impart them, or rather, give the mind the opportunity to get them. First, then, this term thus employed is needlessly pretentious; secondly, it is totally misapplied. Would it not help both teacher and pupil, then, if we were to leave this stilted form of expression, and set forth the actual thing the lessons undertake, by using such caption as for example, *To give the idea of a triangle*, or *to insure*, or *to furnish the idea of a curve?* We think the misnomer yet greater and worse, when we come to such captions as 'To develop the idea of God, as a kind Father;' especially when the amount of the development is this: 'Now, children, listen very attentively to what I say, and I will tell you about a Friend that *you all have*, one who is kind to all of you, one who *loves you better* than your father or your mother does,' and so on. All this, and what precedes and follows, is 'telling' as the author acknowledges; of course, then, it is not developing. How is the child here made to *find* and *know* that it has such a Friend?—that this Friend *is* kind to all?—that this Friend loves it better than do parents, or, in fact, at all? This is the way the nursery develops this and kindred ideas, and if the child be yet too young for its own comprehension of the most obvious

truths of Natural Theology, then better defer the subject, or at least cease to call the nursery method by too swelling a name!

As to arrangement of topics, though the geographical lessons properly come late, as they stand, the idea of *place*, as well as those of *weight* and *size*, all belong earlier than the positions they are found in; and *number*, later. Such mental anachronisms as talking of *solids* before the attempt has been made to impart or insure the idea of a solid, should, where practicable, be avoided; and more notably, such as bringing a subsequent and complex idea, like that of 'square measure,' before scarcely any one of the elementary ideas it involves, such as *measure*, *standard*, or even *length*, or *size*, is presented. As to the substance of the teaching, we will indicate a few points that raise a question on perusal of them. What will the little learner gain, if the teacher follows the book in this instance? 'Where is the skin of the apple? 'On its surface.' This is in the lesson for 'developing the idea' of surface. When, by and by, the young mathematician gets the true idea of a surface, as extension in two dimensions only, hence, without thickness, then will follow this surprising result, that the whole thickness of the apple-skin is *on*—outside—the apple's surface, and hence, is nowhere: a singular converse of the teaching of those smart gentlemen who waste reams of good paper in establishing, to their own satisfaction, that even the mathematical surface itself has thickness! In the lesson on 'perpendicular and horizontal,' the definition of perpendicular is correct; but all the developing, before and after, unfortunately confounds the *perpendicular* with the *vertical*—a bad way toward future accuracy of thought, or toward making scientific ideas, as they should be, definite as well as practically useful. If we judge by the brevity and incompleteness of the lesson on 'Developing ideas of Drawing' (!), ideas of that particular 'stripe' must be scarce. The Object

Lessons at the close of the book we find generally very good models of such exercises, clear and to the purpose. Once in a while there is a *lapsus*, as in this: The criterion of a *liquid* is presented as being in the circumstances that it does not '*hold together*' when poured from a vessel, but 'forms drops.' Now, since it forms drops, it *has cohesion*, and the criterion is wrongly taken; in fact, the same thing appears in that the liquid, even in pouring out, does hold together in a stream, and a stream that experiments with liquid jets show it really requires considerable force to break up.

Finally, Mr. Calkins's book, in the hands of discerning and skillful teachers, can be made the instrument of a great deal of right and valuable discipline for primary classes; but without some guarding and help from the teacher's own thought, it will not always do the best work, nor in the best way. It is an approach to a good book for early mental development; but it is not the consummation to be desired. Many of its suggestions and patterns of lessons are excellent; but there is too large a lack of true consecution of topics, of accuracy of expression, and of really natural method of handling the subjects. We say this with no unkindly feeling toward the attempt or the author, but because, though no matter by how fortuitous circumstances, it comes to us as in this country the *first effort* toward a certain new style of books and subjects, and certain more rational teaching; and we hold it, as being the privilege of teachers whose time may be too much consumed in applying, to criticise minutely, as no less our right and duty, and that of every independent man, to recognize and point out wherein this new venture meets, or fails to meet, the new and positive demand of the pupils and the teachers in our time. If, in a degree, the working out shows defects such as we have named, is it not yet a question, whether we have in the book an illustration 'how this system of training may be applied to the entire course

of common school education'? — to say nothing now of the question whether, even in its best form, it is a system that ought to be so applied.

After the author of a book for young learners is sure of the comprehensibility of his subjects, and the accuracy of his ideas and expressions of them, the highest need — and one the lack of which is fatal to true educative value — is that of a natural and true synthesis and consecution of the successive steps of fact and principle that are to be presented. We would not be understood that every successive lesson and every act of voluntary thinking must thus be consecutive: to say this, would be to confine the mind to one study, and to make us dread even relaxation, lest it break the precious and fragile chain of thought. Our growth in knowledge is not after that narrow pattern. We take food at one time, work at another, and sleep at a third: and so, the mind too has its variations of employment, and best grows by a like periodicity in them. This is our point — that it is a peculiarity and law of mind, growing out of the very nature of mind and of its knowings, that no truth or knowledge which is in its nature a *consequent* on some other truths or knowledge, can by any possibility be in reality attained by any mind until after that mind has first secured and rightly appreciated those *antecedent* truths or knowings. No later or more complex knowledge is ever comprehensible or acquirable, until after the elements of knowledge constituting or involved in it have first been definitely secured. To suppose otherwise, is precisely like supposing a vigorously flourishing foliage and head of a tree with neither roots nor stem under it; it is to suppose a majestic river, that had neither sufficient springs nor tributaries. Now, for the pupil, the text-book maker, the educator, no truth is more positive or profoundly important than this. He who fails of it, by just so much as he does so, fails to educate. Let the pupil, as he must, alternately study and not study — go

even on the same day from one study to a second, though seldom to more than a third or fourth. By all this he need lose nothing ; and he will tax and rest certain faculties in turn. But then, insist that each subject shall recur frequently enough to perpetuate a healthy activity and growth of the faculties it exercises, usually, daily for five days in a week, or every other day at farthest ; that each shall recur at a stated period, so that a habit of mind running its daily, steady and productive round with the sun may be formed ; and that in and along the material of every subject pursued, whether it be arithmetic, or grammar, or chemistry, or an ancient or modern language, the mind shall so be enabled to advance consecutively, clearly and firmly from step to step — from observation to law, from law to application, from analysis to broader generalization, and its application, and so on — that every new step shall just have been prepared for by the conceptions, the mental susceptibility and fibre, gotten during the preceding ones, and that thus, every new step shall be one forward upon new and yet sure ground, a source of intellectual delight, and a further intellectual gain and triumph. Need we say, this is the *ideal*? Practice must fall somewhat short of it ; but Practice must first aim at it ; and as yet she has scarcely conceived about the thing, or begun to attempt it. In truth, Practice is very busy, dashing on without a due amount of consideration, striving to project in young minds noble rivers of knowledge without their fountains ; and building up therein grand trees of science, of which either the roots are wanting, or all parts come together too much in confusion.

First, then, we are not to make the presentation of any topic or lesson, even to the youngest learner, needlessly inconsecutive ; but with the more advanced learners — with those in the academic and collegiate courses — we should insist on the display, and in so doing best insure the increase of the true *robur* of the intellect, by positive

requirement that all the topics shall be developed logically ; that sufficient facts shall come before all conclusions ; and rigid, sharp, and satisfactory analysis before every generalization or other synthesis. So, the more advanced mind would learn induction, and logic, and method, by use of them upon all topics ; it would know by experience their possibilities, requirements, and special advantages ; and it would be able to recognize their principles, when formally studied, as but the reflex and expression of its own acquired habitudes. Such a mind, we may safely say, would be *educated*. But secondly, the foregoing considerations show that we are not unnecessarily to jumble together the topics and lessons ; to vacillate from one line of study to another ; to wander, truant-like, among all sorts of good things — exploiting, now, *a color* ; then *milk* ; then in due time *gratitude* and *the pyramids* ; then *leather*, (for, though ‘there’s nothing like leather,’ it may be wisest to keep it in its place;) then *sponge*, and *duty to parents*, *lying*, the *points of compass*, etc.! And here, for all ages above nine or ten years, is a real drawback, or at the least, a positive danger, of the Object-Lesson and Common-Things teaching. Just here is shadowed forth a real peril that threatens the brains of the men and women of the — we may say, ‘rising’ generation, through this fresh accession of the object-lesson interest in our country. *Objects*, now, are unquestionably good things ; and yet, even objects can be ‘run into the ground.’

We had put the essential thought here insisted on into words, before object-lessons had acquired the impetus of the last and current year.

‘The ‘object lessons’ of Pestalozzi and his numerous followers, had, in a good degree, one needed element — they required work of the pupil’s own mind, not mere recipiency. But they have [almost] wholly lacked another element, just as important — that of CONSECUTION in the steps and results dealt with. In most of the schools in our country — in a degree, in all of them — these two fundamental elements of all right edu-

cation, namely, true work of the learner's mind, and a natural and true consecution in not only the processes of each day or lesson, but of one day on another, and of each term on the preceding, are things quite overlooked and undreamed of, or, at the best, imperfectly and fragmentarily attempted. But these, in so far as he can secure their benefits, are just the elements that make the thinker, the scholar, the man of real learning or intellectual power in any pursuit.—*New-York Teacher, December, 1859.*

A like view begins to show itself in the writings of some of the English educationists. The object-teaching is recognized as being, in most instances, at least, too promiscuous and disorderly for the ends of a true discipline and development, and certainly, therefore, even for securing the largest amount of information. It too much excludes the later, systematic study of the indispensable branches, and supplants the due exercise of the reasoning powers, by too habitual restriction of the mind's activities to the channels of sense and perception. Isaac Taylor, in his *Home Education*, admits the benefits of this teaching for the mere outset of the pupil's course, but adds: 'For the rest, that is to say, whatever reaches its end in the bodily perceptions, I think we can go but a very little way without so giving the mind a bent toward the lower faculties as must divert it from the exercise of the higher.' This thought is no mere fancy. It rests on a great law of *derivation*, true in mind as in the body; that inanition and comparative loss of one set of powers necessarily follows a too habitual activity of a different set. Thus it is that, in the body, over-use of the nervous, saps the muscular energies, and excessive muscular exertion detracts from the vivacity of the mind. Logically, then, when carried to any excess over just sufficient to secure the needed clear perceptions and the corresponding names for material objects and qualities, the object-lesson system at once becomes the special and fitting education for the ditcher, the 'hewer of wood,' the mere human machine in any employment or station

in life, where a quick and right taking to the work at the hand is desirable, and any thing higher is commonly thought to be in the way; but it is not the complete education for the independent mind, the clear judgment and good taste, which must grow out of habits of weighing and appreciating also thousands of *non-material* considerations; and which are characteristics indispensable in all the more responsible positions of life, and that in reality may adorn and help even in the humblest. In a recently published report or address on a recommendation respecting the teaching of Sciences, made by the English 'Committee of Council on Education,' in 1859, Mr. Buckmaster says:

'The object-lessons given in some schools are so vague and unsystematic, that I doubt very much if they have any educational or practical value. I have copied the following lessons from the outline of a large elementary school: Monday, twenty minutes past nine to ten, Oral Lesson — *The Tower of Babel*; Tuesday, *The Senses*; Wednesday, *Noah's Ark*; Thursday, *Fire*; Friday, *The Collect for Sunday*. What can come of this kind of teaching, I am at a loss to understand. Now, a connected and systematic course of lessons on any of the natural sciences, or on the specimens contained in one of Mr. Dexter's cabinets, would have been of far greater educational value, and more interesting to the children. This loose and desultory habit of teaching encourages a loose and desultory habit of thought; it is for this reason that I attach great value to consecutive courses of instruction . . . I think it will not be difficult to show that the study of almost any branch of elementary science not only has a direct bearing on many of the practical affairs of every-day life, but also supplies all the conditions necessary to stimulate and strengthen the intellectual faculties, in a much greater degree than many of the subjects now taught in our elementary schools.'

All the lines of our investigation, as well as the most competent testimony, thus converge in showing that the object-lesson and common-things teaching is but a partial and preliminary resource in the business of education; that, to avoid working positive harm, it must be restricted within due limits of age, capacity, and subject; that it is not,

therefore, the real and total present desideratum of our schools; and that, subsequently to the completion of the more purely sensuous and percepient phase of the mind, and to the acquirement of the store of simpler ideas and information, and the degree of capacity, that ought to be secured during that period—hence, from an age not later than eleven, or according as circumstances may determine, thirteen years—all the true and desirable ends of education, whether they be right mental habits and tastes, discipline and power of the faculties, or a large information and practical command of the acquisitions made—all these ends, we say, are thenceforward most certainly secured by the systematic prosecution, in a proper method, of the usually recognized distinct branches or departments of scientific knowledge. Let, then, ‘common things,’ *et id genus omne*, early enough give place to thorough-going study of the elements of Geometry, of Geography, Arithmetic, Language, (including Grammar,) of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, and something of their derivations and applications. Thus shall our schools produce a race not of mere curious *gazers*, but of conscious and purposive investigators; not a generation of intellectual truants and vagabonds, but one of definitely skilled cultivators of definite domains in handicraft, art, or science.

We are compelled to take issue, therefore, with Mr. Spencer's recommendation, indorsed in the Chicago Report, to the effect that object-lessons should, after a ‘different fashion,’ ‘be extended to a range of things far wider, and continued to a period far later than now.’ Not so: after any possible fashion. But let us, as early as the child's capacity and preparation will allow, have the individualized, consecutive studies, and the very manner of studying which shall be made to do *for the higher and the lower intellectual faculties together, what well-conducted object-lessons can and now do perform mainly for the lower.* Of all school-method,

this we conceive to be the true end and consummation. This would be the ultimate fruitage of the Baconian philosophy, and of philosophy larger than the Baconian—by as much as the whole is greater than any part—in the school-life and work of every boy and girl admitted to the benefits of our courses of instruction.

Thus we have endeavored, with some particularity of examination and detail, to find and state not only what *are*, but what *should be*, the tendencies of educational thought and effort in our country and times. And we seem to find that those tendencies *are*, in spite of a stand-still conservatism or perplexed doubt in some quarters, and of a conflict of views and practices in others, largely in the direction in which the ends to be sought show that they *should be*. The *Education to be*, as far as the intellectual being is concerned, when time and study shall better have determined the conditions, and furnished the working instrumentalities, is to be, not in name merely, but in fact, an education by simply natural employment and development of all the perceiving, reasoning, originative, and productive faculties of the mind. It is to be such, because it is to insist on proceeding, after proper age, and then upon every suitable topic, by observation and investigation, and so, by discovery of the principles and results the mind is desired to attain; because it will be an education by rigidly consecutive, comprehended and firm lines of advance, employing processes analytic and synthetic, inductive and deductive, each in its requisite place and in accordance with the nature and stage of the topics under investigation. For the like reasons, it will have become, what we have long foreseen and desired that education should be, rightly progressive in form, and in character such as must develop, strengthen, and store the mind; such as must best fit, so far as the merely scholastic education can do this, for practical expression and use of what is learned, showing all our acquired know-

ledge in the light of its actual and various relationships, and conferring true serviceableness and the largest value, whether for enjoyment or execution.

Such an education would be *real* in its method as well as in its substance. We have fairly entered upon the era in which education must be, and, spite of any temporary recoil of timorous despots, must continue to be, popular and universal. But many are too apt to forget that, upon our planet, this thing of popular and universal education is comparatively a new and untried experience; that, so far as its mode and substance are concerned, it is, in truth, still in course of experiment. There is at present a very general and but too just complaint of the popular education, as tending to inflate rather than to inform; as prompting large numbers of young men especially to aim at scaling to positions above those in which the school found them, a thing that would be well enough were it not inevitable that, in the general scramble, the positions aspired to are at the same time too frequently those above their capabilities, and quite too full without them: as, in few words, inspiring youth with a relish for those less responsible pursuits to which a large majority should devote their lives, rather than with a desire to qualify themselves for their proper work. The tendency is admitted; and it has become, in overcrowded professions and commercial pursuits, the fruitful source of superficiality, of charlatanry, of poverty at once of pocket and of honor, of empty speculations, and of the worst crimes.

But, appreciating the unquestionable fact that universal education is to be henceforth the rule in the most advanced nations, and that, in spite of its apparent consequences or our fears, and remembering also that the experience is, for the world, a new one, is there not some hope left us in the thought that possibly the alarmists have been attributing to the *fact* of popular education itself what in truth is only a temporary consequence of a false, an abnormally-

educating *method and procedure* on the part of our schools? Nay, more; does not the latter afford the true solution of the evil? We believe it has been shown that our teaching methods not only fail in great part, but in a degree positively mis-educate; that the very 'head and front' of this failure and non-developing appears in the want of bringing into just prominence the discriminating and the applicative powers of the mind, the judgment, and reason; in a word, the thinking as distinguished from the merely receptive and retentive powers. Now, what are we to expect from a people too many of whom are put in possession of stores of fact quite beyond the degree in which their capacities to discriminate clearly, to judge wisely, and to draw conclusions rationally have been strengthened and furnished with the requisite guiding principles? What but a shallow shrewdness that should run into all the evils we have above named? But discipline all to think and reason more and more justly and assuredly upon their facts, and to men so educated, the very thought of an inordinate crowding of the so-called gentlemanly avocations, to the neglect of the more substantial, *becomes appreciated in its true light, as absurd and unfortunate in every way, and in all its bearings upon the individual as well as the social welfare.*

So, let us have popular education; and let a due proportion of fit minds enter the professions, the posts of office, and commercial pursuits; let a few even live by mere work of thought; but let all enjoy the luxury of a degree of thought and rationality that shall forbid their richest blessing turning to their rankest curse. That such must be the result of a *true* education, our faith in a wise Providence forbids us to doubt. Such an education being *real*, and appealing to all the faculties, does not eventuate in vain aspirings; but fits each for his place and work—fits for making that great and happy discovery, that the best talents and the most complete cultivation of them can not only

find in every employment scope for real exercise, but in the commonest and simplest occupations will be more expert and successful than uncultured ignorance can possibly be. In this view, the true education tends not to *level* but to utilize, to make the most of every man's special aptitudes for his special field. Such an education monarchy and aristocracy might dread, and reäctive tendencies have already, indeed, blight-

ed the once pattern school-system of Prussia, while they are believed to threaten a like step in England. But the idea of such an education as we have striven to portray, harmonizes with the spirit and objects of a commonwealth, and if we mistake not, to the perpetuity and perfection of free institutions it may yet be found the condition precedent.

TRAVEL-PICTURES.

A QUIET COURT IN PARIS.

No lodging on a village street could be quieter than my room in Paris, and yet the court it opened upon was not more than an easy stone's throw from the gayest part of the Boulevards. Once within the great wooden gate and up the narrow lane conducting to the court, and you seemed to have left the great world as completely behind you as if it had been a dream. It was one of the smallest of Parisian courts, and — to me its chief recommendation — one of the neatest. With its two or three small stuccoed houses built around, it reminded one rather of inclosures that you see in provincial towns in France than of the damp, high-walled courts, so common in the capital. In one of these small houses, looking out upon the sunny, cheerful yard, I had my room, and as I often sat at the window, I began by degrees to take some interest in the movements of my neighbors, as we can hardly help doing when the same persons pass in and out before our eyes for many days in succession. The house was rented or owned by an elderly lady, who, with her niece and an old servant-woman, seemed to be its only occupants, with the exception of two American boys, attending school by day at one of the large *Pensions* so numerous in Paris. Kinder people can not be found anywhere, and fortunate indeed is the so-

journer in a strange land who falls in with such good hearts. Their history was a singular one, and I did not really learn it till my return to Paris, after a long absence. They interested me very much, from the first day. The lady and her niece had seen better days, and were notable partisans of the Orleans family, whose memory they deeply revered. Politics, indeed, could make but little difference to them, passing, as they did, most of their lives in their quiet rooms; but such interest as they had in it clung to what they considered the model royal family of Europe, a family that carried its affections and virtues equally through the saddest and most splendid experiences. They could not sympathize with the oppressive and military character of the present dynasty and the crowd of time-serving adventurers that swarmed around it. The life of the younger lady was devoted to her aunt, and all the spare hours that remained to her from those occupied by the lessons she was compelled to give, to increase their scanty income, were passed in her society. I have seldom seen a life of such entire self-denial as that led by this refined and delicate woman. The third figure of this family group, the old servant, Marie, was a character peculiar to France. She seemed rather a companion than a servant, though she performed all the duties of the latter, keeping

the rooms in neatest order, and making better coffee than I found at the most splendid restaurants. She had a clear blue eye, with one of the most faithful expressions I ever saw on human face, and seemed to take as much interest in me and the two American boys as if we had been her children. She was the housekeeper, buying all their little supplies; but when her labors were over, passing her leisure hours in the society of the ladies she had so long served. I soon saw that the connection between these three beings would be terminated only by death. The chief difference in the two ladies and their faithful old *bonne*, beyond the circumstance of better education and greater refinement, was that for the former the outer world no longer had much interest, while the old Marie still seemed to retain a keen relish for what was going on around her, and often amused me by the eagerness with which she would enter into trifling details of gossip and general news. After sight-seeing all day, and the experiences of a stranger in Paris, I was often glad to join the trio in their little parlor, and talk over the Paris of former days, during its revolutions and *fêtes*, or answer their questions about my every-day ramblings or my American home. I felt, during these evenings, a relief from the general routine of places of amusement, enjoyed their home-like quiet, and knew I could always give pleasure by varying the monotony of these ladies' every-day life. So the three, so devoted to each other, lived quietly on, winning my respect and sympathy. I left them, with many regrets on their part and my own, and on my return, after an absence of nearly a year, one of my first visits was to these kind-hearted people. To my sorrow, I learned that death had removed the elder lady some months before. I could hardly imagine a death that would longer or more painfully affect a family group than this, for they had so few outward circumstances to distract their thoughts. They received me cordially; but grief for their irreparable

loss was always visible in every subsequent interview I had with them. Meeting again one of the school-boys who had lodged there, he told me the following circumstances of the death of the lady, and of the relationship existing between them, which was so different from what I had always imagined. Madame de B— was the widow of a French officer of high rank, during whose life she had been in affluent circumstances; but through various causes, she had lost most of the property left her at his death, and retained at last only enough to keep them in the humble style I have described. The manner of her death was very singular. In her better days, she had lived with her husband in a handsome house near the Champs Elysées. On the day of her death, she was walking with a gentleman from Boston, a friend of the two pupils I have mentioned, and was speaking to him of her more affluent days, when, as they were near the house where she had once lived, she proposed to walk on a little further, that she might point it out. He consented, and as they drew near to it, she exclaimed, '*Ah! nous l'apercevons,*' and, without another word, fell suddenly in a sort of apoplectic fit, not living more than half an hour longer. The circumstance of this lady dying suddenly so near the place where she had once lived, and which she so seldom visited, was certainly very singular. To my surprise, I learned that the younger lady was the daughter of old Marie, having been adopted and educated by the person she had always supposed to be her aunt; she having no children of her own. What made it more singular was, that the younger lady had herself been in possession of this family secret only a few years. It reminded me somewhat of Tennyson's Lady Clare, though in this case no one had been kept out of an estate by the fiction. It was merely to give the young lady the advantage of the supposed relationship. This, then, accounted for the strong affection existing between them, and lest any reader

might think this conduct strange, I must again bear witness to the kindness and true affection always displayed toward the real mother. I would not narrate this true story, did I not feel how little chance there is of my humble pen writing any thing that would reach the ears of this family, living so obscurely in the great world of Paris.

Just opposite us, in the court, lived another lady, who has played many fictitious parts, as well as a somewhat prominent one, on the stage of real life. This was Madame George, the once celebrated actress; in her younger days, a famous beauty, and at one time mistress of the great Napoleon. Though long retired from regular connection with the stage, she still makes an occasional appearance upon it, almost always drawing a full audience, collected principally from curiosity to see so noted a personage, or to remark what portion of her once great dramatic power time has still left her. One of these appearances was made at the Odéon, while we were in Paris. Marie informed us of the coming event before it was announced on the bills, and seemed to take as much interest in it as if it had been the *début* of a near relative. We had sometimes caught a glimpse of the great actress, tending her geraniums and roses at the window, or going out to drive. On the evening in question, a very large audience greeted the tragedienne, and she was received with much enthusiasm. She appeared in a tragedy of Racine, in which she had once been preëminently distinguished. Magnificently dressed, and adorned with splendid jewels, trophies of her younger days, when her favors were sought by those who could afford to bestow such gifts, she did not look over thirty-five, though now more than twice that age. I am no admirer of French tragedy, but I certainly thought Madame George still showed the remains of a great actress, and in some passages produced a decided impression. Her tall, commanding figure, expressive eyes, and features of perfect regularity, must have given her every

natural requisite for the higher walks of her profession. As I watched her moving with majestic grace across the stage, irrepressible though trite reflections upon her early career passed through my mind. What audiences she has played before, in the days of the first empire! How many soldiers and statesmen, now numbered with the not-to-be-forgotten dead, have applauded her delivery of the same lines that we applaud to-night. Napoleon and his brilliant military court, the ministers of foreign nations, students such as are here this evening, themselves since distinguished in various walks of life, have passed across the stage, and made their final exit, leaving Madame George still upon it. And the not irreproachable old character herself — what piquant anecdotes she could favor us with, would she but draw some memory-pictures for us! Women in Europe, in losing virtue, do not always lose worldly prudence, as with us, and go down to infamy and a miserable old age. Better, however, make allowance for the manners of the time — French manners at that — and contemplate the old lady from an historical point of view, regarding her with interest, as I could not help doing, as one of the few remaining links connecting the old Napoleon dynasty with the new. How strange the closing of a life like hers! Except for the occasional reappearance on the scene of her old triumphs, not oftener than once or twice a year, how quiet the life she now leads! what a contrast to the excitement and brilliancy that mark the career of a leading actress in the zenith of her reputation! Then, from the theatre she would drive in her splendid equipage through streets illuminated perhaps for some fresh victory gained by the invincible battalions of her imperial lover. Now, in a retired house, she probably sometimes muses over the past, pronouncing, as few with better reason can, ‘all the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players,’ such changes has she witnessed in the fortunes of the great actors by whom she was once sur-

rounded. So here were the histories of two of the occupants of our court. The others may have had experiences no less strange ; and in many another court in this great city, from the stately inclosures of the Rue de Lille to the squalid dens of the Faubourg St. Antoine, (if the names have not escaped me,) lives well worth the telling are passing away. Such is a great city.

THE COUNTRY OF EUGENE ARAM.

There is a little river in England called the Nidd, and on its high banks stand the ruins of a castle. There is much in this part of it to remind one of the Rhine ; the banks rise up in bold, picturesque form ; the river just here is broad and deep, and the castle enough of a ruin to lead us to invest it with some legend, such as belongs to every robber's nest on that famous river. No hawk-eyed baron ready to pounce on the traveler, is recorded as having lived here ; all that seems to be remembered of it is, that the murderers of Thomas à Becket lay secreted here for a time after that deed of blood, ere they ventured forth on their pilgrimage, haunted by the accursed memory of it all their lives. This is something, to be sure, in the way of historic incident, but the real interest of this immediate region arises from the fact of its being the home and haunt of Eugene Aram. A great English novelist has woven such a spell of enchantment around the history of this celebrated criminal, that I could not help devoting a day to the environs of the little town of Knaresboro', in and around which the most eventful portion of Aram's life was passed. A famous dropping-well, whose waters possess the power of rapidly petrifying every object exposed to them, is one of the most noticeable things in the neighborhood. There are also one or two curious rock-cut cells, high up on precipitous slopes, which were inhabited years ago by pious recluses who had withdrawn from the vanities of the world. Some were highly esteemed here in their lives, and here their bones reposed ; and the fact of

their remaining undiscovered sometimes for many years, was ingeniously used by Aram in his defense, to account for the discovery of the bones of his victim in the neighboring cave of St. Robert. This latter is one of the few places connected with Aram's history that can be pointed out with certainty. It lies about two miles below the castle before mentioned. It is even now a place that a careless pedestrian might easily pass without remarking, notwithstanding that its entrance is worn by many curious feet. The entrance is very narrow, and the cavern, like caverns in general, exceedingly dark. The river flows by more rapidly here than above ; the grass grows long and wild, and there is a gloomy air about it that would make it an unpleasant place for a night rendezvous even without the horrid associations connected with it. The exact place where Clark's bones were discovered is pointed out, and probably correctly, as the space is too narrow to admit of much choice. Here they lay buried for years, while according to Bulwer, this most refined of murderers was building up a high name as a scholar and a stainless reputation as a man. A field not far off is pointed out as the place where were found the bones which led to the detection of Aram. Though but few places can now be indicated with certainty in connection with his tragic story, a vague outline of the character of the man before the discovery of his crime, is preserved in the neighborhood. As we read the true story of Eugene Aram, lately published by an apparently reliable person, our sense of the poetic is somewhat blunted ; we feel that the lofty character drawn by Bulwer is in many respects a creation of the novelist, while the whole story of his love is demolished by the stern fact of his having a wife, of no reputable character, with whom he lived unhappily ; but he was still a man of talent, of great mental, if not moral refinement, and of indomitable ardor in the pursuit of learning. The chief fault of his character until his one great crime was

discovered, seems to have been recklessness in pecuniary transactions, by which he was often involved in petty difficulties. He seems to have had a tenderness amounting to acute sensibility, for dumb animals, and to have dreaded killing a fly more than many a man who could not, like him, be brought to kill a fellow-being. His mental acquirements, though remarkable for an unaided man of obscure origin, would not probably have attracted wide attention, had it not been for the notoriety caused by the detection of his crime. How many fair girls have shed tears over 'his ill-starred love' and melancholy fate, who little dreamed that he was a husband, in a very humble rank of life. Bulwer speaks of his favorite walks with Madeline, and of a rustic seat still called 'The Lovers' Seat.' It is not, I think, now pointed out, nor is the account of his love probably more than an imaginary one, but it may be founded upon fact, and some high-souled English girl may really, in his early life, or when separated as he was for a long time from his wife, have called forth all his better feelings and revealed glimpses of the beauty of the life of two affectionate and pure beings keeping no secrets of the heart from each other. How it must have tortured him to think that such a life never could be his, well fitted for it as in some respects he was, and ever haunted by the fear that the poor sham by which he was concealed must some day be torn away, and an ignominious fate be apportioned him! No situation can be more deplorable than that of a man of refined and lofty nature, who has made one fatal mistake connecting him with men far worse than himself, who are masters of his secret and ever ready to use it for their own base purposes. Are there not many men so situated—men near us now, who walk through life haunted by the dreadful spectres of past misdeeds hastily committed, bitterly repented—a phantom that can blast every joy, and from whose presence death comes as a friendly deliverer?

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

We reached the Hospice about an hour after dark, somewhat stiff, and very wet from the rain and snow that commenced falling as we entered the region of clouds. We had passed unpleasantly near some very considerable precipices, and though unable to distinguish the ground below, knew they were deep enough to occasion us decided 'inconvenience' had we gone over them. The long, low, substantial-looking building finally loomed through the mist, and alighting, we were shown into a room with a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, and were soon joined by a priest of cordial, gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. So this was the famous monastery of St. Bernard, which we had read of all our lives, and the stories of whose sagacious dogs had delighted our childish minds. A substantial supper was provided for us, to which was added some excellent wine, made in the valley below. Conversation was pretty general in French, and somewhat exclusive in Latin; two of our party understanding the dead language, but ignorant of the living, framed with great difficulty ponderous but by no means Ciceronian sentences, which they launched at our host, who replied with great fluency, showing that for conversational purposes, at least, his command of the language was much better than theirs. Being anxious to attend the early mass in the morning, and tired from our ride, we were soon shown to our rooms. Walking along the passages and viewing the different apartments, we saw the house would accommodate a great number of persons. The rooms were long and narrow, many of them containing a number of beds; but in this bracing mountain air there is no fear of bad ventilation. No crack of my window was open, but the wind blew furiously outside, and there was a decidedly 'healthy coolness' about the apartment. The room was uncarpeted and scantily furnished, but every thing was spotlessly clean, and in pleasant contrast with the dirty luxury of some

of the Continental inns. A few small pictures of saints and representations of scriptural subjects graced the white walls and constituted the only ornaments of the room. Looking from my window I saw that the clouds had blown away, and the brilliant moon shone on the sharp crags of the hills and on the patches of snow that lay scattered about on the ground. The scene was beautiful, but very cold; the wind howled around the house, and yet this was a balmy night compared with most they have here. I thought of merciless snow-drifts overtaking the poor blinded traveler, benumbed, fainting, and uncertain of his path; of the terrors of such a situation, and then glancing around the plain but comfortable room, I could not but feel grateful to the pious founders of this venerable institution. Long may it stand a monument of their benevolence and of the shelter that poor wayfarers have so often found within its hospitable walls!

At daybreak we made our way to the chapel, a large and beautiful room with many pictures and rich ornaments, gifts of persons who have shared the hospitality of the place. At the altar the brother who had welcomed us on our arrival was officiating in his priestly robes, assisted by several others. A few persons, servants of the establishment and peasants stopping for the night, with ourselves, composed the congregation. Two of the women present, we were told, were penitents; we asked no further of their history, but at this remote place the incident gave us cause for reflection and surmise. Heaven grant that in this sublime solitude their souls may have found the peace arising from the consciousness of forgiveness. I have never been more impressed with the Catholic service than I was this morning, when the voices of the priests blending with the organ, rose on the stillness of that early hour in one of the familiar chants of the Church. It seemed, indeed, like heavenly music. Here with the first dawn of morning on these lofty mountain-

tops, where returning day is welcomed earlier than in the great world below, men had assembled to pour forth their worship to God, here so manifest in his mighty works. The ever-burning lamp swung in the dim chapel, and it seemed a beautiful idea that morning after morning on these great mountains, the song of gratitude and praise should ascend to Him who fashioned them; that so it has been for years, while successive winters have beat in fury on this house, and the snows have again and again shut out all signs of life from nature. As my heart filled with emotion, I could not but think of the aptness to the present scene of those beautiful lines of our poet:

‘At break of day as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Chanted the oft-repeated prayer.’

Time and place were the same, and the service seemed as beautiful and solemn as might have been that chanted over the stiff, frozen body of the high-souled but too aspiring boy. The service ended, and we were left alone in the chapel. In one corner of it is the box in which those who can, leave a contribution for the support of the establishment. No regular charge is made, but probably most persons leave more than they would at a hotel—and our party certainly did. I believe that the money is well applied; at any rate, for years the hospice afforded shelter before travel became a fashionable summer amusement, and in those days it expended far more than it received.

Our breakfast was very simple, and the Superior of the establishment confined himself to a small cup of coffee and morsel of bread. They have but one substantial meal a day. I was interested in observing our host. His appearance and manner were prepossessing and agreeable, but this morning something seemed to weigh anxiously on his mind. He was abstracted in manner, and once as I looked up suddenly, his lips were moving, and he half checked himself in an involuntary gesture. Had the confession of the penitents, perhaps, troubled him? I believe

he was a sincere, self-sacrificing man, and I have often thought of his manner that morning.

We were, of course, very anxious to see the dogs, but were told they are now becoming exceedingly scarce. They can not be kept very long in the piercing air of the mountains, its rarefaction being as injurious to them as to human beings. Most of them are therefore kept at Martigny, or some other place below. We were told, however, that two ‘pups’ were now at the hospice; and as we sallied out for a walk over the hills, we heard a violent scratching at an adjoining door, which being opened, out burst the pups. They were perfect monsters, though very young, with huge paws, lithe and graceful but compact forms, full of life and activity, and faces beaming with instinct. Darting out with us, they seemed frantic with joy, snuffed the keen air as they rushed about, sometimes tumbling over each other, and at times bursting against us with a force that nearly knocked us down. They reminded me of two young tigers at their gambols. I have never seen nobler-looking brutes. What fine, honest, expressive countenances they had! At times a peculiar sort of frown would ruffle the skin around their eyes, their ears would prick up, and every nerve seem to be quickened. The face of a noble dog appears to me to be capable of almost as great a variety of expression as the human countenance, and these changes are sometimes more rapid. The inquisitive and chagrined look when baffled in pursuit of prey, the keen relish of joy, the look of supplication for food, of conscious guilt for misdemeanor, the eyes beaming with intense affection for a master, and whining sorrow for his absence, the meek look of endurance in sickness, the feeble, listless air, the resigned expression of the glassy eye at the approach of death, blending even then with indications of gratitude for kindness shown! These dumb brutes can often teach us lessons of meek endurance and resignation as well as courage, and few things call forth

more just indignation than to see them abused by men far more brutish than they.

Accompanying one of the younger brethren on an errand to the valley below, we watched them dashing along till the intervening rocks hid them from our view. In the extensive museum of the Monastery we found much to interest us. Many of the curiosities are gifts of former travelers, and some of them are of great value. There is also a small collection of antiquities found in the immediate neighborhood, where, I believe, are still traces of an ancient temple. The St. Bernard has been a favorite pass with armies, and is thought by many to have been that chosen by Hannibal.

Not very far from the house is the ‘morgue’ so often noticed by travelers, containing numerous bodies, which, though they have not decayed, are nevertheless repulsive to look upon. The well-known figures of the woman and her babe show that for once the warm refuge of a mother’s breast chilled and fainted in the pitiless storm.

After cordial well-wishes from the brethren, we left the hospice, bringing away remembrances of it as one of the most interesting places it has been our privilege to visit. It has, of course, changed character within half a century, and there is now less necessity for it than formerly. Many travelers complain of it as now wearing too much the appearance of a hotel; but we were there too late in the season to find it so; and even if true at other times, the associations with the Monastery and the Pass are so interesting, the scenery so bold, and the welcome one meets with so cordial, that he who regrets having made the ascent must have had a very different experience from ourselves.

A few hours’ ride brought us to the valley, where we met peasants driving carts and bearing baskets piled up with luscious grapes. A trifle that the poorest traveler could have spared, procured us an ample supply.

THE HUGUENOTS OF STATEN ISLAND.

STATEN ISLAND, that enchanting sea-girt spot in the beautiful Bay of New-York, early became a favorite resort with the French Protestants. It should be called the Huguenot Island; and for fine scenery, inland and water, natural beauties, hill, dale, and streams, with a bracing, healthful climate, it strongly reminds the traveler of some regions in France. No wonder that Frenchmen should select such a spot in a new land, for their quiet homes. The very earliest settlers on its shores were men of religious principles. Hudson, the great navigator, discovered the Island, in 1609, when he first entered the noble river which bears his undying name. It was called by its Indian owners, *Aquehioneja, Manackong, or Eghquawous*, which, translated, means the place of *Bad Woods*, referring, probably, to the character of its original savage inhabitants. Among the very earliest patents granted for lands in New-Netherland, we find one of June 19th, 1642, to Cornelius Melyn, a Dutch burgomaster. He thus became a Patroon of Staten Island, and subsequently a few others obtained the same honor and privileges. They were all connected with the Dutch Reformed Church, in Holland; and when they emigrated to New-Netherland, always brought with them their Bibles and the '*Kranckbesoeker*,' or 'Comforter of the Sick,' who supplied the place of a regular clergyman. Twice were the earliest settlers dispersed by the Raritan Indians, but they rallied again, until their progress became uninterrupted and permanent.

Between the Hollanders and the French Refugees, there existed an old and intimate friendship. Holland, from the beginning of the Middle Ages, had been the asylum for all the religious outlaws from all parts of Europe. But especially the persecuting wars and troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, brought hither crowds

of exiles. Not less than thirty thousand English, who had embraced the Reformed faith, found here a shelter during the reign of Mary Tudor. Hosts of Germans, during the 'Thirty Years' War,' obtained on the banks of the Amstel and the Rhine, that religious liberty, which they had in vain claimed in their own country. But the greatest emigration was that of the *Walloon*s, from the bloody tyranny of the Duke of Alba, and the Count of Parma. For a long period the Reformed faith had found adherents in the Provinces of the Low Countries. Here the first churches were *under the Cross*, or *in the Secret*, as it was styled, and they concealed themselves from the raging persecution, by hiding, as it were, their faith, under mystic names, the sense of which believers only knew. We will mention only a few. That of Tournay, '*The Palm-Tree*;' Antwerp, '*The Vine*;' Mons, '*The Olive*;' Lille, '*The Rose*;' Douay, '*The Wheat-Sheaf*'; and the Church of Arras had for its symbol '*The Heart's-Ease*.' In 1561, they published in French, their Confession of Faith, and in 1563, their Deputies, from the Reformed Communities of Flanders, Brabant, Artois, and Hainault, united in a single body, holding the first Synod of which we have any account. These regions were an old part of the French Netherlands, or Low Countries; and a small section of Brabant was called *Walloon*; and here were found innumerable advocates of the Reformed faith. The whole country would probably have become the most Protestant of all Europe, were it not for the torrents of blood poured out for the maintenance of the Roman religion by the Duke of Alba.

Welcomed by the States General, Walloon Colonies were formed from the year 1578 to 1589, at Amsterdam, Harlaem, Leyden, Utrecht, and other places. But new persecutions arising, the Re-

formed French retired to Holland, where new churches arose at Rotterdam, in 1605, Nimeguen, 1621, and Tholen, in 1658. It was natural, therefore, that the Huguenots of France should afterward settle in a country of so much sympathy for the Walloon refugees, whom they regarded as their brethren. When Henry III. commanded them to be converted to the Romish Church or to leave the kingdom in six months, many of them repairing to Holland, joined the Walloon communities, whose language and creed were their own. After the fall of La Rochelle, this emigration recommenced, and was doubled under Louis XIV., when he promulgated his first wicked and insane edict against his Protestant subjects. From that unfortunate period, during a century, the Western Provinces of France depopulated themselves to the benefit of the Dutch Republic. Many learned men and preachers visited these Walloon churches, while endeavoring to escape the persecuting perils of every kind, to which they were exposed. Among the ministers we may mention the names of Basnage, Claude, Benoit, and Saurin, who surpassed them all, by the superiority of his genius, who was the patriarch of 'The Refuge,' and contributed more than all the rest to prevail on the Huguenots to leave France.

During the last twenty years of the seventeenth century, the French Protestant emigration into Holland rose to a political event, and the first '*Dragonades*' gave the signal in 1681. The Burgomasters of Amsterdam soon perceived the golden advantages which the Hollanders would derive from the fatal policy of Louis XIV. The city of Amsterdam announced to the refugees all the rights of citizenship, with an exemption from taxes for three years. The States of Holland soon followed the example of Amsterdam, and by a public declaration, discharged all refugees who should settle there, from all taxes for twelve years. In less than eight days all the Protestants of France were informed of this favorable proclamation, which gave im-

pulse to new emigration. In all the Dutch provinces and towns collections were taken up for the benefit of the French refugees, and a general fast proclaimed for Wednesday, November 21st, 1685, and all Protestants were invited to thank God for the grace he gave them to worship Him in liberty, and to entreat him to touch the heart of the French King, who had inflicted such cruel persecutions on true believers.

The Prince of Orange attached two preachers to his person from the church of Paris, and the Huguenot ladies found a noble protectress in the Princess of Orange. Thanks to her most generous care, more than one hundred ladies of noble birth, who had lost all they possessed in France, and had seen their husbands or fathers thrown into dungeons, now found comfortable homes at Harlaem, Delft, and the Hague. At the Hague, the old convent of preaching monks was turned into an establishment for French women. At Nort, a boarding-house for young ladies of quality received an annual benefaction of two thousand florins from her liberal hands. Nor did she forget these pious asylums, after the British Parliament had decreed her the crown. Most of the refugees came from the Southern provinces — brave officers, rich merchants of Amiens, Rouen, Bourdeaux, and Nantes, artisans of Brittany and Normandy, with agriculturists from Provence, the shores of Languedoc, Roussillon, and La Guienne. Thus were transported into hospitable Holland, gentlemen and ladies of noble birth, with polished minds and refined manners, simple mechanics and ministers of high renown, and all more valuable than the golden mines of India or Peru. Thus Holland, of all lands, received most of the French refugees, and Bayle calls it 'the grand ark of the refugees.' No documents exist, by which their numbers can be correctly computed, but they have been estimated from fifty-five to seventy-five thousand souls, and the greatest number were to be found at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague. In 1686, there were not

less than sixteen French pastors to the Walloon churches at Amsterdam.

Thus intimately, by a common faith, friendship, and interest, did the Huguenots unite themselves with the people of Holland, who, about this period, commenced the establishment of New-Netherland in America. We have traced this union the more fully for the better understanding of our general subject. The Walloons and Huguenots were, in fact, the same people—oppressed and persecuted French Protestants. Of the former, as early as the year 1622, several Walloon families from the frontier, between Belgium and France, turned their attention to America. They applied to Sir Dudley Carleton, for permission to settle in the colony of Virginia, with the privilege of erecting a town and governing themselves, by magistrates of their own election. The application was referred to the Virginia Company,* but its conditions seem to have been too republican, and many of these Walloons looked toward New-Netherland, where some arrived in 1624, with the Dutch Director, Minuit.

At first, they settled on Staten Island, (1624,) but afterward removed to *Wahle Bocht* or the 'Bay of Foreigners,' which has since been corrupted into Wallabout. This settlement extended subsequently toward 'Breukelen,' named after an ancient Dutch village on the river Vecht, in the province of Utrecht; so that Staten Island has the honor of having presented the first safe home, in America, and on her beautiful shores, to the Walloons or Huguenots. The name of Walloon itself is said to be derived either from Wall, (water or sea,) or more probably, the old German word *Wahle*, signifying a foreigner. It must be remembered that this is a part of the earliest chapter in the history of New-Netherland, which the 'West-India Company' now resolved to erect into a province. To the Chamber of Amsterdam the superintendence of this new and extensive country was committed, and this body, during the previous year, had

sent out an expedition, in a vessel called the 'New-Netherland,' 'whereof Cornelius Jacobs of Hoorn was skipper, with thirty families, mostly Walloons, to plant a colony there.' They arrived in the beginning of May, (1623,) and the old document, from which we quote, adds :

'God be praised, it hath so prospered, that the honorable Lords Directors of the West-India Company have, with the consent of the noble, high, and mighty Lords States General, undertaken to plant some colonies,'* 'The Honorable Daniel Van Kriekebeek, for brevity called Beek, was commissary here, and so did his duty that he was thanked.'

In 1625, three ships and a yacht arrived at Manhattan, with more families, farming implements, and one hundred and three head of cattle. Hitherto the government of the settlement had been simple, but now, affairs assuming more permanency, a proper 'Director' from Holland was appointed, and Peter Minuit, then in the office, was instructed to organize a provincial government. He arrived in May, 1626, and to his unsading honor be it recorded, that his first official act was to secure possession of Manhattan Island, by fair and lawful purchase of the Indians. It was estimated to contain twenty-two thousand acres, and was bought for the sum of sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars! Lands were cheap then, where our proud and princely metropolis now stands, with her millions, her churches, palatial stores, residences, and shipping.

As yet there was no clergyman in the colony, but two visitors of the sick, Sebastian Jansen Keol and Jan Huyck, were appointed for this important duty, and also to read the Scriptures, on Sundays, to the people. Thus was laid, more than two hundred years ago, the corner-stone of the Empire State, on the firm foundation of justice, morality, and religion. This historical fact places the character of the Dutch and French settlers in a most honorable light. They enjoy the illustrious distinction of fair,

* *Wassemair's Historie Van Europa.* Amsterdam, 1621-1623.

honest dealing with the aborigines, the natural owners of the lands.

The purchase of Manhattan, in 1626, was only imitated when William Penn, fifty-six years afterward, purchased the site of Philadelphia from the Indians, under the famous Elm Tree. The Dutch and Huguenot settlers of New-Netherland were grave, firm, persevering men, who brought with them the simplicity, industry, integrity, economy, and bravery of their Belgic sires, and to these eminent virtues were added the light of the civil law and the purity of the Protestant faith. To such we can point with gratitude and respect, for the beginnings of our western metropolis, and the works of our American forefathers.

The Rev. Joannes Megapolensis, as early as the year 1642, took charge of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany, under the patronage of the Patroon of Renssaelerwick, and five years afterward became 'Domine' at Manhattan. In 1652, he selected for a colleague, Samuel Drissius, on account of his knowledge of French and English, and from his letters we learn that he went, once a month, to preach to the French Protestants on Staten Island. These were Vaudois or Waldenses, who had fled to Holland from severe persecutions in Piedmont, and by the liberality of the city of Amsterdam, were forwarded to settle in New-Netherland. We wish that more materials could be gathered to describe the history of this minister and his early Huguenot flock upon Staten Island. His ministry continued from 1652 to 1671, and I have recorded all that I can find respecting him and his people. About the year 1690, the New-York Consistory invited the Rev. Peter Daille, who had ministered among the Massachusetts Huguenots, to preach occasionally on Staten Island.

In August, 1661, a number of Dutch and French emigrants from the Palatinate obtained grants of land on the south side of Staten Island, where a site for a village was surveyed. In a short time its population increased to twelve or fourteen families, and to protect them

from the Indians, a block-house was erected and garrisoned with three guns and ten soldiers. Domine Drissius visited them, and from a letter of his to the Classis of Amsterdam, we learn the names of these early emigrants, and some are familiar ones,* Jan Classen, Johannes Christoffels, Ryk Hendricks, Meyndert Evertsen, Gerrit Cornelissen, Capt. Post, Govert Lockermans, Wynant Peertersen, etc., etc. Previous to this period, the island had been twice overrun by the savages and its population scattered; but now its progress became uninterrupted and onward. Crowds of people from Germany, Norway, Austria, and Westphalia had fled to Holland, and their number was increased by the religious troubles of the Waldenses and Huguenots. Several families of the latter requested permission to emigrate with the Dutch farmers to New-Netherland, at their own expense. They only asked protection for a year or two from the Indians; and the English, now in possession of the New-York colony, were most favorably disposed toward them. This transfer from the Dutch to the British rule took place in 1664. Fort Amsterdam became Fort James, and the city took its present name, imposed as it was upon its rightful owners. Staten Island was called Richmond County, and the province of New-Netherland New-York, the name of one known only in history as a tyrant and a bigot, the enemy of both political and religious freedom.

From 1656 to 1663, some Protestant emigrants from Savoy came to Staten Island, and a large body of Rochelle Huguenots also reached New-York during the latter year. This fertile and beautiful spot, with its gentle hills and widespread surrounding waters, became a favorite asylum for the French refugees, and they arrived in considerable numbers about the year 1675, with a pastor, and erected a church near Richmond village. I have visited the place, but all that remains to mark the vener-

* Alb. Rec. xviii.

able and sacred spot is a single dilapidated grave-stone! The building, it is said, was burned down, and none of its records have been discovered. At that period, there were only five or six congregations in the province of New-York, and this must have been one of them. The Rev. David Bonrepos accompanied some of the French Protestants in their flight from France to this country, and in an early description of New-York, the Rev. John Miller says: 'There is a meeting-house at Richmond, Staten Island, of which Dr. Bonrepos is the minister. There are forty English, forty-four Dutch, and thirty-six French families.' In 1695-1696, letters of denization were granted to David Bonrepos and others. Among my autographs is a copy of his: he wrote a fair, clear hand.

Under the tolerant rule of 'Good Queen Anne,' many French refugees obtained peaceful abodes in Richmond county. In their escape from their own land, multitudes had been kindly received in England, and afterward accepted a permanent and safe shelter in the Province of New-York. What a noble origin had the Staten Island Christian refugees! Their ancestors, the Waldenses, resided several centuries, as a whole people, in the South of France, and like the ancient Israelites of the land of Goshen, enjoyed the pure light of sacred truth, while Egyptian darkness spread its gloom on every side. In vain have historians endeavored to trace correctly their origin and progress. All, however, allow them a very high antiquity, with what is far better, an uncontaminated, pure faith. A very ancient record gives a beautiful picture of their simple manners and devotions:

'They, kneeling on their knees, or leaning against some bank or stay, do continue in their prayers with silence, as long as a man may say thirty or forty *paternosters*. This they do every day, with great reverence, being among themselves. Before meat, they say, '*Benedicite*,' etc. Then the elders, in their own tongue, repeat: 'God, which blessed the five loaves and two fishes, bless this table and what is set upon it. In the

name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.' After meat, they say: 'Blessing, and worship, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, virtue, and strength, to God alone, for ever and ever. Amen. The Lord which has given us corporeal feeding, grant us his spiritual life; and God be with us, and we always with him. Amen.' Thus saying grace, they hold their hands upward, looking up to heaven; and afterward they teach and exhort among themselves.'

To Staten Islanders it must be a pleasant reminiscence, that among their earliest settlers were these pious Waldenses.

Like their brethren in Utrecht, the descendants of the Huguenots on the Island sometimes occupy the same farms which their pious ancestors obtained more than a century and a half ago. The Disosways, the Guions, the Seguines, on its beautiful winding shores, are well-known examples of this kind. The Hollanders, Walloons, Waldenses, and the Huguenots here all intermarried, and the noble, spiritual races thus combined, ever have formed a most excellent, industrious, and influential population. Judges, Assemblymen, members of Congress, and ministers, again and again, in Richmond county, have been selected from these unions. During the Revolutionary struggle, the husband of Mrs. Colonel Disosway had fallen into the hands of the common enemy; she was the sister of the well-known and brave Captain Fitz-Randolph, or Randell, as commonly called, who had greatly annoyed the British. When one of their officers had consented to procure her husband's release, if she would persuade her brother to quit the American ranks, she indignantly replied: 'If I could act so dastardly a part, think you that General Washington has but one Captain Randolph in his army?'

The early history of some of the emigrants is almost the reality of romance. Henri de La Tourette fled from La Vendée, after the Revolution, and to avoid suspicion, gave a large entertainment. While the guests were assembled at his house, he suddenly left, with his wife,

for the sea-coast. This was not far off, and reaching it, he escaped on board a vessel bound for Charleston. The ship was either cast away upon the shores of Staten Island, or made a harbor in distress. Here La Tourette landed, and a long list of exemplary, virtuous people trace their origin to this source, and one of them has been pastor to the 'Huguenot,' a Dutch Reformed church on the Island, and is now a useful minister among the Episcopalians of the Western States. A branch of this family still exists at the château of La Tourrette, in France, and some years since, one of them visited this country to obtain the 'Old Family Bible.' But he was unsuccessful, as the holy and venerable volume had been sent long before to a French refugee in Germany. But few of such holy books can now be found, printed in French, and very scarce; wherever met with, they should be carefully perused and preserved.

Dr. Channing Moore for a long time was the faithful pastor of St. Andrew's, the Episcopal Church at Richmond. Afterward he was consecrated the Bishop of Virginia. He was connected by marriage with an old Huguenot family of the Island, and his son, the Rev. David Moore, D.D., succeeded him here, living and dying, a striking example of fidelity to his most important duties. That eloquent divine, the late Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was a Staten Islander by birth, and of the same French origin on the maternal side.

His son is the present Bishop Bedell of Ohio. There are scarcely any of the original Richmond county families but claim relationship to the French Protestants either on the father or mother's side. In all the official records are to be found such names as Disosway, Fontaine, (Fountain,) Reseau, Bedell, Rutan, Poillon, Mercereau, La Conte, Britten, Maney, Perrin, (Perrine,) Larselene, Curse, De Puy, (Depuy,) Corssen, Martineau, Morgane, (Morgan,) Le Guine, (Leguine,) Journey, Teunise, Guion, Dubois, Andronette, Winant, Totten, La Farge, Martling, De Decker, (Decker very numerous,) Barton, Ryers, Mell, Hillyer, De Groot, Garretson, Vanderbilt, etc., etc.

Few communities are blest with a better population than Richmond county, moral, industrious, thrifty, and religious, and they should ever cherish the remembrance of their virtuous and noble origin. The island is not more than twelve or fourteen miles long, and about three wide, with some thirty thousand inhabitants; and within these small limits there are over thirty churches, of various denominations, each having a regular pastor; and most of the official members in these congregations are lineal branches of the first settlers, the French Protestants. What a rich and glorious harvest, since the handful of Holland, Walloon, Waldenses, and Huguenot emigrants, two centuries and a half ago, first landed upon the wilderness shores of Staten Island!

RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

THE appearance of the first volume of the long-expected *Life of Washington Irving* has excited an interest which will not be satisfied until the whole work shall have been completed. Its author, Pierre M. Irving, sets forth with the announcement that his plan is to make the patriarch of American literature his own biographer. It is nothing new that this branch of letters is beset with peculiar difficulties. Some men suffer sadly at the hand of their chronicler. Scott misrepresents Napoleon, and Southey fails equally in his Memoirs of Cowper and of the Wesleys. Friendship's colors are too bright for correct portraiture, and prejudice equally forbids accuracy. Mr. Pierre M. Irving, though an admirer of his distinguished kinsman, (and who that knew him could fail of admiration?) avoids the character of a mere eulogist, while at the same time he exhibits none of the obsequiousness of a Boswell, fluttering like a moth about a huge candle. Being a man of independent mind and of high culture, he brings out the character he portrays in aspects true to life, and not exaggerated by excess of tone, while he fully exhibits its exquisite finish.

Among the many incidents of deep interest which are contained in this volume, the episode of Matilda Hoffman stands forth in most striking relief. While lifting the veil which for a half-century covered the most pathetic event in Irving's life, his biographer touches with a scrupulous delicacy a theme so sacredly enshrined in a life-long memory. In referring to this affair, which gave a tender aspect to Irving's subsequent career, and in fact changed its whole tenor, we may remark that the loves of literary men form a most interesting and, in some cases, moving history. Some, like Petrarch, Earl Surrey, Burns, and Byron, have embalmed the

objects of their affection in the effusions of their muse, while others have bequeathed that duty to others. Shakespeare says but little about his sweetheart, while Milton, who was decidedly unsuccessful in matters of the heart, seems to have acted on the motto, 'The least said, the soonest mended.' Poor Pope, miserable invalid though he was, nervous, irritable, and full of hate and spleen, was not beyond the power of the tender passion, and confessed the charms of the lovely Martha Blount, who held the wretched genius among her conquests. Swift, although an ogre at heart, had his chapter of love matters, which never fail to give us the horrors when we bring them to mind, and the episodes of Stella and Vanessa are among the minor tragedies in life's great drama. Johnson had a great heart, and was born to love, though, like the lion, he needed to have his claws pared, to fit him for female society. What a tender attachment was that which he bore 'Tetty,' and with what solemn remembrance he preserved her as his own, even after death had robbed him of her presence!

The loves of these men exercised the strongest influence on their destinies, while, on the other hand, disappointment and consequent celibacy have done the same to their victims. To the bachelor list of modern days, which can boast of Charles Lamb and Macaulay, America adds the proud name of Washington Irving, whose early disappointment made him an author.

My impressions of Irving's boyhood and youth are alive with the freshness of an early memory, which conserves along with him the Crugers, Clintons, Livingstons, Ogdens, and other old and honored names of New-York. The biography which inspires this reminiscence gives a sketch of the early history of

the family, and as its author has thus opened the subject, it will not, we presume, be considered an intrusion if I pursue the thread of domestic incident a little farther than he has done.

The Irving homestead, in William street, was, in its day, a place of some pretension, when contrasted with the humble dwellings which surrounded it. The street on which it stood was miserably built, but here, in the suburb of the city, was a house whose appearance corresponded with the solid and high-toned character of its owner. Old Mr. Irving was, at the time to which I refer, a hale citizen of about three-score and ten, of grave and majestic bearing, and a form and expression which, when once fixed in the mind, could not easily be forgotten. As I remember him, his countenance was cast in that strong mould which characterized the land of his birth, but the features were often mellowed by a quiet smile. He was a man of deep piety, and was esteemed a pillar in the Brick Church, then the leading Presbyterian church of the city.

His mode of conducting family worship was peculiarly beautiful, and even to his last days he maintained this service. On such occasions, it was a most touching spectacle to see the majestic old man, bowed and hoary with extreme age, leaning upon his staff, as he stood among his family and sung a closing hymn, generally one appropriate to his condition, while tears of emotion ran down his cheeks. One of these hymns we well remember. It runs in these lines :

' Death may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my moments move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

' With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of my Lord ;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.'

In a few years, the words of this exquisite hymn were fulfilled ; the old man fell asleep, full of years and of honors, going to the grave like a shock of corn in its season. His funeral was

one of imposing simplicity, and he was buried just at the entrance of that church where he had been so long a faithful attendant.

Mrs. Irving, who survived him several years, was of a different type of character, which, by its peculiar contrast, seemed to perfect the harmony of a well-matched union. She was of elegant shape, with large English features, which were permeated by an indescribable life and beauty. Her manners were full of action, and her conversational powers were of a high order. All of these graces appeared in the children, and were united with the vigor of intellect which marked the character of the father.

It would have been surprising if the offspring of such a union should not have been distinguished, and it is only the peculiar relation which the biographer sustains to it which prevents him from bringing this feature out more prominently.

It was, however, acknowledged, at an early day, that the family of William Irving had no equal in the city, and when we consider its number, its personal beauty, its moral excellence, its varied talents, without a single deficient or unworthy member, we can not wonder at the general admiration which it commanded. From the eldest son, William, and Ann, the eldest daughter, whom her father fondly termed Nancy, to Washington, the youngest, all were endowed with beauty, grace, amiability, and talent, yet in the latter they seemed to effloresce with culminating fullness. Nancy Irving was the cynosure of William street, concerning whose future destiny many a youth might have confessed an impassioned interest. Her brother William had become connected commercially with a young revolutionary soldier, (General Dodge,) who had opened a trading-station on the Mohawk frontier, and the latter bore away the sister as his bride. The union was one of happiness, and lasted twenty years, when it was terminated by her death. Of this, Washington thus speaks, in a

letter in 1808 : 'On the road, as I was traveling in high spirits, with the idea of home to inspire me, I had the shock of reading an account of my dear sister's death, and never was a blow struck so near my heart before. . . . One more heart lies cold and still that ever beat toward me with the warmest affection, for she was the tenderest, best of sisters, and a woman of whom a brother might be proud.' Little did the author of this letter then dream of that more crushing blow which within one year was to fall upon him, and from whose weight he was never wholly to recover.

William Irving, the brother of the biographer, was a model of manly beauty, and early remarkable for a brilliant and sparkling intellect, which overflowed in conversation, and often bordered on eloquence. Had he been bred to the law, he would have shone among its brightest stars ; but those gifts, which so many envied, were buried in trade, and though he became one of the merchant-princes of the city, even this success could not compensate for so great a burial of gifts. As one of the contributors to *Salmagundi*, he exhibits the keenness of a flashing wit, while, in subsequent years, he represented New-York in Congress, when such an office was a distinction.

Peter Irving, like his brother, united personal elegance with talents, and conducted the *Morning Chronicle*, amid the boisterous storms of early politics. This journal favored the interests of Burr; but it must be remembered that at that time Burr's name was free from infamy, and that, as a leader, he enjoyed the highest prestige, being the centre of the Democracy of New-York. Burr's powers of fascination were peculiarly great, and he had surrounded himself with a circle of enthusiastic admirers. Indeed, such was his skill in politics, that in 1800 he upset the Federalists, after a pitched battle of three days, (the old duration of an election,) which was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. Horatio Gates, of Saratoga fame, was one of his nominees for the State Legislature, (Gates was then en-

joying those undeserved laurels which posterity has since taken away,) and it was surprising to see the veterans of the Revolution abandoning their party to vote for their old comrade and leader. The result was, that the Federalists were most thoroughly worsted, and the party never recovered from the blow. Such were the exciting events which identified the young politicians of the metropolis, and which inspired their speeches and their press. Burr's headquarters were at Martling's Tavern, 87 Nassau street. On being torn down, the business was removed to Tammany Hall, which has inherited a political character from its predecessor. Besides this, he used to meet his friends in more select numbers at a Coffee-house in Maiden Lane. His office was Number 30 Partition street, (now Fulton,) and his residence was at Richmond Hill. This place has lately been pulled down ; it stood far away from the city, in a wild, secluded neighborhood, and in bad going was quite an out of the way spot, though now it would be in the densest part of the city. As there were no public vehicles plying in this direction, except the Chelsea (Twenty-eighth street) stage, which was very unreliable, one either had to hire a coach or else be subjected to a walk of two miles. But such as had the *entrée* of this establishment would be well rewarded, even for these difficulties, by an interview with Theodosia Burr, the most charming creature of her day. She was married early, and we saw but little of her. From the interest which the Irvings felt in Burr's fortunes, it might have been expected that they should sympathize with him in his subsequent reverses.

The biographer presents Washington Irving as an attendant at the famous trial at Richmond, where his indignation at some of Burr's privations are expressed in a most interesting letter. This sympathy is the more touching from the fact that Washington was a Federalist, and in this respect differed from his brothers. We have an idea that his youthful politics were in no small de-

gree influenced by those of that illustrious personage for whom he was named.

Another of the sons was John T., who became a successful and wealthy jurist, and for many years presided at New-York Common Pleas, while Ebenezer was established in trade at an early day. Such was the development of that family, which in rosy childhood followed William Irving to the old Brick Church, and whose early progress he was permitted to witness. The biographer passes lightly over the scenes of boyhood, and there was hardly any need for his expatiating on that idolatry which surrounded the youngest. He was no doubt the first child ever named after the father of his country, and the touching incident of Lizzie's presenting the chubby, bright-eyed boy to Washington, is hit off in a few touches. It was, however, in itself a sublime thing. Nearly seventy years afterward, that child, still feeling the hand of benediction resting upon him, concludes his *Life of Washington* by a description of his reception in New-York, of which he had been a witness. Why does he not (it would have been a most pardonable allusion) bring in the incident referred to above? Ah! modesty forbade; yet, as he penned that description, his heart must have rejoiced at the boldness of the servant who broke through the crowd and presented to the General a boy honored with his name. Glorious incident indeed!

As the family grew up, the young men took to their different professions, which we have briefly designated. Peter read medicine, and hence received the title of 'doctor'; though he hated and finally abjured it, yet, as early as 1794, he had opened an office at 208 Broadway. This, however, was more a resort for the muses than for Hygeia, notwithstanding its sign, 'Peter Irving, M.D.' In 1796, William Irving, who had been clerk in the loan office, established himself in trade in Pearl—near Partition—street, and from his energy and elegance of manners, he became immediately successful, while farther up the street, near

Old Slip, John T. opened a law office, which was subsequently removed to Wall street, near Broadway. We mention these facts to show that Irving entered life surrounded by protecting influences, and that the kindness which sheltered him from the world's great battle had a tendency to increase his natural delicacy and to expose him to more intense suffering, when the hand of misfortune should visit him. One who had 'roughed it' with the world would have better borne the killing disappointment of his affections; but he was rendered peculiarly sensitive to suffering by his genial surroundings.

This fact sets off in remarkable contrast, the noble resolution with which such an one as he, when he had buried all the world held in the tomb with the dead form of his beloved, rose above his sorrows. It is well observed by his biographer, that 'it is an affecting evidence how little Mr. Irving was ever disposed to cultivate or encourage sadness, that he should be engaged during this period of sorrow and seclusion in revising and giving additional touches to his *History of New-York*.' Those who may smile at the elegant humor which pervades the pages of that history, will be surprised to learn that they were nearly complete, yet their final revision and preparation for the press was by one who was almost broken of heart, and who thus cultivated a spirit of cheerfulness, lest he should become a burden to himself and others. As he writes to Mrs. Hoffman: 'By constantly exercising my mind, never suffering it to prey upon itself, and resolutely determining to be cheerful, I have, in a manner, worked myself into a very enviable state of serenity and self-possession.'

How truly has Wordsworth expressed this idea:

'If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.'

We are glad to know that in time Irving sought a better consolation.

But to return from this digression, or rather anticipation of our subject. At the time of which we now write, New-York was comparatively a small town; true, it was the chief commercial city in America, and yet its limits proper could be described by a line drawn across the island some distance below Canal street. Yet even then New-York was full of life, and seemed to feel the promise of subsequent greatness. Her streets echoed to the footsteps of men whom the present generation, with all its progress, can not surpass. At Number 26 Broadway, might have been daily seen the light-built but martial and elegant form of Alexander Hamilton, while his mortal foe, Aaron Burr, as we have stated, held his office in Partition street. John Jacob Astor was just becoming an established and solid business man, and dwelt at 223 Broadway, the present site of the Astor House, and which was one of the earliest purchases which led to the greatest landed estate in America. Robert Lenox lived in Broadway, near Triuity Church, and was building up that splendid commerce which has made his son one of the chief city capitalists. De Witt Clinton was a young and ambitious lawyer, full of promise, whose office (he was just elected Mayor) was Number 1 Broadway. Cadwallader D. Colden was pursuing his brilliant career, and might be found immersed in law at Number 59 Wall street. Such were the legal and political magnates of the day; while to slake the thirst of their excited followers, Medcef Eden brewed ale in Gold street, and Janeway carried on the same business in Magazine street; and his empty establishment became notorious, in later years, as the 'Old Brewery.'

About this time young Irving was developing as one of the most interesting youth of the city. His manners were soft without being effeminate, his form finely molded, and his countenance singularly beautiful. To this might be added the general opinion that he was considerably gifted in the use of the pen. Yet with all these promising fea-

tures, the future was clothed with shadows, for his health was failing, and his friends considered him too lovely a flower to last. Little did his brothers and sisters think that that delicate youth would, with one exception, outlive the whole family. It was at this time that he first went abroad; and his experiences of travel are given by Pierre Irving in the sparkling letters which he wrote to his brothers.

In 1807 I used to meet him once more in social gatherings in the city, for he had returned in full restoration of health, his mind expanded, and his manners improved by intercourse with the European world, while *Salmagundi* had electrified the city and given him the first rank among its satirists. The question of profession crowded on him, and he alternated between the law and the counting-room, in either of which he might find one or more of his brothers. The former of these was a road to distinction, the latter was one to wealth; but feeling the absence of practical business gifts, he shrank from trade, and took refuge in the quiet readings of an office. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, of whose daughter so much has recently been written, was a family friend, as well as a lawyer of high character. He lived first at Number 68 Greenwich street, but afterward moved up-town, his office being in Wall street, first Number 47, and afterward Number 16. Young Irving finished his studies with Mr. Hoffman, and immediately took office with his brother John, at Number 3 Wall street. To these two was soon added the presence of Peter, who was still connected with the press, and thus might have been found for a short time a most interesting and talented, as well as fraternal trio.

Washington was still, to a considerable degree an *habitué* of Mr. Hoffman's office, and it seems quite amusing that one who was so dull at reading law that he makes merry with his own deficiencies, should have a connection with two offices. But the name of Matilda was the magnet which drew him to one where

he vainly struggled to climb Alp on Alp of difficulties in hope of love's fruition, while at the other he might smile at the bewilderments of Coke, brush away the cobwebs from his brain, and recreate himself with the rich humors of *Salmagundi*.

The place and time where this remarkable attachment had its inception, are not known; but like all such affairs, it arose, no doubt, from felicitous accident. In one of his sketches, Irving speaks of a mysterious footprint seen on the sward of the Battery, which awoke a romantic interest in his breast. This youthful incident comes to our mind when we remember that Mr. Hoffman lived at Number 68 Greenwich street, not a stone's throw from the Battery, and we have sometimes thought that the mysterious footprint might have been Matilda's. At any rate, the Battery was at that day a place of fashionable resort, and hence the fair but fragile form of Matilda Hoffman could almost any day have been seen tripping among bevyes of city girls in pursuit of health or pleasure. But whatever be the history of its origin, the attachment became one of mutual strength; and while young Irving was surrounded by piles of law-books and red tape, his hope of success was identified with the name of Matilda. My remembrance of Matilda (her name was Sarah Matilda, but the first was dropped in common intercourse) revives a countenance of great sweetness, and an indescribable beauty of expression. Her auburn hair played carelessly in the wind, and her features, though not of classic outline, were radiant with life. Her eye was one of the finest I have ever seen — rich, deep-toned, and eloquent, speaking volumes in each varying expression, and generally suggestive of pensive emotion. Irving was about eight years her senior, and this difference was just sufficient to draw out that fond reliance of female character which he has so beautifully set forth in the sketch of 'The Wife.' The brief period of this courtship was the sunny hour of his life, for his tender and sensitive na-

ture forbade any thing but the most ardent attachment. What dreams of future bliss floated before his intoxicated vision, soon to change to the stern realities of grieving sorrow!

In 1809, Mr. Hoffman removed to a suburban residence in Broadway, (corner of Leonard street,) and the frequent walks which the young lover took up that sequestered avenue may have suggested some of the descriptions of the same street in the pages of the *History of New-York*, and his allusions to the front-gardens so adapted to ancient courtship. While at this mansion, amid all the blandishments of hope, Matilda's health began to fail beyond the power of restoratives, and the anxious eye both of parent and betrothed, marked the advance of relentless disease. The maiden faded away from their affections until both stood by her bed and saw her breathe her last.

The biographer informs us that after Mr. Irving's death, there was found in a repository of which he always kept the key, a memorial of this affair, which had evidently been written to some friend, in explanation of his single life. Of the memorial the following extract is given:

'We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her. Her shyness wore off by degrees. The more I saw of her the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent, but I, in a manner, studied her excellence. Never did I meet more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought, or action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all who knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part, I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, as if I was a coarse, unworthy being, in comparison.'

'This passion was terribly against my studies. I felt my own deficiency, and despaired of ever succeeding at the bar. I could study any thing else rather than law, and had a fatal propensity to belles-lettres.'

I had gone on blindly like a boy in love, but now I began to open my eyes and be miserable. I had nothing in purse or in expectation. I anticipated nothing from my legal pursuits, and had done nothing to make me hope for public employment, or political elevation. I had begun a satirical and humorous work, (*The History of New-York*), in company with one of my brothers; but he had gone to Europe shortly after commencing it, and my feelings had run in so different a vein that I could not go on with it. I became low-spirited and disheartened, and did not know what was to become of me. I made frequent attempts to apply myself to the law; but it is a slow and tedious undertaking for a young man to get into practice, and I had, unluckily, no turn for business. The gentleman with whom I studied saw the state of my mind. He had an affectionate regard for me—a paternal one, I may say. He had a better opinion of my legal capacity than it merited. He urged me to return to my studies, to apply myself, to become well acquainted with the law, and that in case I could make myself capable of undertaking legal concerns, he would take me into partnership with him and give me his daughter. Nothing could be more generous. I set to work with zeal to study anew, and I considered myself bound in honor not to make farther advances with the daughter until I should feel satisfied with my proficiency with the law. It was all in vain. I had an insuperable repugnance to the study; my mind would not take hold of it; or rather, by long despondency had become for the time incapable of any application. I was in a wretched state of doubt and self-distrust. I tried to finish the work which I was secretly writing, hoping it would give me reputation and gain me some public employment. In the mean time I saw Matilda every day, and that helped distract me. In the midst of this struggle and anxiety, she was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first, but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I can not tell you what I suffered. The ills that I have undergone in this life have been dealt out to me drop by drop, and I have tasted all their bitterness. I saw her fade rapidly away—beautiful and more beautiful, and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying-struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights

I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died. All the family were assembled around her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. I have told you as briefly as I could, what, if I were to tell with all the incidents and feelings that accompanied it, would fill volumes. She was but seventeen years old when she died.

'I can not tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually on my mind that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having of a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.

'Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone, but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its final catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and threw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. When I became more calm and collected, I applied myself, by way of occupation, to the finishing of my work. I brought it to a close as well as I could, and published it; but the time and circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction. Still, it took with the public, and gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable and uncommon in America. I was noticed, caressed, and for a time elevated by the popularity I had gained. Wherever I went, I was overwhelmed with attentions. I was full of youth and animation, far different from the being I now am, and I was quite flushed with this early taste of public favor. Still, however, the career of gayety and notoriety soon palled upon me. I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on. It would continually revert to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamed of her incessantly.'

The fragment of which the above is an extract, is doubly interesting as not

only clearing up a mystery which the world has long desired to penetrate, but also as giving Irving's experience in his own words. It proves how deeply he felt the pangs of a rooted sorrow, and how impossible it was, amid all the attractions of society, for him to escape the power of one who had bidden to all earthly societies an everlasting farewell. That his regrets over his early bereavement did not arise from overwrought dreams of excellence in the departed, is evident from the character she bore with others; and this is illustrated by the following extract from a faded copy of the *Commercial Advertiser*, which reads as follows :

OBITUARY.

'Died, on the 26th instant, in the eighteenth year of her age, Miss Sarah Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. Thus another youthful and lovely victim is added to the ravages of that relentless and invincible enemy to earthly happiness, the *consumption*. In the month of January we beheld this amiable and interesting girl in the glow of health and spirits, the delight of her friends, the joy and pride of her family; she is now cold and lifeless as the clod of the valley. So falls the tender flower of spring as it expands its bosom to the chilling blight of the morning frost. Endowed by nature with a mind unusually discriminating, and a docility of temper and disposition admirably calculated to reap profit from instruction, Miss Hoffman very early became an object of anxious care and solicitude to the fondest of fathers. That care and solicitude he soon found richly rewarded by the progress she made in her learning, and by every evidence of a grateful and feeling heart. After completing the course of her education in a highly respectable seminary in Philadelphia, she returned to her father's house, where she diligently sought every opportunity to improve her mind by various and useful reading. She charmed the circle of her friends by the suavity of her disposition and the most gentle and engaging manners. She delighted and blessed her own family by her uniformly correct and affectionate conduct. Though not formed to mingle and shine in the noisy haunts of dissipation, she was eminently fitted to increase the store of domestic happiness, to bring pleasure and tranquillity to the fireside, and to gladden the fond heart of a parent.'

'Religion, so necessary to our peace in this

world and to our happiness in the next, and which gives so high a lustre to the charms and to the virtues of woman, constantly shed her benign influence over the conduct of Miss Hoffman, nor could the insidious attempts of the infidel for a moment weaken her confidence in its heavenly doctrines. With a form rather slender and fragile was united a beauty of face, which, though not dazzling, had so much softness, such a touching sweetness in it, that the expression which mantled over her features was in a high degree lovely and interesting. Her countenance was indeed the faithful image of a mind that was purity itself, and of a heart where compassion and goodness had fixed their abode. To the sweetest disposition that ever graced a woman, was joined a sensibility, not the fictitious creature of the imagination, but the glowing offspring of a pure and affectionate soul.'

'Tenderness, that quality of the heart which gives such a charm to every female virtue, was hers in an eminent degree. It diffused itself over every action of her life. Sometimes blended with a delicate and happy humor, characteristic of her nature, it would delight the social circle; again, with the most assiduous offices of affection, it would show itself at the sick couch of a parent, a relative, or a friend. In this manner the writer of this brief memorial witnessed those soothing acts of kindness which, under peculiar circumstances, will ever be dear to his memory. Alas! little did she then dream that in one short year she herself would fall a sacrifice to the same disease under which the friend to whom she so kindly ministered, sunk to the grave.'

This testimony to departed worth bears the impress of deep sincerity, and its freedom from the fulsome praise, which so often varnishes the dead, seems to add to its force. Peter Irving, also, pays a tribute to her character in the following utterance, in a letter to his bereaved brother : 'May her gentle spirit have found that heaven to which it ever seemed to appertain. She was too spotless for this contaminated world.'

The biographer states that 'Mr. Irving never alluded to this event, nor did any of his relatives ever venture in his presence to introduce the name of Matilda.' 'I have heard,' he adds, 'of but one instance in which it was ever obtruded upon him, and that was by her father, nearly thirty years after her death, and at his own house. A grand-

daughter had been requested to play for him some favorite piece on the piano, and in extricating her music from the drawer, she accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. ‘Washington,’ said Mr. Hoffman, picking up the faded relic, ‘this is a piece of poor Matilda’s workmanship.’ The effect was electric. He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before, but he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house. It is evidence with what romantic tenderness Irving cherished the memory of this early love, that he kept by him through life the Bible and Prayer-Book of Matilda. He lay with them under his pillow in the first days of keen and vivid anguish that followed her loss, and they were ever afterward, in all changes of climate and country, his inseparable companions.

The scene at the house of Mr. Hoffman, to which the biographer alludes, took place after Irving’s second return from Europe, and after an absence of nearly twenty years from his native land. During this time he had become famous as an author, and had been conceded the position of the first American gentleman in Europe. He had been received at Courts as in his official position (Secretary of Legation) and had received the admiration of the social and intellectual aristocracy of England. Returning full of honors, he became at once the lion of New-York, and was greeted by a public dinner at the City Hotel. How little could it have been imagined, that amid all this harvest of honors, while he stood the cynosure of a general admiration, he should still be under the power of a youthful attachment, and that outliving all the glories of his splendid success, a maiden, dead thirty years, held him with undying power. While others thought him the happy object of a nation’s popularity, his heart was stealing away from noise and notice to the hallowed ground where Matilda lay.

‘Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which can not quit the dead?’

The biographer observes that ‘it is in the light of this event that we must interpret portions of ‘Rural Funerals,’ in the *Sketch-Book*, and ‘Saint Mark’s Eve,’ in *Bracebridge Hall*.’ From the former of these, we therefore make an extract, which is now so powerfully illustrated by the experience of its author:

‘The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who in the hour of agony would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed, in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. . . . But the grave of those we love, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and goodness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the dying scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye turned upon us even from the

threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!'

How truly is this passage 'to be interpreted in the light of the event in Irving's history,' when it is evident from a comparison of it with the memoranda, that it is a sketch of that scene which wrecked his brightest hopes, and that here he is renewing in this unequalled description of a dying-bed, the last hours of Matilda Hoffman. The highly-wrought picture presents a complete detail to the eye, and yet still more powerful is that simple utterance in the memoranda: '*I was the last one she looked upon.*'

St. Mark's Eve, to which reference is also made, was written several years subsequently, and as may be gathered from its tone, under circumstances of peculiar loneliness. It was while a solitary occupant of his lodgings, a stranger in a foreign city, that he felt the inspiration of precious memories, and improved his lonely hours by this exquisite production. 'I am alone,' he writes, 'in my chamber; but these themes have taken such hold upon me that I can not sleep. The room in which I sit is just fitted to foster such a state of mind. The walls are hung with tapestry, the figures of which are faded and look like unsubstantial shapes melting away from sight. . . . The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.' It was a fitting time to yield to the power of that undying affection which abode with him under all changes, and the serene presence of one snatched from him years ago must at such times have invested him as with a spell. Thus he writes:

'Even the doctrines of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime. . . . Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied; strip it of the gloom and hor-

ror with which it has been surrounded; and there is none of the whole circle of visionary creeds that could more delightfully elevate the imagination or more tenderly affect the heart. . . . What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows while we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence which had languished in the tomb yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein they live over again the hours of past endearments? . . . There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.'

The use of the plural in the above extract obviated that publicity of his especial bereavement which would have arisen from a reference to *one*, and it is to be explained by the deaths of three persons to whom he sustained the most endearing though varied relations of which man is capable: his mother, his sister Nancy, and his betrothed. The first two had become sacred memories, and were enshrined in the sanctuary of his soul; but the latter was a thing of life, whose existence had become identified with his own, and was made sure beyond the power of disease and mortality. Who, indeed, would have been so welcome to the solitary tourist on that weird midnight as she whose Bible and Prayer-Book accompanied his wanderings, whose miniature was his treasure, and of whom he could say: 'She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful.'

That a reunion with all the beloved of earth was a controlling thought in his mind, and one bearing an especial reference to this supreme bereavement, is manifest from the following, from the same sketch:

'We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few moments, and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other. Or granting that we dwell together for the full season of this mortal life, the grave soon closes its gates between us, and then our spirits are doomed to remain in separation and *widowhood* until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul will dwell with soul in blissful communion, and there will be neither death, nor absence, nor any thing else to interrupt our felicity.'

Such was the view which cheered the life of one thus early stripped of promised and expected happiness, and to which he clung during all changes of time and place. Amid the infirmities of advancing years, while surrounded by an endearing circle of relatives, who ministered to him with the most watchful affection, there was one that abode in still closer communion with his heart. While writing in his study at Sunnyside, or pacing, in quiet solitude, the streets of New-York, at all times, a fair young form hovered over him and beckoned him heavenward. Years passed on, until a half-century had been told. All things had changed, the scenes and characters of early life had passed away. The lover had become a kindly old man. The young essayist had become a great author and an heir of fame. The story of life was complete. The hour of his departure was at hand, when suddenly the same hand which had separated the lovers re-united them forever. Who shall say that the last image which flitted across his mind at the awful moment of dissolution, was not that fresh and lovely form which he had cherished in unchanging affection for fifty years?

I have stated my opinion that it was Irving's disappointment which made him the great American author, and to this opinion I now return with increased confidence. Had the plans of his youth been carried out; had he become a partner of Mr. Hoffman, and had the hands of the lovers been united, the whole tenor of his life would have been changed. He would have published

some fine things, in addition to the Knickerbocker history, and would have ranked high as a gentleman of elegant humor; but where would have been his enduring works? We sympathize with the disappointed lover; but we feel thankful that from his sorrow we gather such precious fruit. The death of Matilda led him abroad—to Spain, where he compiled his *Columbus* and gathered material for his *Alhambra*—and to England, where the *Columbus* was finished and published, and where his name became great, in spite of national prejudice. Beside this, the sorrow which cast its sacred shadow upon him gave his writings that endearing charm which fascinates the emotional nature and enabled him to touch the hidden chords of the heart.

If Ogilvie could congratulate him on the bankruptcy which drove him from the details of trade to the richer fruition of literary promise, we may consider it a beneficent working of Providence, which afforded to Irving a still earlier emancipation from the law, cheered as it might have been by the kindness of Mr. Hoffman and the society of Matilda.

Such being the remarkable chain which unites the names of the author and his love, we can not but consider her as a part of his character through the best years of his life and amid all the splendid success of his literary career. Indeed, through coming generations of readers, the names of Irving and Matilda will be united in the loveliest and most romantic of associations.

I have prolonged this reminiscence to an unexpected length, and yet can not close without a few additional thoughts which grow out of the perusal of the biography. Perhaps the chief of these is the nationality of Irving's character, particularly while a resident of Europe. Neither the pungent bitterness of the British press nor the patronage of the aristocracy could abate the firmness with which he upheld the dignity of his country. He was not less her representative when a struggling author in Liverpool or London than when Secre-

tary of Legation at the Court of St. James, or Ambassador at Madrid. His first appearance abroad was at a time of little foreign travel, and an American was an object of remark and observation. His elegant simplicity reflected honor upon his native land, and amid all classes, and in all places, love of country ruled him. This high tone pervaded his views of public duty. A gross defaulter having been mentioned in his presence, he replied, that 'next to robbing one's father it is, to rob one's country.'

It is also worthy of note that while Irving lived to unusual fullness of years, yet he never was considered an old man. We do not so much refer to his erect and vigorous frame as to the freshness of his mind. It is said that Goethe, on being asked the definition of a poet, replied: 'One who preserves to old age the feelings of youth.' Such was a leading feature in Mr. Irving's spirit, which, notwithstanding his shadowed hours, was so buoyant and cheerful. His countenance was pensero when in repose, and allegro in action, and these graces clung to him even in life's winter, like the flower at the base of the glacier.

Among the varied elements which constituted Irving's popularity, one of them might have been the beauty of his name, whose secret is revealed by the laws of prosody. Washington is a stately *dactyl*; Irving is a sweet and mellow *spondee*, and thus we have a combination which poets in ancient and modern days have sought with sedulous care, and which should close every line of hexameter verse. Hence a measure such as that found in 'Washington Ir-

ving' terminates every line in *Evangeline*, or the works of Virgil, thus:

'Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline *went from the mission,*
When, over green ways, by long and *perilous marches,*
She had attained at length the depth of the
Michigan forest.'

or—

'Supplicia hausorem scopulis : et nomine
Dido,
Et recidiva manu posuisse *Pergama victis.*'

It will be readily perceived that the name of the American author can be substituted for the feet italicized above, without injuring the measure, while in some of Moore's finest stansas beautifully alternates the same verse, thus:

'Oh ! fair as the sea-flower, *close to thee growing,*
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came !
Like the wind of the South o'er a *summer lute blowing,*
And hushed all its music, and withered its flame.'

At the close of his last great work, Mr. Irving sought for rest. He laid aside his pen, even from correspondence, and felt that his work was done. When in New-York, he was often to be found at the Astor Library, of which he was a trustee; but his visits to the city became few, and he seemed to realize that his time was come. To one who kindly remarked, 'I hope you will soon be better,' he calmly replied, in an earnest tone: 'I shall never be better.' The words came true too soon, and amid an unequaled pomp of unaffected sorrow, they bore him to a place of rest, by the side of his parents and all of his kin who had gone before him.

BYRONIC MISANTHROPY.

He has a grief he can not speak ;
He wears his hat awry ;
He blacks his boots but once a week ;
And says he wants to die !

NEW-ENGLAND'S ADVANCE.

HURRAH ! for our New-England,
When she rose up firm and grand,
In her calm, terrific beauty,
With the stout sword in her hand ;
When she raised her arm undaunted,
In the sacred cause of Right,
Like a crowned queen of valor,
Strong in her faith and might.

Hurrah ! for our New-England !
When the war-cry shook the breeze,
She wore the garb of glory,
And quaffed the cup of ease ;
But I saw a look of daring
On her proud features rise,
And the fire of will was flashing
Through the calm light of her eyes.

From her brow serene, majestic,
The wreath of peace she took,
And war's red rose sprang blooming,
And its bloody petals shook
On her heaving, beating bosom ;
And with forehead crowned with light,
Transfigured, she presented
Her proud form to the fight.

Hurrah ! for our New-England !
What lightning courage ran
Through her brave heart, as she bounded
To the battle's fearful van ;
O'er her head the starry banner ;
While her loud, inspiring cry,
'Death or Freedom for our Nation,'
Rang against the clouded sky.

I saw our own New-England
Dealing blows for Truth and Right,
And the grandeur of her purpose
Gave her eyes a sacred light ;
Ah ! name her 'the Invincible,'
Through rebel rank and host ;
For Justice evermore is done,
And Right comes uppermost.

Hurrah for our New-England !
Through the battle's fearful brunt,
Through the red sea of the carnage,
Still she struggles in the front ;

And victory's war-eagle,
 Hovering o'er the fiery blast,
 On her floating, starry standard,
 Is settling down at last.

There is glory for New-England,
 When Oppression's strife is done,
 When the tools of Wrong are vanquished,
 And the cause of Freedom won ;
 She shall sit in garments spotless,
 And shall breathe the odorous balm
 Of the cool green of contentment,
 In the bowers of peace and calm.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL ?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life ! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.—*Goethe*.

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—*Webster's Dictionary*.

CHAPTER I.

THE little village of Burnsville, in Connecticut, was thrown into a state of excitement by the report that Hiram Meeker was about to remove to the city of New-York. Two or three elderly maiden ladies with whom Hiram was an especial favorite, declared there was not a word of truth in the ridiculous rumor. The girls of the village very generally discredited it. The young men said Hiram was not such a fool; he knew on which side his bread was buttered; he knew when to let well enough alone, and so forth. Still the report was circulated. To be sure, nobody believed it, yet it spread all the faster for being contradicted. I have said that the young ladies of Burnsville put no faith in the story. Possibly Sarah Burns was an exception, and Sarah, it was well understood, was an interested party, and would be apt to know the truth. She did not contradict the statement when made in her presence, and once, when appealed to for her opinion, she looked very serious, and said it might be so for all she knew. At length there were two parties formed in Burnsville. One on whose

banner was inscribed: 'Hiram Meeker is going to New-York.' The other with flag bearing in large letters: 'No such thing: Hiram is not going.'

It would have been easy, one would suppose, to settle the important controversy by a direct appeal to Hiram Meeker himself. Strange to say, this does not appear to have been done, both sides fearing, like experienced generals, to risk the result on a single issue. But numerous were the hints and innuendoes conveyed to him, to which he always gave satisfactory replies—satisfactory to both parties—both contending he had, by his answers, confirmed their own particular view of the case.

This state of things could not last forever. It was brought suddenly to an end one Friday afternoon.

Hiram Meeker was a member, in regular standing, of the Congregational Church in Burnsville. The Preparatory Lecture, as it is called, that is, the lecture delivered prior to 'Communion-Sabbath,' in the church, was always on the previous Friday, at three o'clock P.M. On a pleasant day toward the end of April, Hiram Meeker and Sarah Burns

went in company to attend this lecture. The exercises were especially interesting. Several young people, at the close of the services, who had previously been propounded, were examined as to their 'experience,' and a vote was separately taken on the admission of each. This over, the clergyman spoke as follows: 'Brother Hiram Meeker being about to remove from among us, desires to dissolve his connection with the Congregational church in Burnsville, and requests the usual certificate of membership and good standing. Is it your pleasure that he receive it? Those in favor will please to signify it.' Several 'right hands' were held up, and the matter was concluded. A young man who sat nearly opposite Sarah Burns, observed that on the announcement, her face became very pale.

When the little company of church-members was dismissed, Hiram Meeker and Sarah Burns walked away together as they came. No, not *as* they came, as the following conversation will show.

'Why did you not tell me, Hiram?'

'Because, Sarah, I did not fully decide till the mail came in this very afternoon. I had only time to speak to Mr. Chase, and there was no opportunity to see you, and I could not tell you about it while we were walking along so happy together.'

Hiram Meeker lied.

Sarah Burns could not disbelieve him; it was not possible Hiram would deceive her, but her heart *felt* the lie, nevertheless.

Hiram Meeker is the hero of this history. It is, therefore, necessary to give some account of him previous to his introduction to the reader on the afternoon of the preparatory lecture. At the date of the commencement of the narrative, he was already twenty-two years old. He was the youngest of several children. His father was a highly respectable man, who resided in Hampton, about fifteen miles from Burnsville, and cultivated one of the most valuable farms in the county. Mr. and Mrs. Meeker both had the reputation of being excel-

lent people. They were exemplary members of the church, and brought up their children with a great deal of care. They were in every respect dissimilar. He was tall, thin, and dark-complexioned; she was almost short, very fair, and portly in appearance. Mr. Meeker was a kind-hearted, generous, unambitious man, who loved his home and his children, and rejoiced when he could see every body happy around him. He was neither close nor calculating. With a full share of natural ability, he did not turn his talents to accumulation, quite content if he made the ends of the year meet.

Mrs. Meeker was a woman who never took a step from impulse. She had a motive for every act of her life. Exceedingly acute in her judgments of people, she brought her shrewdness to bear on all occasions. She was a capital house-keeper, a most excellent manager, a pattern wife and mother. I say, 'pattern wife and mother,' for she was devoted to her husband's interests, which, to be sure, were equally her own; she made every thing very comfortable for him indoors, and she managed expenditures with an economy and closeness which Mr. Meeker was quite incapable of. She looked after her children with unremitting care. They were sent to better schools, and their associations were of a better description than those of her neighbors. She took personal pains with their religious culture. Although they were sent to Sunday-school, she herself taught them the Catechism, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount, beside a great variety of Gospel hymns and Bible-stories. But along with these excellent teachings they were taught — what is apt to be taught in almost every family, to almost every child — to regard appearances, to make the best possible show to the world, to *seem* what they ought to *be*; apparently a sort of short-cut to goodness, but really a turnpike erected by the devil, which leads any where rather than to the desired point. Mrs. Meeker was a religious woman, scrupu-

lous and exact in every outward observance; in this respect severe with herself and with all around her. Yet this never prevented her having an eye to the ‘main chance,’ which was, to get on in the world. Indeed, to attempt to do so, was with her a fundamental duty. She loved to pray the Lord to bless ‘our basket and our store.’ She dwelt much on the promise of ‘a hundred-fold’ in this world in addition to the ‘inheritance of everlasting life.’ She could repeat all the practical maxims which abound in the book of Proverbs, and she was careful, when she feared her husband was about to give way to a generous impulse in favor of a poor relation or neighbor, to put him in mind of his own large and increasing household, solemnly cautioning him that he who looked not well after it, was ‘worse than an infidel.’ In short, being fully convinced by application of her natural shrewd sense that religion was the safest thing for her here and hereafter, she became religious. In her piety there was manifested but one idea — self. Whatever she did, was from a sense of duty, and she did her duty because it was the way to prosperity and heaven.

I have remarked how different were husband and wife. They lived together, however, without discord, for Mr. Meeker yielded most points of controversy when they arose, and for the rest his wife was neither disagreeable nor unamiable. But the poor woman had experienced through life one great drawback; she had half-a-dozen fine children. Alas! not one of them resembled her in temper, character, or disposition. All possessed their father’s happy traits, which were developed more and more as they grew older, despite their mother’s incessant warnings and teachings.

Frank, the first-born, exhibited fondness for books, and early manifested an earnest desire for a liberal education with a view to the study of medicine. His father resolved to gratify him. His mother was opposed to it. She wanted her boy a merchant. ‘Doctors,’ she

said, ‘were mostly a poor set, who were obliged to work very hard by day and by night, and got little for it. If Frank would only be contented to go into her cousin’s store, in New-York, (he was one of the prominent wholesale dry-goods jobbers,) why, there would be some hope of him, that is, if he could cure himself of certain extravagant notions; but to go through college, and then study medicine! Why couldn’t he, at least, be a lawyer, then there might be a chance for him.’

‘But the boy has no taste for mercantile life, nor for the law,’ said Mr. Meeker.

‘Taste — fiddlesticks,’ responded his wife, ‘as if a boy has a right to have any taste contrary to his parents’ wish.’

‘But, Jane, it is not contrary to *my* wish.’

Mrs. Meeker looked her husband steadily in the face. She saw there an unusual expression of firmness; something which she knew it to be idle to contend with, and with her usual good sense, she withdrew from the contest.

‘Have it your own way, Mr. Meeker. You know my opinion. It was my duty to express it. Make of Frank what you like. I pray that he may be prospered in whatever he undertakes.’

So Frank was sent to college, with the understanding that, after graduating, he was to pursue his favorite study of medicine.

A few months after he entered, Mrs. Meeker gave birth to her seventh child — the subject of the present narrative. Her disappointment at Frank’s destination was severe. Besides, she met with daily evidences that pained her. None of her children were, to use her expression, ‘after her own heart.’ There were two other boys, George and William, who she was accustomed to say, almost bitterly, were ‘clear father.’ The three girls, Jane, Laura, and Mary, one would suppose might represent the mother’s side; but alas! they were ‘clear father’ too.

In her great distress, as Mrs. Meeker often afterward declared, she resolved

to 'call upon the Lord.' She prayed that the child she was soon to give birth to might be a boy, and become a joy and consolation to his mother. She read over solicitously all the passages of Scripture she could find, which she thought might be applicable to her case. As the event approached, she exhibited still greater faith and enthusiasm. She declared she had consecrated her child to God, and felt a holy confidence that the offering was accepted. Do not suppose from this, she intended to devote him to the ministry. *That* required a special call, and it did not appear such a call had been revealed to her. But she prayed earnestly that he might be chosen and favored of the Most High; that he might stand before kings; that he might not be slothful in business; but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The happy frame of mind Mrs. Meeker had attained, at length became the subject of conversation in the neighborhood. The clergyman was greatly interested. He even made allusion to it in the weekly prayer-meeting, which, by the by, rather scandalized some of the unmarried ladies present.

Mr. Meeker took all this in good part. The truth is, he regarded it as a very innocent whim, which required to be indulged in his wife's delicate situation; so he always joined in her hopeful anticipations, and endeavored to sympathize with them. It was under these auspicious circumstances that Hiram Meeker first saw the light. All his mother's prayers seemed to have been answered. The boy, from the earliest manifestation of intelligence, exhibited traits which could belong only to her. As he advanced into childhood, these became more and more apparent. He had none of the openness of disposition which was possessed by the other children. He gave much less trouble about the house than they ever did, and was more easily managed than they had been at his age. It must not be inferred that because he was his mother's favorite, he received any special indulgence, or was not subject to every proper discipline.

Indeed, the discipline was more severe, the moral teachings more unremitting, the practical lessons more frequent than with any of the rest. But there could not exist a more tractable child than Hiram. He was apparently made for special training, he took to it so readily, as if appreciating results and anxious to arrive at them. When he was six years old, it was astonishing what a number of Bible-verses and Sunday-school hymns he had committed to memory, and how much the child *knew*. He was especially familiar with the uses of money. He knew the value of a dollar, and what could be purchased with it. So of half a dollar, a quarter, ten cents, and five cents. He had already established for himself a little savings bank, in which were placed the small sums which were occasionally presented to him. He could tell the cost of each of his playthings respectively, and, indeed, of every article about the house; he learned the price of tea, sugar, coffee, and molasses. This information, to be sure, formed a part of his mother's course of instruction; but it was strange how he took to it. Systematically and unceasingly, she pursued it. Oh! how she rejoiced in her youngest child. How she thanked God for answering her prayers. I had forgotten to state that there was considerable difficulty in deciding what name to give the boy. Mrs. Meeker had an uncle, a worthy minister, by the name of Nathaniel. Mr. Meeker suggested that the new-comer be called after him. His wife did not like to object; but she thought Nathaniel a very disagreeable name. Her cousin, the rich dry-goods merchant in New-York, who had four daughters and no sons, was named Hiram. Hiram was a good name, not too long and very expressive. It sounded firm and strong. It was a Bible-name, too, as well as the other. In fact, she liked it, and she thought her cousin would be gratified when he learned that she had named a child for him. There were advantages which might flow from it, it was not necessary to specify, Mr. Meeker could understand to what

she alluded. Mr. Meeker did not understand; in fact, he did not trouble his head to conjecture; but it was settled Hiram should be the name, and our hero was baptized accordingly. He was a good boy; never in mischief, never a truant, never disobedient, nor willful, nor irritable, nor obstinate. ‘Too good for this world;’ that is what folks said. ‘Such an astonishing child — too wise to live long.’ So it was prophesied; but Hiram survived all these dismal forebodings, until the people gave up and concluded to let him live.

We pass over his earlier days at school. At twelve, he was sent to the academy in the village, about a mile distant. He was to receive a first-rate English education, ‘no Latin, no Greek, no nonsense,’ to use his mother’s language; but the real substantials. Hiram proved to be an excellent scholar. He was especially good in figures. When he came to study bookkeeping, he seemed as happy as if he were reading a romance. He mastered with ease the science of single and double entry. He soon became fascinated with the beauties of his imaginary business. For his instructor had prepared for him a regular set of books, and gave him problems, from day to day, in mercantile dealings, which opened up to the youth all the mysteries of ‘Dr.’ and ‘Cr.’ Out of these various problems, he constructed quite a little library of account-books, which he numbered, and which were representations of various descriptions of trade, and marked with the name of some supposed company, and labeled ‘Business Successful,’ or ‘Business Unsuccessful,’ as the case might be.

We must now turn from Hiram, engaged in diligently pursuing his studies, and enter on another topic.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Meeker had been a church-member from the time she was fourteen years old. There was an extensive revival throughout the country at that period, and she, with a large number of young

people of both sexes, were, or thought they were, converted. She used to speak of this circumstance very often to her children, especially when any one of them approached the age which witnessed, to use her own language, ‘her resignation of the pomps and vanities of life, and her dedication to the service of her Saviour.’ Still, notwithstanding her prayers and painstaking, not one of them had ever been under ‘conviction of sin;’ at least, none had ever manifested that agony and mental suffering which she considered necessary to a genuine change of heart. She mourned much over such a state of things in her household. What a scandal that not one of *her* children should give any evidences of saving grace! What a subject for reproach in the mouths of the ungodly! But it was not her fault; no, she often felt that Mr. Meeker was too lax in discipline, (she had had fears of *him*, sometimes, lest he might become a castaway,) and did not set that Christian example, at all times, which she could desire. For instance, after church on Sunday afternoon, it was his custom, when the season was favorable, frequently with a child holding each hand, to walk leisurely over his fields, humming a cheerful hymn and taking note of whatever was pleasant in the scene, perhaps the fresh vegetation just bursting into life, or the opening flowers, or it might be the maturing fruit, or the ripening yellow grain. On these occasions, he would endeavor to impress on his children how good God was; how seed-time and harvest always came; how the sun shone on the evil as well as on the good, and the rain descended both on the just and on the unjust. He, too, would inculcate lessons of diligence and industry, agreeable lessons, after quite a different model from those of his wife. He would repeat, for example, not in an austere fashion, but in a way which interested and even amused them, the dramatic description of the sluggard, from the book of Proverbs, commencing:

'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding;

'And lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'

It is a memorable fact that Hiram was never in the habit of accompanying his father on these Sunday-excursions. Not that his mother positively interdicted him. She was too judicious a person to hold up to censure any habitual act of her husband, whatever might have been her own opinion, or however she might have remonstrated with him in private. She had no difficulty in keeping Hiram by her side on Sunday afternoons, and the little fellow seemed instinctively to appreciate why. Indeed, I doubt if the green fields and pleasant meadow, with the pretty brook running through it, had any charms for him even then. At any rate, he was satisfied with his mother's reason, that it was not good for him; he had better stay at home with her.

At fourteen, Hiram was to become 'pious.' So Mrs. Meeker fervently hoped, and to this end her prayers were specially directed. Her son once secure and safe within the pale of the church, she could be free to prosecute for him her earthly plans, which could not be sanctioned or blessed of Heaven, so long as he was still in the gall of sin and bonds of iniquity. So she labored to explain to him how impossible it was for an unconverted person to think an acceptable thought or do a single acceptable act in the sight of God. All his labor was sin, while he was in a state of sin, whether it was at the plow, or in the shop, or store, or office, or counting-room. She warned him of the wrath to come, and she explained to him with minute vividness the everlasting despair and tortures of the damned. Hiram was a good deal affected. He began to feel that his position personally was perilous. He wanted to get out of it, especially as his mother assured him if he should be taken away—and he was liable to die that very night—then alas! his

soul would lie down in everlasting burnings. At last, the youth was thoroughly alarmed. His mother recollects she had continued just one week under conviction, before light dawned in on her, and she considered that a proper period for her son to go through. She contented herself, at first, by cautioning him against a relapse into his old condition, for then seven other spirits more wicked than the first would have possession of him, and his last state would be worse than the first. Besides, he would run great risk of sinning away his day of grace. It was soon understood in the church that Hiram was under concern of mind. Mrs. Meeker, on the fourth day, withdrew him from school, and sent for the minister to pray with him. He found him in great distress, I might say in great bodily terror; for he was very much afraid when he got into bed at night, he might awake in hell the next morning. The clergyman was a worthy and a sincere man. He was anxious that a true repentance should flow from Hiram's present distress, and the lively agony of the child awakened his strongest sympathy. He talked very kindly to him, explained in a genuine, truthful manner, what was necessary. He dwelt on the mercy of our heavenly Father, and on his love. He prayed with the lad earnestly, and with many affectionate counsels he went away. Hiram was comforted. Things began to look in a pleasanter light than ever before. He had only to repent and believe, and it was his duty to repent and believe, and all would be well. So it happened that when the week was out, Hiram felt that he had cast his burden on the Lord, and was accepted by him.

There were great rejoicings over this event. Mrs. Meeker exclaimed, while tears streamed from her eyes, that she was ready to depart in peace. Mr. Meeker, who had by no means been indifferent to his son's state of mind, and who had sought from time to time to encourage him, (rather, it must be confessed, to his wife's annoyance,) was thankful that he had obtained relief from the

right source. The happy subject himself became an object of a good deal of interest in the congregation. There was not the usual attention, just then, to religious matters, and Hiram's conversion was seized on as a token that more fruits were to be gathered in from the same field, that is, among the young. In due course he was propounded and admitted into the church. It happened on that day that he was the only individual who joined, and he was the observed of all observers. Hiram Meeker was a handsome boy, well formed, with an interesting face, bright blue eyes, and a profusion of light hair shading a forehead indicative of much intelligence. All this was disclosed to the casual observer; indeed, who would stop to criticise the features of one so young — else you would have been struck by something disagreeable about the corners of his mouth, something repulsive in the curve of those thin lips, (he had his mother's lips,) something forbidding in a certain latent expression of the eye, while you would remark with pain the conscious, self-possessed air with which he took his place in the broad aisle before the pulpit, to give his assent to the church articles and confession of faith. The good minister preached from the text, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' and in the course of his sermon held up Hiram as an example to all the unconverted youth of his flock. On Monday he returned to school, prosecuting his studies more diligently than ever. He felt that he had secured the true salvation, and was safe now in whatever he undertook. He was very careful in the observance of all his religious exercises, and so far as I can ascertain, never neglected any of them. Thus happily launched, Hiram continued at school till he was nearly seventeen. He had, for the last two years, been sent to Newton Institute, one of the best institutions in the State, where his advantages would be superior to those of the academy in his native town. There he learned the higher branches of mathematics, and studied with care

mercantile and descriptive geography with reference to the different products of the earth. During this time his proficiency was excellent, and his conduct always most exemplary.

At length his course was completed, and Mrs. Meeker felt that her cousin, the wholesale dry-goods jobber in New-York, would be proud of such an acquisition in his establishment. He had been duly apprised that the boy was named for him, and really appeared to manifest, by his inquiries, a good deal of interest in Hiram. Although they generally met once or twice a year, Mrs. Meeker did not apprise her cousin of her plans, preferring to wait till her son should have finished his academical course before making them known. Her first idea was to send him to New-York with a letter, in which she would fully explain her hopes and wishes. On second thought, she concluded to write first, and await her cousin's reply. It will be seen, from the perusal of it, she took the proper course.

Here it is :

New-York, May 15th, 18—.

'DEAR COUSIN: Your letter of May 12th is before me. I am glad to hear you are all well at Hampton. We are much obliged for your kind invitation for the summer. I think you may count confidently on a visit from my wife and myself some time during the season, and I have no doubt one of the girls will come with us. I know I shall enjoy it for one, and I am sure we all shall.'

'As to my namesake, I am glad to hear so good an account of him. Now, cousin, I really take an interest in the lad, and beg you will not make any wry faces over an honest expression of my opinion. If you want the boy to make a first-rate merchant, and succeed, don't send him to me at present. Of course, I will receive him, if you insist upon it. But, in my opinion, it will only spoil him. I tell you frankly, I would not give a fig for a city-bred boy. But I will enter into this compact with you: I will undertake to make a first-class merchant of Hiram, if you will let me have my own way. If you do not, I can not answer for it. What I recommend is, that you put him into one of the stores in your own village. If I remember right, there are two there which do a regular country trade, and have a general stock of dry goods, groceries, crockery, cloth-

ing, stationery, etc., etc., etc. Here he will learn two things—detail and economy—with-out a practical knowledge of which, no man can succeed in mereantile business. I pre-sume you will consider this a great falling off from your expectations. Perhaps you will think it petty business for your boy to be behind a counter in a small country store, selling a shilling's worth of calico, a cent's worth of snuff, or taking in a dozen eggs in exchange, but there is just where he ought to be, for the present. I repeat, he will learn detail. He will understand the value of all sorts of merchandise; he will get a real knowledge of barter and trade. When he learns out there, put him in another retail store of more magnitude. Keep him at this three or four years, and then I agree to make a merchant of him. I repeat, don't be dis-appointed at my letter. I tell you candidly, if I had a son, that's just what I would do with him, and it is just what I want you to do with Hiram. I hope you will write me that you approve of my plan. If you do, you may rely on my advice at all times, and I think I have some experience in these mat-ters.

' We all desire to be remembered to your husband and family.

' Very truly, your cousin,

' HIRAM BENNETT.'

He had added, from habit, '& Co.', but this was erased.

The letter, *was* a heavy blow to the fond mother; but she recovered from it quickly, like a sensible woman. In fact, she perceived her cousin was sincere, and she herself appreciated the good sense of his suggestions. Her husband, whom she thought best to consult, since matters were taking this turn, approved of what her cousin had written, and so it was decided that Hiram should become a clerk of Mr. Jessup, the most enter-prising of the two 'store-keepers' in Hampton. How he got along with Mr. Jessup, and finally entered the service of Mr. Burns, at Burnsville, must be reserved for a separate chapter.

MONROE TO FARRAGUT.

By brutal force you've seized the town,
And therefore the flag shall not come down.
And having told you that it shan't,
Just let me show you why it can't.
The climate here is very queer,
In the matter of flags at this time of year.
If a Pelican touched the banner prized,
He would be *immediately* paralyzed.
I'm a gentleman born — though now on the shelf,
And I think you are almost one yourself.
For from my noble ancestry,
I can tell the *élite*, by sympathy.
Had you lived among *us*, sir, now and then,
No one can say what you might have been.
So refrain from any sneer or quiz,
Which may wound our susceptibilities.
For my people are all refined — like me,
While yours are all low as low can be.
As for shooting women or children either,
Or any such birds of the Union feather,
We shall in all things consult our ease,
And act exactly as we please.
For you've nothing to do with our laws, you know,
Yours, merely 'respectfully,

JOHN MONROE.'

AMONG THE PINES.

ALIGHTING from the carriage, I entered, with the Colonel, the cabin of the negro-hunter. So far as external appearance went, the shanty was a slight improvement on the 'Mills House,' described in a previous chapter; but internally, it was hard to say whether it resembled more a pig-sty or a dog-kennel. The floor was of the bare earth, covered in patches with loose plank of various descriptions, and littered over with billets of 'light-wood,' unwashed cooking utensils, two or three cheap stools, a pine settee—made from the rough log and hewn smooth on the upper-side—a full-grown blood-hound, two younger canines, and nine dirt-encrusted juveniles, of the flax-head species. Over against the fire-place three low beds afforded sleeping accommodation to nearly a dozen human beings, (of assorted sizes, and dove-tailed together with heads and feet alternating,) and in the opposite corner a lower couch, whose finer furnishings told plainly it was the peculiar property of the 'wee-ones' of her family—a mother's tenderness for the youngest thus cropping out even in the midst of filth and degradation—furnished quarters for an unwashed, uncombed, unclothed, saffron-hued little fellow about fifteen months old, and—the dog 'Lady.'

The dog was of a dark hazel-color—a cross between a setter and a grayhound—and one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. Her neck and breast were bound about with a coarse cotton cloth, saturated with blood, and emitting a strong odor of bad whisky; and her whole appearance showed the desperate nature of the encounter with the overseer.

The nine young democrats who were lolling about the room in various attitudes rose as we entered, and with a familiar but rather deferential 'Howdy'ge,' to the Colonel, huddled around and stared at me with open mouths and

distended eyes, as if I were a strange being dropped from some other sphere. The two eldest were of the male gender, as was shown by their clothes—cast-off suits of the inevitable reddish-gray—much too large, and out at the elbows and the knees; but the sex of the others I was at a loss to determine, for they wore only a single robe, reaching, like their mother's, from the neck to the knees. Not one of the occupants of the cabin boasted a pair of stockings, but the father and mother did enjoy the luxury of shoes—coarse, stout brogans, untanned, and of the color of the legs which they encased.

'Well, Sandy, how is Lady?' asked the Colonel, as he stepped to the bed of the wounded dog.

'Reckon she's a goner, Cunnel; the d—d Yankee orter swing fur it.'

This intimation that the overseer was a 'countryman' of mine, took me by surprise, nothing I had observed in his speech or manners having indicated it, but I consoled myself with the reflection that Connecticut had reared him—as she makes wooden hams and nutmegs—expressly for the Southern market.'

'He shall swing for it, by —. But are you sure the dog will die?'

'Not shore, Cunnel, but she can't stand, and the blood *will* run. I reckon a hun'red and fifty ar done for thar, sartin.'

'D— the money—I'll make that right. Go to the house and get some ointment from Madam—she can save her—go at once,' said my host.

'I will, Cunnel,' replied the dirt-eater, taking his broad-brim from the wooden peg where it was reposing, and leisurely leaving the cabin. Making our way over the piles of rubbish and crowds of children that cumbered the apartment, the Colonel and I then returned to the carriage.

'Dogs must be rare in this region,' I remarked, as we resumed our seats.

'Yes, well-trained bloodhounds are scarce every where. That dog is well worth a hundred and fifty dollars.'

'The business of nigger-catching, then, is brisk, just now?'

'No, not more brisk than usual. We always have more or less runaways.'

'Do most of them take to the swamps?'

'Yes, nine out of ten do, though now and then one gets off on a trading-vessel. It is almost impossible for a strange nigger to make his way by land from here to the free States.'

'Then why do you Carolinians make such an outcry about the violation of the Fugitive Slave Law?'

'For the same reason that dogs quarrel over a naked bone. We should be unhappy if we couldn't growl at the Yankees,' replied the Colonel, laughing heartily.

'We, you say; you mean by that, the hundred and eighty thousand nabobs who own five sixths of your slaves?'*

'Yes, I mean them, and the three or four millions of poor whites—the ignorant, half-starved, lazy vermin you have just seen. *They* are the real basis of

* The statistics given above are correct. That small number of slaveholders sustains the system of slavery, and has caused this terrible rebellion. They are, almost to a man, rebels and secessionists, and we may cover the South with armies, and keep a file of soldiers upon every plantation, and not smother this insurrection unless we break down the power of that class. Their wealth gives them their power, and their wealth is in their slaves. Free their negroes by an act of Emancipation, or Confiscation, and the rebellion will crumble to pieces in a day. Omit to do it, and it will last till doomsday.

The power of this dominant class once broken, with landed property at the South more equally divided, a new order of things will arise there. Where now, with their large plantations, not one acre in ten is tilled, a system of small farms will spring into existence, and the whole country be covered with cultivation. The six hundred thousand men who have gone there to fight our battles, will see the amazing fertility of the Southern soil—into which the seed is thrown and springs up without labor into a bountiful harvest—and many of them, if slavery is crushed out, will remain there. Thus a new element will be introduced into the South, an element that will speedily make it a loyal, prosperous, and *intelligent* section of the Union.

I would interfere with no one's rights, but a rebel in arms against his country has no rights; all that he has is 'confiscate.' Will the loyal people of the North submit to be ground to the earth with taxes to

our Southern oligarchy, as you call it,' continued the Colonel, still laughing.

'I thought the negro was the serf, in your feudal system?'

'Both the negro and the poor whites are the serfs, but the white trash are its real support. Their votes give the small minority of slave-owners all their power. You say we control the Union. We do, and we do it by the votes of these people, who are as far below our niggers as the niggers are below decent white men. Who that reflects that this country has been controlled for fifty years by such scum, would give a d— for republican institutions?'

'It does speak very badly for *your* institutions. A system that reduces one half of a white population to the level of slaves can not stand in this country. The late election shows that the power of your 'white trash' is broken.'

'Well, it does, that's a fact. If the States should remain together, the West would in future control the Union. We see that, and are therefore determined on dissolution. It is our only way to keep our niggers.'

'You will have to get the consent of that same West to that project. My opinion is, your present policy will, if carried out, free every one of your slaves.'

'I don't see how. Even if we are put down—which we can not be—and are held in the Union against our will, Government can not, by the Constitution, interfere with slavery in the States.'

'I admit that, but it can confiscate the property of traitors. Every large slaveholder is to-day, at heart, a traitor. If this movement goes on, you will commit overt acts against the Government, and in self-defense it will punish treason by taking from you the means of future mischief.'

pay the expenditures of a war brought upon them by these Southern oligarchs, while the traitors are left in undisturbed possession of every thing, and even their slaves are exempted from taxation? It were well that our legislators should ask this question now, and not wait till it is asked of them by THE PEOPLE.

'The Republicans and Abolitionists might do that if they had the power, but nearly one half of the North is on our side, and will not fight us.'

'Perhaps so; but if *I* had this thing to manage, I'd put you down without fighting.'

'How would you do it—by preaching Abolition where even the niggers would mob you? There's not a slave in South-Carolina but would shoot Garrison or Greeley on sight.'

'That may be, but if so, it is because you keep them in ignorance. Build a free-school at every cross-road, and teach the poor whites, and what would become of slavery? If these people were on a par with the farmers of New-England, would it last for an hour? Would they not see that it stands in the way of their advancement, and vote it out of existence as a nuisance?'

'Yes, perhaps they would; but the school-houses are not at the cross-roads, and, thank God, they will not be there in this generation.'

'The greater the pity; but that which will not flourish alongside of a school-house, can not, in the nature of things, outlast this century. Its time must soon come.'

'Enough for the day is the evil thereof. I'll risk the future of slavery, if the South, in a body, goes out of the Union.'

'In other words, you'll shut out schools and knowledge, in order to keep slavery in existence. The Abolitionists claim it to be a relic of barbarism, and you admit it could not exist with general education among the people.'

'Of course it could not. If Sandy, for instance, knew he were as good a man as I am—and he would be if he were educated—do you suppose he would vote as I tell him, go and come at my bidding, and live on my charity? No sir! give a man knowledge, and, however poor he may be, he'll act for himself.'

'Then free-schools and general education would destroy slavery?'

'Of course they would. The few can

not rule when the many know their rights. But the South, and the world, are a long way off from general education. When it comes to that, we shall need no laws, and no slavery, for the millennium will have arrived.'

'I'm glad you think slavery will not exist during the millennium,' I replied, laughing; 'but how is it that you insist the negro is naturally inferior to the white, and still admit that the 'white trash' are far below the black slaves?'

'Education makes the difference. We educate the negro enough to make him useful to us, but the poor white man knows nothing. He can neither read nor write, and not only that, he is not trained to any useful employment. Sandy, here, who is a fair specimen of the tribe, obtains his living just like an Indian, by hunting, fishing, and stealing, interspersed with nigger-catching. His whole wealth consists of two hounds and their pups; his house—even the wooden trough his miserable children eat from—belongs to me. If he didn't catch a runaway nigger once in a while, he wouldn't see a dime from one year to another.'

'Then you have to support this man and his family?'

'Yes, what I don't give him, he steals. Half-a-dozen others poach on me in the same way.'

'Why don't you set them at work?'

'They can't be made to work. I have hired them time and again, hoping to make something of them, but I never got one to work more than half-a-day at a time. It's their nature to lounge and to steal.'

'Then why do you keep them about you?'

'Well, to be candid, their presence is of use in keeping the blacks in subordination, and they are worth all they cost me, because I control their votes.'

'I thought the blacks were said to be entirely contented?'

'No, not contented. I do not claim that. I only say that they are unfit for freedom. I might cite a hundred instances in which it has been their ruin.'

'I have never heard of one. It seems strange to me that a man who can support another can not support himself.'

'Oh! no, it's not at all strange. The slave has hands, and when the master gives him brains, he works well enough; but to support himself he needs both hands and brains, and he has only hands. I'll give you a case in point: At Wilmington, N. C., some years ago lived a negro by the name of Jack Campbell. He was a slave, and he was employed, before the river below the town was deepened so as to admit of the passage of large vessels, in lighter-ing cargoes up to the city. He hired his time of his master, and carried on business on his own account. Every one knew him, and his character for honesty, sobriety, and punctuality stood so high that his word was considered among merchants as good as that of the first business-men of the place. Well, Jack's wife and children were free, and he finally took it into his head to be free himself. He arranged with his master to purchase himself within a specified time, at eight hundred dollars, and was to deposit his earnings, till they reached the required sum, in the hands of a certain merchant. He went on, and in three years had accumulated nearly seven hundred dollars, *when his master failed*. As the slave has no right to property, Jack's earnings belonged by law to his master, and they were attached by the creditors, and taken to pay the master's debts. Jack then 'changed hands,' received a new owner, who also consented to his buying himself, at about the price previously agreed on. Nothing discouraged, he went to work again. Night and day, he toiled, and it surprised every one to see so much energy and fixedness of purpose in a negro. At last, after four more years of labor, he accomplished his purpose, and received his free-papers. He had worked seven years—as long as Jacob toiled for Rachel—for his freedom, and like the old patriarch found himself cheated at last. I was

present when he received his papers from his owner, a Mr. William H. Lippitt—who still resides at Wilmington—and I shall never forget the ecstasy of joy which he showed on the occasion; he sung and danced and laughed and wept, till my conscience smote me for holding my own niggers, when freedom might give them so much happiness. Well, he went off that day and treated some friends, and then, for three days afterward, lay in the gutter, the entreaties of his wife and children having no effect on him. He swore he was free, and would do as he 'd—d pleased.' He had previously been a class-leader in his church, but after getting free-papers, he forsook his previous associates, and spent his Sundays and evenings in a bar-room. He neglected his business; people lost confidence in him, and step by step he went down, till in five years he sunk into a wretched grave. That was the effect of freedom on *him*, and it would be so on all his race.'

'It is clear,' I replied, 'he could not bear freedom, but that does not prove he might not have 'endured' it if he had never been a slave. His overjoy at obtaining liberty, after so long a struggle for it, led to his excesses and his ruin. According to your view, neither the black nor the poor white is competent to take care of himself. The Almighty, therefore, has laid upon *you* a triple burden; you not only have to provide for yourself and your children, but for two races beneath you, the black and the clay-eating white man. The poor nigger has a hard time, but it seems to me you have a harder one.'

'Well, it's a fact, we do. I often think that if it wasn't for the color and the odor, I'd be glad to exchange places with my man Jim.'

The Colonel made this last remark in a half-serious, half-comic way, that excited my risibilities amazingly, but before I could reply, the carriage stopped, and Jim, opening the door, announced:

'We's h'ar, massa, and de prayin' am gwine on.'

Had we not been absorbed in conversation, we might have discovered the latter fact some time previous to our arrival at the church-door, for the preacher was shouting at the top of his lungs. He evidently thought the good Lord either a long way off, or very hard of hearing. Not wishing to disturb the congregation at their devotions, we loitered near the doorway until the prayer was over, and in the mean time I glanced around the premises.

The 'meeting-house,' of large unheaved logs, was a story and a half in height, and about large enough to seat comfortably a congregation of two hundred persons. It was covered with shingles, with a roof projecting some four feet over the wall, and was surmounted at the front gable by a tower, about twelve feet square. This also was built of logs, and contained a bell 'to call the erring to the house of prayer,' though, unfortunately, all of that character thereabouts dwelt beyond the sound of its voice. The building was located at a cross-roads about equally distant from two little hamlets, (the nearest nine miles off,) neither of which was populous enough to singly support a church and a preacher. The trees in the vicinity had been thinned out, so that carriages could drive into the woods, and find under the branches shelter from the rain and the sun, and at the time of my visit, about twenty vehicles of all sorts and descriptions, from the Colonel's magnificent barouche to the rude cart drawn by a single two-horned quadruped, filled the openings. There was a rustic simplicity about the whole scene that charmed me. The low, rude church, the grand old pines that towered in leafy magnificence around it, and the soft, low wind, that sung a morning hymn in the green, wavy woods, seemed to lift the soul up to Him who inhabiteth eternity, but who also visits the erring children of men.

The preacher was about to 'line out' one of Watts' psalms, when we entered the church, but he stopped short on perceiving us, and, bowing low, waited till

we had taken our seats. This action, and the sycophantic air which accompanied it, disgusted me, and turning to the Colonel, I asked jocosely:

'Do the chivalry exact so much obsequiousness from the country clergy? Do you require to be bowed up to heaven?'

In a low voice, but high enough, I thought, for the preacher to hear, for we sat very near, the Colonel replied:

'He's a renegade Yankee — the meanest thing on earth.'

I said no more, but entered into the services as seriously as the strange gymnastic performances of the preacher would allow me to do, for the truth is, he was quite as amusing as a circus clown.

With the exception of the Colonel's and a few other pews in the vicinity of the pulpit, all of the seats were mere rough benches, without backs, and placed so closely together as to interfere uncomfortably with the knees of the sitters. The house was full, and the congregation as attentive as any I ever saw. All classes were there; the black serving-man away off by the doorway, the poor white a little higher up, the small turpentine-farmer a little higher still, and the wealthy planter, of the class to which the Colonel belonged, on 'the highest seats of the synagogue,' and in close proximity to the preacher.

The 'man of prayer' was a tall, lean, raw-boned, angular-built individual, with a thin, sharp, hatchet-face, a small sunken eye, and long, loose hair, brushed back and falling over the collar of a seedy black coat. He looked like nothing in the world I have ever seen, and his pale, sallow face, and cracked, wheezy voice, were in comic keeping with his discourse. His text was: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.' And addressing the motley gathering of poor whites and small planters before him as the 'chosen people of God,' he urged them to press on in the mad course their State had chosen. It was a political harangue, a genuine stump-speech, but its frequent allu-

sion to the auditory as the legitimate children of the old patriarch, and the rightful heirs of all the promises, struck me as out of place in a rural district of South-Carolina, however appropriate it might have been in one of the large towns, before an audience of merchants and traders, who are, almost to a man, Jews.

The services over, the congregation slowly left the church. Gathered in groups in front of the 'meeting-house,' they were engaging in a general discussion of the affairs of the day, when the Colonel and I emerged from the doorway. The better class greeted my host with considerable cordiality, but I noticed that the well-to-do, small planters, who composed the greater part of the assemblage, received him with decided coolness. These people were the 'North county folks' on whom the overseer had invoked a hanging. Except that their clothing was more uncouth and ill-fashioned, and their faces generally less 'cute' of expression, they did not differ materially in appearance from the rustic citizens who may be seen on any pleasant Sunday gathered around the door-ways of the rural meeting-houses of New-England.

One of them, who was leaning against a tree, quietly lighting a pipe, was a fair type of the whole, and as he took a part in the scene which followed, I will describe him. He was tall and spare, with a swinging, awkward gait, and a wiry, athletic frame. His hair, which he wore almost as long as a woman's, was coarse and black, and his face strongly marked, and of the precise color of two small rivulets of tobacco-juice that escaped from the corners of his mouth. He had an easy, self-possessed manner, and a careless, devil-may-care way about him, that showed he had measured his powers, and was accustomed to 'rough it' with the world. He wore a broadcloth coat of the fashion of some years ago, but his waistcoat and nether garments of the common, reddish homespun, were loose and ill-shaped, as if their owner

did not waste thought on such trifles. His hat, as shockingly bad as Horace Greeley's, had the inevitable broad brim, and fell over his face like a calash awning over a shop-window. As I approached him he extended his hand with a pleasant 'How are ye, stranger?'

'Very well,' I replied, returning his grasp with equal warmth, 'how are you?'

'Right smart, right smart, thank ye. You're ——' the rest of the sentence was cut short by a gleeful exclamation from Jim, who, mounted on the box of the carriage, which was drawn up on the cleared plot in front of the meeting-house, waved an open newspaper over his head, and called out, as he caught sight of the Colonel:

'Great news, massa, great news from Charls'on!'

(The darky, while we were in church, had gone to the post-office, some four miles away, and got the Colonel's mail, consisting of letters from his New-York and Charleston factors, the Charleston *Courier* and *Mercury* and the New-York *Journal of Commerce*. The latter sheet, at the date of which I am writing, was in wide circulation at the South, its piety (!) and its politics being then calculated with mathematical precision for secession latitudes.)

'What is it, Jim?' shouted his master. 'Give it to us.'

The darky had somehow learned to read, but holding the paper at arm's length, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, he belched out, with any amount of gesticulation, the following:

'De news am, massa, and gemmen and ladies, dat de ole fort fore Charls'on hab ben devacuated by Major Andersin and de sogers, and dat dey hab stole 'way in de dark night and gone to Sumter, whar dey can't be took; and dat de ole Gubner hab got out a procdemation dat all dat don't lub de Aberlishen Yankees shill cum up dar and clar 'em out; and de paper say dat lots ob sogers hab cum from Gorgia and Al'bama and 'way down Souf, to help 'em. Dis am w'at de *Currer* say,' he continued, hold-

ing the paper up to his eyes and reading: 'Major Andersin, ob United States army hab 'chieved de 'stinction ob op'n-ing de cibil war 'tween American citizens; he hab desarted Moultrie, and by false fretexts hab took de ole Garrison and all his millinery stores to Fort Sumter.'

'Get down, you d—d nigger,' said the Colonel, laughing, and mounting the carriage-box beside him. 'You can't read. Old Garrison isn't there—he's the d—d Northern Abolitionist.'

'I knows dat, Cunnel, but see dar,' holding the paper out to his master, 'don't dat say he'm dar? It'm him dat make all de trubble. P'raps dis nig' can't read, but ef dat ain't readin' I'd like to know it!'

'Clear out,' said the Colonel, now actually roaring with laughter; 'it's the soldiers that the *Courier* speaks of, not the Abolitionist.'

'Read it yourself, den, massa, I don't seed it dat way.'

Jim was altogether wiser than he appeared, and while he was equally as well pleased with the news as the Colonel, he was so for an entirely different reason. In the crisis which these tidings announced, he saw hope for his race.

The Colonel then read the paper to the assemblage. The news was received with a variety of manifestations by the auditory, the larger portion, I thought, hearing it, as I did, with sincere regret.

'Now is the time to stand by the State, my friends,' said my host as he finished the reading. 'I hope every man here is ready to do his duty by old South-Carolina.'

'Yes, *sar!* if she does *har* duty by the Union. We'll go to the death for *har* just so long as she's in the right, but not a d—d step if she arn't,' said the long-legged native I have introduced to the reader.

'And what have *you* to say about South-Carolina? What does she owe to *you?*' asked the Colonel, turning on the speaker with a proud and angry look.

'More, a darned sight than she'll pay,

if ye cursed 'ristocrats run her to h-- as ye'r doing. She owes me, and 'bout ten as likely niggers as ye ever seed, a living, and we've d—d hard work to get it out on her *now*, let alone what's comin'.'

'Don't talk to me, you ill-mannered cur,' said my host, turning his back on his neighbor, and directing his attention to the remainder of the assemblage.

'Look har, Cunnel,' replied the native, 'if ye'll jest come down from thar and throw 'way yer shootin'-irons, I'll give ye the all-firedest thrashing ye ever did get.'

The Colonel gave no further heed to him, but the speaker mounted the steps of the meeting-house and harangued the natives in a strain of rude and passionate declamation, in which my host, the aristocrats, and the Secessionists came in for about equal shares of abuse. Seeing that the native (who, it appeared, was quite popular as a stump-speaker) was drawing away his audience, the Colonel descended from the driver's seat, and motioning for me to follow, entered the carriage. Turning the horses homeward, we rode off at a brisk pace.

'Not much Secession about that fellow, Colonel,' I remarked, after a while.

'No,' he replied, 'he's a North-Carolina "corn-cracker," one of the meanest specimens of humanity extant. They're as thick as fleas in this part of the State, and about all of them are traitors.'

'Traitors to the State, but true to the Union. As far as I've seen, that is the case with the middling class throughout the South.'

'Well, it may be, but they generally go with us, and I reckon they will now, when it comes to the rub. Those in the towns—the traders and mechanics—will, certain; it's only these half-way independent planters that ever kick the traces. By the way,' continued my host, in a jocose way, 'what did you think of the preaching?'

'I thought it very poor. I'd rather have heard the stump-speech, had it not been a little too personal on you.'

'Well, it was the better of the two,'

he replied, laughing, 'but the old devil can't afford any thing good, he don't get enough pay.'

'Why, how much does he get?'

'Only a hundred dollars.'

'That *is* small. How does the man live?'

'Well, he teaches the daughter of my neighbor, Captain Randall, who believes in praying, and gives him his board. Randall thinks that enough. The rest of the parish can't afford to pay him, and I *won't*.'

'Why *won't* you?'

'Because he's a d—d old hypocrite. He believes in the Union with all his heart—at least, so Randall, who's a sincere Union man, says—and yet, he never sees me at meeting but he preaches a red-hot secession sermon.'

'He wants to keep you in the faith,' I replied.

A few more miles of sandy road took us to the mansion, where we found dinner in waiting. Meeting 'Massa Tommy'—who had staid at home with his mother—as we entered the doorway, the Colonel asked after the overseer.

'He seems well enough, sir; I believe he's coming the possum over mother.'

'I'll bet on it, Tommy; but he won't fool you and me, will he, my boy?' said his father, slapping him affectionately on the back.

After dinner I went with my host to the room of the wounded man. His head was still bound up, and he was groaning piteously, as if in great pain; but I thought there was too fresh a color in his face to be entirely natural in one who had lost so much blood, and been so severely wounded as he affected to be.

The Colonel mentioned our suspicions to Madam P——, and suggested that the shackles should be put on him.

'Oh! no, don't do that; it would be inhuman,' said the lady; 'the color is the effect of fever. If you fear he is plotting to get away, let him be watched.'

The Colonel consented, but with evi-

dent reluctance, to the arrangement, and retired to his room to take a *siesta*, while I lit a cigar, and strolled out to the negro-quarters.

Making my way through the woods to the scene of the morning's jollification, I found about a hundred darkies gathered around Jim, on the little plot in front of Old Lucy's cabin. Jim had evidently been giving them the news. Pausing when I came near, he exclaimed:

'Har's Massa K——, he'll say dat I tells you de trufh;' then turning to me, he said: 'Massa K——, dese darkies say dat Massa Andersin am an ab'lisher, and dat none but de ab'lisherners will fight for de Union; am dat so, sar?'

'No, I reckon not, Jim; I think the whole North would fight for it if it were necessary.'

'Am dat so, massa? am dat so?' eagerly inquired a dozen of the darkies; 'and am dar great many folks at de Norf—more dan dar am down har?'

'Yas, you fools, didn't I tell you dat?' said Jim, as I, not exactly relishing the idea of preaching treason, in the Colonel's absence, to his slaves, hesitated to reply. 'Hain't I tolle you,' he continued, 'dat in de big city ob New-York dar'm more folks dan dar am in all Car'olina? I'se been dar, and I knows; and Massa K——'ll tell you dat dey—most on 'em—feel mighty sorry for de brack man.'

'No he won't,' I replied, 'and besides, Jim, you should not talk in this way before me; I might tell your master.'

'No! you won't do dat; I knows you won't, massa. Scipio tolle us he'd trust his bery life wid *you*.'

'Well, perhaps he might; it's true I would not injure *you*,' saying that, I turned away, though my curiosity was greatly excited to hear more.

I wandered farther into the woods, and a half-hour found me near one of the turpentine distilleries. Seating myself on a rosin barrel, I quietly finished my cigar, and was about lighting another, when Jim made his appearance.

'Beg pardon, Massa K——,' said the

negro, bowing very low, ‘but I wants to ax you one or two tings, ef you please, sar.’

‘Well,’ I replied, ‘I’ll answer any thing that I ought to.’

‘Der yer tink, den, massa, dat dey’ll git to fightin’ at Charl’son?’

‘Yes, judging by the tone of the Charleston papers you’ve read to-day, I think they will.’

‘And der yer tink dat de rest ob de Souf will jine wid Souf Car’lina, if she go at it fust?’

‘Yes, Jim, I’m inclined to think so.’

‘I hard you say to massa, dat ef dey goes to war, ’twill free all de niggers—der you raily b’lieve dat, sar?’

‘You heard me say that; how did you hear it?’ I exclaimed, in surprise.

‘Why, sar, de front winder ob de carriage war down jess a crack, and I hard all you said.’

‘Did you let it down on purpose?’

‘P’raps so, massa. Whot’s de use ob habin’ ears, ef you don’t h’ar?’

‘Well, I suppose not much; and you tell all you hear to the other negroes?’

‘I reckon so, massa,’ said the darky, looking very demure.

‘That’s the use of having a tongue, eh?’ I replied, laughing.

‘Dat’s it ‘zaxly, massa.’

‘Well, Jim, I do think the slaves will be finally freed; but it will cost more white blood to do it than all the niggers in creation are worth. Do you think the darkies would fight for their freedom?’

‘Fight, sar!’ exclaimed the negro, straightening up his fine form, while his usual good-natured look passed from his face and gave way to an expression that made him seem more like an incarnate fiend than a human being; ‘FIGHT, sar; gib dem de chance, and den see.’

‘Why are you discontented? You have been at the North, and you know the blacks are as well off as the majority of the poor laboring men there.’

‘You say dat to *me*, Massa K——; you don’t say it to de *Cunnel*. We are *not* so well off as de pore man at de Norf! You knows dat, sar. He hab his

wife and children, and his own home; what hab we, sar? No wife, no children, no home; all am de white man’s. Der yer tink we wouldn’t fight to be free?’ and he pressed his teeth together, and there passed again over his face the same look it wore the moment before.

‘Come, come, Jim, this may be true of your race; but it don’t apply to yourself. Your master is kind and indulgent to *you*.’

‘He am kind to me, sar; he orter be,’ said the negro, the savage expression coming again into his eyes. For a moment he hesitated; then, taking a step toward me, he placed his face down to mine, and hissed out these words, every syllable seeming to come from the very bottom of his being. ‘I tell you he orter be, sar, FUR I AM HIS OWN FATHER’S SON!’

‘Your brother!’ I exclaimed, springing to my feet, and looking at him in blank amazement. ‘It can’t be true.’

‘It am true, sar—as true as there’s a hell! His father had my mother: when he got tired of her, he sold her Souf. *I was too young den eben to know her!*’

‘This is horrible, too horrible!’ I said.

‘It am slavery, sar! Shouldn’t we be contented?’ replied the negro with a grim smile. Drawing, then, a large spring-knife from his pocket, he waved it above his head, adding: ‘Ef I had all de white race dar—right dar under dat knife, don’t yer tink I’d take all dar lives—all at one blow—to be FREE!’

‘And yet you refused to run away when the Abolitionists tempted you, at the North. Why didn’t you go then?’

‘Cause I had promised, massa.’

‘Promised the Colonel before you went?’

‘No, sar, he neber axed me; but I can’t tell you no more. P’raps Scipio will, ef you ax him.’

‘Oh! I see; you’re in that league, of which Scip is a leader. You’ll get into trouble, *sure*,’ I replied, in a quick, decided tone, which startled him.

‘You tolle Scipio dat, sar, and what did *he* tell you?’

'That he didn't care for his life.'

'No more do I, sar,' said the negro, as he turned on his heel with a proud, almost defiant gesture, and started to go.

'A moment, Jim. You are very imprudent; never say these things to any other mortal; promise me that.'

'You'se bery good, massa, bery good. Scipio say you's true, and he'm allers right. I ortent to hab said what I hab; but sumhow, sar, dat news brought it all up *har*, (laying his hand on his breast,) 'and it wud come out.'

The tears filled his eyes as he said this, and turning away without another word, he passed from my sight behind the trees.

I was almost stunned by this strange revelation, but the more I reflected on it, the more probable it appeared. Now, too, that my thoughts were turned in that direction, I called to mind a certain resemblance between the Colonel and the negro that I had not heeded before. Though one was a high-bred Southern gentleman, claiming an old and proud descent, and the other a poor African slave, they had some striking peculiarities which might indicate a common origin. The likeness was not in their features, for Jim's face was of the unmistakable negro type, and his skin of a hue so dark that it seemed impossible he could be the son of a white man, (I afterward learned that his mother was a black of the deepest dye,) but it was in their form and general bearing. They had the same closely-knit and sinewy frame, the same erect, elastic step, the same rare blending of good-natured ease and dignity—to which I have already alluded as characteristic of the Colonel—and in the wild burst of passion that accompanied the negro's disclosure of their relationship, I saw the same fierce, unbridled temper, whose outbreaks I had witnessed in my host.

What a strange fate was theirs! Two brothers—the one the owner of three hundred slaves, and the first man of his district—the other, a bonded menial, and so poor that the very bread he ate, the clothes he wore, were another's!

How terribly on him had fallen the curse pronounced on his race!

I passed the remainder of the afternoon in my room, and did not again meet my host until the family assembled at the tea-table. Jim then occupied his accustomed seat behind the Colonel's chair, and my host was in more than his usual spirits, though Madam P——, I thought, wore a sad and absent look.

The conversation rambled over a wide range of subjects, and was carried on mainly by the Colonel and myself; but toward the close of the meal the lady said to me:

'Mr. K——, Sam and young Junius are to be buried this evening. If you have never seen a negro funeral, perhaps you'd like to attend.'

'I will be happy to accompany you, Madam, if you go,' I replied.

'Thank you,' said the lady.

'Pshaw! Alice, you'll not go into the woods on so cold a night as this!'

'Yes, I think I ought to. Our people will expect me.'

It was about an hour after nightfall when we took our way to the burial-ground. The moon had risen, but the clouds which gathered when the sun went down, covered its face, and were fast spreading their thick, black shadows over the little collection of negro-houses. Near two new-made graves were gathered some two hundred men and women, as dark as the night that was setting around them. As we entered the circle the old preacher pointed to the seats reserved for us, and the sable crowd fell back a few paces, as if, even in the presence of death, they did not forget the difference between their race and ours.

Scattered here and there among the trees, torches of lightwood threw a wild and fitful light over the little cluster of graves, and revealed the long, straight boxes of rough pine that held the remains of the two negroes, and lit up the score of russet mounds beneath which slept the dusky kinsmen who had gone before them.

The simple head-boards that marked

these humble graves chronicled no bad biography or senseless rhyme, and told no false tales of lives that had better not have been, but 'SAM, AGE 22;' 'POMPEY;' 'JAKE'S ELIZA;' 'AUNT SUE;' 'AUNT LUCY'S TOM;' 'JOE;' and other like inscriptions, scratched in rough characters on those unplanned boards, were all the records there. The rude tenants had passed away and 'left no sign;' their birth, their age, their deeds, were alike unknown—unknown, but not forgotten; for are they not written in the book of His remembrance—and when He counteth up his jewels, may not some of them be there?

The queer, grotesque dress, and sad, earnest looks of the black group; the red, fitful glare of the blazing pine, and the white faces of the tapped trees, gleaming through the gloom like so many sheeted-ghosts gathered to some death-carnival, made up a strange, wild scene—the strangest and the wildest I had ever witnessed.

The covers of the rude coffins were not yet nailed down, and when we arrived, the blacks were one by one passing before them, taking a last look at the faces of the dead. Soon, Junius, holding his weeping wife by the hand, approached the smaller of the two boxes, which held all that was left of their first-born. The mother kneeling by its side, kissed again and again the cold, shrunken lips, and sobbed as if her heart would break; while the strong frame of the father shook convulsively, as, choking down the great sorrow which welled up in his throat, he turned away from his boy forever. As he did so, old Pompey said:

'Don't grebe, June, he'm whar de wicked cease from trubbling, whar de weary am at rest.'

'I knows it; I knows it, Uncle. I knows de Lord am bery good to take 'im'way; but why did he take de young chile, and leab de ole man har?'

'De little sapling dat grow in de shade may die while it'm young; de great tree dat grow in de sun must lib till de ax cut him down.'

These words were the one drop wanting to make the great grief which was swelling in the negro's heart overflow. Giving one low, wild cry, he folded his wife in his arms, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

'Come now, my chil'ren,' said the old preacher, kneeling down, 'let us pray.'

The whole assemblage then knelt on the cold ground, while the old man prayed, and a more sincere, heart-touching prayer never went up from human lips to that God 'who hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth.' Though clothed in rags, and in feeble old age, a slave, at the mercy of a cruel task-master, that old man was richer far than his master. His simple faith, which looked through the darkness surrounding him into the clear and radiant light of the unseen land, was of far more worth than all the wealth and glory of this world. I know not why it was, but as I looked at him in the dim, red light which fell on his upturned face, and cast a strange halo around his bent form, I thought of Stephen, as he gazed upward and saw heaven open, and 'the Son of Man seated at the right hand of the throne of God.'

Rising from his knees, the old preacher turned slowly to the black mass that encircled him, and said:

'My dear bredderin and sisters, de Lord say dat 'de dust shill return to de earth as it war, and de spirit to Him who gabe it,' and now, 'cordin' to dat text, my friends, we'm gwine to put dis dust (pointing to the two coffins) in de groun' whar it cum from, and whar it shill lay till de blessed Lord blow de great trumpet on de resumprection mornin'. De spirits of our brudders har de Lord hab already took to hisseff. 'Our brudders,' I say, my chil'ren, 'case ebery one dat de Lord hab made am brudders to you and to me, wheder dey'm bad or good, white or brack.'

'Dis young chile, who hab gone 'way and leff his pore fader and mudder sufferin' all ober wid grief, *he* hab gone to de Lord, *shore*. *He* neber did no wrong;

he allers 'bey'd his massa, and he neber said no hard word, nor found no fault, not eben w'en de cruel, bad oberseer put de load so heaby on him dat it kill him. Yes, my bredderin and sisters, *he* hab gone to de Lord; gone whar dey don't work in de swamps; whar de little chil'ren don't tote de big shingles fru de water up to dar knees. No swamps am dar; no shingles am cut dar; dey doan't need 'em, 'case dar hous'n haint builded wid hands, for dey'm all built by de Lord, and gib'n to de good niggers, ready-made, and for nuffin'. De Lord don't say, like as our massa do, 'Pomp, dar's de logs and de shingles,' (dey'm alers pore shingles, de kine dat woant sell; but he say, '*dey'm* good 'nuff for niggers, ef de roof do leak.) De Lord doan't say: 'Now, Pomp, you go to work and build you' own house; but mine dat you does you task all de time, jess de same!' But de Lord—de bressed Lord—He say, w'en we goes up dar, 'Dar, Pomp, dar's de house dat I'se been a buildin' for you eber sence 'de foundation ob de worle.' It'm done now, and you kin cum in; your room am jess ready, and ole Sal and de chil'ren dat I tuk 'way from you eber so long ago, and dat you mourned ober and cried ober as ef you'd neber see dem agin, *dar dey am, all on 'em, a waiting for you.* Dey'm been fixin' up de house 'spressly for you all dese long years, and dey've got it all nice and comfible now.' Yas, my frens, glory be to Him, dat's what our Heabenly massa say, and who ob you wouldn't hab sich a massa as dat? a massa dat don't set you no hard tasks, and dat gibs you 'nuff to eat, and time to rest and to sing and to play. A massa dat doan't keep no Yankee oberseer to foller you 'bout wid de big free-lashed whip; but dat leads you hiseff round to de green pastures and de still waters; and w'en you'm a-faint and a-tired, and can't go no furder, dat takes you up in his arms, and carries you in his bosom. What pore darky am dar dat wudn't hab sich a massa? What one ob us, eben ef we had to work so hard as we

does now, wudn't tink hiseff de happiest nigger in de hull worle, ef he could hab sich hous'n to lib in as dem? dem hous'n 'not made wid hands, eternal in de heabens!'

'But glory, glory to de Lord! my chil'ren, wese all got dat massa, ef we only knowd it, and he'm buildin' dem hous'n up dar, now, for ebery one ob us dat am tryin' to be good and to lub one anoder. *For ebery one ob us,* I say, and we kin all git de fine hous'n ef we try.

'Recolemer, too, my brudders, dat our great Massa am rich, bery rich, and He kin do all he promise. *He* won't say, w'en wese worked ober time to git some little ting to comfort de sick chile, 'I knows, Pomp, you'se done de work, and I did 'gree to gib you de pay; but de fact am, Pomp, de frost hab come so sudden dis yar, dat I'se loss de hull ob de sebenfh dippin', and I'se pore, so pore, de chile must go widout dis time.' No, no, brudders, de bressed Lord He neber talk so. He neber break, 'case de sebenfh dip am shet off, or 'case de price of turpentine gwo down at de Norf. He neber sell his niggers down Souf, 'case he lose his money on de hoss-race. No, my chil'ren, our HEABENLY Massa am rich, RICH, I say. He own all dis worle, and all de oder worles dat am shinin' up dar in de sky. He own dem all; but he tink more ob one ob you, more ob one ob .you—pore, ignorant brack folks dat you am—dan ob all dem great worles! Who wouldn't belong to sich a Massa as dat? Who wouldn't be his nigger—not his slave—He don't hab no slaves—but his chile; and 'ef his chile, den his heir, de heir ob God, and de joint heir wid Christ.' O my chil'ren! tink of dat! de heir ob de Lord ob all de earth and all de sky! What white man kin be more'n dat?

'Don't none ob you say you'm too wicked to be His chile; 'ca'se you an't. He lubs de wicked ones de best, 'ca'se dey need his lub de most. Yas, my brudders, eben de wickedest, ef dey's only sorry, and turn roun' and leab off dar bad ways, he lub de bery best ob all, 'ca'se he'm all lub and pity.

'Sam, har, my children, war wicked, but don't *we* pity him; don't *we* tink he had a hard time, and don't we tink de bad oberseer, who'm layin' dar in de house jess ready to gwo and answer for it—don't we tink he gabe Sam bery great probincation?'

'Dat's so,' said a dozen of the auditors.

'Den don't you'spose dat de blessed Lord know all dat, and dat He pity Sam too? If we pore sinners feel sorry for him, an't de Lord's heart bigger'n our'n, and an't he more sorry for him? Don't you tink dat ef He lub and pity de bery worse whites, dat He lub and pity pore Sam, who warn't so bery bad, arter all? Don't you think He'll gib Sam a house? P'raps 'twon't be one ob de fine hous'n, but won't it be a comfible house, dat hain't no cracks, and one dat'll keep out de wind and de rain? And don't you s'pose, my chil'ren, dat it'll be big 'nuff for Jule, too—dat pore, repentin' chile, whose heart am clean broke, 'ca'se she hab broughten dis on Sam—and won't de Lord—de good Lord—de tender-hearted Lord—won't He touch Sam's heart, and coax him to forgib Jule, and to take her inter his house up dar? I knows he will, my chil'ren. I knows—'

Here the old negro paused abruptly; for there was a quick swaying in the crowd—a hasty rush—a wild cry—and Sam's wife burst into the open space around the preacher, and fell at the old man's feet. Throwing her arms wildly around him, she shrieked out:

'Say dat agin, Uncle Pomp! for de lub ob de good Lord, oh! say dat agin!'

Bending down, the old man raised her gently in his arms, and folding her there, as he would have folded a child, he said, in a voice thick with emotion:

'It am so, Juley. I knows dat Sam will forgib you, and take you wid him up dar.'

Fastening her arms frantically around Pompey's neck, the poor woman burst into a paroxysm of grief, while the old man's tears fell in great drops on her

upturned face, and many a dark cheek near was wet, as with rain.

The scene had lasted a few minutes, and I was turning away to hide the emotion that was fast filling my eyes, and creeping up, with a choking feeling, to my throat, when the Colonel, from the farther edge of the group, called out:

'Take that d—d — away—take her away, Pomp!'

The old negro turned toward his master with a sad, grieved look, but gave no heed to the words.

'Take her away, some of you, I say,' again cried the Colonel. 'Pomp, you mustn't keep these niggers all night in the cold.'

At the sound of her master's voice the metif woman fell to the ground as if struck by a Minie-ball. Soon several negroes lifted her up to bear her away; but she struggled violently, and rent the woods with her wild cries for 'one more look at Sam.'

'Look at him, you d—d —, then go, and don't let me see you again.'

She threw herself on the face of the dead, and covered the cold lips with her kisses; then rose, and with a weak, uncertain step, staggered out into the darkness.

'The system' that had so seared and hardened that man's heart, must have been begotten in the lowest hell.

The old preacher said no more, but four stout negro men stepped forward, nailed down the lids, and lowered the rough boxes into the ground. Turning to Madam P—, I saw her face was red with weeping. She rose to go just as the first earth fell, with a dull, heavy sound, on the rude coffins; and giving her my arm, I led her from the scene.

As we walked slowly back to the house, a low wail—half a chant, half a dirge—rose from the black crowd, and floated off on the still night air, till it died away amid the far woods, in a strange, wild moan. With that sad, wild music in our ears, we entered the mansion.

As we seated ourselves by the bright

wood-fire on the library hearth, obeying a sudden impulse which I could not restrain, I said to Madam P —— :

'The Colonel's treatment of that poor woman is inexplicable to me. Why is he so hard with her? It is not in keeping with what I have seen of his character.'

'The Colonel is a peculiar man,' replied the lady. 'Noble, generous, and a true friend, he is also a bitter, implacable enemy. When he once conceives a dislike, his feelings become even vindictive; and never having had an ungratified wish, he does not know how to feel for the sorrows of those beneath him. Sam, though a proud, headstrong, unruly character, was a great favorite with him; he felt his death much; and as he attributes it to Jule, he feels terribly bitter toward her. She will have to be sold to get her out of his way, for he will *never* forgive her.'

It was some time before the Colonel joined us, and when he at last made his appearance, he seemed in no mood for conversation. The lady soon retired; but feeling unlike sleep, I took down a book from the shelves, drew my chair near the fire, and fell to reading. The Colonel, too, was deep in the newspapers, till, after a while, Jim entered the room:

'Ise cum to ax ef you've nuffin more to-night, Cunnel?' said the negro.

'No, nothing, Jim,' replied his master; 'but, stay—hadn't you better sleep in front of Moye's door?'

'Dunno, sar; jess as you say.'

'I think you'd better,' returned the Colonel.

With a 'Yas, massa,' the darky left the apartment.

The Colonel shortly rose, and bade me 'good night.' I continued reading till the clock struck eleven, when I laid the book aside and went to my room.

I slept, as I have said before, on the lower floor, and was obliged to pass by the door of the overseer's apartment as I went to mine. Wrapped in his blanket, and stretched at full length on the ground, Jim lay there, fast asleep. I passed on, thinking of the wisdom of placing a tired negro on guard over an acute and desperate Yankee.

I rose in the morning with the sun, and had partly donned my clothing, when I heard a loud uproar in the hall. Opening my door, I saw Jim pounding vehemently at the Colonel's room, and looking as pale as is possible with a person of his complexion.

'What the d—l is the matter?' asked his master, who now, partly dressed, stepped into the hall.

'Moye hab gone, sar; he'm gone and took Firefly (my host's five-thousand-dollar thorough-bred) wid him.'

For a moment the Colonel stood stupefied; then, his face turning to a cold, clayey white, he seized the black by the throat, and hurled him to the floor. Planting his thick boot on the man's face, he seemed about to dash out his brains with its ironed heel, when, at that instant, the octoroon woman rushed, in her night-clothes, from his room, and with desperate energy pushed him aside, exclaiming: 'What would you do? remember WHO HE IS!'

The negro rose, and the Colonel, without a word, passed into his apartment. What followed will be the subject of another chapter.

PICAYUNE BUTLER.

'GENERAL BUTLER WAS a barber,
So the Pelicans were raving;
Now you've got him in your harbor,
Tell us how you like his shaving?

LITERARY NOTICES.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June, 1861. By MAX MULLER, Fellow of All Souls College, etc. From the second London edition, revised. New-York : Charles Scribner. Boston : A. K. Loring. 1862.

WITHIN the memory of man one could in England or America be 'very well educated,' as the word went, and yet remain grossly ignorant of the simplest elements of the history of language. In those days Latin was held by scholars to be derived from Greek — where the Greek came from nobody knew or cared, though it was thought, from Hebrew. German was a jargon, Provençal a '*patois*,' and Sanscrit an obsolete tongue, held in reverence by Hindoo savages. The vast connections of language with history were generally ignored. Hebrew was assumed, as a matter of course, to have been the primeval language, and it was wicked to doubt it. Then came Sir William Jones, Carey, Wilkins, Forster, Colebrooke, and the other Anglo-Indian scholars, and the world learned what it ought to have learned from the Jesuits, that there was in the East a very ancient language — Sanscrit — 'of wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, more exquisitely refined than either; bearing to both a strong affinity,' and stranger still, containing a vast amount of words almost identical with many in all European and many Oriental tongues. This was an apocalypse of truth to many — but a source of grief to the orthodox believers that Greek and Latin were either aboriginal languages, or modifications of Hebrew. Hence the blind, and in some cases untruthful warfare made on the Sanscrit discoveries, as in the case of Dugald Stewart.

'Dugald Stewart was too wise not to see that the conclusions drawn from the facts about Sanscrit were inevitable. He therefore denied the reality of such a language as Sanscrit altogether, and wrote his famous essay to prove that Sanscrit had been put together, after the model of Greek and Latin, by those arch-forgers and liars, the Brahmins, and that the whole of Sanscrit literature was an imposture.'

But it was all of no avail. In 1808 Frederick Schlegel's work, *On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians*, first 'boldly faced the facts and conclusions of Sanscrit scholarship, and became,' with all its faults, the 'foundation for the science of language.' Its great result may be given in one sentence — it embraced at a glance the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Northern Europe, and riveted them by the simple name 'Indo-Germanic.' Then in this school, begun by English industry and shaped by German genius, came Franz Bopp, with his great comparative grammar of the Indo-Germanic tongues, and the enormous labors of Lassen, Rosen, Burnouf, and W. von Humboldt — a man to whose incredible ability of every kind, as to his secret diplomatic influence, history has never done justice. Grimm, and Rask — the first great Zend scholar — were among these early explorers, who have been followed by so many scholars, until some knowledge not merely of Greek and Latin, but of the relations of *all* languages, has become essential to a truly good education.

Yet after all, Sanscrit, it was soon seen, was not the parent, but '*the elder sister*' of the Indo-Germanic languages. Behind Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic tongues, lurks a lost language — the mysterious Aryan, which, reëchoed through the tones of those six remaining Pleiades, its sisters,

speaks of a mighty race which once, it may be, ruled supreme over a hundred lands, or perchance sole in the Caucasus. It is strange to see philologists slowly reconstructing, here and there, fragments of the Aryan,

'And speak in a tongue which man speaks no more.'

Among the many excellent elementary and introductory works on philology which have appeared of late years, this of Müller's is on several accounts the best. It is clearly written, so as to be within the comprehension of any reader of ordinary intelligence, and we can hardly conceive that any such person would not find it an extremely entertaining book. Its author is a *genial* writer—he writes with a relish and with real power—he loves knowledge, and wishes others to share it with him. Language, he holds—though the idea is not new with him—springs from a very few hundred roots, which are the *phonetic types* produced by a power inherent in human nature. Every substance has its peculiar *ring* when struck—man, under the action of certain laws, must develop first onomato-poietic sounds, and finally language. With this we take leave of this excellent work, trusting that the public will extend to it the favor which it so amply deserves.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By his Nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING. Vol. I. New-York: G. P. Putnam. Boston: A. K. Loring. 1862.

THIS work has a strong, we might say an extraordinary claim to the interest of the most general reader, in its very first paragraph, since in it we are told that Washington Irving, on committing to his nephew Pierre the vast mass of papers requisite to his biography, remarked: 'Somebody will be writing my life when I am gone, and I wish you to do it. You must promise me that you will.' So with unusual wealth of material, gathered together for the purpose by the subject of the biography himself, the work has been begun, by the person whom Irving judged best fitted for it.

And a delightful work it is, not a page without something of special relish, as might be anticipated in the chronicle of a life which is thickly studded with personal association or correspondence with almost every intellectual eminence either of Europe or America during the past half-century. But apart from this, there is a racy Irving-y flavor from the very beginning, long before the wide world had incorporated Irving into its fraternity of great men, in the details of life, of home travel and of homely incident, as set forth in extracts from his letters, which is irresistibly charming. Full as this portion of the life is, we can not resist the hope that it will be greatly enlarged in subsequent editions, and that more copious extracts will be given from those letters, to the humblest of which the writer invariably communicates an indefinable fascination. In them, as in his regular 'writings,' we find the simplest incident narrated always without exaggeration—always as briefly as possible, yet told so quaintly and humorously withal, that we wonder at the piquancy which it assumes. It is the trouble with great men that they are, for lack of authentic anecdotes and details of their daily life, apt to retire into myths. Such will not be the case with Irving. The *reality*, the life-likeness of these letters, and of the *ana* drawn from them, will keep him, Washington Irving the New-Yorker, alive and breathing before the world to all time. In these chapters a veil seems lifted from what was growing obscure in our knowledge of social life in the youth of our fathers. Our only wish, in reading, is for more of it. But the life gathers interest as it proceeds. From America it extends to Europe, and we meet the names of Humboldt, De Staël, Allston, Vanderlyn, Mrs. Siddons, as among his associates even in early youth. So through Home Again and in Europe Again there is a constant succession of personal experience and wide opportunity to know the world. Did our limits permit, we would gladly cite largely from these pages, for it is long since the

press has given to the world a book so richly quotable. But the best service we can render the reader is to refer him to the work itself, which is as well worth reading as any thing that its illustrious subject ever wrote, since in it we have most admirably reflected Irving himself, the best loved of our writers, and the man who did more, so far as intellectual effort is concerned, to honor our country than any American who ever lived.

BEAUTIES SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. With a Portrait. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE are not sure that this is not the very first book of other than pictorial beauties which we ever regarded with patience. Books of literary 'beauties' are like musical matinées—the first act of one *opéra*—the grand dying-scene from another—all very pretty, but not on the whole satisfactory, or entitling one to claim from it alone any real knowledge of the original whole. Yet this volume we have found fascinating, have flitted from page to page, backwards and forwards, [it is a great advantage in a book of 'unconnections' that one may *conscientiously* skip about,] and concluded by thanking in our heart the judicious Eclectic, whoever he may be—who mosaicked these bits into an enduring picture of De Quincey-ism. For really in it, by virtue of selection, collection, and recollection, we have given an authentic cabinet of specimens more directly suggestive of the course and soul-idioms of the author than many minds would gather from reading *all* that he ever wrote. Only one thing seems needed—the great original commentary or essay on De Quincey, which these Beauties would most happily illustrate. It seems to rise shadowy before us—a sort of dead-letter ghost of a glorious book which craves life and has

it not. We trust that our suggestion may induce some admirer of the Opium-Eater to have prepared an interleaved copy of these Beauties, and perfect the suggestion.

THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY; OR THE FOUR CENTURIOS. By Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D.D., of San Francisco. New-York: Carleton, No. 413 Broadway. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1862.

SINCE every one is doing their 'little utmost' for the army, Mr. Scott hath contributed his mite in a work on the four captains of hundreds mentioned in the Bible—the first whereof was he of Capernaum; the second, the one commanding at the crucifixion; the third, that of Cesarea; and the fourth, Julius, the centurion who had Paul in charge during his voyage to Rome. We are glad to learn, from the close researches and critical acumen of Rev. Mr. Scott, that there is very good ground for concluding that all of these centurions were so impressed by the thrilling scenes which they witnessed, and the society with which they mingled, as to have eventually been converted and saved, a consummation which may possibly have escaped the observation of most readers, who, absorbed in their contemplation of the great *dramatis personæ*, seldom give thought as to what the effect on the minor characters must have been. It is worth observing that our author is thoroughly earnest in his exhortations—at times almost naïvely so. If he be often rather over-inclined to threaten grim damnation to an alarming majority, and describe with a relish the eternal horrors which hang around the second death, in good old-fashioned style, still we must remember that he sincerely means what he says, and is a Puritan of the ancient stamp.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE is something intensely American in such phrases as 'manifest destiny,' 'mission,' and 'call,' and we may add, something very vigorous may be found in the character of him who uses them. They are expressions which admit no alternative, no second possibility. The man of a 'mission,' or of a 'manifest destiny,' may be a fanatic, but he will be no flincher; he will strive to the bitter end, and fall dead in the traces; but *he will succeed*.

We are glad to learn that there is growing up in the army, and of course from it in all the homes of the whole country, a fixed impression that the South is inevitably destined to be 'Northerd' or 'free-labored,' as the result of this war. The intelligent farmer in the ranks, who has learned his superiority to 'Secesh,' as a soldier, and who *knows* himself to be superior to any Southern in all matters of information and practical creative power, looks with scorn at the worn-out fields, wasteful agriculture, and general shiftlessness of the natives, and says, with a contemptuous laugh: 'We will get better crops out of the land, and manage it in another fashion, when *we* settle down here.' Not less scornfully does the mechanic look down on the clumsy, labor-wasting contrivances of the negro or negro-stupified white man, and agree with his mate that 'these people will never be of much account until we take them in hand.'

Master-mechanic, master-farmer, *you are right*. These people *are* your inferiors; with all their boasts and brags of 'culture,' you could teach them, by your shrewder intelligence, at a glance, the short cut to almost any thing at which their intellects might be employed; and you indulge in a very natural

feeling, when, as conquerors, in glancing over their Canaan, you involuntarily plan what you will do some day, *if* a farm should by chance be your share of the bounty-money, when the war is over. For it is absurd to suppose that such a country will continue forever a prey to the wasting and exhaustive disease of the plantation-system, or that the black will always, as at present, inefficiently and awkwardly fulfill those mechanic labors which a keen white workman can better manage. Wherever the hand of the Northman touches, in these times, it shows a superior touch, whether in improvising a six-action cotton-gin, in repairing locomotives, or in sarcastically seizing a 'Secesh' newspaper and reediting it with a storm of fun and piquancy such as its doleful columns never witnessed of old. In this and in a thousand ways, the Northern soldier realizes that he is in a land of inferiors, and a very rich land at that. At this point, his speculations on manifest destiny may very appropriately begin. There is no harm in suffering this idea to take firm hold. Like ultimate emancipation, it may be assumed as a fact, all to be determined in due time, according to the progress of events, as wisely laid down by President Lincoln, without hurry, without feverish haste, simply guided by the firm determination that eventually it must be.

We can not insist too strongly on this great truth, that when a nation makes up its mind that a certain event *must* take place, and acts calmly in the spirit of perfect persuasion, very little is really needed to hasten the wished-for consummation. Events suddenly spring up to aid, and in due time all is accomplished. Those who strive to hurry it retard it, those who work to drag it back hasten

it. Never yet on earth was a real conviction crushed or prematurely realized. So it is, so it will be with this 'North-ing' of the South. Let the country simply familiarize itself with the idea, and the idea will advance as rapidly as need be. In it lies the only solution of the great problem of reconciling the South and the North; the sooner we make up our minds to the fact, the better; and, on the other hand, the more deliberately and calmly we proceed to the work, the more certain will its accomplishment be. Events are now working to aid us with tremendous power and rapidity—faith, a judicious guiding of the current as it runs, is all that is at present required to insure a happy fulfillment.

THE degree to which a vindictive and malignant opposition to every thing for the sake of 'the party' can be carried, has been well illustrated in the amount and variety of slander which has been heaped by the Southern-rights, sympathizing Democratic press on the efforts of those noble-hearted women who have endeavored to do something to alleviate the condition of the thousands of contrabands, who are many without clothes, employment, or the slightest idea of what they are to do. It would be hard to imagine any thing more harmless or more perfectly free from any thing like sinister or selfish motives than have been the conduct and motives of the noble women who have assumed this mission. Florence Nightingale undertook nothing nobler; and the world will some day recognize the deserts of those who strove against every obstacle to relieve the sufferings and enlighten the ignorance of the blacks — among whom were thousands of women and little children. Such being the literal truth, what does the reader think of such a paragraph as the following, which we find going the rounds of the Boston *Courier* and other journals of the same political faith?

'*On dit*, that some of the schoolmarms

who went to South-Carolina several weeks ago, are not so intent upon 'teaching the young ideas how to shoot,' as upon flirting with the officers, in a manner not entirely consistent with morality. General Hunter is going to send some of the misbehaving misses home.'

If there is a loathsome, cowardly, infamous phrase, it is that of *on dit*, 'they say,' 'it is said,' when used to assail the virtue of women—above all, of women engaged in such a cause as that in question. We believe in our heart, this whole story to be a slander of the meanest description possible—a piece of as dirty innuendo as ever disgraced a Democratic paper. The spirit of the viper is apparent in every line of it. Yet it is in perfect keeping with the storm of abuse and falsehood which has been heaped on these 'contraband' missionaries, teachers, and nurses, since they went their way. They have been accused of pilfering, of lying, of doing nothing, of corrupting the blacks, of going out only to speculate, and, as might have been expected, we have at last the unfailing resort of the lying coward—a dirty hint as to breaking the seventh commandment—all according to the devilish old Jesuit precept of, '*Calumniare fortiter aliquis hæredit'*—'Slander boldly, something will be sure to stick.' And to such a depth of degradation—to the hinting away the characters of young ladies because they try to teach the poor contrabands—can *men* descend 'for the sake of the *party*'!

OF late years, those soundest of philanthropists, the men of common-sense who labor unweariedly to facilitate exchanges between civilized nations, have endeavored to promote in every possible manner the adoption of the same system of currency, weights and measures among civilized nations. It has been accepted as a rule beyond all debate, that if such mediums of business could be adopted—nay, if a common language even were in use, industry would receive an incalculable impulse, and the

production of capital be enormously increased.

Not so, however, thinks John M. Vernon, of New-Orleans, who, stimulated by the purest secession sentiments, and urged by the most legitimate secession and 'State rights' logic, has developed a new principle of exclusiveness by devising a new system of decimal currency, which he thus recommends to the rebel Congress :

'We are a separate and distinct people, influenced by different interests and sentiments from the vandals who would subjugate us. Our manners and customs are different; our tastes and talents are different; our geographical position is different; and in conformity with natural laws, nature and instinct, our currency, weights and measures, should be different.'

'The basis of integral limit of value proposed for our currency, is the star, which is to be divided into one hundred equal parts, each part to be called a centime, namely : 10 centimes—1 tropic ; 10 tropics—1 star ; 10 stars—1 sol.

'These denominations for our currency have been selected for three reasons: first, they are appropriate to ourselves as a people; second, they are emblems of cheerfulness, honor, honesty of purpose, solidity, and stability; and third, the words used are simple, easily remembered, and are common to several languages. I will, in addition, observe that similar characteristics distinguish the proposed tables of weights and measures.'

'Stars'—'centimes'—'tropics,' and 'sol's.' Why these words should be more significant of cheerfulness, honor, honesty, and solidity, than dollars and dimes, cents and mills, is not, as yet, apparent. As set forth in this recommendation, it would really appear that the root of all evil would have its evil properties extracted by giving the radical a different name. To be sure, the wages of sin thus far in the world's history, have generally been found equivalent to death, whether they are termed guineas, francs, thalers, cobangs, pesos, sequins, ducats, or dollars. But in Dixie—happy Dixie!—they only need another name, and lo! a miracle is to be wrought at once.

There is something in this whole

proposition which accurately embodies the whole Southern policy. While the rest of the world is working to assimilate into civilization, they are laboring to get away and apart—to be *different* from every body else—to remain provincial and 'peculiar.' It is the working of the same spirit which inspires the desire to substitute 'State rights' or individual will, or, in plain terms, lawlessness and barbarism for enlightenment and common rights. It is a craving for darkness instead of light, for antiquated feudal falsehood instead of republican truth; and it will meet with the destiny which awaits every struggle against the great and holy cause of humanity.

KYNG COTEN.

A 'DARK' CONCEIT.

(*Being an ensample of a longe poeme.*)

O MUSE! that did me somedeal favour erst,
Whereas I piped my silly oaten reede,
And songs in homely guise to mine reherst,
Well pleased with maiden's smilings for
my meed;
Sweet muse, do give my Pegasus good
speede,
And send to him of thy high, potent
might,
Whiles mortalls I all of my theme do
rede,
Thatte is the story of a doughty knight,
Who eftsoons wageth war, Kyng Coten is
he hight.

Kyng Coten cometh of a goodly race,
Though black it was, as records soothly tell;
But thatte is nought, which only is the face,
And ne the hart, where alle goode beings
dwell;
For witness him the puissant Hannibal,
Who was in veray sooth a Black-a-Moor;
And Cleopatra, Egypt's darksome belle,
And others, great on earth, a hundred
score;
Howbeit, ilke kyng was white, which doth
amaze me sore.

Kyng Coten cometh of a goodly race,
As born of fathers clean as many as
The sands thatte doe the mighty sea-shore
grace,
But black, as sayde, as dark is Erebus.
His rule the Southron Federation was,
Thatte was a part of great Columbia,
Which was as fayre a clyme as man mote
pass;

And situate where Vesper holds his sway,
But habited wilome by men of salvage
fray.

Farre in the North he had an enimie,
Who certes was the knight's true sover-
aine,
Who likéd not his wicked slaverie,
Which 'cross God's will was counter-wise-
ly laine,
Whiles he himself, it seemeth now right
playne,
Did seek to have a kyngdom of his kynde,
Where he, as tyrant-like, mote lonly
raine;
So to a treacherie he fetched his mynde,
Which soon was rent in four, and sent upon
each wynde.

His enimie thatte liveth in the North,
Who, after all, was not his enimie,
Ydeemed he was a gentilman of worth,
Too proud to make so vile a villianie,
And, therefore, did ne tent his railerie,
But went his ways, as was his wont wilome;
Goliah, he turned out eftsoons, ah! me,
Who leaned upon his speare when David
come,
And laughed to scorn the sillie boy his
threat'ning doom.

But when his stronghold in ye Southron
land,
Of formidable front, Forte Sumter hight,
Did fall into Kyng Coten's rebell hand,
Who coward-wise did challenge to the
fight,
Some several men again his host of might;
Then Samuel, for so was he yclipt,
Begun in batail's gear himself to dight,
As being fooled by him with whom he sippit,
And hied him out, loud crying, 'Treason
must be nippt!'

O ye who doe the crusades' musters tell,
In wise that maketh myndes incredulous,
And paynte how like Dan Neptune's sweep-
ing swell
The North bore down on the perfidious!
Ne nigh so potent thatte as was with us;
Where men, like locusts, darkened all the
land,
As marched they toward the place that's
treacherous,
And shippes, that eke did follow the com-
mand,
Like forests, motion-got, doe walk along the
strand.

Fierce battails ther were fought upon the
ground,
Thatte rob'd the heavens alle in ayer
dunne;

And shake the world as doth the thunder's
sound,

Till, soth to say, it well-nigh was undone:
But fiercest of them alle, ther is an one
That frayle pen dispairs for to describe,
Which mortalls call the Battail of Bull
Run;
But why I mote ne tell, as I'm alive,
Unless it haply be ther *running* did most
thrive.

LAWRENCE MINOT.

'OUR Orientalist' appears this month
with

EGYPT IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

BY A FAST TRAVELER.

'You ought to go to the East,' said Mr. Swift, with a wave of his hand; 'I've been there, and seen it under peculiar circumstances.'

'Explain, O howaga! Give us the facts.

'Immediately. Just place the punch-pitcher where I can reach it easily. That's right! Light another Cabáñas. So; now for it. In 1858, month of December, I was settled in comfortable quarters in the Santa Lucia, Naples, and fully expected to winter there at my ease, when, to my disgust, I received letters from England, briefly ordering me by first steamer to Alexandria, thence per railroad to Cairo, there to see the head of a certain banking-house; transact my business, and return to Naples with all possible dispatch. No sooner said than done; there was one of the Messagérie steamers up for Malta next day; got my passport visaed, secured berth, all right. Next night I was steaming it past Stromboli, next morning in Messina; then Malta, where I found steamer up for Alexandria that night; in four days was off that port, at six o'clock in the morning, and at half-past eight o'clock was in the cars, landing in Cairo at four o'clock in the afternoon. Posted from the railroad-station to the banker's, saw my man, arranged my business, was to receive instructions at seven o'clock the next morning, and at eight o'clock take the return train to Alexandria, where a steamer was to sail next day, that would carry me back to Naples, *presto!* as the jugglers say.

'There, breathe a little, and take another glass of punch, while I recall my day in the East.

'Through at the banker's, he recommended

me to the Hotel —, where I would find a good table, clean rooms, and none of my English compatriots. I love my native land and my countrymen *in it*, but as for them out of it, and as Bohemians—ugh! I am too much of a wolf myself to love wolves. Arrived at the hotel, with my head swimming with palm-trees, railroad, turbans, tarbooshes, veiled women, camels, pipes, dust, donkeys, oceans of blue calico, groaning water-wheels, the Nile, far-off view of the Pyramids, etc., I at once asked the head-waiter for a room, water, towels; he passed me into the hands of a very tall Berber answering to the name of Yusef, who was dressed in flowing garments and tarboosh, and who was one of the gentlest beings entitled to wear breeches I have ever seen; he had feet that in my recollection seem a yard long, and how he managed to move so noiselessly, unless both pedals were soft-shod, worries me to the present time. Well, at six o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and out I went over marble floors to the dining hall, where I found only three other guests, who saluted me courteously when I entered, and at a signal from Yusef, a compromise between a bow and a salaam, we seated ourselves at table. Of the three guests, one was particularly a marked man, apart from his costume, that of a cavalry officer in the Pacha's service; there was something grand in his face, large blue eyes, full of humor and *bonhomie*, a prominent nose, a broad forehead, burned brown with the sun, his head covered with the omnipresent tarboosh, a mustache like Cartouche's; such was my *vis-à-vis* at the hotel-table.

'In conversation with this officer, it turned up that one of my most intimate friends was his cousin, and so we had a bottle of old East-India pale sherry over that; then we had another to finally cement our acquaintance; I said finally—I should say, finally for dinner.

'I have seen the interiors of more than three hundred hotels in Europe, Africa, and America; but I have yet to see one that appeared so outrageously romantic as that of the hotel —, at Cairo, after that second bottle of sherry! The divans on which we reposed, the curious interlacing of the figures on the ceiling, the raised marble floor at the end of the room overlooking the street, the arabesques on the doors, and finally the never-ending masquerade-ball go-

ing on in the street under the divans where we sat and smoked.

'I can't tell you how it happened, but after very small cups of very black coffee and a *pousse café*, in the officer's room, of genuine kirschwasser and good curaçoa, I was mounted on a bay horse; there was a dapple-gray alongside of me; and running ahead of us, to clear the way, the officer's *sais* afoot, ready to hold our horses when we halted. We were quickly mounted and off like the wind, past turbans, flowing bournouses, tarbooshes, past grand old mosques, petty cafés, where the faithful were squatting on bamboo-seats, smoking pipes or drinking coffee-grounds, while listening to a story-teller, possibly relating some story in the *Arabian Nights*; then we were through the bazaars, all closed now and silent; then up in the citadel, and through the mosque of Yusef; then down and scouring over the flying sand among the grand old tombs of the Mamelukes and of the caliphs; then off at break-neck speed toward the Mokatamma mountains, from a rise on the lower spur of one of which we saw, in the shadow of the coming night, the Pyramids and the slow-flowing Nile.

'Again we were in Cairo, and now threading narrow street after street, the fall of our horses' hoofs hardly heard on the unpaved ways, as we were passing under overhanging balconies covered with lace-work lattices. As it grew darker, our *sais* preceded us with lighted lantern, shouting to pedestrians, blind and halt, to clear the road for the coming effendis.

'Halte la!'

'My foaming bay was reined in with a strong hand, I leaped from the saddle, and found the *sais* at hand to hold our horses, while we saw the seventh heaven of the Koran, and by no means *al Hotama*.

'With a foresight indicating an old campaigner, the officer produced a couple of bottles of sherry from the capacious folds of the *sais'* mantle, and unlocking the door of the house in front of which we stood, invited me to enter. Two or three turns, a court-yard full of rose-bushes, and an enormous palm-tree, a fountain shooting up its sparkling waters in the moonlight, a clapping of hands, chibouks, sherry cooled in the fountain.

'Then, in the moonlight, the gleam of white flowing garments, the nervous thrill

breathed in from perfumes filling the evening air; the great swimming eyes; the kiss; the ah!—other bottles of sherry. The fingans of coffee, the pipe of Latakiah tobacco, the blowing a cloud into dreamland, while Fatima or Zoe insists on taking a puff with you.

'But as she said, '*Hathih al-kissah moaththirah*, which, in the vernacular, is, 'This history is affecting,' so let us pass it by. We finished those two bottles of sherry, and if Mohammed, in his majesty, refuses admittance to two Peris into paradise, because they drank sherry that night, let the sins be on our shoulders, we are to blame.'

'Next morning, at seven o'clock, I was at the banker's, and received his orders, and at six o'clock that evening was steaming out of Alexandria, bound to Naples *via* Malta. A little over twenty-four hours, and I had SEEN THE ORIENT THROUGH SHERRY—pale, golden, and serenely beautiful!

'Pass the punch.'

VERY welcome is our pleasant contributor—he who of late discoursed on 'honeyed thefts' and rural religious discipline—and now, in the present letter, he gives us his views on meals, feeds, banquets, symposia, or by whatever name the reader may choose to designate assemblies for the purpose of eating.

Please make room at this table, right here, for me. Surely at a table of such dimensions, there should be plenty of room. Many a table-scene do I now recall, in days gone by, 'all of which I saw, and part of which I was,' but nothing like this. Tables of all sorts and sizes, but never a CONTINENTAL table before. I suppose the nearest approach to it was *the* pic-nic dinner the wee youngsters used to eat off the ground! A CONTINENTAL table! The most hospitable idea imaginable. Give place! Do you demand my credentials, my card, my ticket? Here we have it all; a little note from mine host, Mr. LELAND, inviting the bearer to this monthly repast, and requesting, very properly—it was the way we always did, when we used to get up pic-nics—that the receiver of the note bring some sort of refreshments along. Thank you. This seat is very comfortable. What more appropriate, at such a time, than the discussion of *the Meal*?

I protest I am no glutton; in fact, I despise the man whose meal-times are the epochs of his life; yet I frankly confess to emotions of a very positive character, in contemplating the associations of the table, and I admit farther, that I take pleasure in the reality as well as in the imagination. I like to be 'one of the company,' whether in palace or in farm-house. I always brighten up when I see the dining-room door thrown open to an angle hospitably obtuse, and am pleased alike with the politely-worded request, 'Will the ladies and gentlemen please walk out and partake of some refreshments?' or the blunt, kindly voice of mine host, 'Come, friends; dinner's ready.' Still I assert my freedom from any slavish fondness for the creature comforts. It is not the bill of fare that so pleases me. In fact, some of the best meals of which I have ever partaken, were those the materials of which I could not have remembered twenty minutes after. Exquisite palatal pleasures, then, are not a *sine qua non* in the enjoyment of table comforts. No, indeed. There is a condiment which is calculated to impart a high relish to the humblest fare; but without this charmed seasoning, every banquet is a failure. Solomon was a man of nice observation, even in so humble a matter as a meal. Let him reveal the secret in his own words: 'Better is a dinner of herbs, where LOVE is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'

By a merciful arrangement of Providence, man is so constituted that he may think, talk, and eat, all at one and the same time. Hence, the table is often the scene of animated and very interesting conversations, provided *love is there*. Many of our Saviour's most interesting and instructive discourses were delivered while 'sitting at meat,' and the 'table-talk' of some authors is decidedly the most meritorious of all their performances.

But the truth is, there are not many meals where *love is* entirely absent. Cheerfulness is naturally connected with eating; eating begets it probably. It is difficult for a man to eat at all, if he is in a bad humor. Quite impossible, if he is in a rage; especially if he is obliged to sit down to his dinner in company with the man he hates. There are so many little kind offices that guests must perform for each other at table, so many delicate compliments may be paid to those we love or revere, by polite attentions to

them, and so necessary, indeed, have these become to our notion of a satisfactory repast, that to banish such amiable usages from our tables would be not only to degrade us to the level of the brute, but would deprive us of a most humanizing and refining means of enjoyment. How beautiful and necessary, then, is the arrangement by which, morning, noon, and night, (I pity folks who only eat twice a day,) the members of the household are brought together in such kindly intercourse around the family board! How seldom would they assemble thus pleasantly, were it not for the meal!

The little wounds and scratches which the sharp edges of our characters will inflict upon each other, when brought together in the necessary contact of daily intercourse, would otherwise be suffered to fret and vex us sorely; but before they have had time to fester and inflame, meal-time comes, and brings with it the magic, mollifying oil.

It is meet, then, (we spell the word with two e's, mind you,) that, on any occasion of public rejoicing, the banquet should be an indispensable accompaniment. The accomplishment of some important public enterprise, the celebration of the birth-days of great and good men, a nation's holidays, the reunions of friends engaged in a common cause, are occasions in which the dinner, very properly, constitutes one of the leading features.

And what can be more exhilarating than the innocent mirthfulness, the unaffected kindnesses, the witty speeches, the sprightly conversations which are universally incident to such occasions? No wonder Lyceurgus decreed that the Spartans should eat in public. Ostensibly, it was for the sake of the grave conversations of the elders at such times, but really, I imagine, it was to keep the citizens (who had been at swords' points with each other) in a good humor, by bringing them around a common table.

He knew that if any thing would soften their mutual asperities and cultivate mutual good feeling, such a measure would. Would it not be well for modern times to take a hint here? Had I been appointed architect of the Capitol, I think I could have saved the feuds which long ago sprang up, and which have resulted in, and will yet bring about, alas! we know not how much bloodshed. I would have constructed a couple of immense dining-rooms, with all the necessary

appurtenances. Just to think how different would have been the aspect of things in the chamber where Sumner once lay bleeding, and in the hall where a gentleman, in a mêlée, '*stabbed his toe and fell!*' There would have been Mr. Breckinridge, in a canopied seat at the head of one of the tables, rapping the Senate to order with his knife-handle, and Mr. Orr at the head of the other, uncovering an immense tureen, with the remark that '*the House will now proceed to business!*' How strange it would be to hear any angry debate at such a time! Imagine a Congressman helping himself to a batter-cake and at the same time calling his brother-member a liar! or throwing down his napkin, by way of challenge to '*the gentleman on the opposite side of the table!*' Think of Keitt politely handing Grow the cream-pitcher, and attempting to knock him down before the meal was dispatched. Had the discussion of the Lecompton Constitution been carried on simultaneously with that of a couple of dozen roast turkeys, I sometimes think we might have avoided this war.

Not only in public but in private rejoicings, is the table the scene of chief enjoyment. When was it that the fatted calf was killed? On what occasion was the water turned into wine? What better way to rejoice over the return of a long-absent one than to meet him around the hospitable table? Ye gods! let your mouths water! There's a feast ahead for our brave soldiers, when they come home from this war, that will make your tables look beggarly. I refer to that auspicious moment when the patriot now baring his bosom to the bloody brunt of war, shall sit down once more to the table, in his own dear home, however humble, and partake of the cheerful meal in peace, with his wife and his little ones about him. Oh! for the luxury of that first meal! I almost feel as if I could endure the hardships of the fierce campaign that precedes it.

There is no memory so pleasant to me as that of the annual reunion of my aunts and uncles, with their respective troops of cousins, at the house of my dear grandmother of blessed memory. It was pleasant to watch the conveyances one by one coming in, laden with friends who had traveled many a weary mile to be present on the great occasion. It was pleasant to witness the mu-

tual recognitions of brothers and sisters with their respective wives and husbands; to observe the transports of the little fellows, in their hearty greetings, after a twelve months' separation, and to hear their expressions of mingled surprise and delight on being introduced to the strange *little* cousins, whose presence increased the number considerably above the preceding census. But the culminating point was yet to come. That was attained when all the brothers and sisters had gathered around the great long table, just as they did when they were children, with their dear mother at the head, surveying the scene in quiet enjoyment, and one of the 'older boys' at the foot, to ask a blessing. There were the waffle-cakes, baked in the irons which had furnished every cake for that table for the last quarter of a century. There was the roast-turkey, which grandma had been putting through a generous system of dietetics for weeks, preparatory to this occasion. It rested on the same old turkey-plate, with its two great birds sitting on a rose-bush, and by its side was the great old carving-knife, which had from time immemorial been the instrument of dissection on such occasions. And there was maple-molasses from Uncle D—'s 'sugar-camp,' and cheese from Aunt N—'s press, and honey from Uncle T—'s hives, and oranges which Aunt I—, who lived in the city, had provided, and all contained in the old-fashioned plates and dishes of a preceding generation.

I discover I am treating my subject in a very desultory manner. Perhaps I should have stated that under the head of the complete genus, *meal*, there are three distinct species, public, social, and private. That the grand banquet, celebrating some great man's birth, or the success of some noble public enterprise, with its assemblages of the great and the good from every part of the country; the Fourth of July festival, in honor of our nation's independence, with its speeches, its drums, its toasts, and its cannon; the '*table d'hôte*,' or in plain English, the hotel dinner-table, so remarkable for the multitude of its dishes and the meagreness of their contents; the harvest-feast, the exact opposite of the last-named, even to the mellow thirds and fifths that come floating over the valleys from the old-fashioned dinner-horn, calling in the tired laborers; its musical invitation in such striking con-

trast with the unimagined horrors of the gong that bellows its expectant victims to their meals; the family repast, where one so often feels gratified with the delicate compliment of a mother, a sister, or a wife, in placing some favorite dish or flower near his plate; the annual gatherings of jolly alumni; the delightful concourse of relatives and friends; the gleesome pic-nic lunch, with its grassy carpet and log seats; the luxurious oyster-supper, with its temptations 'to carry the thing too far;' the festival at the donation-party, which, in common parlance, would be called a dish of 'all sorts'; the self-boarding student's desolate corn-cake, baked in a pan of multifarious use: all these are so many modifications under their respective species.

Let me remark, in conclusion, that there are some meals from which I pray to be delivered. There is the noisy dinner of the country-town *tavern* or rail-road station, where each individual seems particularly anxious that number *one* should be provided for, and where, in truth, he is obliged often to make pretty vigorous efforts, if he succeeds. Again, have you ever observed how gloomy is the look of those who for the first time gather around the table, after 'the departure of a friend'? The breakfast was earlier than usual, and the dishes were suffered to stand and the beds to go unmade, and housemaid, chamber-maid, cook, and seamstress, all engaged in the *mélée* of packing up, and of course came in for their share of 'good-bys.' After the guests were fairly off, 'things took a stand-still' for a while. All hands sat down and rested, and looked very blank, and didn't know just where to begin. Slowly, confusion began to relax *his* hold, and order, by degrees, resumed *her* sway; (for the life of me, I can't bring myself to determine the genders in any other way.) But when, at last, the dinner-hour came, how strangely silent were the eaters! Ah! if the departed one have gone to his long home, how *solemn* is this first meeting of the family, after their return to their lonely home! It may be the sire whose place at the head of the table is now vacant, and whose silvery voice we no longer hear humbly invoking the divine blessing; or perhaps the mother, and how studiously we keep our eye away from the seat where her generous hand was wont to pour our tea. Perhaps the little one, the idol of the

household, whose chirruping voice was wont to set us all laughing with droll remarks, expressed in baby dialect. How we miss the little high-chair that was always drawn up 'close by papa!' How our eyes will swim and our hearts swell up and choke us when we see it pushed back into the corner, now silent and vacant! Hast thou not wept thus? Be grateful. Thou hast been spared one of life's keenest pangs.

Thou speakest well. Dr. Doran has pleased us with his *Table Traits*, but a great book yet remains to be written on the social power of meals. The immortals were never so lordly as when assembled at the celestial table, where extinguishable laughter went the rounds with the nectar. The heroes of Valhalla were most glorious over the ever-growing roast-boar and never-failing mead. Heine suggests a millennial banquet of all nations, where the French are to have the place of honor, for their improvements in freedom and in cookery, and Master Rabelais could imagine nothing more genial than when in the *Moyen de Parvenir*, he placed all the gay, gallant, wise, brave, genial, joyous dames and demoiselles, knights, and scholars of all ages at one eternal supper. Ah! yes; it matters but little what is 'gatherounded,' as a quaint Americanism hath it, so that the wit, and smiles, and good-fellowship be there.

It is stated in the newspapers—we know not on what authority—that Charles A. Dana, late of the New-York *Tribune*, will probably receive an important appointment in the army. A man of iron will, of indomitable energy, undoubted courage, and of an inexhaustible genius, which displays itself by mastering every subject as by intuition, Dana is one whom, of all others, we would wish to see actively employed in the war. We have described him in by-gone days as one who was 'an editor by destiny and a soldier by nature,' and sincerely trust that his career will yet happily confer upon him military honors. No man in America—we speak

advisedly—has labored more assiduously, or with more sterling honest conviction in politics, than Charles A. Dana. The influence which he has exerted has been immense, and it is fit that it be recognized. Men who, like him, combine stern integrity with vigorous practical talent, have a claim to lead.

AMONG the most striking songs which the war has brought forth, we must class that grim Puritanical lyric, 'The Kansas John Brown,' which appeared originally in the Kansas *Herald*, and which is, as we are informed, extensively sung in the army. The words are as follows:

THE KANSAS JOHN BROWN SONG.

Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in
the grave,
While the bondmen all are weeping whom
he ventured for to save;
But though he lost his life a-fighting for the
slave,

His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown was a hero undaunted, true and
brave,
And Kansas knew his valor when he fought
her rights to save;
And now, though the grass grows green
above his grave,
His soul is marching on.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And frightened Old Virginia till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor—themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on.

John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see;
CHRIST, who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be;
And soon through all the South the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul goes marching on.

John Brown he was a soldier—a soldier of the LORD;
John Brown he was a martyr—a martyr to the WORD;

And he made the gallows holy when he perished by the cord,
For his soul goes marching on.

The battle that John Brown begun, he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with its flag, red, white and blue;
And the angels shall sing hymns o'er the deeds we mean to do,
As we go marching on!

Ye soldiers of JESUS, then strike it while you may,
The death-blow of Oppression in a better time and way,
For the dawn of Old John Brown is a-brightening into day,
And his soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

There! if the soldiers of Cromwell and of Ireton had any lyric to beat *that*, we should like to see it. Among its rough and rude rhymes gleams out a fierce fire which we supposed was long since extinct. Verily, old Father Puritan is *not* dead yet, neither does he sleep; and to judge from what we have heard of the effects of this song among the soldiers, we should say that grim Old John Brown himself, far from perishing, is even now terribly alive. There is something fearful in the inspiration which can inspire songs like this.

'GALLI VAN T' is welcome, and will be 'welcomer' when he again visits us in another letter like *this*:

DEAR CONTINENTAL: I have a friend who is not an artful man, though he be full of art; and yesterday evening he told me the following:

'In my early days, when I took views of burly farmers and their bouncing daughters in oil, and painted portraits of their favorite horses for a very moderate *honorarium*, and in short, was the artist of a small country town—why, then, to tell the truth, I was held to be one of the greatest painters in existence. Since studying abroad, and settling down in New-York—'

'And getting your name up among the first,' I added.

'Never mind that—I'm not 'the greatest painter that ever lived' here. But in Spodunk, I was. Folks 'admired to see me.' I was a man that 'had got talent into him,' and the village damsels invited me to tea. There were occasional drawbacks, to be sure. One day a man who had heard that I had painted Doctor Hewls's house, called and asked me what I would charge to paint his little 'humsted.' I offered to do it for twenty dollars.

'He gave me a shrewd gimlet-look and said:

'Find your own paint — o' course?'

'Of course,' I replied.

'What color?'

'Why, the same color you now have,' was my astonished answer.

'Wall, I don't know. My wife kind o' thinks that turtle-color would suit our house better than Spanish brown. You put on two coats, of course?'

'I now saw what he meant, and roaring with laughter, explained to him that there was a difference between a painter of houses and a house-painter.

'One morning I was interrupted by a grim, Herculean, stern-looking young fellow—one who was manifestly a man of facts—who, with a brief introduction of himself, asked if I could teach 'the pictur business.' I signified my assent, and while talking of terms, continued painting away at a landscape. I noticed that my visitor glanced at my work at first as if puzzled, and then with an air of contempt. Finally he inquired:

'S that the way you make your pictures?'

'That is it,' I replied.

'Do you have to keep workin' it in, bit by bit, slow — like as a gal works woosted-patterns?'

'Yes, and sometimes much slower, to paint well.'

'How long 'll it take to learn your trade?'

'Well, if you've any genius for it, you may become a tolerable artist in two years.'

'Two — *thunder!* Why, a man could learn to make shoes, in that time!'

'Very likely. There is not one man in a hundred, who can make shoes, who would ever become even a middling sort of artist.'

'Darn paintin! was the reply of my visitor, as he took up his club to depart—his hat had not been removed during the

whole of the visit. 'Darn paintin'! I thought you did the thing with stencils, and finished it up with a comb and a scraper. Mister, I don't want to hurt your feelins—but 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin', paintin' as you do it, ain't a trade at all—it's nothin' but a darned despisable *fine art!*'

'And with this candid statement of his views, my lost pupil turned to go. I burst out laughing. He turned around squarely, and presenting an angry front not unlike that of a mad bull, inquired abruptly, as he glared at me:

"Maybe you'd like to paint my portrit?"

'I looked at him steadily in the eyes, as I gravely took up my spatula, (I knew he thought it some deadly kind of dagger,) and answered:

"I don't paint animals."

'He gave me a parting look, and 'abscondulated.' When I saw him last, he was among the City Fathers !

GALLI VAN T.'

A SONG OF THE PRESENT.

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

Not to the Past whose smouldering embers lie,
Sad relics of the hopes we fondly nursed,
Not to the moments that have hurried by,
Whose joys and griefs are lived, the best,
the worst.

Not to the Future, 'tis a realm where dwell
Fair, misty ghosts, which fade as we draw
near,
Whose fair mirages coming hours dispel,
A land whose hopes find no fruition here.

But to the Present: be it dark or bright,
Stout-hearted greet it; turn its ill to good;
Throw on its clouds a soul-reflected light;
Its ills are blessings, rightly understood.

Prate not of failing hopes, of fading flowers;
Whine not in melancholy, plaintive lays,
Of joys departed, vanished sunny hours;
A cheerful heart turns every thing to
praise.

Clouds can not always lower, the sun must
shine;
Grief can not always last, joy's hour will
come;
Seize as you may, each sunbeam, make it
thine,
And make thy heart the sunshine's con-
stant home.

Nor for thyself alone, a sunny smile
Carries a magic nothing can withstand;
A cheerful look may many a care beguile,
And to the weary be a helping hand.

Be brave—clasp thy great sorrows in thy
arms;
Though eagle-like, they threat, with lifted
crest,
The dread, the terror which thy soul alarms,
Shall turn a peaceful dove upon thy breast.

A STRANGE STORY—ITS SEQUEL.

P R E F A C E .

THE often expressed wish of the American Press for an explanation of the meaning of 'A Strange Story,' shall be complied with. It is purely and simply this: Many novels, most of them, in fact, treat of the World; the rest may be divided into those vaguely attempting to describe the works of the Flesh and the Devil. This division of subjects is fatal to their force; there was need to write a novel embracing them all; therefore 'A Strange Story' was penned. Mrs. Colonel Poyntz personated the World, Doctor Fenwick the Flesh, and Margrave, alias Louis Graylor, certainly, I may be allowed to say, played the Devil with marked ability. To give a fitting *morale* to all, the character of Lilian Ashleigh was thrown in; the good genius, the conqueror of darkness, the positive of the electrical battery—meeting the negative and eliciting sparks of triumphant light—such was the heroine.

Man, conscious of a future life, and endowed with imagination, is not content with things material, especially if his brain is crowded with the thoughts of the brains of ten thousand dead authors, and his nervous system is over-tasked and over-excited. In this condition he rushes away—away from cool, pure, and lovely Nature—burying himself in the hot, spicy, and gorgeous dreams of Art. He would adore Cagliostro, while he mocked Doctor Watts! Infatuated dreamer! Returning at last, by good chance—or, rather, let me say, by the directing hand of Providence—from his evil search of things tabooed, to admiration of the Real, the Tangible, and the True; he will show himself as Doctor Fenwick does in this sequel, a strong, sensible, family-man, with a clear head and no—nonsense about him.

CHAPTER I.

'I think,' said Faber, with a sigh, 'that I must leave Australia and go to other lands, where I can make more money. You remember when that Egyptian woman bore the last — positively the last — remains of Margrave, or Louis Grayle, to the vessel?'

'I do,' quoth Doctor Fenwick.

'Well, a pencil dropped from the pocket of the inanimate form. I picked it up, and on it was stamped in gilded letters:

'FABER, No. 4.'

I believe it may belong to one of my family — lost, perhaps, in the ocean of commerce.'

'Who knows? We will think of this anon; but hark! the tea-bell is rung; let us enter the house.'

CHAPTER II.

'Good gracious! Doctor Faber, I am so glad to see you. Sit right down in this easy-chair. We've muffins for tea, and some preserves sent all the way from dear Old England. Now, Allen, be lively to-night, and show us how that cold chicken should be carved.'

Thus Lilian, Doctor Fenwick's wife, rattled on. She had grown very stout in the five years passed since '*A Strange Story*' was written, and now weighed full thirteen stone, was red-cheeked and merry as a cricket. Mrs. Ashleigh, too, had grown very stout and red-cheeked, and was bustling around when the two doctors entered the room.

'How much do you think I weigh?' asked Fenwick of Doctor Faber.

'About fifteen stone,' answered the old doctor, while he dissected a side-bone of the chicken. 'I think you did well to begin farming in earnest. There is nothing like good hard work to cure the dyspepsia and romantic dreams.'

'Indeed, dear doctor, and you have reason, to be sure,' said Mrs. Ashleigh. 'And pray, don't you think, now, that Lilian is a great deal more comely since she has given up worsted-work and dawdling, and taken to filling her duties as housewife?'

'To be sure I do.'

The doctor here passed the muffins to Lilian. She helped herself to a brown one, remarking:

'It is such a blessed thing to have a fine

appetite, and be able to eat half-a-dozen muffins for tea! Oh! by the way, Allen, I wish you would buy three or four more barrels of pale ale — we are nearly out.'

CHAPTER III.

'Here ye are, gen-till-men! This fine de-ter-sive soap—on-ly thrippence a tab-let—takes stains out of all kinds of things. Step up while there air a few tab-lets left of this in-fin-a-table art-tickle unsold.'

'Who's that guy in the soap-trade?' asked one policeman of another one as they passed along Lowther Arcade and saw the man whose conversation is reported above.

'He's a deep one, hi know,' said the one asked. 'Is name is Grayle, Louis Grayle. There's hodd stories 'bout 'im, werry hodd. 'E tries to work a werry wiry dodge on the johnny-raws, bout bein' ha 'undred hand ten years hold. Says 'e's got some kind o' water wot kips hun' from growink hold. My heye! strikes me if 'e 'ad, 'e wouldn't bein' sellin' soap 'bout 'ere. Go hup to 'im hand tell 'im to move hon, 'e's ben wurkin this lay long enough, I ham thinkin'.'

Such, gentle reader, was the condition of Louis Grayle when I last saw him. By the assistance of confederates and other means, he had imposed on our good friend Doctor Fenwick, in former years, and nearly driven that poor gentleman crazy during his celibacy, especially as the doctor in all this period would smoke hasheesh and drink laudanum cocktails — two little facts neglected to be mentioned in '*A Strange Story*'. Now, he was poor as a crow, this Louis Grayle, and was only too glad to turn the information he had learned of Haroun of Aleppo, to profitable account — the most valuable knowledge he had gained from that Oriental sage being the composition of a soap, good to erase stains from habits.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Colonel Poyntz having rendered herself generally disagreeable to even the London world of fashion, by her commanding presence, has been quietly put aside, and at latest accounts, every thing else having failed, had taken up fugitive American secessionists for subjects, and reports of revolvers and pokers (a slavish game of cards) were circulated as filling the air she ruled.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor Fenwick is now the father of four small tow-headed children, who pass the long Australian days teasing a tame Kangaroo and stoning the loud-laughing great kingfisher and other birds, catalogue of which is mislaid. His wife has not had a single nervous attack for years, and probably never will have another. Doctor Faber married Mrs. Ashleigh !

Doctor Fenwick, it is needless to say, has thrown his library of Alchemists, Rosicrucianists, Mesmerists, Spiritualists, Transcendentalists, and all other trashy lists into the fire, together with several pounds of bang, hasheesh, coeculus indicus, and opium. He at this present time of writing, is an active, industrious, intelligent, and practical man, finding in the truthful working out THE great problem, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you, an exceeding great reward.

THE END.

WHAT THEN?

BY J. HAL. ELLIOT.

God's pity on them ! Human souls, I mean, Crushed down and hid 'neath squalid rags and dirt, And bodies which no common sore can hurt; All this between Those souls, and life — corrupt, defiled, unclean.

And more — hard faces, pinched by starving years, Cold, stolid, grimy faces — vacant eyes, Wishful anon, as when one looks and dies ; But never tears ! Tears would not help them — battling constant jeers.

Forms, trained to bend and grovel from the first, Crouching through life forever in the dark, Aimlessly creeping toward an unseen mark;

And no one durst Deny their horrid dream, that they are curst.

And life for them ! dare we call life its name ? O God ! an arid sea of burning sand, Eternal blackness ! death on every hand !

A smothered flame, Writhing and blasting in the tortured frame. And death ! we shudder when we speak the word ;

'Tis all the same to them—or life, or death ; They breathe them both with every fevered breath ;

When have they heard,
That cool Bethesda's waters might be stirred ?

They live among us — live and die to-day ;
We brush them with our garments on the street,
And track their footsteps with our dainty feet ;
‘ Poor common clay ! ’

We curl our lips — and that is what we say.

God's pity on them ! and on us as well :
They live and die like brutes, and we like men :
Both go alone into the dark — what then ?
Or heaven, or hell ?
They suffered in this life ! Stop ! Who can tell ?

THE last stranger who visited Washington Irving, before his death, was Theodore Tilton, who published shortly afterward an account of the interview. Mr. Tilton wrote also a private letter to a friend, giving an interesting reminiscence, which he did not mention in his published account. The following is an extract from this letter, now first made public :

As I was about parting from Mr. Irving, at the door-step, he held my hand a few moments, and said :

‘ You know Henry Ward Beecher ? ’

‘ Yes,’ I replied, ‘ he is an intimate friend.’

‘ I have never seen him,’ said he, ‘ tell me how he looks.’

I described, in a few words, Mr. Beecher’s personal appearance; when Mr. Irving remarked :

‘ I take him to be a man always in fine health and cheery spirits.’

I replied that he was hale, vigorous, and full of life ; that every drop of his blood bubbled with good humor.

‘ His writings,’ said Knickerbocker, ‘ are full of human kindness. I think he must have a great power of enjoyment.’

‘ Yes,’ I added, ‘ to hear him laugh is as if one had spilt over you a pitcher of wine,’

‘ It is a good thing for a man to laugh well,’ returned the old gentleman, smiling. He then observed :

‘ I have read many of your friend’s writings ; he draws charming pictures ; he inspires and elevates one’s mind ; I wish I could once take him by the hand.’

At which I instantly said:

'I will ask him to make you a visit.'

'Tell him I will give him a Scotch welcome; tell him that I love him, though I never have seen his face.'

These words were spoken with such evident sincerity, that Sunnyside will always have a sunnier place in my memory, because of the old man's genial tribute to my dear friend.

I am ever yours,
THEODORE TILTON.

THE following paragraph from the *Boston Traveller*, contains a few facts well worth noting:

'The secession sympathizers in the North have two favorite dodges for the service of their friends, the enemy. The first is, to magnify the numbers of the rebel forces, placing them at 500,000 men, whereas they never have had above half as many men in the field, all told, and counting negroes as well as white men. The other is, to magnify the cost of the war on the side of the Federalists. They tell us that our public war-debt, by the close of the current fiscal year, June 30, 1862, will be \$1,200,000,000, (twelve hundred million dollars.) They know better than this, for that debt will, at the date named, be not much above \$600,000,000, which would be no greater burden on the country than was that which it owed in 1815, perhaps not so great a burden as that was. People should not allow themselves to be frightened by the prophecies of men who, if they could be sure of preserving slavery in all its force, would care for nothing else.'

It is always easy to make up a gloomy statement, and this has been done of late to perfection by the demo-secessionists among us. It is an easy matter to assume, as has been done, the maximum war expenditure for one single day, and say that it is the average. It is easy, too, to say that 'You can never whip the South,' and point to Richmond 'bounce' in confirmation. It will all avail nothing. Slavery is going—of that rest assured—and the South is to be thoroughly Northed with new blood. *De lenda est Dixie.*

OUR 'private' readers in the army—of whom we have enough, we are proud to say, to constitute a pretty large-sized public—may rest assured that accounts

will not be settled with the South without very serious consideration of what is due to the soldier for his services 'in snatching the common-weal from the jaws of hell,' as the Latin memorial to Pitt, on the Dedham stone hath it. It has been said that republics are ungrateful; but in this instance the adage must fall to the ground. The soldier will be as much needed after the war, to settle the South, 'North it,' and preserve the Union by his intellect and his industry, as he now is to re-establish it by his bravery.

We find the following in the Boston *Courier* of March 29th:

'Our attention has been called to a statement in the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to the effect, that certain interesting 'Notes on the Gulf States,' which have recently appeared in this paper were reproductions, with certain alterations, of letters which were printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* several years ago. The statement made is not positive, but made with such qualifications as might lead to the inference that the comparison was not very carefully made. We can only say, that we have had no opportunity to confer with our distant correspondent, who handed us the whole series of 'Notes' together, in manuscript, for publication; nor had we any reason to believe that they were ever printed before, either in whole or in part. We can say nothing further, until we know more about the grounds for the intimation of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.'

We were guarded in our statement, not having at hand, when we wrote the paragraph referred to, more than three or four numbers of the *Courier* containing the Gulf States articles, and not desiring to give the accusation a needlessly harsh expression, knowing well that the best informed editor may have at times old literary notes passed upon him for new ones. What we do say, is simply that several columns of the articles which appeared as original in the Boston *Courier*, were *literal reprints* from a series which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847.

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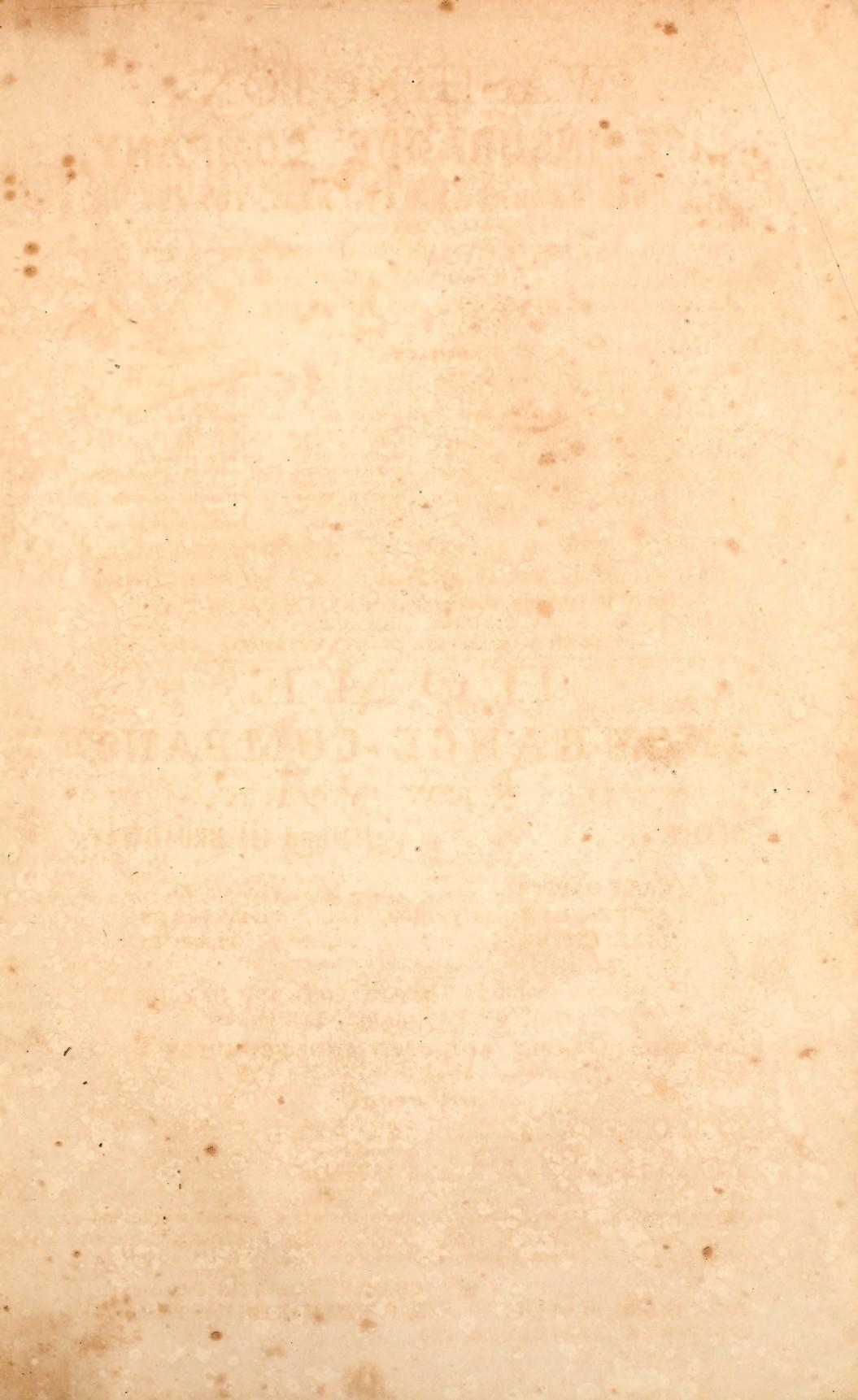
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